

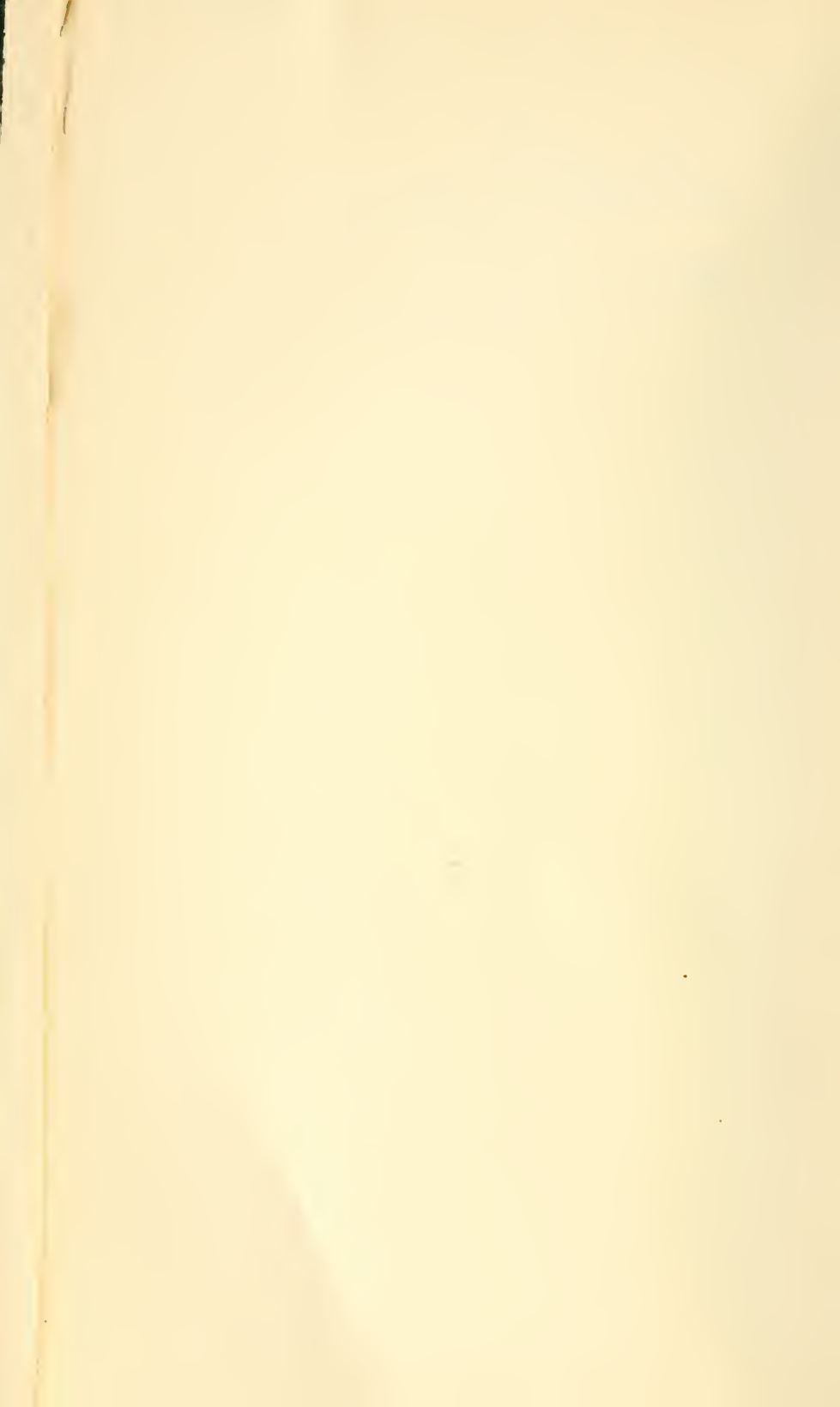




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M. J. Curran

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COMPLETE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

WITH NOTES BY
Malone, Steevens, and others.

TOGETHER WITH
A BIOGRAPHY, CONCORDANCE OF FAMILIAR
PASSAGES, INDEX TO CHARACTERS, AND
GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE TERMS.

**Illustrated with twenty-three Steel Engravings and
two Photogravures.**

IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOL. IV.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs.*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, }
VENTIDIUS, }
EROS, } *Friends of Antony*
SCARUS, }
DERCETAS, }
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILO, }

MECÆNAS, }
AGRIPPA, } *Friends of Cæsar.*
DOLABELLA, }
PROCULEIUS, }
THYREUS, }
GALLUS, }

MENAS, }
MENECRATES, } *Friends of Pompey.*
VARRIUS, }

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar*

CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*

SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*

EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

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

CHARMIAN and IRAS, *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Philo. NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust. Look, where they come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their
Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

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

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

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new
earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony.

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

Ant. How, my love! .

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
 Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
 Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—Both?—
 Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
 'Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
 Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame,
 When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

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

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

Ant. But stirred by Cleopatra.—
 Now, for the love of love, and her soft hours,
 Let's not confound the time with conference harsh.
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie wrangling queen!
 Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
 No messenger; but thine and all alone,
 To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
 The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
 Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[*Ereunt ANT. and CLEO., with their Train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

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

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer—

Sooth. Your will?

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

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

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

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

Char. He means, in flesh.

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

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

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

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

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

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

Sooth. If every of your wisnes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

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

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

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

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

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

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

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

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

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

Sooth. I have said.

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

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

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

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

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded. Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do it.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo

Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,
CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, *and Attendants.*

Mess. Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well,

What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On;
Things that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flattered.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home; mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's called in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear,—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia, thy wife, is dead.

Ant.

Where died she?

2 Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant.

Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger*

There's a great spirit gone! thus did I desire it.

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that shoved her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

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

Ant. I must be gone.

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

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of true love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

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

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea. Our slippery people
(Whose love is never linked to the deserfer,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does.—
I did not send you.—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return. [*Exit ALEX.*]

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

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

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

Cleo. Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him.

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

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

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

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betrayed! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

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

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words. No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliss in our brows bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven. They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turned the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen;
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords. Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemned Pompey,
Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen.
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awaked; at the last, best.
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O, most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

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

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well;
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pry'thee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears

Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honor.

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

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

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there's not it;
That you know well. Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

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

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labor,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming's kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory! and smooth success
Be strewed before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news:—He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly give audience, or

Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness.
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven;
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat. Say, this becomes him.
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he filled
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't; but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment'.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And, it appears, he is beloved of those
That only have feared Cæsar. To the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wronged.

Cæs. I should have known no less.—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wished until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes deared, by being lacked. This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

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

Cæs. Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like a stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
 It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on. And all this,
 (It wounds thine honor, that I speak it now,)
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lanked not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
 Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
 Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

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

Cæs. Till which encounter,
 It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know mean time
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
 To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
 I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

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

Char. You think of him

Too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminared, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt? Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done.

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,

Where think'st he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! For wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burget of men.—He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison.—Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey

Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die

With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With its tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the East,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arrogant steed,
Who neighed so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him;
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his. He was not merry;
Which seemed to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both;
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O, that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

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

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

Cleo. My salad days;
When I was green in judgment;—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away.
Get me ink and paper; he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

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

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

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

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

Pom. I shall do well.
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flattered; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false,

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wanned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming? Epicurean cooks,

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor,
Even till a lethed dulness!—How now, Varius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.

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

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warred upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all.
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself. If Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,

Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

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

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard; when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

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

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay,

Then—

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

Cæs. I must be laughed at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laughed at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concerned me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

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

Ant. How intend you, practised?

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

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patched up your excuses.

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

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

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

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

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning. But, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much,
As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

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

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honor's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lacked it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I required them;
The which you both denied.

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

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

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

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

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

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

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

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

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

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

Aggr Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Aggr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia. Great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

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

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

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touched
With what is spoke already.

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

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

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

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

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

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

Lep. Time calls upon us.

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength

By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talked of.

Cæs. With most gladness;

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

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,

Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my
honorable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well
digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

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

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

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much
more monstrous matter of feasts, which worthily deserved
noting.

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

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up
his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared, indeed; or my reporter devised
well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in like a burnished throne,

Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggared all description; she did lie
 In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
 The fancy outwork nature; on each side her,
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-colored fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings; at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange, invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

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

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
 He ploughed her, and she cropped.

Eno. I saw her once

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

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

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

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

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants,
and a Soothsayer.*

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

Octa. All which time

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

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

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR, and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in

My motion, have it not in my tongue. But yet
Lie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher; Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's;

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side,
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel

Becomes a fear, as being overpowered: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

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

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

Ant. Get thee gone;

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.

[*Exit Soothsayer*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhooped, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the East my pleasure lies.—O come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further; pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

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

Mec.

We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep.

Your way is shorter;

My purposes do draw me much about;

You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr.

Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards.
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch played,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is showed, though it come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now;—
Give me mine angle:—We'll to the river; there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, *Ah ha! you're caught.*

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

Mess. Madam, madam,——

Cleo. Antony's dead?

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress;
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark: We use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favor
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crowned with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

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

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

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

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report;
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

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

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

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.—

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

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

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

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

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

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst;

So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you.

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To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou’rt sure of—Get thee hence,
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me. Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by ’em! [*Exit* Messenger.]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for’t now.

Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras,—Charmian,—’Tis no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The color of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit* ALEXAS.]

Let him forever go.—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he’s a Mars.—Bid you Alexas

[*To* MARDIAN.]

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with drum and trumpet; at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

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

Cæs. Most meet

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

Pom. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
 There saw you laboring for him. What was it,
 That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what
 Made the all-honored, honest, Roman Brutus,
 With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
 To drench the Capitol; but that they would
 Have one man but a man? And that is it,
 Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
 The angered ocean foams; with which I meant
 To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

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

Pom. At land, indeed,
 Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
 Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us
 (For this is from the present) how you take
 The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
 What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
 To try a larger fortune.

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

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
 I came before you here, a man prepared
 To take this offer; but Mark Antony
 Put me to some impatience. Though I lose
 The praise of it by telling, you must know,
 When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows
 Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
 Her welcome friendly.

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

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

Ant. The beds i' the East are soft; and thanks to you,
That called me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gained by it.

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

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

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed;
I crave our composition may be written,
And sealed between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

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

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard;—
And I have heard Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that;—he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

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

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand.

I never hated thee; I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behavior.

Eno. Sir,

I never loved you much; but I have praised you,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness;

It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom.

Come.

[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
Soldiers, and Attendants.]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

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

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

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

Men. And you by land.

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

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

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

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

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

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

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he forever knit together.

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

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

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

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said

before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

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

Eno. I shall take it, sir; we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [Exeunt

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.*

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colored;

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *No more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

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

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship. I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir. [To CÆSAR.] They take the flow o' the Nile

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

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be; but I'll ne'er out.

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

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear; what is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain, [*Aside.* And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What color is it of?

Ant. Of its own color too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

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

Pom. [*To MENAS, aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I called for?

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

Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

Pom. I think thou'rt mad. The matter?

[*Rises and walks aside.*

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

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

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

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,

Although you think me poor, I am the man

Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

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

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

Men. For this, [*Aside.*
I'll never follow thy palled fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offered,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

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

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk. 'Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

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

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

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

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANTONY
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

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

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music;—
The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drowned;
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!*

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.

Good brother,

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

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.

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

Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house.—But what? We are friends:
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear me bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows. Sound, and be hanged, sound out.

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!
Come. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now,
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow. Spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person. Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favor.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

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

Sil.

Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome. *An Antechamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatched with Pompey; he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome. Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

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

Eno. Cæsar, why he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? the god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar; go no
further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony.
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So,—
[*Trumpets.*

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherished.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

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

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

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

Cæs. What,
Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

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

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*]

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

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

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wailed,
Believe it, till I weep too.

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

Ant. Come, sir, come;

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

Cæs. Adieu! be happy!

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

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.
Ant. Farewell!
 [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
 Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
 But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
 I'll have; but how? when Antony is gone
 Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
 Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
 I looked her in the face; and saw her led
 Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam,

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

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

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue, and dwarf-
 ish?—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
 If e'er thou look'st on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:
 She shows a body rather than a life;
 A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet;
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

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

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

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

Mess. Round even to faultiness,

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.—
Her hair, what color?

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—

I will employ thee back again. I find thee

Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepared. [Exit Messenger.

Char. A proper man.

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

Char. Nothing, madam.

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

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

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Char-
mian.—

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

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me.
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

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

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us. The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

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

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

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

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony ?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns
The rush that lies before him ; cries, *Fool, Lepidus !*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murdered Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

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

Eno. 'Twill be naught,
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this ; and more.
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned. At the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaimed, The kings of kings ;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assigned
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appeared ; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Informed.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoiled, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored; lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answered.

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

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

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

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, east-away!

Oct. You have not called me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved. We should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begged
His pardon for return.

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

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

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

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Tracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.

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

Cæs. Welcome hither.
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

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

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,
Be ever known to patience; my dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII Antony's *Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.**Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBRABUS.**Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.*Eno.* But why, why, why?*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?*Cleo.* If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?*Eno.* [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply;
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.*Cleo.* What is't you say?*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traded for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.*Cleo.* Sink Rome; and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.*Eno.* Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.**Ant.* Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admired,
Than by the negligent.*Ant.* A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.*Cleo.* By sea! What else?*Can.* Why will my lord do so?*Ant.* For that he dares us to't.*Eno.* So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

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

Eno. Your ships are not well manned;
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Engrossed by swift impress. In Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

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

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full manned, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

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

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't. So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

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

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labor; and throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A Plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll.
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

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

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land-Army one way
over the stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of Cæsar,
the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of
a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,

With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the tokened pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred hag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appeared,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

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

Scar. She once being loofed,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

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

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night.
Indeed. [*Aside.*]

Can. Towards Peloponnesus they are fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is ashamed to bear me!—Friends, come hither.
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way forever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone.
My treasure's in the harbor; take it.—O,
I followed that I blush to look upon.
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness. Take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself. To the sea-side straightway;
I will possess you of that ship and treasure,
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now;
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you;—I'll see you by-and-by. [*Sits down.*

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

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

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

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

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O, fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—he, at Philippi, kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war. Yet now—no matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

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

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me;—Oh!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise: the queen approaches;
Her head's declined, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most un noble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroyed in dishonor.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead;—
Some wine, within there, and our viands.— Fortune knows
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Cæsar's Camp in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

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

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

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

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

Cæs. Be it so; declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens. This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

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

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*

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

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

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

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

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

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nicked his captainship. At such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question; 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

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

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular. His coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,
 Against a sword.—I see, men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
 Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
 His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
 That kneeled unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*]
 The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
 Our faith mere folly;—yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

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

Thyr. So.—

Thus, then, thou most renowned; Cæsar entreats,
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
 Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on; right royal.

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

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The sears upon your honor, therefore, he
 Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
 Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
 What is most right. Mine honor was not yielded,
 But conquered merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*]
 I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt se leaky,

That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit ENOBARBUS

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this in disputation,
I kiss his conquering hand. Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

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

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rained kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favors, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obeyed.

Eno. You will be whipped.

Ant. Approach there;—Ay, you kite!—Now, god
and devils!
Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried, *Ho!*
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him

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

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here (what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Tug him away; being whipped
Bring him again.—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt* Attendants, with THYREUS.

You were half blasted ere I knew you.—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,——

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

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

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

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A haltered neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipped?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begged he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favor.

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

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

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

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source; and the first stone
 Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
 Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held; our severed navy too
 Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
 If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;

I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

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

Cleo. It is my birthday.

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so; we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet.—The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANT., CLEO., and Attendants.]

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

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a letter*; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and
others.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipped with rods; dares me to personal combat.
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec.

Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
 Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
 Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
 Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight.—Within our files there are
 Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
 And feast the army; we have store to do't,
 And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
 ALEXAS, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

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

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

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

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

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand;
 Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
 And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have served me
 well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots
 [Aside.]

Out of the mind.

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

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night.
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night,

May be, it is the period of your duty.

Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow; perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense.
I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honor. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

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

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way; fare you well!
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumor.

Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.*

Soldiers,

Have careful watch.

- 3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night,
 [The first two place themselves at their posts.]
- 4 *Sold.* Here we; [They take their posts;] and if to-morrow
 Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.
- 3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
 And full of purpose. [Music of hautboys under the stage.]
- 4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?
- 1 *Sold.* List, list!
- 2 *Sold.* Hark!
- 1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.
- 3 *Sold.* Under the earth.
- 4 *Sold.* It signs well,
 Does't not?
- 3 *Sold.* No.
- 1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?
- 2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
 Now leaves him.
- 1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
 Do hear what we do. [They advance to another post.]
- 2 *Sold.* How now, masters?
- Sold.* How now?
- How now? do you hear this? [Several speaking together.]
- 1 *Sold.* Ay; is't not strange?
- 3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
- 1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
 Let's see how't will give off.
- Sold.* [Several speaking.] Content. 'Tis strange.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN and others
attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armor, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come mine armor, Eros!

Enter EROS, with armor.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on.—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo.

Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armorer of my heart.—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help; thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou; despatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation; thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome.
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge;
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*]

Enter other Officers and Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.
This is a soldier's kiss; rebukable, [*Kisses her.*]
And worthy shameful cheek it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. Antony's *Camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would thou and those thy scars had once prevailed
To make me fight at land!

Sold. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

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

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

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

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Despatch.—Enobarbus! [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. Cæsar's *Camp before Alexandria.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and others.

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

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three nooked world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

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

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hanged him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

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

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus;
I tell you true. Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*]

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

SCENE VII. *Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far;
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

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

Ant. They do retire.

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

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

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

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

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

SCENE VIII. *Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS and Forces

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; run one before.
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city; clip your wives, your friends;
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honored gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;

[*To SCARUS*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

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

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

Ant. My nightingale,
 We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though gray
 Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet have we
 A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
 Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand;—
 Kiss it, my warrior.—He hath fought to-day,
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroyed in such a shape.

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

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

SCENE IX. Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. *Enter ENOBARBUS.*

1 Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard. The night
 Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was
 A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

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

1 Sold. Enobarbus!

3 Sold. Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;

That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
 Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive.
 O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies.]

2 Sold. Let's speak
 To him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleep.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 Sold.

Hear you, sir?

1 Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. Hark, the
 drums

[Drums afar off.]

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
 To the court of guard; he is of note. Our hour
 Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on, then;
 He may recover yet.

[Exeunt, with the body.]

SCENE X. *Between the two Camps.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
 We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
 We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
 Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
 Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given;
 They have put forth the haven. Let's seek a spot,
 Where their appointment we may best discover,
 And look on their endeavor.

[Exeunt.]

Enter CÆSAR and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,
 Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not joined. Where yonder pine does
stand,

I shall discover all; I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests; the augures
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight. Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turned whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them all fly, begone.

[*Exit SCARUS.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this!—The hearts
That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is barked,
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! This grave charm
Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well thou'rt
 gone,

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

SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAM, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

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

Char. To the monument;
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
 Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
 To the monument. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE XII. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
 A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
 A forked mountain or blue promontory

With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body. Here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Packed cards with Cæsar, and false played my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robbed me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betrayed me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, *Antony! most noble Antony!*
Then in the midst of a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She rendered life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labor richly; go.—Off, pluck off;—

[*Exit MARDIAN.*

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—

No more a soldier.—Bruised pieces, go;
 You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—

[*Exit* EROS.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is torture. Since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labor
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength. Seal, then, and all is done.—
 Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
 I lived in such dishonor, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come, (which now
 Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't; the time is come
 Thou strik'st not me; 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put color in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
 Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus with pleached arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued
 To penetrative shame; whilst the wheeled seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

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

Eros. O sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

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

Ant. Lo, thee. [*Turning from him.*]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

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

Eros. My dear master,
My captain and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

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

Ant. Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why, there, then.—[*Falls on his sword.*] Thus
do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and *Eros*
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record. But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, *Eros*,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*]

I learned of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

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

All. Alas, and wo!

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

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

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

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DER CETAS

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

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Locked in her monument. She had a prophesying fear Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw (Which never shall be found) you did suspect She hath disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead; But, fearing, since, how it might work, hath sent Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come, I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed.—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

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

Enter some of the Guard.

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

1 Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome Which comes to punish us, and we punish it, Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up: I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends, And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* ANTONY.

SCENE XIII. *The same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportioned to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

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

Ant. Peace.
Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

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

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here imp'rtune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses, the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

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

Ant. O quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet, come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast lived.

Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.

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

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen.

Of Cæsar seek your honor with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me.

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

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

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more.

[*Dies.*

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!—
O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead, too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,——

Iras. Madam,——

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;

To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is sottish; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
 My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take heart.

[*To the Guard below.*

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

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS,
 PROCULEIUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
 The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

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

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

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

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

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robbed his wound of it; behold it stained
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

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

Mec. His taints and honors
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touched.

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

Cæs. O Antony!
I have followed thee to this;—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine: we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen, my mistress,
 Confined in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction;
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she's forced to.

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

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*]

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

Pro. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit PROCULEIUS.*]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
 To second Proculeius? [*Exit GALLUS.*]

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

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

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
 A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
 Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will. And it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung;
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom. If he please
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneeled to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised;
[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend the
monument by a ladder placed against a window, and,
having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some
of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*
Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard* Exit GALLUS.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold.
[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betrayed.

Cleo. What, of death too
That rids our dogs of languish.

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself. Let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir,
(If idle talk will once be necessary;)

I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculcius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee. For the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best; be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please

[*To CLEOPATRA.*

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULCIUS and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known:
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams.
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamed there was an emperor Antony.
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,——

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,——

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his reared arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like; they showed his back above
The element they lived in. In his livery
Walked crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamed of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,——

Dol. Though he be honorable,——

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will,
I know it.

Within. Make way there!—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS,
and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam. [*CLEOPATRA kneels.*

Cæs. Arise,

You shall not kneel.—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts.

The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce.

If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you'll rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world; 'tis yours: and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possessed of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seel my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O behold
How pomp is followed! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired!—What, goest thou back; thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheered;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen,
 For we intend so to dispose you, as
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,
 That we remain your friend; and so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs.

Not so; adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
 Be noble to myself; but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
 And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.

I have spoke already, and it is provided;
 Go, put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen? .

Char.

Behold, sir. [*Exit CHARMIAN.*

Cleo.

Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
 Which my love makes religion to obey,
 I tell you this. Cæsar through Syria
 Intends his journey; and, within three days,
 You with your children will he send before:
 Make your best use of this; I have performed
 Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo.

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol.

I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOL.*] Now, *Iras*,
 what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
 In Rome, as well as I; mechanic slaves,
 With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
 Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
 Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
 And forced to drink their vapor.

Iras.

The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*. Saucy lictors
 Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
 Ballad us out o' tune; the quick comedians
 Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our A'lexandrian revels. Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen.—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch, indeed.
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument

[*Exit* Guard.

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me. Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit* Guard.

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

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

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one
of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman,
but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but
in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it,

what pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman; I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.— Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come. Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life.—So,—have you done? Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base.
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O Eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep!

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too;—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [Falls on a bed and dies.

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the asp.*
O, come: apace, despatch; I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well; Cæsar's beguiled.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well
done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*Dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this. Thyself art coming
To see performed the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there! a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last.
She levelled at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths.
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poisoned, then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropped.

Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallowed poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown.
The like is on her arm

1 Guard. This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt*

CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen*

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan*

GUIDERIUS, } *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of*
ARVIRAGUS, } *Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*
IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario,* }

A French Gentleman, *Friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*

A Roman Captain. *Two British Captains.*

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen

Two Jailers.

Queen, *Wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Sooth-sayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, *and other Attendants*

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.*

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gentleman.* You do not meet a man but frowns; our
bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers,
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son, (a widow
That late he married,) hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;
Her husband banished; she imprisoned: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touched at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too; so is the queen,
That most desired the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath missed the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(I mean that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banished,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think

So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honor
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success.
So gained the sur-addition, Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered; and
in his spring became a harvest; lived in court
(Which rare it is to do) most praised, most loved;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
From whom he now is banished,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honor him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so conveyed!

So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange
Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear; here comes the queen and
princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-eyed unto you; you are my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You leaned unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barred affections; though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [*Exit Queen*
Imo. O,

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserved my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me

Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little;
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,

That shouldst repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation: I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus.
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir; Heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbor shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together; you have done [*To the Queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience;—peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fic!—you must give way;
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,

But that my master rather played than fought,
And had no help of anger. They were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honor,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me; you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard. For this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.—Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside
[*Aside.*]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.
[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!
[*Aside.*]

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.
[*Aside.*]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail; if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offered mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kissed it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; cracked them,
but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;

Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a goat to air; and then
Have turned mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honor; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatched.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exit.]

SCENE V. Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman,
and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain; he
was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy,
as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then
have looked on him without the help of admiration; though
the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his
side, and I do peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than
now he is, with that which makes him both without and
within.

French. I have seen him in France; we had very many
there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter,
(wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his
own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colors, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Brittany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken. The one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honor of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy seignior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbor's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return.—Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking; I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain;

lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POST. and IACH.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Seignior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—

[*Exeunt* Ladies.

Now master doctor have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam;

[*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,
To try the vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor.

Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen.

O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him

[*Aside*

Will I first work; he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
 Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
 But you shall do no harm. [*Aside*
Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

[*To PISANIO.*
Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
 Strange, lingering poisons; I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damned nature. Those she has,
 Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs;
 Then afterward up higher; but there is
 No danger in what show of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fooled
 With a most false effect; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think,
 in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master; greater; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is; to shift his being,
 Is to exchange one misery with another;
 And every day that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans?
 Who cannot be new-built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a box; PISANIO takes it up*
 So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labor.
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeemed from death; I do not know
 What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women;
 Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*]—A sly and constant
 knave;

Not to be shaken; the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humor, shall be assured

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done.
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do;

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banished;—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter*

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness, be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads.*] *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest* LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinned stones
Upon the numbered beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favor, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both filled and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—'Beseech you, sir, desire
[*To* PISANIO.]

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is called
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but Heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet Heaven's bounty towards him
might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me. What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I (damned then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood, (falsehood, as
With labor;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to an empery,
Would make the greatest king double! to be partnered
With tomboys, hired with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boiled stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be revenged;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honorable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honor; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio!—
The king, my father, shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country called his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er. And he is one
The truest mannered; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make arrends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,

More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
 To try your taking of a false report; which hath
 Honored with confirmation your great judgment
 In the election of a sir so rare,
 Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
 To entreat your grace but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
 Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
 (The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums,
 To buy a present for the emperor;
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In France. 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
 Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
 To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honor for their safety. Since
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
 In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
 Attended by my men. I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this night;
 I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
 By lengthening my return. From Gallia
 I crossed the seas on purpose, and on promise
 To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
 But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam;
 Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
 To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.
 I have outstood my time; which is material
 To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
 And truly yielded you. You are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court before Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.*

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an upcast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't. And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen, my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't?

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame governed;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banished lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber; in one part of it a trunk.*

IMOGEN, reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then; mine eyes are weak.—
Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed;
Take not away the taper; leave it burning;
And if thou canst wake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps. IACHIMO, from the trunk.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabored sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he wakened
The chastity he wounded.—*Cytherea,*

How bravely thou becomest thy bed! Fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagoned,
 How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,
 To see the inclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows; white and azure, laced
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
 To note the chamber.—I will write all down;—
 Such, and such, pictures;—there the window;—such
 The adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such;—and the contents o' the story,—
 Ay, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner movables
 Would testify to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I have picked the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honor. No more.—To what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turned down,
 Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough;
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye. I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes*
 One, two, three,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III. *An Antechamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,
 the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue, too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent, good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phæbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music; but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time

Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season. Make denials
Increase your services; so seem, as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his. We must receive him
According to the honor of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym., Queen, Lords, and Mess.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho! [*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her; what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man killed, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person; is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest sister; your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble. The thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me.
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me. I' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin!
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool!

Imo. As I am mad, I do.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal; and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself,) I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and fostered with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties,

(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary) in self-figured knot;
 Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Ino.

Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom; thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
 The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
 For being preferred so well.

Clo.

The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than *come*
 To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer,
 In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently.—

Clo. His garment?

Imo.

I am sprighted with a fool;

Frighted, and angered worse.—Go, bid my woman
 Search for a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's; 'shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think
 I saw't this morning; confident I am,
 Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
 I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis.

'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go, and search.

[*Exit Pis.*

Clo.

You have abused me.—

His meanest garment?

Imo.

Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo.

Your mother too.

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
 To the worst of discontent. [Exit.
Clo. I'll be revenged.—
 His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir. I would I were so sure
 To win the king, as I am bold, her honor
 Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
 That warmer days would come: in these feared hopes
 I barely gratify your love; they failing,
 I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company
 O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
 Hath heard of great Augustus. Caius Lucius
 Will do his commission throughly; and, I think,
 He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
 Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
 (Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
 That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
 The legions now in Gallia, sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
 Are men more ordered, than when Julius Cæsar
 Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline
 (Now mingled with their courages) will make known
 To their approvers, they are people, such
 That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
 And winds of all the corners kissed your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have looked upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approached.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor, gains, or loses,
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post.

Proceed.

Iach.

First, her bed-chamber
 (Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
 Had that was well worth watching,) it was hanged
 With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
 And Cydnus swelled above the banks, or for
 The press of boats, or pride; a piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship, and value; which, I wondered,
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
 Since the true life on't was——

Post.

This is true;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach.

More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post.

So they must,
 Or do your honor injury.

Iach.

The chimney
 Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
 Chaste Dian, bathing. Never saw I figures
 So likely to report themselves: the cutter
 Was as another nature; dumb; outwent her,
 Motion and breath left out.

Post.

This is a thing
 Which you might from relation likewise reap;
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach.

The roof o' the chamber
 With golden cherubins is fretted. Her andirons
 (I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
 Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
 Depending on their brands.

Post.

This is her honor!—
 Let it be granted you have seen all this, (and praise
 Be given to your remembrance,) the description
 Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
 The wager you have laid.

Iach.

Then, if you can,
 [Pulling out the bracelet.
 Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel. See!—
 And now 'tis up again: it must be married
 To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post.

Jove!—
 Once more let me behold it. Is it that
 Which I left with her?

Iach Sir, (I thank her,) that.
 She stripped it from her arm; I see her yet;
 Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
 And yet enriched it too. She gave it me, and said
 She prized it once.

Post. May be, she plucked it off
 To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
 [*Gives the ring*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
 Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honor,
 Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
 Where there's another man. The vows of women
 Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
 Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.—
 O above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
 And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won.
 It may be probable she lost it; or,
 Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
 Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
 And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring;—
 Render to me some corporal sign about her,
 More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
 'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure
 She would not lose it: her attendants are
 All sworn and honorable.—They induced to steal it!
 And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoyed her.
 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
 There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient.
 This is not strong enough to be believed
 Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;
 She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
 For further satisfying, under her breast
 (Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
 I kissed it; and it gave me present hunger

To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father.—I'll do something—— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won.
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit. Yet my mother scemed
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance;
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained,
And prayed me oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warmed old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunned snow.—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first. Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorned boar, a German one,
Cryed, *Oh!* and mounted; found no opposition
But what he looked for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out

The woman's part in me! for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all.
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
 Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
 Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
 And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less,
 Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untendered.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
 Which then they had to take from us, to resume

We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors; together with
 The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
 (The first that ever touched him,) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, cracked
 As easily 'gainst our rocks; for joy whereof,
 The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan; I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's ambition,
 (Which swelled so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' the world,) against all color, here
 Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordained our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius made our laws,
 Who was the first of Britain which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and called
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
 Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee; look
 For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him; of him I gathered honor;
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent
 Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold.
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with
 us a day or two longer. If you seek us afterwards in other
 terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat
 us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our
 crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine;
 All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
 O master! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
 (As poisonous-tongued, as handed) hath prevailed
 On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No.
 She's punished for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,

So much as this fact comes to? *Do't; the letter*

[Reading.]

*That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.—O damned paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and lock'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.*

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O learned indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contained relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Blessed be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reads.]

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his
dominions, could not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest
of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take
notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven. What
your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he
wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and
your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven; read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind—O not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond) say, and speak thick;
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is

To this same blessed Milford. And, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven. But, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
 And our return to excuse.—But first, how get hence:
 Why should excuse be born or e'er begot!
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
 Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' the clock's behalf.—But this is foolery.—
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
 She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
 A riding-suit; no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
 Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
 Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys. This gate
 Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
 To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
 Are arched so high, that giants may jet through
 And keep their impious turbans on, without
 Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yon hill;
 Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,

That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
 This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see;
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a check;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a brabe;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncrossed: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak. We, poor unfledged,
 Have never winged from view o' the nest; nor know not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat.
 Our valor is, to chase what flies; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' the name of fame, and honor; which dies i' the search;
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure.—O boys, this story
 The world may read in me. My body's marked

With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note. Cymbeline loved me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off. Then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
 A storm or robbery. call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Gui.

Uncertain favor!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
 Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans. So,
 Followed my banishment; and, this twenty years,
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world;
 Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
 More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
 This is not hunters' language.—He that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
 To him the other two shall minister;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little they are sons to the king;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine; and, though trained up thus
 meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king, his father, called Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is roused!—
 O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience knows,

Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honor to her grave.
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan called,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Near Milford-Haven.**Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.*

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the
 place

Was near at hand. Ne'er longed my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! Man!
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
 Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
 Into a 'havior of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
 That drug-damned Italy hath out-crafted him,
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdained of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the
 strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in
 me. I speak not out of weak surmises; from proof as strong
 as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That
 part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not
 tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take
 away her life; I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-
 Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou
 fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art
 the pander to her dishonor, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
 Whose edge, is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
 Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favor's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him.
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ripped:—to pieces with me!—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True, honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
 Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
 From most true wretchedness. So thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjured,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
 Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
 A little witness my obedience. Look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
 Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
 Something's afore't. Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turned to heresy? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers: though those that are betrayed
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.
 And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And make me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
 That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch.
 The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
 Since I received command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
 Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
 So many miles with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labor?
 The time inviting thee, the perturbed court,
 For my being absent; whereunto I never
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment; in the which
 I have considered of a course. Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak.
 I have heard. I am a trumpet; and mine ear,

Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither;

But if I were as wise as honest, then,

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,

But that my master is abused;

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,

Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him

Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded

I should do so. You shall be missed at court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am

Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado

With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me

As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,

Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;

In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think

There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad

You think of other place. The ambassador,

Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven

To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise

That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,

But by self-danger; you should tread a course

Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near

The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,

That though his actions were not visible, yet

Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo.

O for such means!

Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point.

You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo.

Nay be brief.

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis.

First, make yourself but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honorable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplement.

Imo.

Thou art all the comfort

The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away;
There's more to be considered; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis.

Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being missed, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualmed at land, a dram of this

Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood;—may the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen; I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so, farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honor in no point omit.—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have crossed the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and Lords.]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honors us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness.
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,

Where is our daughter? She hath not appeared
 Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered
 The duty of the day. She looks us like
 A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
 We have noted it.—Call her before us: for
 We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen.

Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
 Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
 'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
 Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady
 So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
 And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym.

Where is she, sir? How
 Can her contempt be answered?

Atten.

Please you, sir,
 Her chambers are all locked; and there's no answer
 That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
 She prayed me to excuse her keeping close;
 Whereto constrained by her infirmity,
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you
 Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
 She wished me to make known; but our great court
 Made me to blame in memory.

Cym.

Her doors locked?
 Not seen of late? Grant, Heavens, that which I
 Fear, prove false!

[*Exit.*

Queen.

Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
 I have not seen these two days.

Queen.

Go, look after.

[*Exit CLOTEN.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus! —
 He hath a drug of mine. I pray, his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
 Or, winged with fervor of her love, she's flown
 To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is
 To death or to dishonor; and my end
 Can make good use of either. She being down,
 I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled;
Go in, and cheer the king. He rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*]

Clo. I love and hate her; for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is choked; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have the secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she missed?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting. Satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all worthy lord!

Clo. All worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish. }
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo
those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee,
with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid
thee do, to perform it directly, and truly,—I would think
thee an honest man. Thou shouldst neither want my means
for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and con-
stantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar
Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be
a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand: here's my purse. Hast any of
thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he
wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither;
let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven.—I forgot to ask him
one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even there, thou villain,
Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were
come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now
belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of
Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural per-
son, together with the adornment of my qualities. With
that suit upon my back, will I ravish her. First kill him,
and in her eyes, there shall she see my valor, which will
then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my
speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when
my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will exe-
cute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock
her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me re-
joicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

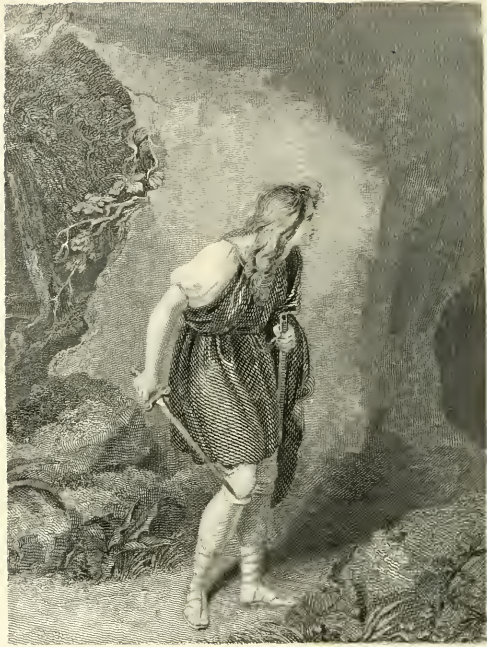
Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee; the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss; for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be crossed with slowness; labor be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one. I have tired myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio showed thee, Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord! Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee. My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this? Here is a path to it. 'Tis some savage hold: I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine, Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here? If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,



Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good Heavens! [*She goes into the cave*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast. Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match.
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savory. Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restie sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,
 Whilst what we have killed be cooked.

Bel. Stay; come not in.
 [*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not.
 Before I entered here, I called; and thought
 To have begged, or bought, what I have took. Good troth,
 I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
 Gold strewed i' the floor. Here's money for my meat.
 I would have left it on the board, so soon
 As I had made my meal; and parted,
 With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
 As 'tis no better reckoned, but of those
 Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry.
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother;—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers!—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. } *Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience sealed them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes.)
Could not outpeer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so;
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imc. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Rome.

Enter two Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ; That since the common men are now in action 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians; And that the legions now in Gallia are Full weak to undertake our wars against The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite The gentry to this business. He creates Lucius proconsul; and to you, the tribunes, For this immediate levy, he commands His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen.

Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen.

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy Must be supplyant. The words of your commission Will tie you to the numbers, and the time Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forcst, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (saving reverence of the word,) for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer: in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not

beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. *Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,
and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well; [*To IMOGEN;*] remain here in the cave.

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv.

Brother, stay here:

[To IMOGEN

Are we not brothers?

Imo.

So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well;

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick. So please you leave me;

Stick to your journal course, the breach of custom

Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me

Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort

To one not sociable. I'm not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here.

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,

Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke 'it.

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

Bel.

What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why

I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
 Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,
 And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside*

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
 Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt and grace.
 I am not their father; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—
 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. Your health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what
 lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court;
 Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
 The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
 I am sick still; heart-sick.—Pisanio,
 I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him;

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
 I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field.—

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever. [*Exit IMOGEN.*

This youth, howe'er distressed, appears, he hath had
 Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in cha-
 racters;

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
 And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh; as if the sigh
 Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
 The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's there!

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mocked me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws.—Hence.

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Clo. Soft! what are you
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave, without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear—the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting*]

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favor
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't. Not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none:
Yet, I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head;
Son to the queen, after his own report;

Who called me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
 With his own single hand he'd take us in,
 Displace our heads, where, (thank the gods!) they grow,
 And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
 But that he swore to take—our lives? The law
 Protects not us; then why should we be tender
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
 Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
 For we do fear the law? What company
 Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
 Can we set eye on; but, in all safe reason,
 He must have some attendants. Though his humor
 Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
 From one bad thing to worse; not frensy, not
 Absolute madness could so far have raved,
 To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
 It may be heard at court, that such as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
 May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
 (As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering. Then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance
 Come as the gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
 My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
 To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness
 Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
 Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
 His head from him. I'll throw't into the creek
 Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
 And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten.
 That's all I reck.

[*Exit*

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged;
 'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valor
 Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done't,
 So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
 I love thee brotherly; but envy much,

Thou hast robbed me of this deed. I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done;—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks. I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him. To gain his color,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enclafed, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned; honor untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valor,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring to us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui.

Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return.

[*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!

Hark, Polydore, it sounds! but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st
mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter AVIRAGUS bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbor in? — Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made? but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy! —
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see.
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laughed at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued. I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps.
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath. The ruddock would
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;

And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so.

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
Thou are past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning flash.
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Arv. Thou hast finished joy and moan.
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee !
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !
Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave.*

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies ; come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about midnight, more ;
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fit'st for graves.—Upon their faces :
You were as flowers, now withered ; even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away ; apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again ;
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BEL., GUI., and ARV.*

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven ; which is
the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither ?
'Ods pitikins ! Can it be six miles yet ?

I have gone all night.—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft ! no bedfellow ;—O gods and goddesses !

[*Seeing the body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream ;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so,
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
 A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face—
 Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee!—Thou,
 Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio—
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? ah me! where's that?
 Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio!
 'Tis he and Cloten; malice and luere in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home;
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's! O!—
 Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. O my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a
 Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrisoned in Gallia,
 After your will, have crossed the sea; attending
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships.
 They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirred up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service; and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc.

This foxwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be mustered; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dreamed, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods showed me a vision,
(I fast, and prayed, for their intelligence,) thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanished in the sunbeams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath altered that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters; I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth,
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same.
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,

Thou shalt be so well mastered; but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strewed his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave. Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferred
By thee to us; and he shall be interred,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes;
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger;—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me, her son gone,
So needful for this present. It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will. But for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;

I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy. [*To PISANIO*
Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amazed with matter.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange.
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplexed in all. The Heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be cleared;
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steered. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it,

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must, or for Britons slay us; or receive us

For barbarous and unnatural revolts,
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not mustered
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have lived; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death,
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quartered fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; ay, hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army.
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither. What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever looked on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blessed beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By Heavens, I'll go!
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,

I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My cracked one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Aside.*
Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wished
Thou shouldst be colored thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little?—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's shrift.
But Imogen is your own. Do your best wills,
And make me blessed to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good Heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant So I'll fight

Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death; and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valor in me, than my habits show.
 Gods put the strength of the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army, at the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood. I have belied a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this earl,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me,
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
 The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
 The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hoodwinked.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turned strangely; or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a British Lord.*

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touched, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was dammed
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthened shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditched, and walled with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country:—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
*Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown; stand, stand.*—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which would have turned
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renewed; that some, turned coward
But by example, (O, a sin in war,

Damned in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stooped eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: and now our cowards
 (Like fragments in hard voyages) became
 The life o' the need; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
 O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chased by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
 Those that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance.

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it. You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry. [*Exit*]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
 To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
 To-day, how many would have given their honors
 To have saved their carcasses? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charmed,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
 Nor feel him, where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him;
 For being now a favorer to the Roman,
 No more a Briton, I have resumed again
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer be

Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken.
 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave the affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
 But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answered him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have pecked them here. He brags his service
 As if he were of note; bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AR-
 VIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains
 present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over
 to a Jailer: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV. *A Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Jailers.

1 *Jail.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks
 upon you;
 So graze as you find pasture.

2 *Jail.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Jailers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
 I think to liberty. Yet am I better
 Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
 Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured
 By the sure physician, death; who is the key
 To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fettered
 More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods, give me
 The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
 Then, free forever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
 So children temporal fathers do appease;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 Desired, more than constrained; to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.
 I know you are more element than vile men.
 Who of their broken debtors take a third.
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire.
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coined it,
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake.
 You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*]

*Solemn music. Enter, as an apparition, SICILIUS LEON-
 ATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a
 warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his
 wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them.
 Then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati,
 brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the
 wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show

Thy spite on mortal flies;

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,

That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,

Whose face I never saw?

I died, whilst in the womb he staid

Attending nature's law.

Whose father, then, (as men report,

Thou orphans' father art,)

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him

From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes;

That from me was Posthumus ripped,

Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,

Moulded the stuff so fair,

That he deserved the praise o' the world,

As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,

In Britain where was he

That could stand up his parallel;

Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best

Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mocked,

To be exiled and thrown

From Leonati' seat, and cast

From her his dearest one,

Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,

Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain

With needless jealousy;

And to become the geck and scorn

O' the other's villany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,

Our parents, and us twain,

That, striking in our country's cause,

Fell bravely, and were slain;

Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,

With honor to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath

To Cymbeline performed.

Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,

Why hast thou thus adjourned

The graces, for his merits due;

Being all to dolours turned?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;

No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh

And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,

Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help;

Or we, poor ghosts, will cry

To the shining synod of the rest,

Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,

And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,

Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you, ghosts,

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,

Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
 Be not with mortal accidents oppressed;
 No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
 The more delayed, delighted. Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reigned at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
 And so, away: no further with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
 Stopped, as to foot us: his ascension is
 More sweet than our blessed fields; his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
 As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes; he is entered
 His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blessed,
 Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,
 and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created
 A mother and two brothers. But (O scorn!)
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favor, dream as I have done;
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve.
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steeped in favors; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers; let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As a good promise.

[*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown.*

without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Jailers.

Jail. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Jail. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for the want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in trice; you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache. But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Jail. Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured. You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell me

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness? I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Jail. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them, too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good. O, there were desolation of jailers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepped before targe of proof, cannot be found.
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been searched among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[*To* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are;—report it.

Bel.

Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym.

Bow your knees.

Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? You look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor.

Hail, great king!

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym.

Whom worse than a physician

Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet checks,
Were present when she finished.

Cym.

Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confessed she never loved you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorred your person.

Cym.

She alone knew this;

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym.

O most delicate fiend!

Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,

By inches waste you. In which time she purposed,
 By watching, weeping, tendence, kissing, to
 O'ercome you with her show; yes, in time,
 (When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
 Her son into the adoption of the crown.
 But failing of her end by his strange absence,
 Grew shameless desperate; opened, in despite
 Of Heaven and men, her purposes; repented
 The evils she hatched were not effected; so,
 Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
 That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
 To have mistrusted her. Yet, O my daughter!
 That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman
 prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
 The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
 Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
 That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
 Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.
 So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war. The day
 Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatened
 Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 May be called ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.
 Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransomed; never master had
 A page so kind, so dutious, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat, so nurselike. Let his virtue join
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
 Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have served a Roman. Save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;
His favor is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast looked thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, *Live, boy* ; ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad.
And yet, I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
There's other work in hand. I see a thing
Bitter to me as death ; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me ;
He leaves me, scorns me ; briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplexed ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak,
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master. Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death ?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles ; that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ; forbear ;
Creatures may be alike. Were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress; [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To IACH.*] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrained to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accursed
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poisoned! or, at least,
Those which I heaved to head!) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swelled boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye;—

Cym. I stand on fire;
Come, to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we praised, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were cracked of kitchen trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold. Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wagered with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honored finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honor confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his ear. Away to Britain
Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quenched
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practice so prevailed,
That I returned with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost,
[Coming forward.]

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egredious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send cut
 For torturers ingenious; it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That killed thy daughter;—villain like, I lie;
 That caused a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't.—The temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me; every villain
 Be called Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part. [*Striking her; she falls.*]

Pis. O gentlemen, help, help,
 Mine, and your mistress.—O my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er killed Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
 Mine honored lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
 Thou gav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence!
 Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poisoned me.

Cor. O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confessed,
 Which must approve thee honest. *If Pisanio*
 Have, said she, given his mistress that confection,

*Which I gave him for a cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.*

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft impórtuned me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel.

My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo.

Your blessing, sir.

[*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't. [*To GUI. and ARV*]

Cym.

My tears that fall,

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo.

I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely. But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis.

My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foamed at the mouth, and swore,
If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,

Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honor. What became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence. Pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee;

By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and must
Endure our law. Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king.

This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the Guard.*]
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three;

But I will prove, that two of us are as good

As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,

For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,

Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is

Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then.—

By leave;—thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was called Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banished traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assumed this age: indeed, a banished man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy. Here's my knee.
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banished.
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason: that I suffered,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty year
Have I trained up; those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment. I moved her to't;
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason; their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inhabit heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children;

If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius.
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapped
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more.—Blessed may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you called me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallowed.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long intergatories. See,

Posthumus anchors upon Imogen ;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master ; hitting
 Each object with a joy ; the counterchange
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
 Thou art my brother ; so we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS

Imo. You are my father too ; and did relieve me,
 To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoyed,
 Save these in bonds ; let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becomeed this place, and graced
 The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor beseeching ; 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then followed.—That I was he,
 Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might
 Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again ; [Kneeling
 But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
 As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
 Which I so often owe ; but, your ring first ;
 And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
 That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me ;
 The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
 The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
 And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doomed.
 We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
 Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
 As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
 Joyed are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
 Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
 Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
 Appeared to me, with other spritely shows
 Of mine own kindred : when I waked, I found

This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*; which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipped about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopped branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar joined; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom Heavens, in justice, (both on her and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribun of the People; and brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS, } *Sons to Tamora*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.

Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a Black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The tomb of the Andronici appearing: the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers on the other; with drum and colore.

Saturninus. NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honors live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favorers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonor to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,

Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
 For many good and great deserts to Rome;
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls.
 He by the senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yoked a nation strong, trained up in arms.
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath returned
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field;
 And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat,—by honor of his name,
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honor and adore,—
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honor thee and thine,
 Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favor,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.

[*Exeunt the followers of BASSIANUS.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
 And to the love and favor of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the followers of SATURNINUS.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—
 Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt
 with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter a Captain and others.*

Cap. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
 Successful in the battles that he fights,
 With honor and with fortune is returned,
 From where he circumscribed with his sword,
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS, after them two men bearing a coffin covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
 Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her freight,
 Returns with precious lading to the bay,
 From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears;
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
 Thou great defender of this Capitol,
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
 Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that king Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains alive, and dead!
 These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
 These that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors.
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones;
 That so the shadows be not unappeased,
 Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren.—Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son;
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
 But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O! if to fight for king and commonweal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful:
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
 Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice.
 To this your son is marked; and die he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consumed.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
 MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
 Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
 To tremble under 'Titus' threatening look.
 Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
 The self-same gods, that armed the queen of Troy
 With opportunity of sharp revenge
 Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
 May favor Tamora, the queen of Goths,

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, *with
their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopped,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honor, rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honor rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honor live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS,
and others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
 And triumphs over chance, in honor's bed.—
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
 This palliament of white and spotless hue;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late deceased emperor's sons.
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness.
 What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country.
 Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world.
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipped to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honor thee, and will do till I die.
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
 I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
 Of noble minds, is honorable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
 I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
 And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
 The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you! and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal.
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honorable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honored of your grace.
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord.
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honor's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To TAMORA.*]

To him that for your honor and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome;
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go;
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice;
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surprised! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. Barr'st me my way in Rome! What, villain boy!

[*TIT. kills MUT.*

Mut. Help, Lucius, help.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonor me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
'That is another's lawful, promised love.

[*Exit*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock.
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous, haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonor me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
 But Saturnine! Full well, Andronicus,
 Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
 That said'st, I begged the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
 To him that flourished for her with his sword.
 A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
 To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
 That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
 Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
 If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
 And will create thee emperess of Rome.
 Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
 And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
 Sith priest and holy water are so near,
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
 In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
 I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
 Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
 I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
 If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
 Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
 Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered.
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS and his followers; TAMORA,
 and her sons; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.—
 Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
 Dishonored thus, and challenged of wrong.

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
 In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
 Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonored all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified.
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls;—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honor thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the sons of TITUS kneel.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barred his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.—

The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonored by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the tomb

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high, good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended;
TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: at the other,
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have played your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile, I am possessed of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir. You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only this much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honor wronged;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath,
To be controlled in that he frankly gave.

Receive him then to favor, Saturnine;
That hath expressed himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonored me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge
How I have loved and honored Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonored openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord: the gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonor you!

But, on mine honor, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.

You are but newly planted in your throne;

Lest then the people and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part

And so supplant us for ingratitude,

(Which Rome reposes to be a heinous sin,)

Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction, and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life;

And make them know, what 'tis to make a queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

Come, come, sweet emperor,—Come, Andronicus,

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevailed.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord;

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—

And let it be mine honor, good my lord,

That I have reconciled your friends and you.—

For you, prince Bassianus, I have passed

My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.—

And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to Heaven, and to his highness,

} *Aside.*

That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendering our sister's honor, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honor here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends.

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;

I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;

So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,

Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis;—this nymph,
 This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
 Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS, *braving.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
 And manners, to intrude where I am graced;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
 'Tis not the difference of a year or two,
 Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate.
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! These lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
 Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
 Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
 I would not for a million of gold,
 The cause were known to them it most concerns;
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
 Be so dishonored in the court of Rome.
 For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheathed
 My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
 Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
 That he hath breathed in my dishonor here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved,—

Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broached,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice,
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved;
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch, or so,
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
'Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools.

To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi.

I' faith, not me.

Dem.

Nor me,

So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve;

That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop.

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind for rape and villany.

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words;

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,

To villany and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The emperor's court is like the house of fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears.

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;

There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance.*

Horns, and cry of hounds heard. Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c., MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the emperor's person carefully.
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

*Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BAS-
 SIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
 Madam, to you as many and as good!—
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you.

Lav. I say, no;
 I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then, horse and chariots let us have,
 And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see
 Our Roman hunting. [*To TAMORA.*]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
 And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
 But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A desert Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
 To bury so much gold under a tree,
 And never after to inherit it.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
 Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villany;
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,

[*Hides the gold*
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chant melody on every bush;
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a checkered shadow on the ground.
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once—
 Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise.
 And—after conflict, such as was supposed
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoyed,
 When with a happy storm they were surprised,
 And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet, melodious birds,
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine.
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution?
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus.
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
 Now question me no more; we are espied;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes.

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress
Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had.
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honor of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestered from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colored love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good king! to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale, you see, it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
 Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 And, when they showed me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me, they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew;
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they called me, foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth called my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Stabs BASSANIUS.]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[Stabbing him likewise.]

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw;
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope braves your mightiness;
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—
 Come, mistress, now, perforce, we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam. Let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [To CHIRON.

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O, could I find it now!)
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests.
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee; for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be called a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place.
For 'tis not life, that I have begged so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then? Fond woman, let me go

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body.
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee;
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband;
 This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.
 Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
 Till all the Andronici be made away.
 Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
 And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour.

[*Dragging off* LAVINIA.][*Exeunt.*][*Exit.*]SCENE IV. *The same.**Enter* AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before.
 Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
 Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
 Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS *falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
 Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers;
 Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
 As fresh as morning's dew distilled on flowers?
 A very fatal place it seems to me.—
 Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object
 That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them
 here;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
 How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit* AARON.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
 From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
 A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
 My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
 Aaron and thou look down into this den,
 And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
 Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
 The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise.
 O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
 Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit;
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Coeytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me.—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leaped into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest.
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
 Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
 [Giving a letter.

The complot of this timeless tragedy;
 And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
 In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
 Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
 Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
 Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
 Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
 Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
 Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
 Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
 This is the pit, and this the elder-tree;
 Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
 That should have murdered Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
 [Showing it.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [To *TIT.*] fell curs of bloody
 kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
 Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
 There let them bide, until we have devised
 Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
 How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
 I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
 That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—
 Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,—

Sat. If it be proved! you see, it is apparent.—
 Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord. Yet let me be their bail;
 For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
 They shall be ready at your highness' will,
 To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.
 Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers.
 Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
 For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
 That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished;*
her hands cut off, and tongue cut out.

Dem. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern, ungentle hands
Have lopped, and hewed, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love! Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee;
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say, 'tis so?

O that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopped,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind;
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee:
 A craftier Tereus, hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sewed than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touched them for his life;
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
 One hour's storm will drown the fragment meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.]

 ACT III.

 SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watched;
 And for these bitter tears which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
 For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,

Because they died in honor's lofty bed.
For these, good tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil, from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me; oh, if they did hear,
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale.
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,

That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
 Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
 But me and mine. How happy art thou, then,
 From these devourers to be banished!
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break!
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
 Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
 What fool hath added water to the sea?
 Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain
 And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have served me to effectless use;
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyred thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
 Where, like a sweet, melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet, varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
 That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, than had he killed me dead.
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environed with a wilderness of sea;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him;
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
 Here stands my other son, a banished man;
 And here, my brother, weeping at my woes;
 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,—
 It would have maddened me; what shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so?
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyred thee.
 Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.—
 Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her.
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they killed her
 husband;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stained, like meadows, yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And make a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? Let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wondered at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
 See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece;—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs.
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king. He, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand.

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn;
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reared aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By Heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such withered herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both.

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be called deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so;—

But I'll deceive you in another sort, [Aside.

And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*He cuts off* TITUS'S hand.

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is despatched.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand.

Tell him it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchased at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,

Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee;—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany [Aside.

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [Exit.

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call.—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To* LAVINIA.

Do then, dear heart; for Heaven shall hear our prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,

And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I bind my woes.

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,

Threatening the welkin with his big-swollen face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
 I am the sea; hark how her sighs do blow!
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth.
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
 Then must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned.
 For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
 For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
 And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
 Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mocked;
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
 These miseries are more than may be borne!
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
 But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA kisses him

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery. Die, Andronicus;
 Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
 Thy other banished son, with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs;
 Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
 Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed.

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears;
 Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
 Till all these mischiefs be returned again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
 You heavy people, circle me about;
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
 And in this hand the other will I bear.
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
 The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome!
 Farewell, proud Rome! Till Lucius come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud Saturninus and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit; and look, you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs! [*To LAVINIA.*
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with sighing, girl; kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
 Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
 Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this;—
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
 I can interpret all her martyred signs;—
 She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brewed with her sorrows, meshed upon her cheeks.
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers;
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter, deep laments;
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*
 What dost thou strike at Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have killed, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny.
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender, gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor, harmless fly!
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast killed him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black, ill-favored fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I killed him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me.
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Titus's House.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS,
LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.—

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius; — somewhat doth she mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee;

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her;

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow. That made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;

Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS
has let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia? — Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.—

Which is it, girl, of these? — Open them, boy.—

But thou art deeper read, and better skilled;

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens

Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.—

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was.—

Or else to Heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;

My mother gave't me.

Mar.

For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps she culled it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!

Help her;—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Terens' treason, and his rape;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,

Ravished and wronged, as Philomela was,

Forced in the ruthliess, vast, and gloomy woods?—

See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,

(O, had we never, never hunted there!)

Patterned by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed;

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here:—Look here, Lavinia.

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,

This after me, when I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.]

Cursed be that heart, that forced us to this shift!—

Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,

What God will have discovered for revenge!

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,

And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
 My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
 And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,
 And father of that chaste, dishonored dame,
 Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
 That we will prosecute, by good advice,
 Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
 But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware.
 The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
 She's with the lion deeply still in league,
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
 And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
 You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by; the angry northern wind
 Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
 And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
 For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
 For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory.
 Lucius, I'll fit thee; and, withal, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
 Presents, that I intend to send them both.
 Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
 Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house;
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:
 Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy

Mar. O Heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
 And not relent, or not compassion him?
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield;
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
 Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door; at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;

He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,

I greet your honors from Andronicus;—

And pray the Roman gods confound you both. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius; what's the news?

Boy. That you are both deciphered, that's the news,
For villains marked with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,
My grandsire well advised hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armory,

To gratify your honorable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well.

And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?

Let's see;

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

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

I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it,

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass,

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their
guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapped about with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick,

But were our witty empress well afoot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate,

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord

Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

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Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.

[*Aside. Flourish*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a black-a-moor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords;

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest? What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone

Woe to her chance, and damned her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point;
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up,
[*Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws.*]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my cimeter's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed walls! ye alchouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigor, and the picture of my youth.
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is forever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears;
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad framed of another leer.
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
 And, from that womb, where you imprisoned were,
 He is enfranchised and come to light.
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you;
 Keep there. Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords. When we all join in league,
 I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
 The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
 But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
 And no one else, but the delivered empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself.
 Two may keep counsel, when the third's away;
 Go to the empress; tell her, this I said;— [*Stabbing her.*]
 Weke weke!—So cries a pig, prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou
 this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
 A long-tongued, babbling gossip? No, lords, no.
 And now be it known to you my full intent.
 Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman;
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are.
 Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all;
 And how by this their child shall be advanced,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, lords, ye see, that I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
 This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI., bearing off the Nurse*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts.
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A public Place.*

Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—kinsmen, this is the way;—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.

Terras Astræa reliquit;

Be you remembered, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;

Happily you may find her in the sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land.—

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;

'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth.

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you deliver him this petition.

Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Al, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man-of-war unsearched;

This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humor kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters? What,
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.
Marry, for Justice, she is so employed,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-boned men, framed of the Cyclop's size:
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you.—Here, *ad Apollinem*.—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas;—here, to Mercury;

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid.

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court;
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,
Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord. When Publius shot,
The bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laughed, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes; God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Cl. Ho! the gibbet-maker? He says, that he hath
taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged
till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Cl. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with
him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Cl. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Cl. From heaven? Alas, sir, I never came there. God
forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young
days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal
plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and
one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your
oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor
from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor
with a grace?

Cl. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,

But give your pigeons to the emperor;
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; — meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Cl. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when
you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel;
then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then
look for your reward; I'll be at hand, sir. See you do it
bravo'y.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go;—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords,
and others; SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand
that TITUS shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath passed,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress.
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,

Whose loss hath pierced him deep, and scarred his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all. [*Aside.*]
 But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out; if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? Wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den.—I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*SAT. reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butchered wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honor, shall shape privilege.

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman;

Sly, frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great.

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gathered head; and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head,

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
 'Tis he the common people love so much;
 Myself hath often overheard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private man,)
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wished that Lucius was their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favor Lucius;
 And will revolt from me, to succor him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
 Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby;
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure stint their melody;
 Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
 For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
 Go thou before, be our ambassador; [To ÆMIL.
 Say, that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honorably;
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
 [Exit ÆMILIUS.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
 And temper him with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS and Goths, with drum and colors.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honorable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,—
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controlled with this discourse:—
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor;
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,

Surprised him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand.
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder is brought, which AARON is obliged
to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear.
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed.
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath.—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears;

To that I'll urge him.—Therefore, thou shalt vow,
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O, most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravished her,
And cut her hands, and trimmed her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was washed, and cut, and trimmed; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them!
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learned of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay.
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mentioned,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I played the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter
I pried me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Geth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,

Few some within the compass of my curse)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill;
 As kill a man, or else devise his death;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
 Set deadly enmity between two friends;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
 Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved, in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius; what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you, princes of the Goths,
 The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately delivered.

1 Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
 Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
 And we will come.—March away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock*

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side, where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves;
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the wagon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy ministers? what are they called?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.

[*Exit* TITUS, *from above*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy;
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brainsick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too;—

How like the empress and her sons you are!
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;—
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
 For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
 But in her company there is a Moor;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil;
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee wrong,
 And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
 And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
 Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
 Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
 There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
 Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee;
 I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
 They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lessoned us; this shall we do.
 But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the empress and her sons,
 The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
 What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
 Tell him the emperor and the empress too

Feast at my house ; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys ? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord, the emperor,
How I have governed our determined jest ?
Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair, [Aside.]
And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad ;
And will o'erreach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hellhounds and their dam. [Aside.]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus. Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [Exit TAMORA.]

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed ?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

Pub. What's your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie ! thou art too much deceived ;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name :
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it ; therefore bind them sure ;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[Exit TITUS. PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on
CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.]

Chi. Villains, forbear ; we are the empress' sons. .

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *she bearing a basin, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stained with mud.
This goodly summer with your winter mixed.
You killed her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemned to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains. I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged.
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come.

[He cuts their throats.

Receive the blood; and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.

SCENE III. *The same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That you repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings;
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallowed slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt* Goths, with AARON. *Flourish.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators,
and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordained to an honorable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome.
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound.* *The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young
LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stained, and defloured?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind!

Tit. Killed her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was;
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius.
They ravished her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The
People in confusion disperse. MARCUS,
LUCIUS, and their partisans, ascend the
steps before TITUS's house.*

Mar. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome.
By uproar severed, like a flight of fowl

Scattered by winds and high, tempestuous gusts,
 O, let me teach you how to knit again
 This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,
 These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
 And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
 Do shameful execution on herself.
 But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
 Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To* LUCIUS;] as erst our
 ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
 To lovesick Dido's sad, attending ear,
 The story of that baleful, burning night,
 When subtle Greeks surprised king Priam's Troy.
 Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance; even i' the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain; let him tell the tale:
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
 And they it were that ravished our sister:
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
 Our father's tears despised; and basely cozened
 Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out.
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
 Who drowned their enmity in my true tears,
 And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
 And I am the turned-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserved her welfare in my blood;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.

Alas! you know I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft; methinks I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child,
 [*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*]

Of this was Tamora delivered;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damned as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
 Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal
 emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
 [*To an Attendant.*]

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudged some direful, slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious
 governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans. May I govern so,
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,

For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof,—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale, cold lips,

[*Kisses* TITUS

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stained face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee well;
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature does require it so.
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants with AARON.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food.
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fastened in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damned Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.* Marshal.
A Pander and his Wife. BOULT, *their Servant.*
GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.* DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, *dispersedly in various countries.*

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER. Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eyes, and holy ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say)
This king unto him took a pheere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As Heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke.
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom what they did begin,

Was, with long use, account no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bedfellow,
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow;
 Which to prevent, he made a law
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)
 That whoso asked her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life.
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I. Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
 The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
 Imboldened with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [Music

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception, (lill Lucina reigned,
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,)
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, appavelled like the spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!

Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever rased, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.

Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflamed desire in my breast,
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,——

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard.
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 You sometime famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
 That without covering, save yon field of stars,
 They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
 For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must.
 For death remembered, should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
 I'll make my will, then; and as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every prince should do;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came,
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then;
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, mayst thou prove prosperous!
 In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
 Nor ask advice of any other thought
 But faithfulness, and courage.

[*He reads the Riddle.*]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
 On mother's flesh which did me breed.
 I sought a husband, in which labor
 I found that kindness in a father.
 He's father, son, and husband mild,
 I, mother, wife, and yet his child.*

*How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last. But O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill.
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, fingered to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
But, being played upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copped hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is thronged
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred;
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the
meaning;—
But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,

We might proceed to cancel of your days;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
 Forty days longer we do respite you;
 If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son;
 And until then, your entertain shall be,
 As doth befit our honor, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANT., *his* Daughter, *and* Attend.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
 When what is done is like a hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
 Where now you're both a father and a son,
 By your untimely claspings with your child,
 (Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;)
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame;
 Then, lest my life be cropped to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
 To have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner.
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;
 For by his fall my honor must keep high.
 Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
 Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;

And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold.
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
 'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.
 Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

Ant. [*Exit Messenger.*
As thou
 Wilt live, fly after; and, as an arrow, shot
 From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
 His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
 Unless thou say, *Prince Pericles is dead.*

Thal. My lord, if I
 Can get him once within my pistol's length,
 I'll make him sure; so farewell to your highness. [*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
 My heart can lend no succor to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us; why should this change of
 thought?

The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
 By me so used a guest is, not an hour,
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
 (The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet!
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
 And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
 Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by misread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
 And so with me; the great Antiochus
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,

Since he's so great, can make his will his act)
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
 Nor boots it me to say, I honor him,
 If he suspect I may dishonor him.
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
 Our men be vanquished, ere they do resist,
 And subjects punished, that ne'er thought offence:
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 (Who am no more but as the top of trees,
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
 Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
 Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.
 They do abuse the king that flatter him;
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
 The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,
 To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing;
 Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
 When seignior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
 What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
 And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
 Hast moved us; what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
 They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
 To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
 Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise;
 Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer.
 I thank thee for it; and high Heaven forbid,

That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
 Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
 Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
 What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
 Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
 Who minister'st a potion unto me,
 That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
 Attend me then. I went to Antioch,
 Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
 From whence an issue I might propagate,
 Are arms to princes, and bring to subjects joys.
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
 The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
 Seemed not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this.
 'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
 Under the covering of a careful night,
 Who seemed my good protector; and being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than their years.
 And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
 That I should open to the listening air,
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him
 When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence;
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
 Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
 Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to
 speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
 Who, either by public war, or private treason,

Will take away your life.
 Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
 Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.
 Your rule direct to any; if to me,
 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
 From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tharsus
 Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
 And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
 The care I had and have of subjects' good,
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.
 But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
 Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Tyre. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must
 I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged
 at home; 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise
 fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what
 he would of the king, desired he might know none of his
 secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a
 king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture
 of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
 Further to question of your king's departure.
 His sealed commission, left in trust with me,
 Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
 Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
 He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
 Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)

Took some displeasure at him ; at least he judged so ;
 And doubting lest that he had erred or sinned,
 To show his sorrow, would correct himself ;
 So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
 With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive

[*Aside*

I shall not be hanged now, although I would ;
 But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
 He scaped the land, to perish on the seas.—
 But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre !

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come,

With message unto princely Pericles ;
 But, since my landing, as I have understood
 Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
 My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
 Commended to our master, not to us.

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—

As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
 And by relating tales of others' griefs,
 See if 'twill teach us to forget our own ?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it,
 For who digs hills because they do aspire,
 Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
 O my distressed lord, even such our griefs ;
 Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
 But like to groves, being topped, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
 Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
 Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish ?
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
 Into the air ; our eyes do weep, till lungs
 Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ; that,
 If the gods slumber, while their creatures want,
 They may awake their helps to comfort them.
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
 And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,

A city on whom Plenty held full hand,
 (For riches strewed herself even in the streets,)
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kissed the clouds,
 And strangers ne'er beheld, but wondered at;
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorned,
 Like one another's glass to trim them by:
 Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feed on, as delight;
 All poverty was scorned, and pride so great,
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what Heaven can do! By this our change,
 These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
 Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defiled for want of use,
 They are now starved for want of exercise.
 Those palates, who, not yet two summers younger,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread and beg for it.
 Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
 For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have desiered, upon our neighboring shore,
 A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
 That may succeed as his inheritor;
 And so in ours. Some neighboring nation,

Taking advantage of our misery,
 Hath stuffed these hollow vessels with their power,
 To beat us down, the which are down already;
 And make a conquest of unhappy me,
 Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
 Of their white flags displayed, they bring us peace,
 And come to us as favorers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him untutored to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
 But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
 The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
 Go tell their general, we attend him here,
 To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
 And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[*Exit*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
 If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor,—for so we hear you are,—
 Let not our ships, and number of our men,
 Be, like a beacon fired, to amaze your eyes.
 We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
 And seen the desolation of your streets!
 Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
 But to relieve them of their heavy load;
 And these our ships you happily may think
 Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuffed within,
 With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
 Are stored with corn, to make your needy bread,
 And give them life, who are hunger-starved, half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
 And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
 We do not look for reverence, but for love;
 And harborage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of Heaven and men succeed their evils;
 Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
 Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
 His child, I wis, to incest bring;
 A better prince, and benign lord,
 Prove awful both in deed and word.
 Be quiet, then, as men should be,
 Till he hath passed necessity.
 I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
 The good in conversation,
 (To whom I give my benison,
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can;
 And, to remember what he does,
 Gild his statue to make it glorious.
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter, at one door, PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane, that staid at home,
 Not to eat honey, like a drone,
 From others' labors; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive;
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre;
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
 And hid intent, to murder him;
 And that in Tharsus was not best
 Longer for him to make his rest.
 He knowing so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease.
 For now the wind begins to blow;
 Thunder above, and deeps below,
 Make such unquiet, that the ship
 Should house him safe, is wrecked and split;
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is tost;

All perishen of man, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen but himself;
 Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad;
 And here he comes: what shall be next,—
 Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text. [Exit.

SCENE I. Pentapolis. *An open Place by the Sea-side*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
 Is but a substance that must yield to you;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Washed me from shore to shore, and left me breath
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death.
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
 And having thrown him from your watery grave,
 Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche!

2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll
 fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men
 that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what
 pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day,
 we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the
 porpoise, how he bounced and tumbled? They say they are
 half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come,
 but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes
 live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up
 the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing
 so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the
 poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouth-
 ful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never
 leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church,
 steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea; to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold. My veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die, quoth-a? Now, gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holydays, fish for fasting-days, and, moreover, puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver, too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labor!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for — his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armor.

Per. An armor, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) *Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace;) For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.* It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;

Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calmed, have given it again;
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 *Fish*. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties: till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee
good on't!

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that
made up this garment through the rough seams of the
waters; there are certain condolences, certain vails. I
hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you
had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide. Thou shalt have my best
gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court
myself.

Per. Then honor be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II. *The same. A public Way, or Platform, leading to the lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,

In honor of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which Heaven makes like to itself.
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honor, daughter, to explain
The labor of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honor, I'll perform

*Enter a Knight: he passes over the stage, and his Squire
presents his shield to the Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an armed knight, that's conquered by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*
[*The third Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompæ prorexit apex.*

[*The fourth Knight passes.*]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

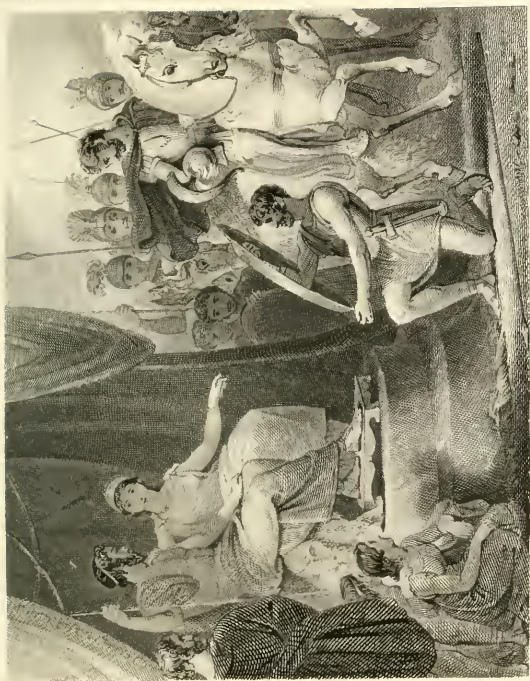
[*The fifth Knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight
himself

With such a graceful courtesy delivered?



Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A withered branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock, than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honoured triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armor rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Hall of State.
A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast;
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labored scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place;
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honored much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honor we love,
For who hates honor, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavory, wishing him my meat;
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman.
He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glowworm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink his health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile;
Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter.
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honor them; and princes, not doing so,

Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but killed
Are wondered at.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

[*Aside.*

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;)

Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,

And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels.

Even in your armors, as you are addressed,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well asked, 'twas so well performed.

Come, sir,

Here is a lady that wants breathing too;
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

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Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well;

But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights, conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings. Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

For that's the mark I know you level at.

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—

Antiochus from incest lived not free;

For which, the most high gods not minding longer,

To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,

Due to this heinous, capital offence,

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,

When he was seated, and his daughter with him,

In a chariot of inestimable value,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivelled up

Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,

That all those eyes adored them ere their fall,

Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though

This king were great, his greatness was no guard

To bar Heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.

2 Lord. Follow me, then. Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome. Happy day, my lords.

1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
 If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
 And be resolved, he lives to govern us,
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
 And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord*. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure;
 And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
 (Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
 Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
 We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honor's cause; forbear your suffrages;
 If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
 Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,
 Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
 A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
 To forbear choice i' the absence of your king;
 If in which time expired, he not return,
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
 But if I cannot win you to this love,
 Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord*. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
 And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
 We with our travels will endeavor it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
 When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE V. Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter; the Knights meet him.

1 *Knight*. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
 That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
 A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
 Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight*. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
 To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
 This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
 And on her virgin honor will not break it.

3 *Knight*. Though loath to bid farewell, we take our
 leaves. [*Exeunt*.

Sim. So,
 They're well despatched; now to my daughter's letter.
 She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger-knight,
 Or never more to view nor day nor light.
 Mistress, 'tis well; your choice agrees with mine;
 I like that well. Nay, how absolute she's in't,
 Not minding whether I dislike or no!
 Well, I commend her choice;
 And will no longer have it be delayed.
 Soft, here he comes;—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
 For your sweet music this last night. My ears,
 I do protest, were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
 Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of
 My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair, too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
 Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
 And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here?

A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life. [*Aside*.

O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,
 A stranger, and distressed gentleman,
 That never aimed so high, to love your daughter,
 But bent all offices to honor her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitched my daughter, and thou art
 A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king)
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Aside.*]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relished of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honor's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove his honor's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter; she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad.

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame you;
I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*]

Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be ruled by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being joined, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gower. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
 No din but snores, the house about,
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
 The cat with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
 And crickets sing at th'oven's mouth,
 As the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with spéech.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants: a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter THAISA with child, and Lychorida. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices; she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch
 Of Pericles the careful search
 By the four opposing coignes,
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made with all due diligence,
 That horse, and sail, and high expense,
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
 To the court of king Simonides
 Are letters brought; the tenor these:
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead:
 The men of Tyrus, on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre; but he will none.
 The mutiny there he hastes t'oppress;
 Says to them, if king Pericles
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,

Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis.
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king ;
Who dreamed, who thought of such a thing?
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre ;
 His queen, with child, makes her desire,
 (Which, who shall cross?) along to go ;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe ;)
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood
 Varies again ; the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near !
 Doth fall in travail with her fear ;
 And what ensues in this fell storm
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I will relate ; action may
 Conveniently the rest convey ;
 Which might not what by me is told.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [Exit

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having called them from the deep ! O, still thy deafening
 Thy dreadful thunders ; gently quench thy nimble
 Sulphureous flashes !—O how, Lychorida,
 How does my queen !—Thou storm, thou ! venomously
 Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard.—Lychorida !—Lucina, O
 Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida——

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit, would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honor with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blusterous birth had never babe.
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou art the rudeliest welcomed to' this world,
Than e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and spit thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow
kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works
high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be
cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath been

observed; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire. The unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely confined, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her; suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* LYCHORIDA.]

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, calked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is this?

2 Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return:

There's nothing can be ministered to nature,
 That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
 And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON
 [Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who had
 been shipwrecked.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
 Shook, as the earth did quake;
 The very principals did seem to rend,
 And all to topple; pure surprise and fear
 Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
 'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
 Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
 Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
 It is most strange,
 Nature should be so conversant with pain,
 Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches. Careless heirs
 May the two latter darken and expend;
 But immortality attends the former,
 Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever
 Have studied physic, through which secret art,
 By turning o'er authorities, I have
 (Together with my practice) made familiar
 To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
 A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honor has through Ephesus poured forth
 Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your creatures, who by you have been restored;

And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter two Servants, with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down; let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

It is a good constraint of fortune, that

It belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis calked and bitumed!—

Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As tossed it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odor.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.

O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entreaured
With bags of spices full! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me i' the characters! [*Unfolds a scroll.*

Here I give to understand,

[*Reads.*

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;

She was the daughter of a king;

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanced to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;

For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
 Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
 Death may usurp on nature many hours,
 And yet the fire of life kindle again
 The overpressed spirits. I have heard
 Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
 By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
 The rough and woful music that we have,
 Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
 The vial once more;—how thou stirrest, thou block!
 The music there.—I pray you, give her air.—
 Gentlemen,
 This queen will live. Nature awakes; a warmth
 Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranced
 Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
 Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The Heavens, sir,
 Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
 Your fame forever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
 Which Pericles hath lost,
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
 The diamonds of a most praised water
 Appear, to make the world twice rich. O, live,
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
 Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana,
 Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbors;
 Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
 Get linen; now this matter must be looked to,
 For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
 And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.*]

SCENE III. Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA

Per. Most honored Cleon, I must needs be gone;
 My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
 In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,

Take from my heart all thankfulness! the gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O, your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her
hither,
To have blessed mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Mannered as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honor all,
Unscissored shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the masked Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears;
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipped at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon trained
In music, letters; who hath gained
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,

Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
 Hight Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be;
 Be't when she weaved the sleided silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp needl wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina; so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content;
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I. Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it;
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love, thy bosom
 In flame too nicely; nor let pity, which

Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here
Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favor's changed
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers. Ere the sea mar it,
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here; when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood.
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried, *Good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born.

Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvass-climber. *Ha!* says one, *wilt out?*
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern; the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray! but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me killed?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly;
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favored, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought.

Good sooth, it showed well in you; do so now.
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [LEONINE runs away

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have
her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go;
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravished, must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of
gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being
too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We
have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can
do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay
for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every
trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true; 'tis not the bringing up of poor
bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But
shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong
wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true, they are too unwholesome o' con-

science. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[*Exit BOULT.*]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling.—But here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see. If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt PANDER and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the color of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates
(Not enough barbarous) had not overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling; I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young, foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers. Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town; report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
 Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
 To equal any single crown o' the earth,
 I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
 Whom thou hast poisoned too!
 If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
 Becoming well thy feat; what can'st thou say,
 When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
 To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
 She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
 Unless you play the impious innocent,
 And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
 Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
 Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
 The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
 And open this to Pericles. I do shame
 To think of what a noble strain you are,
 And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
 Who ever but his approbation added,
 Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
 From honorable courses.

Dion. Be it so, then;
 Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
 Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
 She did distain my child, and stood between
 Her and her fortunes. None would look on her,
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
 Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
 Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;
 And though you call my course unnatural,
 You not your child well-loving, yet I find,
 It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,
 Performed to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
 What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
 And even yet we mourn; her monument
 Is almost finished, and her epitaphs
 In glittering, golden characters express
 A general praise to her, and care in us
 At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardoned, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gap to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus (think his pilot-thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter, at one door, PERICLES, with his Train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devoured,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershowered,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears

A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on MARINA'S monument*
The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who withered in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she called; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallowed some part o' the earth.
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflowed,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the Heavens bestowed;
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.
 No visor does become black villany,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady Fortune; while our scenes display
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience, then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this,
 she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you
 ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses;
 shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I
 am out of the road of rutting, forever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her,
 she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god
 Priapus. and undo a whole generation. We must either

get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honor!

Boult. I am glad to see your honor in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honor knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to an anchor to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honor, give me leave; a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man.

[*To* MAR., *whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honorable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honor and her together.

[*Exeunt* Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honorable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honor, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more; be sage.

Mar. . . . For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath placed me here within this loathsome sty,
Where, since I came, diseases hath been sold
Dearer than physic,—O, that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallowed place,

Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air.

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dreamed thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had altered it. Hold, here's gold for thee;
Perséver still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savor vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[As *LYSIMACHUS* is putting up his purse,
BOULT enters.

Boult. I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[Exit *LYSIMACHUS*.

Boult. How's this. We must take another course with
you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a
breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall
undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.
Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the
common hangman shall execute it. Come your way.
We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your
ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken
holy words to the lord *Lysimachus*.

Bawd. O, abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession, as it were, to stink
afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up forever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a

nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boul, take her away; use her at thy pleasure; crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boul. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures; away with her. 'Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womankind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!

[*Exit Bawd.*

Boul. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boul. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boul. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boul. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or, rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change.

Thou'rt the damned door-keeper to every coystrel,
That hither comes inquiring for his tib.

To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy very food is such

As hath been belched on by infected lungs.

Boul. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;

Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

Any of these ways are better yet than this:

For that which thou professest, a baboon,

Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.

O that the gods would safely from this place

Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee; if I can
place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them.
But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's
no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I
can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays.
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needl composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses:
Her inkle silk, twin with the rubied cherry;
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him on the sea. We there him lost;
Whence driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimmed with rich expense,
And to him in his barge with fervor hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark;
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discovered. Please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit*

SCENE I. *On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. *[To the Sailor of Mitylene.*

O, here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you
To greet them fairly.

*[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,
and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;

But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir.
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir. [*PERICLES discovered.*] This was
a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafened parts,
Which now are midway stopped.
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit
Lord, in the barge of LYSIMACHUS.*]

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretched thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it.—
But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a Young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assured she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient
If that thy prosperous artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her ;
And the gods make her prosperous ! [MARINA sings.

Lys. Marked he your music ?

Mar. No, nor looked on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir ! my lord, lend ear.—

Per. Hum ! ha !

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on, like a comet. She speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings ;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist ;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [Aside.

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine?—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores ;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
 My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
 Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
 As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
 And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
 Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
 The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the deck
 You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
 And how achieved you these endowments, which
 You make more rich to owe?

Mar. Should I tell my history,
 'Twould seem like lies disdained in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee, speak.
 Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
 Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
 For the crowned truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee;
 And make my senses credit thy relation,
 To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
 Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
 Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
 (Which was when I perceived thee,) that thou cam'st
 From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
 Thou hadst been tossed from wrong to injury,
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
 If both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing, indeed,
 I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
 Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
 If thine considered, prove the thousandth part
 Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
 Have suffered like a girl; yet thou dost look
 Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
 Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
 How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
 Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mocked,
 And thou by some incensed god sent hither
 To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
 Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And called Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion? Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore called Marina?

Mar. Called Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?—
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal. This cannot be;
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where were you
bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave;—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having wooed
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor. No, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,

Most wise in general. Tell me, if thou canst,
 What this maid is, or what is like to be,
 That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
 Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
 Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
 Her parentage; being demanded that,
 She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honored sir;
 Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
 Lest this great sea of joys, rushing upon me,
 O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
 And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
 Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
 Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
 And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
 Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
 As thunder threatens us; this is Marina.—
 What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
 For truth can never be confirmed enough,
 Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
 What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
 My drowned queen's name, (as in the rest thou hast
 Been godlike perfect,) thou'rt the heir of kingdoms,
 And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
 To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
 Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
 The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
 Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicanus,
 (Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
 By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
 When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
 She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
 Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
 Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
 Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
 O Heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music?—
 Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him

O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.— But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres; list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music;

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber

Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest.

[*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;

[*The curtain before the pavilion of PERICLES
is closed.*]

So leave him all.— Well, my companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendant Lady.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

PERICLES *on the deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him as
in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the life.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;

Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream.

[*DIANA disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,

I will obey thee!— Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel.

Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike

The inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first. Toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—

[*To* HELICANUS.]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exit.

Enter GOWER, before the temple of DIANA, at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.

This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feasts, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,

To greet the king. So he has thrived,
That he is promised to be wived

To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade; whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.

In feathered briefness sails are filled,
And wishes fall out as they're willed.

At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon
Is by your fancy's thankful boon.

[Exit.

SCENE III. *The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the Altar, as High Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth

A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nursed with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favor!

You are—you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*]

Per. What means the woman? She dies; help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoyed!
Early, one blustering morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I oped the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recovered her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drowned.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted at Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your present
kindness

Makes my past miseries sport. You shall do well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to* THAISA.]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blessed and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I called the man?

I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus, then.

Per. Still confirmation.

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my loved Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touched,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him ! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days ;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [Exeunt.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward.
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by Heaven, and crowned with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty ;
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honored name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them ; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.

[Exit GOWER

KING LEAR.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Kent.

Earl of Gloster.

EDGAR, *Son to Gloster.*

EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*

CURAN, *a Courtier.* —

Old Man, *Tenant to Gloster.*

Physician. Fool.

OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*

An Officer, *employed by Edmund.*

Gentleman, *Attendant on Cordelia.*

A Herald.

Servants *to Cornwall.*

GONERIL, }
REGAN, } *Daughters to Lear.*
CORDELIA, }

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

SCENE. Britain.

*From the point of view
technique when the same
is repeated in another
part of the work, etc.*

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I THOUGHT the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.— Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

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

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we,
Unburthened, crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answered.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since we will now divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart

I find, she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short,—that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
 And find I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*]

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
 More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that conferred on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
 Although the last, not least; to whose young love
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
 Strive to be interested: what can you say, to draw
 A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
 According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
 Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
 You have begot me, bred me, loved me; I
 Return those duties back as are right fit,
 Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
 They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
 That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
 Half my love with him, half my care, and duty.
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—thy truth then be thy dower;
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,

Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and m;
 Hold thee, from this, forever. The barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent.

Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
 I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!

[*To CORDELIA.*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—who stirs?
 Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third;
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Preëminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
 With reservation of a hundred knights,
 By you to be sustained, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
 The name, and all the additions to a king;
 The sway,
 Revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
 This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown*

Kent.

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honored as my king,
 Loved as my father, as my master followed,
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
 The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly,
 When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
 Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
 When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound,
 When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
 And, in thy best consideration, check
 This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment,
 Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
 Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
 Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear.

Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies, nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift,
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strained pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear;)—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom. If, on the tenth day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king; since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*]

That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his own course in a country new. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and
Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivalled for our daughter. What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offered,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowered with our curse, and strangered with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[*To FRANCE.*]

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favor! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouched affection
Fall into taint; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,

No unchaste action, or dishonored step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor;
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,

Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing. I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!

Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon;
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect,
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France;
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unprized precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France. Let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again.—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with washed eyes

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Cordelia leaves you; I know you what you are;
 And, like a sister, am most loath to call
 Your faults, as they are named. Use well our father;
 To your professed bosoms I commit him.
 But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
 Be, to content your lord; who hath received you
 At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
 And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides;
 Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
 Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE and CORDELIA.]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most
 nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence
 to-night.

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

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the obser-
 vation we have made of it hath not been little. He always
 loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath
 now cast her off, appears too grossly.

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

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but
 rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone
 the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but there-
 withal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric
 years bring with him.

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

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between
 France and him. Pray you, let us hit together. If our
 father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears,
 this last surrender of his will but offend us,

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.**Enter EDMUND, with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
 My services are bound. Wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
 The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
 Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and awake?—Well, then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
 As to the legitimate; fine word,—*legitimate!*
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper.
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banished thus! and France in cholera parted!
 And the king gone to-night! subscribed his power!
 Confined to exhibition! All this done
 Upon the gad!—Edmund! how now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.[*Putting up the letter.*]*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?*Edm.* I know no news, my lord.*Glo.* What paper were you reading?*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch
 of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not
 such need to hide itself. Let's see. Come, if it be nothing,
 I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter
 from my brother, that I have not all o'erread; for so
 much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-
 looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

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

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue forever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar!—Humph—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him—you should enjoy half his revenue,—my son Edgar!—Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

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

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him.—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please ye to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

[*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom; I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. [This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father. The king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time; machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behavior,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom

o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions!
Fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; [as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come;] when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. [I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go; there's my key.—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?]

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed. I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you. I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—

(Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.) [Exit.

SCENE III. *A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding
of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it;
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him: say, I am sick.—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horns within.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question.
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
[Not to be overruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be used
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abused.]
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so.
[I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak.]—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course.—Prepare for dinner. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness.—Now, banished Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemned,

(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.
[*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

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

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

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you—

[*Exit.*]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-poll

back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

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

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wronged.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. Go you, and call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave; you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away. If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away: go to. Have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving KENT money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favor; nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, tho'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel. He must be whipped out, when lady, the brach, may stand by the fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

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

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest,
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, tell him so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To KENT.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. [No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counselled thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand.
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies, too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.]—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns,

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt. Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year, [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother; for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are.

They'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue! so your face [*To GON.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shealed peascod.

[*Pointing to LEAR.* *Rec'd*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,

But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;

Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug? I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why, this is not Lear; does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied
—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it
that can tell me who I am?]

Fool. Lear's shadow,—

Lear. [I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.]

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favor
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright;
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires,
Men so disordered, so debauched, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn; epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desired
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disordered rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O sir, are you come?
Is it your will? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest. [*To GONERIL.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature
 From the fixed place; drew from my heart all love,
 And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
 Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
 And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

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

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
 Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
 Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honor her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,

And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,

To laughter and contempt; that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child!—Away! away!

[*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my follower's at a clap!
 Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am ashamed
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;

[*To GONERIL.*

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse

Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,

Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;

And cast you with the waters that you lose,

To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?

Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off forever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. 'Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool
with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

Gon. [This man hath had good counsel;—a hundred
knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point, a hundred knights! Yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.] Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far;
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart;
What he hath uttered, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have showed the unfitness,—How now, Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse;
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attasked for want of wisdom,
Than praised for harmful mildness.

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

Gon. Nay, then,—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *Court before the same.**Enter* LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly, for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stand i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldest make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, before thou hadst been wise

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet Heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentlemen.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Court within the Castle of the Earl of
Gloster.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and
given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his
duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news
abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but
ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt
the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word; descend.—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches.—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the fight, i' the haste,

And Regan with him. Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

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

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me;—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you.—
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.
Yield;—come before my father;—light, ho, here!
Fly, brother:—Torches! torches!—So farewell.

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavor; I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants, with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he
could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit* Serv.] By
no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarmed spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter.
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far.

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke, my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night;
By his authority I will proclaim it,

That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech,
I threatened to discover him. He replied,
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faithed? No; what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.*

Glo. Strong and fastened villain;
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O madam, my old heart is cracked, is cracked!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam;
It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill-affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his révenues.
I have this present evening from my sister

Been well informed of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be feared of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-eyed night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam;
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* Steward, *severally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. 'Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfeld, I would make thee care for me.

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

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good-service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

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

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago, since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

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

Kent. Draw, you rascal! you come with letters against the king; and take Vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks.—Draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared, At suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!— My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.— Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion That in the natures of their lords rebels; Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks With every gale and vary of their masters, As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.— A plague upon your epileptic visage! Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool? Goose, if I had you upon Sarum-plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo.

How fell you out?

Say that.

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

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain; I have seen better faces in my time, Than stands on any shoulder that I see Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow, Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb, Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he!— An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth. An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain

These kind of knaves I know, which in ths plainness
 Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty silly ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
 Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
 Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
 On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend
 so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer. He that beguiled
 you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my
 part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to
 entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any.

It pleased the king, his master, very late,
 To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
 When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
 Tripped me behind; being down, insulted, railed,
 And put upon him such a deal of man,
 That worthied him, got praises of the king
 For him attempting who was self-subdued;
 And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
 Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
 But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
 You stubborn, ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
 We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn;
 Call not your stocks for me. I serve the king;
 On whose employment I was sent to you.
 You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
 Against the grace and person of my master,
 Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks;
 As I've life and honor, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord: and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
 You should not use me so.

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

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same color
 Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so.

His fault is much, and the good king his master
 Will check him for't: your purposed low correction
 Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches
 For pilferings and most common trespasses,
 Are punished with; the king his master needs must take
 it ill,

That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
 Should have him thus restrained.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
 To have her gentleman abused, assaulted.

[KENT is put in the stocks.

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt* REGAN and CORNWALL.

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
 Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
 Will not be rubbed, nor stopped; I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. 'Pray, do not, sir. I have watched, and travelled
 hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw!
 Thou out of Heaven's benediction com'st
 To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,
 That by thy comfortable beams I may
 Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
 But misery.—I know 'tis from Cordelia;
 Who hath most fortunately been informed
 Of my obscured course; and shall find time
 From this enormous state,—seeking,—to give
 Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-watched,
 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!

[*He sleeps.*

SCENE III. *A Part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaimed;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself; and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth;
 Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
 And with presented nakedness outface
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity.— Poor Turlygood! Poor Tom!
 That's something yet; Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

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

Gent. As I learned,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!
 Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters! Horses
 are tied by the head; dogs and bears by the neck; mon-
 keys by the loins, and men by the legs; when a man
 is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

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

Kent. It is both he and she,
 Your son and daughter.

Lear. No!

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do, upon respect, such violent outrage.

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that showed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stewed in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Delivered letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They summoned up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poisoned mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Displayed so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries;
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,

Do make their children blind;

But fathers, that bear bags,

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolors for thy
daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear.

Stay here.

Follow me not;

[*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thcu hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no laboring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm

But I will tarry, the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

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

They have travelled hard to-night? Mere fetches:

The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo.

My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremovable and fixed he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,

I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.

Lear. Informed them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service.

Are they informed of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet;—may be, he is not well.

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
 When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
 And am fallen out with my more headier will,
 To take the indisposed and sickly fit
 For the sound man. Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on* KENT.]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
 That this remotion of the duke and her
 Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
 Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
 Now, presently; bid them come forth and hear me,
 Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
 Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels,
 when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapped 'em o' the
 coxcombs with a stick, and cried, *Down, wantons, down.*
 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, but-
 tered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn.

Hail to your grace!

[KENT is set at liberty.]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
 I have to think so. If thou should'st not be glad,
 I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
 Sepulchring an adultrous.—O, are you free? [*To* KENT.
 Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan
 Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
 Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here.—

[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
 Of how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
 You less know how to value her desert,
 Than she to scant her duty.

Lear.

Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
 Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance,
 She have restrained the riots of your followers,
 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
 As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. You should be ruled, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wronged her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house.
*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg,* [Kneeling.
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train;
Looked black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.—
All the stored vengeance of Heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn

What trumpet's that!

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's; this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stocked my servant? Regan, I have good
hope
Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O, Heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?—

[*To GONERIL.*

O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squirelike, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another.—
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
 Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
 Mend, when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
 I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
 I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken, now?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
 Is it not well? What should you need of more?
 Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

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

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,
 We could control them. If you will come to me,
 (For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
 To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
 Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

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

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well favored,
 When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
 Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;

[To GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
 And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
 What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
 To follow in a house, where twice so many
 Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need; our basest beggars
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous;
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
 You Heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
 You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
 O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep.—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.]

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

Reg. This house
 Is little; the old man and his people cannot
 Be well bestowed.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put
 Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

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

Gon. So am I purposed.
 Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Followed the old man forth;—he is returned.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

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

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night.
My Regan counsels well; come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Heath. A storm is heard, with thunder
and lightning.*

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you; where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease; tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labors to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be covered
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
 Throned and set high?) servants who seem no less;
 Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings:—
 But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scattered kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner.—Now to you.
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
 And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent.

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
 (As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring,
 And she will tell you who your fellow is,
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm:
 I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand; have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
 That when we have found the king, (in which your pain
 That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on him,
 Holla the other.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
 Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing! Here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit fire! spout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription; why, then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters joined
Your high-engendered battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

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

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and similar man of virtue,
That art incestuous! Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That uuder covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practiced on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continent, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
Repose you there; while I to this hard house
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—
With a heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this
hovel. [Exeunt LEAR and KENT.]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burned, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken.—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged at home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too.—

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

That which my father loses; no less than all:

The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter. The tyranny of the open night's too rough For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixed,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure.—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. 'Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in.
In, boy: go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in, I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the Heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor
Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me:—

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire, that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits! 'Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now,—and there,—and there, and there again, and there. [Storm continues.

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all ashamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: 'Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in

stealth, wulf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa: let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself;—unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now, a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

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

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of the heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Mudo he's called, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands.
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come to seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus;—poor banished man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlawed from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I loved him, friend,—
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath crazed my wits.—What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you merey,
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

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

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:
Hush.

Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.* [Exeunt

SCENE V. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart this house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O Heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, and EDGAR.

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

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness! [Exit GLOSTER.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's heels, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—

[*To* EDGAR.]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*]—Now, you she-foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed.
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; [*To* EDGAR.]
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*]
Bench by his side.—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To* KENT.]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minnikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,

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

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;

Tom will make them weep and wail;

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, do de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs,
and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomise Regan, see what breeds
about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes
these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of
my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your gar-
ments. You will say they are Persian attire; but let them
be changed. [*To EDGAR.*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains.
So, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so,
so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pry'thee take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in't.
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
 Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
 And follow me, that will to some provision
 Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps.—
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
 Which, if convenience will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
 Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*]

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing
 off the King.*]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
 Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
 How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
 He childed, as I fathered!—Tom, away!
 Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray,
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
 In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
 Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and
 Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him
 this letter;—the army of France is landed.—Seek out
 the villain Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you
 our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon
 your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise
 the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate prepara-
 tion; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift,
 and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—fare-
 well, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath conveyed him hence.
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief; bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? the traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants bind him.

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—
[REGAN plucks his beard.

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

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady.

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favors
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answered, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lurratic king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn.

Cunning.

Reg.

And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo.

To Dover.

Reg.

Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril——

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

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up

And quenched the stelled fires; yet, poor old heart,

He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*

All cruels else subscribed.—But I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair;
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down in his chair, while CORNWALL plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.*]

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

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,——

Serv.

Hold your hand, my lord;

I have served you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you,

Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel; what do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORN. is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Serv.*] A peasant stand up thus?

[*Snatches a sword, comes behind him, and stabs him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him.—O!

[*Dies*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

[*Tears out GLOSTER's other eye, and throws it on the ground.*

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abused.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt.—Follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace;
Untimely comes this hurt.—Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;—Servants unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou, I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and know to be contemned,
Than still contemned and flattered. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
 The lamentable change is from the best;
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
 and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone.
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
 Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
 I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
 Our mean secures us, and our mere defects
 Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
 The food of thy abused father's wrath!
 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
 I'd say, I had eyes again.

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods, who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet. The worst
 is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
 I' the last night's storm, I such a fellow saw;
 Which made me think a man a worm. My son
 Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
 Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since;
 As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
 They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
 Angering itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake, Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain, I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind. Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure. Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have, Come on't what will. [Exit.]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow!

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further. [Aside.]

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the Heaven's plagues, Have humbled to all strokes; that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier.—Heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confined deep. Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear, With something rich about me. From that place I shall no leading need.

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

[Exeunt]

SCENE II. *Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord; I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within, but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it. I told him you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I informed him, then he called me sot,
And told me I had turned the wrong side out.—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

[*To EDMUND.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake; he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers;
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

[*Giving a favor.*

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon.

My most dear Gloster!

[*Exit EDMUND.*

O, the difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's services are due;
My fool usurps my bed.

Stew.

Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb.

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face—I fear your disposition.
That nature which contemns its origin,

Cannot be bordered certain in itself;
 She that herself will sliver and disbranch
 From her material sap, perforce must wither,
 And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
 Filths savor but themselves. What have you done?
 Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence the head-lugged bear would lick,
 Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it!
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
 If that the Heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
 'Twill come,
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
 Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-livered man!
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st,
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punished
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
 France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!
Alb. Thou changed and self-covered thing, for shame.
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones,—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes?

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrilled with remorse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them felled him dead
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath plucked him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he informed against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The French Camp near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back,
know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most required,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The mareschal of France, monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demon-
stration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek. It seemed, she was a queen
Over her passion; who most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better way. Those happy smiles,
That played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropped.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heaved the name of
father
Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart;
Cried, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What! 't the storm? 't the night?
Let pity not be believed!—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor moistened; then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate, could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king returned?

Gent.

No; since.

Kent. Well, sir; the poor, distressed Lear is i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent.

Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own un-
kindness,
That stripped her from his benediction, turned her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent.

Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not!

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vexed sea; singing aloud;
Crowned with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]
—What can
man's wisdom do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam.

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blessed secrets,
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right.
Soon may I hear and see him. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.**Enter REGAN and Steward.**Reg.* But are my brother's powers set forth?*Stew.*

Ay, madam.

Reg.

Himself

In person there?

Stew.

Madam, with much ado;

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?*Stew.* No, madam.*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to him?*Stew.* I know not, lady.*Reg.* 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,

To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to despatch

His nighted life; moreover, to descry

The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.*Stew.*

I may not, madam;

My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what.—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.*Stew.* Madam, I had rather——*Reg.* I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.*Stew.* I, madam?*Reg.* I speak in understanding; you are, I know it;
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note.

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked;

And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than for your lady's;—you may gather more.

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

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So, fare you well

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

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now; look, how we labor.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.

Methinks thy voice is altered; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceived; in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place; stand still.—How
fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall, anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand. You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge; for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go*
Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O, you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off.
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great, opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—Speak!
Thus might he pass indeed.—Yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shivered like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm;
Up.—So;—how is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor, unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welked, and waved like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honors
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

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

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes
here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your
press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-
keeper; draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse!
Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—
There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up
the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the
clout! hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flat-
tered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my
beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*,
to every thing I said!—*Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity.
When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make
me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bid-
ding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to,
they are not men o' their words. They told me I was every
thing: 'tis a lie; I am not ague proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember.
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king;
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardoned that man's life: what was thy cause?—
Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery! No;

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
 Does lecher in my sight.
 Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
 Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
 Got 'twixt the lawful sheets.
 To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
 Behold you simpering dame,
 Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
 That minces virtue, and does shake the head
 To hear of pleasure's name;
 The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
 With a more riotous appetite.
 Down from the waist they are centaurs,
 Though women all above;
 But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,
 there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, con-
 sumption.—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of
 civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination. There's
 money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruined piece of nature! This great world
 Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou
 squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid! I'll not
 love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning
 of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
 And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your
 head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a
 heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this
 world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world
 goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yon'
 justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear.
 Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice,
 which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at
 a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou

might'st behold the great image of authority ; a dog's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand ;
 Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine own back,
 Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
 For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
 Through tattered clothes small vices do appear ;
 Robes, and furred gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;
 Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw doth pierce it.
 None does offend, none, I say none ; I'll able 'em.
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
 To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem
 To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now.
 Pull off my boots ;—harder, harder ; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixed !
 Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
 I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloster.
 Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither.
 Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air,
 We wawl, and cry.—I will preach to thee ; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
 To this great stage of fools.—This a good block ?
 It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt. I'll put it in proof ;
 And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
 Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

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

Lear. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even
 The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;
 You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon ;
 I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds ? All myself ?
 Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
 To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
 Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What ?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that!

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

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you
shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you; what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favor,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main desery
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worse spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made lame by fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks.
The bounty and the benison of Heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaimed prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember.—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a published traitor? Hence;

Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, ehe vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my bat be the harder. Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir; come; no matter vor your foins. [*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my purse; If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; And give the letters, which thou find'st about me, To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out Upon the British party.—O, untimely death. [*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well; a serviceable villain; As duteous to the vices of thy mistress, As badness would desire.

Glo.

What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see his pockets; these letters, that he speaks of, May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry He had no other deathsman.—Let us see: Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not; To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts; Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my jail; from the loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and supply the place for your labor.*

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguished space of woman's will!—

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke: for him 'tis well,

That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.

Glo. The king is mad. How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;
So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand;
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt

SCENE VII. *A Tent in the French Camp.* LEAR on a
bed asleep: Physician, Gentleman, and others attending.

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

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

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipped, but so.

Cor. Be better suited.
These weeds are memories of those worsèr hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

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

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king?
[To the Physician.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave.—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

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

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;—
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assured
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man:

Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is; and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

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

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam. The great rage,
 You see is killed in him; and yet it is danger
 To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
 Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me;
 'Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and
 Attendants.

Gent. Holds it true, sir,
 That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,
 The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
 His banished son, is with the earl of Kent
 In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
 'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
 Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
 Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
 Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

Enter, with drums and colors, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course. He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving;—bring his constant pleasure.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you.
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honored love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosomed with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honor, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not;—
She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldier.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [Aside.]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigor of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant. For this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
More just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reasoned?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

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

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle. [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt* EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it; wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will overlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers:
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both! one? or neither? Neither can be enjoyed,
If both remain alive. To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—

The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon; for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colors, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

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

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!
 [Exit EDGAR.

Alarums; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
 Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

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

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

SCENE III. *The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colors, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away; good guard;
 Until their greater pleasures first be known
 That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
 Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.
 For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
 Myself could else outfrown false fortune's frown.
 Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
 We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,

And pray and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
 In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
 He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
 The gougeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see them starve first.
 Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
 Take thou this note; [*Giving a paper.*] go, follow them to
 prison.

One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes. Know thou this,—that men
 Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword.—Thy great employment
 Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
 Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
 Mark,—I say instantly; and carry it so,
 As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
 If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and
 Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day, your valiant strain,
 And fortune led you well. You have the captives,
 Who were the opposites of this day's strife.
 We do require them of you; so to use them,
 As we shall find their merits and our safety
 May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
 To send the old and miserable king
 To some retention, and appointed guard;
 Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
 To pluck the common bosom on his side,

And turn our impressed lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen:
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

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

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

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so looked but asquint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine.
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thine, attain
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to GON.*]—For your claim,
fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
Tis she is subcontracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art armed, Gloster.—Let the trumpet sound,
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove
it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

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

Edm. There's my exchange. [*Throwing down a glove.*]

What in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet; he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet. [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the
army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster,
that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third
sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound. [*1 trumpet.*]

Her. Again. [*2 trumpet.*]

Her. Again. [*3 trumpet.*]

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? And why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit.
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund, earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—what sayst thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,

That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession; I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high, illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest forever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight; EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. O, save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster.
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquished,
But cozened and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir;—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine.
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit GONERIL*]

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

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done;
And more, much more. The time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wronged me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right; 'tis true;

The wheel is come full circle: I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness.—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That followed me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair;
Never, (O fault!) revealed myself unto him,
Until, some half-hour past, when I was armed,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I asked his blessing, and, from first to last,
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flawed heart,

(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me.
And shall, perchance, do good. But speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

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

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorred society; but then finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear received; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. Twice then the trumpet sound'd,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banished Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes,
It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady; and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confessed it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment of the Heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good-night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
Seest thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved.
The one the other poisoned for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in it—to the castle, for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit* EDGAR.]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*EDMUND is borne off.*]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR,
Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of
stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—O, she is gone for
ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling*

Lear. 'Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone forever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.—
I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion,
I would have made them skip; I am old now.—
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best.—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too.—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fore-doomed themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

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

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent
 What comfort to this great decay may come,
 Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,
 During the life of this old majesty,
 To him our absolute power.—You, to your rights;

[To EDGAR and KENT.

With boot, and such addition as your honors
 Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
 The wages of their virtue, and all foes
 The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life;
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
 And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never!—

'Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.—

Do you see this?—Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there!—

[*He dies.*

Edg.

He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg.

Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him,
 That would upon the rack of this tough world
 Stretch him out longer.

Edg.

O, he is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long;
 He but usurped his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
 Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[To KENT and EDGAR.

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
 My master calls, and I must not say no.

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

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

✓

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, }
CAPULET, } *Heads of Two Houses, at variance with each other*

An old Man, *Uncle to Capulet.*

ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*

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

BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo*

TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*

BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, }
GREGORY, } *Servants to Capulet.*

ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Chorus. Boy, *Page to Paris.* PETER.

An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; *several Men and Women, Relations to both Houses: Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *during the greater part of the Play, in Verona, once, in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge, break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured, piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sampson. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it. Therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand; I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall;—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHAZAR.

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

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

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

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

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—*ay?*

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir?

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—*better*; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee. Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

Enter several partisans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long-sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—What, ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away.
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, LA. CAP.,
 TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
 I drew to part them; in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
 Which as he breathed defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
 Peered forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
 Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
 So early walking did I see your son.
 Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood.
 I, measuring his affections by my own,—
 That most are busied when they are most alone,—
 Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself;
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night.
 Black and portentous must this humor prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

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

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes. So please you, step aside;
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
 To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
 Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

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

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favor, where I am in love.

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

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
 Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
 Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
 Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
 O any thing, of nothing first create!
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
 Grievings of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it pressed
 With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs!
 Being urged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears.
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

[*Going*]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
 This is not Romeo; he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, whom is she you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.
 Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love.

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

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss; she'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
 And in strong proof of chastity well armed,
 From love's weak, childish bow she lives unharmed.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

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

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

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

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

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

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who passed that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honorable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before.
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marred are those so early made.
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part;
 An she agree, within her scope of choice,
 Lies my consent and fair-according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house, look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light
 Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
 When well-apparelled April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be;
 Which, on more view of many, mine being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there, [*Gives a paper,*] and to
 them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard,—and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessened by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish.
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom.

For your broken skin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
 Whipped and tormented, and—Good e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book. But, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*]

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly. [*Gives back the note.*] Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drowned, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye;
But in those crystal scales, let there be weighed
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Capulet's House.**Enter* LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.

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

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl? what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now; who calls?

Nurse. . . . Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here;

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again,
I have remembered me, thou shalt hear our counsel
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four.—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was weaned,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
Nay, I do bear a brain;—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug,
Shake, quoth the dove-house; 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about,
 For even the day before, she broke her brow;
 And then my husband—God be with his soul!
 'A was a merry man;—took up the child.

Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay*.
 To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he:
 And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay*.
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone;
 A parlous knock, and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? It stinted, and said—*Ay*.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed;
 An I might live to see thee married once,
 I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
 I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honor that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honor! were not I thine only nurse,
 I'd say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than **you**,
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
 Are made already mothers; by my count,
 I was your mother much upon these years
 That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! Lady, such a man,
 As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
 This night you shall behold him at our feast;
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
 Examine every married lineament,
 And see how one another lends content;
 And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover.
 The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
 For fair without the fair within to hide.
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

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

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
 you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in
 the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to
 wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six
 maskers, torch-bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
 Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
 We'll have no Cupid hood-winked with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
 Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
 After the prompter for our entrance;
 But, let them measure us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch.—I am not for this ambling.
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

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

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common ground.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

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

Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in. [*Putting on a mask*]
A visor for a visor!—What care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

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

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dreams things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
 Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
 Her wagoner, a small, grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
 O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees:
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail.
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep;
 Then dreams he of another benefice:
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear; at which he starts and wakes;
 And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul, sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This, this is she—

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

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;

And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves,
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early; for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life, closed in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Hall in Capulet's House. Musicians waiting.*

Enter Servants.

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

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two
 men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-
 cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou, save me a piece
 of marchpane; and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in
 Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and
 sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys;
 be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the guests and the maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! Ladies, that have their toes
 Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you.—

Ah ha! my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, she

I'll swear hath corns: am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays and they dance.*]

More lights, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we masked.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows;
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague;—
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he; that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
 To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
 I would not for the wealth of all this town,
 Here in my house, do him disparagement;
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
 It is my will; the which if thou respect,
 Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
 I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endured;
 What, Goodman boy?—I say, he shall.—Go to;—
 Am I the master here, or you? go to.
 You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
 You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to.
 You are a saucy boy.—Is't so, indeed?—
 This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.
 You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
 Well said, my hearts.—You are a princex; go:—
 Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
 I'll make you quiet. What! cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To* JULIET.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

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

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

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

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

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

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
 Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

[*Kissing her.*

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

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged.
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor!

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter, that you talked withal.
I tell you,—he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

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

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone:
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late.

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse; what is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

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

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name;—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love, sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—

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

Enter CHORUS.

Now old Desire doth in his deathbed lie,

And young Affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair, which Love groaned for, and would die,

With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
 But to his foe supposed he must complain,
 And she steal Love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-beloved any where.
 But Passion lends them power, Time, means to meet,
 Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An open Place adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
 [*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;
 And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leaped this orchard wall.
 Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure, too.—
 Romeo! humors! madman! passion! lover!
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
 Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove;
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 When king Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.—
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

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

Mer. This cannot anger him; 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it down;
That were some spite. My invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night.
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

[JULIET appears above, at a window.]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned, wondering eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—
 Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
 What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word.
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am.
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

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

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

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

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

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

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

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

Rom. By Love, who first did prompt me to inquire:
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.—
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my havior light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion. Therefore pardon me;

And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

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

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night.

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—*It lightens*. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

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

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

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed
If that thy tent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. I come anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
 I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
 To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light,—
 Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
 But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring slowly*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
 Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name;
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
 Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

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

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
 Remembering how I love thy company.

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

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone;
 And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
 Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
 That I shall say, *Good night*, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
 'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
 Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
 His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Fri. The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels.
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must fill up this osier eage of ours,
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower,
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power;
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
 And, where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri.

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? —
 Young son, it argues a distempered head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art uproused by some distemperature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right —
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

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

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son; but where hast thou been,
 then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies.
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combined, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
 We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
 Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
 How much salt water throw away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
 And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then—
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
 To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not. She, whom I love now,
 Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
 The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
 But come, young waverer, come, go with me;
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
 Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
 Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he
 dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! Stabbed
 with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear
 with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the
 blind bow-boy's butt-shaft. And is he a man to encounter
 Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he
 is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you
 sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests

me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moys*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in; Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Seignior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to courtesy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said. Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

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

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveral, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

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

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short; for I was to come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter.

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. 'Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said.—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar
Is very good meat in Lent;
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his p'easeure?

Pet. I saw no man use thee at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part

about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word; and, as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,——

Nurse. Good heart! and i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

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

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall, at friar Laurence' cell,
Be shrived, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

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

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
'Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady,—
Lord, Lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—
there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay
knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad,
a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell
her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you,
when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal
world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a
letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for

the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.—
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm, youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

[*Exit PETER.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am weary; give me leave awhile;—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? Can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath



To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
 The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
 Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
 Let me be satisfied. Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no. But all this I did know before;
 What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
 It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
 My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—
 Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
 To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry thou art not well.
 Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
 And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
 And, I warrant, a virtuous,—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—Why, she is within;
 Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest?

*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
 Where is your mother?*

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
 Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
 Is this the poultrice for my aching bones?
 Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil,—come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell;
 There stays a husband to make you a wife.
 Now comes the wanton blood up into your cheeks;
 They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
 Hie you to church; I must another way,
 To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
 Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.
 I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the Heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare.
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die! like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady;—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

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

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

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

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! Here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery!
Marry, go before to the field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting.—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell. I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; Therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away.

[*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall
use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make
haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons.—Gentlemen, for shame;
 Forbear this outrage.—Tybalt—Mercutio—
 The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
 In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his partisans.*]

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped.—
 Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben.

What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
 Where is my page!—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
 church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve; ask for me to-
 morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pep-
 pered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your
 houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch
 a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights
 by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you be-
 tween us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
 Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
 They have made worm's meat of me;
 I have it, and soundly too.—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
 My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
 In my behalf; my reputation stained
 With Tybalt's slander; Tybalt, that an hour
 Hath been my kinsman.—O sweet Juliet,
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
 And in my temper softened valor's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
 That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
 This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
 Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—
 Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
 That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company;
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

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

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; TYBALT falls*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
 Stand not amazed;—the prince will doom thee death
 If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben.

Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit ROMEO.*

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
 Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
 I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their wives,
 and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
 The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
 There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
 That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
 Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spilled
 Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
 For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
 O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.
 Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
 How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
 Your high displeasure.—All this—uttered
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed—
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it. Romeo, he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes: underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertained revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague.
 Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince; he was Mercutio's friend;
 His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence:
 I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
 Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will;
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a wagoner

As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
 That runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalked of, and unseen!—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods;
 Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
 Think true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—
 Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed night.—
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possessed it; and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
 That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy
 hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!
 Alack the day!—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

Jul. Can Heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though Heaven cannot. O Romeo! Romeo!—
 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
 This torture should be roared in dismal hell.
 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
 And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
 I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
 Or those eyes shut, that make the answer, *I*.
 If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
 God save the mark!—here on his manly breast.
 A piteous corse, a bloody, piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,
 All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at
 once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
 And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
 Is Romeo slaughtered? and is Tybalt dead?
 My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?—
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
 Romeo, that killed him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
 Dove-feathered raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!
 Despised substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned saint, an honorable villain!—
 O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
 Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,

All firsborn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
 Ah, where's my man? Give me some *aqua vitæ*.—
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blistered be thy tongue,
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame.
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
 For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
 All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I, then?
 Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's death,
 That murdered me; I would forget it fain;
 But, O! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned, guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
 That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
 Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be ranked with other griefs,—
 Why followed not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have moved?
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead.—*Romeo is banished*,—
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash thy his wounds with tears? mine shall be
 spent,

When their's are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
 Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled.
 He made you for a highway to my bed;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
 Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you;—I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
 Affliction is enamored of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? What is the prince's doom?
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
 Is my dear son with such sour company.
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
 For exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished.
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banished is' banish'd from the world,
 And world's exile is death.—Then banishment
 Is death mitermed; calling death banishment,
 Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
 And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
 Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
 And turned that black word death to banishment.
 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog,
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
 But Romeo may not.—More validity,
 More honorable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion flies, than Romeo. They may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush as thinking their own kisses sin;
 But Romeo may not; he is banished.
 Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
 They are free men, but I am banished.
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
 Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But—banished—to kill me; banished?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
 To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
 It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.
 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
 Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile: stand up; [*Knocking.*
Run to my study.—By and by;—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand.
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast.
 Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
 Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
 Thou hast amazed me; by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better tempered.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself,
 And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
 In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
 Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valor of a man;
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismembered with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead,
 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too.
 The law, that threatened death, becomes thy friend
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy.
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!—

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

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

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bade me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Eri. Go hence; good night! and here stands all your
state;

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day, disguised from hence.

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you, that chances here.

Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.

Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,

And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—

'Tis very late; she'll not come down to-night.

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been abed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.

Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;

And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—

But, soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;

O' Thursday let it be;—O' Thursday, tell her,

She shall be married to this noble earl.—
 Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
 We'll keep no great ado;—a friend or two.—
 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much;
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it, then.—
 Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
 Afore me.—It is so very late, that we
 May call it early, by and by.—Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale; look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I.
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death:
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads;
 I have more care to stay, than will to go.—
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
 How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone. away.

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;
 This doth not so, for she divideth us.
 Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
 O, now I would they had changed voices too!
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
 O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our
 woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber.
 The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
 [*ROMEO descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!
 I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
 For in a minute there are many days.
 O! by this count I shall be much in years,
 Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

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

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
 For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.
 Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
 Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
 That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
 For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
 But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
 Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

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

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

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
death,

As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor-murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
'Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not;
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banished runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed:—

Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

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

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child:

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I looked not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn.
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now, a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind,
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs,
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

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

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud.—Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
 But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
 You tallow-face!

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

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

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
 I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
 My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blessed,
 That God had sent us but this only child;
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her.
 Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
 You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue,
 Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
 Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
 For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad. Day, night, late,
 early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
 Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
 To have her matched; and having now provided
 A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
 Stuffed, (as they say,) with honorable parts,
 Proportioned as one's heart could wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched, puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*
I am too young—I pray you, pardon me;
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise;

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine, shall never do thee good.
 Trust to't; bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make my bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

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

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth?—Comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis. Romeo
 Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first; or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
 Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
 Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
 Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
 To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
 Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
 Which she hath praised him with above compare
 So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
 I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
 If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
 And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
 Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
 And therefore have I little talked of love;
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
 And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears;
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,
 May be put from her by society.
 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
[*Aside*
 Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may-be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

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

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

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

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

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

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening-mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion.—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you;
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit PARIS*]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.

I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands:

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,

Give me some present counsel; or, behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honor bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry county Paris,
 Thou hadst the strength of will to slay thyself;
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble,
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

Eri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humor, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part deprived of supple government,
 Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two-and-forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then (as the manner of our country is)
 In thy best robes uncovered on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;

And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone; be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit* Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they
can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his
own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes
not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit* Servant.

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her,
A peevish, self-willed harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been
gadding?

Jul. Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoined
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;

And gave him what 'becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up;
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend, holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

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

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her;—we'll to church to-morrow.
[*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow; my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best.—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the Heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? Do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have culled such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow;
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint, cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life;
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it;—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man;
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints;
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV. Capulet's Hall.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

[*Exit* Nurse.]

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crowed.
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.—
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

La. Cap. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; what! I have watched ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

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

[*Exit* LADY CAPULET.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 Serv.]—Sirrah,
fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, 'tis day;
The county will be here with music straight,

[*Music within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near.—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho;—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already.

Make haste, I say!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she.—

Why, lamb! why, lady;—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!

What, not a word?—You take your pennyworths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, in faith.—Will it not be?

What, dressed! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—

Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold;

Her blood is settled; and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field!

Accursed time! unfortunate old man.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

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

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride.— See, there she lies
Flower as she was, defloured by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

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

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catched it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day! most woful day,

That ever, ever I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this.

O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,

By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!—

O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed!

Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder our solemnity?—

O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!

Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead;

And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid.

Your part in her you could not keep from death;

But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was—her promotion;

For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanced;

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced,

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
 She's not well married, that lives married long;
 But she's best married, that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church.
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral;
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;
 And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
 The Heavens do lower upon you, for some ill;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and Friar.

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest, good fellows, ah, put up; put up;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*]

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease*;
 O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

1 *Mus.* Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe*. O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the glee; I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets; I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you re us, and fa us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* 'Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. — Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound,—*

Why, *silver sound*? why, *music with her silver sound*?
What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pratest! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pratest too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer; I will say for you. It is—*music with her silver sound*, because musicians have seldom gold for sunding:—

*Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit, singing.*]

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamed my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,

That I revived, and was an emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possessed,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How doth my Juliet? That I ask again;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives;
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you;
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!—
 Thou know'st my lodging; get me ink and paper,
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus.
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived;
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
 And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
 Let's see for means.—O mischief! thou art swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
 I do remember an apothecary,—
 And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
 In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuffed, and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green, earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said—

And if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house;
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
 What, ho! apothecary.

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;
 Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have
 A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
 As violently, as hasty powder fired
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have: but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks;
 Need and oppression stareth in thy eyes;
 Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
 I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
 Come, cordial; and not poison; go with me
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.
Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

Lau. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

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

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come,
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

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

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me my torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it; whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed.
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favor at my hands;
That living honored thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb! [*The boy whistles.*
The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. [*Retires.*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching-iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring that I must use
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone;—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that;
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banished, haughty Montague,
That murdered my love's cousin;—with which grief,
It is supposed the fair creature died,—

And here is come to do some villanous shame
 To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.— [*Advances.*
 Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague;
 Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
 Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;
 Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
 Heap not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury.—O, be gone!
 By Heaven, I love thee better than myself;
 For I come hither armed against myself.
 Stay not; begone;—live, and hereafter say—
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight.*

Page. O Lord! they fight. I will go call the watch.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face;

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think
 He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
 To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;—
 A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughtered youth;
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry! which their keepers call
 A lightning before death; O, how may I
 Call this a lightning?—O my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
 Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks.
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favor can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;
 And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again; here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O, you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy seasick, weary bark!
 Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*]—O true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies*]

Enter, at the other end of the church-yard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?
 Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond' that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
 One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence;

And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

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

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamed my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo? [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolored by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steeped in blood! Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [*JULIET wakes, and stirs*

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within*

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet!—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay no
longer. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him*
Thy lips are warm!

Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy.—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[*Snatching ROMEO'S dagger.*
This is thy sheath. [*Stabs herself.*] There rust, and let me
die. [*Falls on ROMEO'S body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch*. The ground is bloody; search about the church-yard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach. [*Exeunt some*.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen*.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHAZAR.

2 *Watch*. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch*. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with FRIAR LAURENCE.

3 *Watch*. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps.
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch*. A great suspicion; stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

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

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 *Watch*. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm, and new killed.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 *Watch*. Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O Heavens!—O wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is missheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
'That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her—
Betrothed, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris.—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The firm of death; meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,
 Was stayed by accident; and yesternight
 Returned my letter back. Then all alone
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
 But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
 Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
 She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of Heaven with patience.
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
 All this I know; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy. And, if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrificed some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigor of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
 Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
 And then in post he came from Mantua,
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bade me give his father;
 And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.—
 Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
 And bade me stand aloof, and so I did.
 Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
 And, by and by, my master drew on him;
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
 And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
 Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
 See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
 That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen;—all are punished.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more.
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

l. 10

Hamlet 1904

London 1904

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present, King.*

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*

LAERTES, *Son to Polonius.*

VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS,
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, } *Courtiers.*

OSRIC, *a Courtier.*

Another Courtier.

A Priest.

MARCELLUS, } *Officers.*
BERNARDO, }

FRANCISCO, *a Soldier*

REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius.*

A Captain An Ambassador.

Ghost of Hamlet's *Father.*

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet*

OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors,
Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE. Elsinore.

York. p. 561

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him, BERNARDO.

Bernard. WHO'S there?

Fran. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. Ay.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks; 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground,

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier;

Who hath relieved you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night. [*Exit FRANCISCO.*]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appeared again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? Mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like;—it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to't, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By Heaven, I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak, I charge thee speak.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale;
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is not this like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frowned he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day;
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appeared to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteemed him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a sealed compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had returned
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same contract,
And carriage of the article designed,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Sharped up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in't; which is no other,
 (As it doth well appear unto our state,)
 But to recover of us, by strong hand,
 And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations;
 The source of this our watch; and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even so.
 Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
 That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

* * * * *

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
 And even the like precurse of fierce events,—
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen coming on,
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
 I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
 Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
 Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
 O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

Speak of it;—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus. [*Cock crows*]

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

[*Exit* Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long.
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

King Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 'Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
 Taken to wife; nor have we herein barred
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along.—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 Collegued with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not failed to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait herein; in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these related articles allow.
 Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes?
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favor to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By laborsome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will, I sealed my hard consent.
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, forever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam? nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with the modes, forms, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet.
To give these mourning duties to your father.
But you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term,
 To do obsequious sorrow. But to perséver
 In obstinate condolément, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
 It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven;
 A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
 An understanding simple and unschooled.
 For what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart. Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe; and think of us
 As of a father. For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne;
 And with no less nobility of love,
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire;
 And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
 I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
 This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof
 No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
 And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
 Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c., POLONIUS,
 and LAERTES.*]

Ham. O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on. And yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she followed my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
 O Heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourned longer,—married with my uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month,—
 Ere the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,—
 She married.—O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well,
 Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you
 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
 Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
 Nor shall you do my ear that violence,
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !
My father,—methinks I see my father.

Hor. Oh where,

My lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once ; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ?

Hor. My lord, the king, your father.

Ham. The king, my father ?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear ; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered : A figure like your father,
Armed at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked,
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;
And I, with them, the third night kept the watch ;
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father ;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did.

But answer made it none ; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty,
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Armed, say you?

All. Armed, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not
 His face?

Hor. O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
 In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like,
 Very like. Staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? **no?**

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,
 A sable silvered.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
 Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
 Let it be tenable in your silence still;
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
 Give it an understanding, but **no** tongue;
 I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honor.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play. 'Would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room in Polonius's House.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embarked; farewell.
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more.
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth.
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs ;
 Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmastered importunity.
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes ;
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed ;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary, then ; best safety lies in fear ;
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart ; but, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
 Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.
 I stay too long ; — but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame ;
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are staid for. There, — my blessing with you ;

[*Laying his hand on* LAERTES' *head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
 Bear it that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,—to thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well

What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory locked,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[*Exit* LAERTES.]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought.

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you ; and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
 If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly,
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honor.
 What is between you ? Give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ? puh ! you speak like a green girl,
 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you. Think yourself a baby ;
 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;
 Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 Wronging it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath impórtuned me with love,
 In honorable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
 With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
 Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
 Even in their praise, as it is a making,—
 You must not take for fire. From this time,
 Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
 Believe so much in him, that he is young;
 And with a larger tether may he walk,
 Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
 Not of that die which their investments show,
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all;—
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
 Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the
 season,

Wherein this spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off
 within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
 Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels;
 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't.

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
 And to the manner born,—it is a custom
 More honored in the breach, than the observance

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
 Makes us traduced, and taxed of other nations.
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
 From our achievements, though performed at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens
 The form of plausible manners;—that these men,
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo)
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault. The dram of bale
 Doth all the noble substance often doubt
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
 Bring with the airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me.
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
 Why thy canonised bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
 So horridly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the regions of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,

As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground!
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.— [Ghost beckons.
Still am I called;—unhand me, gentlemen;—
[Breaking from them.

By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away;—go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt* Ghost and HAMLET.]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A more remote Part of the Platform.**Enter Ghost and HAMLET.**Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.*Ghost.* Mark me.*Ham.* I will.*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.*Ham.* What?*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burned and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—*Ham.* O Heaven!*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.*Ham.* Murder*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.*Ham.* Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.*Ghost.* I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the tables of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by Heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure it may be so in Denmark. [Writing.
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,——

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,——

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by Heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be secret,—

Hor. Mar. Ay, by Heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part;
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?
We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-
penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique!* then we'll shift our ground.—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! Canst work i' the earth so
fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night,—but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;

—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they
might*;—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me.—This not to do, swear;

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you;

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and befriending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in Polonius's House.**Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.**Pol.* Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.*Rey.* I will, my lord.*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behavior.*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.*Pol.* Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment, and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—*I know his father and his friends,*
And, in part, him.—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.*Pol.* *And, in part, him;—but, you may say, not well;*
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
*Addicted so and so;—*and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonor him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.*Rey.* As gaming, my lord.*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing;—you may go so far.*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonor him.*Pol.* 'Faith, no; as you may scason it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning. But breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.*Rey.* But, my good lord,—*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant.
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soiled i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assured,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was about to
say something.—Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence.—*Ay, marry;*
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(Fidelicet, a brothel,) or so forth.

See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Ofh. O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of Heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings fouled,
Ungartered and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard:
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
He seemed to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted him. I feared he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee: but, beshrew my jealousy
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king.

This must be known, which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and
Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Rembles that it was. What should it be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him;
And, since, so neighbored to his youth and humor,—
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, opened, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, Amen!

[*Exeunt ROS., GUIL., and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully returned.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king;
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit POLONIUS*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Pol. Most fair return of greetings and desires:

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appeared
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better looked into, he truly found
It was against your highness; whereat grieved—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,

So levied as before, against the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[Gives a paper

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more considered time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labor.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together;
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste day, night, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

[*Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause.
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather and surmise.

*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
Ophelia,*—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile
phrase; but you shall hear — Thus:—

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou the stars are fire; [Reads.

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me;

And more above, hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she

Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honorable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,

(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,

Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,

If I had played the desk or table-book;

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;

Or looked upon this love with idle sight;

What might you think? No, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus did I bespeak:—

Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;

This must not be; and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;

And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)

Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;

Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;

Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves,

And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,

When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walks four hours together.
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.

Be you and I behind an arras then ;

Mark the encounter : if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm, and carters.

King.

We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes
reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away ;

I'll board him presently.—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

How does my good lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be
one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being
a god, kissing carrion.—Have you a daughter ?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun. Conception is a blessing ;
but as your daughter may conceive ;—friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that ? [*Aside.*] Still harping on
my daughter :—yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was
a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone ; and, truly, in my
youth I suffered much extremity for love ; very near this.
I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord ?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams. All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, should be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir!

[*To* POLONIUS.]

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

Guil. My honored lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favors?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world is grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near. But your news is not

true. Let me question more in particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly; and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter; I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come: nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to color. I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal,

be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Ros. What say you? [To GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside* ;]—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, *Man delights not me*?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you. We coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target. The lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; [the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;] and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace. But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't. These are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality, no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy. There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer. That great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon my honor,——

Ham. *Then came each actor on his ass,*——

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited.—Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light for the law of writ and the liberty. These are the only men.

Ham. *O Jephthah, judge of Israel,*—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—*One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter. [Aside.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot,* and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was,*—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all.—I am glad to see thee well;—welcome, good friends.—O old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last. Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. 'Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play*. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech, once—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviar to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallies in the lines, to make the matter savory; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection; but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—
'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now he is total gules; horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'ersized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks. So proceed you.*

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent,
and good discretion.

1 *Play*. *Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seemed i' the air to stick.*

*So as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death ; anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region ; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work ;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armor, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—*

*Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune ! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power ;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends !*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—'Pr'y-
thee, say on.—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he
sleeps.—Say on : come to Hecuba.

1 Play. *But who, ah, woe ! had seen the mobled
queen—*

Ham. The mobled queen ?

Pol. That's good ; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. *Run barefoot up and down, threatening the
flames*

*With bisson rheum ; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up,
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced.
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs ;
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven,
And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his color, and has
tears in his eyes.—'Pry'thee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this
soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well be-

stowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit* POLONIUS, with some of the Players

Ham. Follow him, friends; we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit* Player.]—My good friends, [*To* ROS. and GUIL.] I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Ay, so, good bye to you;—now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wanned;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing?
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears:
Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
'Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Why, I should take it; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About my brain! Humph! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
May be a devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way. Of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true;
And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.

Her father and myself, (lawful espials)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge:
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you;
And for your part, Ophelia, do I wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness. So shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book:

[*To OPHELIA.*]

That show of such an exercise may color
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this.—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

[*Aside.*]

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King and POLONIUS.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turned awry,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
 The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remembered.

Oph. Good my lord,

How does your honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honored lord, you know right well, you did,
 And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
 As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,
 Take these again; for to the noble mind,
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
 There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty
 should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than
 with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner
 transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force
 of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was
 some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I
 did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet Heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more of it; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit HAMLET.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth,

Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute.
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well; but yet, I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so;
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it
to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as
many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke
my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand,
thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest,
and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must
acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smooth-
ness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious
periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags,

to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. 'Pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form, and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Exeunt* Players.]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— [*Exit* POLONIUS.]
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,
 That no revénue hast, but thy good spirits,
 To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
 No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her election,
 She hath sealed thee for herself. For thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
 There is a play to-night before the king;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
 I pry'thee when thou seest that act afoot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
 And, after, we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord;
 If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
 Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS,
 OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish. I eat
 the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these
 words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say? [*To* POLONIUS.]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* OPHELIA'S feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant contrary matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O Heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year. But, by'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The Dumb Show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns;

finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile; but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching malicho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow. The players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord,—

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrowed sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women fear too much, even as they love;
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is sized, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do;
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honored, beloved; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou——

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast;
In second husband let me be accursed!
None wed the second, but who killed the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But, what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is but for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favorite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,—
That our devices still are overthrown;
That our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,—— [To OPH.

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;

And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna; Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista; you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work. But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not. Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;—

——The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,



With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see, anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light; away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—come, some music; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir;—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: Your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with recorders.

O, the recorders;—let me see one.—To withdraw with you.—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these I cannot command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery: you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit* POLONIUS.]

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL, HOR., &c

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood.
And do such bitter business as the day

Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother,—
 O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
 How in my words soever she be shent,
 To give them seals, never, my soul, consent! [Exit

SCENE III. *A Room in the same.*

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
 To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
 I your commission will forthwith despatch
 And he to England shall along with you.
 The terms of our estate may not endure
 Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide.
 Most holy and religious fear it is,
 To keep those many many bodies safe,
 That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
 With all the strength and armor of the mind,
 To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
 That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty
 Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
 What's near it, with it. It is a massy wheel,
 Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortised and adjoined; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
 For we will fetters put upon this fear,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us. [Exit ROS. and GUIL.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
 To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home;

And, as you said,—and wisely was it said,—
 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
 Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
 The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't,
 A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this curs'd hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,—
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
 That cannot be; since I am still possessed
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above;
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
 O limed soul; that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
 All may be well!

[*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't; and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I revenged? That would be scanned.
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save Heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then revenged
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent.
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damned, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays;
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Queen and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him I'll silence me e'en here.
'Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not;—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*POLONIUS hides himself.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so.

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat?

[*Draws.*

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.*

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.

[*Falls and dies.*

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Is it the king?

[*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[*To POLONIUS.*

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands. Peace; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not brazed it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
 Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
 As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul; and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow;
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen.

Ah me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow!
 Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
 A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows.
 Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
 The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment. And what judgment
 Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
 Else could you not have motion: but, sure, that sense
 Is apoplexed; for madness would not err;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserved some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozened you at hoodman blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense,
 Could not so nope.
 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire; proclaim no shame,

When the compulsive ardor gives the charge ;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more.
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
 And there I see such black and grained spots
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed ;
 Stewed in corruption ; honeying, and making love
 Over the nasty sty ;——

Queen. O, speak to me no more ;
 These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears.
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain ;
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
 Of your precedent lord ;—a vice of kings ;
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king
 Of shreds and patches.—
 Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards !—What would your gracious figure ?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
 The important acting of your dread command ?
 O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits.
 O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you ?
 That you do bend your eyes on vacancy,
 And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
 And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
 Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern affects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you, there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness,
That I have uttered; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.
It will skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pury times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain

Ham. O, throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,

That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either quell the devil or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
 And when you are desirous to be blessed,
 I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to POLONIUS*

I do repent. But Heaven hath pleased it so,—
 To punish me with this, and this with me;
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
 I must be cruel, only to be kind;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
 But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do.
 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
 And let him for a pair of recchy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
 For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen.

Alack,

I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters sealed; and my two school-fellows,—
 Whom I will trust, as I will adders fanged,—
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
 And marshall me to knavery. Let it work;
 For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petar; and it shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,
 When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
 This man shall set me packing.
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbor-room.
 Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish, prating knave.
 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally*; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound
 heaves:

You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
 Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow on us this place a little while.—
 [*To* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, *who*
go out.

Ah, my good lord, what I have seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
 Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
 Behind the arras hearing something stir,
 Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*
 And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
 The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
 It had been so with us, had we been there.
 His liberty is full of threats to all;
 To you yourself, to us, to every one.
 Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answered?
 It will be laid to us, whose providence
 Should have kept, short, restrained, and out of haunt,
 This mad young man: but, so much was our love,
 We would not understand what was most fit;
 But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath killed
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged him.
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt* Ros. and GUIL.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done; so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poisoned shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. ——Safely stowed,—[*Ros. &c. within.* Ham-
let! lord Hamlet!] But soft!—what noise? who calls on
Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—What replication
should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his reward, his authorities. But such officers do the king best services in the end. He keeps them, like an ape doth nuts, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed to be last swallowed. When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it. A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing; bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose! Yet must we not put the strong law on him, He's loved of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weighed, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause. Diseases, desperate grown, By desperate appliances are relieved,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet; we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath ate of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou know'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother. Father and mother is man and wife;
man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for
England. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

Away; for every thing is sealed and done
That else leans on the affair. Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
 By letters conjuring to that effect,
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
 Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
 Tell him, that, by his license, Fortinbras
 Claims the conveyance of a promised march
 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
 If that his majesty would aught with us,
 We shall express our duty in his eye,
 And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purposed, sir,

I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who

Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
 Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of ground,
 That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
 Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrisoned.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
 Will not debate the question of this straw.
 This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
 That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
 Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [Exit Captain

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
 If his chief good, and market of his time,
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before, and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason
 To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
 A thought, which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,
 And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
 Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
 To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me.
 Witness, this army of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender prince;
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event;
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is, not to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honor's at the stake. How stand I, then,
 That have a father killed, a mother stained,
 Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
 To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. Elsinore. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Queen and HORATIO.

Queen.—I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed, would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may
strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Let her come in.

[*Exit* HORATIO.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. *How should I your true love know,
From another one?*

*By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.*

[*Singing.*

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay; 'pray you, mark.

*He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;*

*At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.*

[*Sings.*

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph.

'Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,

[*Sings.*

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true love showers.*

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter! Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. 'Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.*

*Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't if they come to't;

By cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promised me to wed;

[He answers.]

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [Exit.]

King. Follow her close! give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit HORATIO.]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove. The people muddied,

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
 For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
 In hugger-mugger to inter him. Poor Ophelia
 Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France;
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggared,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
 Like to a murdering piece, in many places
 Gives me superfluous death! [A noise within.
Queen. Alack! what noise is this!

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
 What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
 The ocean, overpeering of his list,
 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him lord;
 And, as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
 The ratifiers and props of every word,
 They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
 O this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you;—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
 Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste, unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed.—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's;
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And like the kind, life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
 By Heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
 Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
 O Heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
 Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine,
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him barefaced on the bier;
 Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny;
 And in his grave rained many a tear;—*

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
 It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down, an you call him
 a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! it is the false
 steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; 'pray
 you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remem-
 brance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines;—there's
 rue for you; and here's some for me;—we may call it herb
 of grace o' Sundays;—you may wear your rue with a dif-
 ference.—There's a daisy.—I would give you some violets;
 but they withered all, when my father died.—They say he
 made a good end——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— [Sings.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
 She turns to favor, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?
 And will he not come again?
 No, no, he is dead;
 Go to thy death-bed,
 He never will come again.* [Sings.

*His beard was as white as snow,
 All flaxen was his poll;
 He is gone, he is gone,
 And we cast away moan;
 God'a mercy on his soul!*

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!
 [*Exit* OPHELIA]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
 Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
 If by direct or by collateral hand
 They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
 Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
 To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,
 And we shall jointly labor with your soul
 To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
 His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
 No trophy, sword, or hatchment, o'er his bones,
 No noble right, nor formal ostentation,—
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
 That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
 And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
 I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me;

Serv. Sailors, sir;

They say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—
 [*Exit* Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world
 I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let his bless thee, too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter

for you, sir. It comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor; and in the grapple I boarded them. On the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears.—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirred up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinewed,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which),
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere.

I could not but by her. The other motive,
 Why to a public count I might not go,
 Is, the great love the general gender bear him;
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
 Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
 Too slightly timbered for so loud a wind,
 Would have reverted to my bow again,
 And not where I had aimed them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
 A sister driven into desperate terms;
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections.—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.
 I loved your father, and we love ourself;
 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
 How now! what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
 This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not;
 They were given me by Claudio; he received them
 Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
 Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] *High and mighty, you shall know I am set
 naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to
 see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon
 thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more
 strange return.*

Hamlet.

What should this mean! Are all the rest come back?
 Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
 And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone.*
 Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
 It warms the very sickness in my heart,

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
 As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
 Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
 So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now returned,—
 As checking at his voyage, and that he means
 No more to undertake it,—I will work him
 To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
 Under the which he shall not choose but fall.
 And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
 But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
 And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
 The rather, if you could devise it so,
 That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
 You have been talked of since your travel much,
 And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
 Wherein, they say, you shine. Your sum of parts
 Did not together pluck such envy from him,
 As did that one; and that, in my regard,
 Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord!

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
 Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
 The light and careless livery that it wears,
 Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
 Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
 Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
 I have seen myself, and served against the French,
 And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
 Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
 As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
 With the brave beast. So far he topped my thought,
 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
 And gem of all the nation

King. He made confession of you ;
 And gave you such a masterly report,
 For art and exercise in your defence,
 And for your rapier most especial,
 That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
 If one could match you. The scrimers of their nation,
 He swore, had neither motion, guard, or eye,
 If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
 Now, out of this,——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
 But that I know love is begun by time,
 And that I see, in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it ;
 And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
 For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
 Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
 We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
 And then this *should* is like a spendthrift's sigh,
 That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer :
 Hamlet comes back ; what would you undertake,
 To show yourself in deed your father's son
 More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize ;
 Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
 Will you do this, keep close within your chamber ;
 Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home.
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,
 And wager o'er your heads. He, being remiss,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse the foils ; so that, with ease,
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer.

I will do't;

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratched withal. I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;

Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assayed; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof.—Soft, let me see;—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning, —
I ha't.

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drowned, Laertes.

Laer. Drowned! O where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,

Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drowned?

Queen. Drowned, drowned.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The women will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Church-yard.*

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. I tell thee she is; therefore make her grave straight. The crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point. If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good; here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity; that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even-Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged. Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well. But how does it well? It does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend your pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*]

1 *Clown* digs, and sings.

*In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. *But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

[Throws up a skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that might circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so; and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. *A pickaxe and a spade, a spade, [Sings.
For—and a shrouding sheet,
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

[Throws up a skull.

Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddets now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands

will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine. 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was that very day young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the man are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that scarce will hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

[*Takes the skull.*]

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that.—'Prythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [Throws down the skull.]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside.—Here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES, and Mourners following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers! Who is this they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:

Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with HORATIO.*]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth. Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet. Farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife ;
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead ;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the grave.*
Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pry'thee, take thy fingers from my throat ;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come
out of the grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Zounds, show me what thou'lt do
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel, eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness;
 And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,
 When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
 His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
 What is the reason that you use me thus?
 I loved you ever. But it is no matter;
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
 [*Exit* HORATIO.]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
 [*To* LAERTES.]

We'll put the matter to the present push.—
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
 This grave shall have a living monument.
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir; now shall you see the
 other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
 That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
 Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
 And praised be rashness for it,—Let us know,
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us,
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain

Ham. Up from my cabin,
 My sea-gown scarfed about me, in the dark
 Groped I to find out them; had my desire;
 Fingered their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
 To mine own room again; making so bold,

My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
 A royal knavery; an exact command,—
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,—
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
 With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.
 But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
 Or could I make a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play.—I sat me down;
 Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
 I once did hold it, as our statists do,
 A baseness to write fair, and labored much
 How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
 It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
 The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
 As England was his faithful tributary;
 As love between them like the palm might flourish;
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
 And many such like as's of great charge,—
 That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
 Without debatement further, more, or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not shriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this sealed?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinant;
 I had my father's signet in my purse,
 Which was the model of that Danish seal;
 Folded the writ up in form of the other;
 Subscribed it; gave't the impression; placed it safely,
 The changeling never known. Now, the next day
 Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
 Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosenerantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
 They are not near my conscience; their defeat
 Does by their own insinuation grow.

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this?

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath killed my king, and whored my mother;
Popped in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm; and is't not to be damned,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short; the interim is mine;
And a man's life, no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his. I'll count his favors.
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him. He hath much land and fertile; let a beast be
lord of beasts, and this crib shall stand at the king's mess.
'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession
of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should
impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.
Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, sir, 'tis very cold; the wind is
northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or
my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,
—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify

to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,——

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing. Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very

dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on. Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me. Let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit* Lord

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

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

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants, with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong; But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punished with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honor, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never, Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness.—If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge; but in my terms of honor,
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honor,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungorged. But till that time,
I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give him the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it. I have seen you both.—
But since he's bettered, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine; Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*]

Ham. I'd play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come.—Another hit; what say you? [*They play.*]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath —
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin; rub thy brows.
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poisoned cup; it is too late. [*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You do but dally.
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play*]

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET, then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

King. Part them; they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides;—how is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as the woodcock to mine own springe, *Osrice*;
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink;—I am poisoned! [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villany!—Ho! let the door be locked.
Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet; Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour's life.

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenomed. The foul practice
Hath turned itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poisoned;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point
Envenomed too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King*]

Osr. and Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion.—Is the union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly served;
It is a poison tempered by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by Heaven, I'll have it.—
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
 To tell my story.— [March afar off, and shot within.
 What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
 To the ambassadors of England gives
 This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
 The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit.
 I cannot live to hear the news from England;
 But I do prophesy the election lights
 On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
 So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,
 Which have solicited,—The rest is silence. [Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet
 prince;
 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
 Why does the drum come hither? [March within.

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it you would see?
 If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc!—O proud death!
 What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
 That thou so many princes, at a shot,
 So bloodily hast struck?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal;
 And our affairs from England come too late.
 The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
 To tell him, his commandment is fulfilled,
 That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
 Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
 Had it the ability of life to thank you;
 He never gave commandment for their death.
 But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
 You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
 Are here arrived; give order that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view;
 And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
 How these things came about. So shall you hear
 Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and forced cause;

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 Fallen on the inventors' heads. All this can I
 Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblest to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow, I embrace my fortune;
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
 And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more;
 But let this same be presently performed,
 Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance
 On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
 Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
 For he was likely, had he been put on,
 To have proved most royally; and, for his passage,
 The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
 Speak loudly for him.—
 Take up the bodies.—Such a sight as this,
 Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [A dead march.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which
 a peal of ordnance is shot off within.*

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.

BRABANTIO, a *Senator*.

TWO other Senators.

GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio*.

LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio*.

OTHELLO, *the Moor* :

CASSIO, *his Lieutenant* :

IAGO, *his Ancient*.

RODERIGO, a *Venetian Gentleman*.

MONTANO, *Othello's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus*.

Clown, *Servant to Othello*.

Herald.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello*.

EMILIA, *Wife to Iago*.

BIANCA, a *Courtesan, Mistress to Cassio*.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors,
Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the
Play, at a Seaport in Cyprus*.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Roderigo. TUSH, never tell me; I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me.—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

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

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capped to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; *for, certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer.

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he. Mere prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election.
 And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
 Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd and calmed
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By Heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service;
 Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 Not by the old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affined
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender; and, when he's old, cashiered;
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
 Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined their
 coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
 And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.

In following him, I follow but myself:

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
 If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him; make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some color.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! seignior Brabantio! ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Seignior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors locked?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robbed; for shame, put on
your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise;

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend seignior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome;

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors.

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,

My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,

Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,

Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir,——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,

My spirit, and my place, have in them power

To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice; My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians. You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins, and genets for Germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you, If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent, (As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night, Transported—with no worse nor better guard, But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier— To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,— If this be known to you and your allowance, We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs; But if you know not this, my manners tell me, We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe, That, from the sense of all civility, I thus would play and trifle with your reverence. Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,— I say again, hath made a gross revolt; Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, In an extravagant and wheeling stranger, Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself; If she be in her chamber, or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the state For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper;—call up all my people.—

This accident is not unlike my dream;

Belief of it oppresses me already.—

Light, I say! light!

[*Exit, from above.*]

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall)

Against the Moor. For, I do know, the state—
 However this may gall him with some check—
 Cannot with safety cast him! for he's embarked
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
 (Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have not,
 To lead their business; in which regard,
 Thought I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is, indeed, but sign. That you shall surely find
 him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil; gone she is;
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
 With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
 How didst thou know 'twas she? O, thou deceiv'st me
 Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
 Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O Heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of
 the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
 By what you see them act.—Is there not charms,
 By which the property of youth and maidhood
 May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
 Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O that you had had her!—
 Some one way, some another.—Do you know
 Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him; if you please
 To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
 I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
 And raise some special officers of night.—
 On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.**Enter* OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
 To do no contrived murder; I lack iniquity
 Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times
 I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 Against your honor,
 That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
 Are you fast married? for, be assured of this,—
 That the magnifico is much beloved;
 And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
 As double as the duke's. He will divorce you;
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
 The law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
 Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite;
 My services, which I have done the seignory,
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
 (Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,
 I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege; and my demerits
 May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reached. For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused, free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with torches.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends.
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found;
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!

What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may devine;
It is a business of some heat. The galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels:
And many of the consuls, raised, and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly called for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,

And go with you.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made forever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas.

To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of night,
with torches and weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust
them.—

Good seignior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my
daughter?

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
 If she in chains of magic were not bound,
 Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;
 So opposite to marriage, that she shunned
 The wealthy, curled darlings of our nation—
 Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
 Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
 Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
 Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
 That thou hast practised on her with foul charms;
 Abused her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
 That waken motion.—I'll have it disputed on;
 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
 For an abuser of the world, a practiser
 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
 Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
 Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
 Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
 Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go,
 To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; till fit time
 Of law, and course of direct session,
 Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
 How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
 Whose messengers are here about my side,
 Upon some present business of the state,
 To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy seignior,
 The duke's in council; and your noble self,
 I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
 In this time of the night?—Bring him away.
 Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
 Or any of my brothers of the state,
 Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own.
 For if such actions may have passage free,
 Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Council Chamber.*

The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred.
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!

Enter an Officer with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now; the business!

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By seignior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dressed in;—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course to the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after-fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now do they restem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Seignior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him post-post-haste; despatch

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle seignior;

[*To BRABANTIO.*

We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so floodgate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O my daughter!

Sen.

Dead?

Bra.

Ay, to me;

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?

[*To* OTHELLO.]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charged withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
It is a judgment maimed, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak.
Did you by indirect and forced courses

Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.--

[*Exeunt* IAGO and Attendants.]

And till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,
Devour up my discourse; which I, observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

But not intently. I did consent;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore — In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
 She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
 That Heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best.
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Lights on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
 Do you perceive in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty.
 To you I am bound for life and education;
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
 I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;
 And so much duty as my mother showed
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done.—
 Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
 I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
 Come hither, Moor.
 I here do give thee that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,

I am glad at soul I have no other child;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
 Which has a grise, or step, may help these lovers
 Into your favor.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robbed, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
 He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
 We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
 He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal;
 But words are words; I never yet did hear
 That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
 I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes
 for Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best
 known to you; and though we have there a substitute of
 most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress
 of effects, throws a more safer voice on you; you must
 therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new for-
 tunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
 A natural and prompt alacrity,
 I find in hardness; and do undertake
 These present wars against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife;
 Due reference of place, and exhibition,
 With such accommodation, and besort,
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
 Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice.
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord.
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honors, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords;—'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.

Vouch with me, Heaven; I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects,
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me. No, when light-winged toys
Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you:

With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust;
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[To BRABANTIO.

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

I Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee.
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee; we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.

Rod. Iago—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it.
Why, thou silly gentleman.

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and
then have we a prescription to die, when death is our phy-
sician.

Iago. O, villanous! I have looked upon the world for
four times seven years, and since I could distinguish between
a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how
to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself
for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity
with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be
so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus,
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our
wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow
lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one

gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man; drown thyself! drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favor with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money; the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must; therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it in a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way; seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money;—I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow.—Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning; do you hear?

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
 For I mine own gained knowledge should profane,
 If I would time expend with such a snipe,
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office. I know not if't be true;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will;
 A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see.—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife.—
 He hath a person; and a smooth dispose
 To be suspected; framed to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I have't;—it is engendered.—Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Seaport town in Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO *and Two Gentlemen.*

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all. It is a high-wrought flood;
 I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
 Desery a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.
 If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet.
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheltered and embayed, they are drowned;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;
The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks,
That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of
comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray Heaven, he be,
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello!
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor. O, let the Heavens

Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipped?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—*A sail.*

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
[*Guns heard.*]

Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

2 Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

Cas. Most fortunately. He hath achieved a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellently.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favorable and happy speed.
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteeped to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail, a sail! then guns heard.*

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome;—welcome, mistress.—
[*To EMILIA.*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep.
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst
praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay;—there's one gone to the harbor!

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, 'as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks it out brains and all. But my muse labors,
And thus she is delivered:—
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

Des. These are old, fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh
i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her
that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best.
But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman
indeed! one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly
put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*Now I may*;
She that, being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She, that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for a salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not
learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How
say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal
counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm. Ay, well said, whisper; with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? 'would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor—I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, *and* Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The Heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
[*Kissing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*]

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done; the Turks are drowned.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—

Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
 I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
 In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
 Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.
 Bring thou the master to the citadel;
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona;
 Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and
 Attendants.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbor. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard.—First, I must tell thee this.—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies; and will she love him still for prating? Let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favor; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave, very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden, loose affection? Why, none; why, none. A slippery and subtle knave: a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent, complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualifications shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel; I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.

The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—

Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;

And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona

A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;

Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,

I stand accountant for as great a sin,)

But partly led to diet my revenge,

For that I do suspect the lusty Moor

Hath leaped into my seat; the thought whereof

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul,

Till I am even with him, wife for wife;

Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,
 For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too;
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, till used. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night. Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
 Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
 Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
 Michael, good night; to-morrow, with our earliest,
 Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,
 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
 [To DESDEMONA.

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
 Good night. [Exeunt OTH., DES., and Attend.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends. But one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night; and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
 With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
 He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
 As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
 Whom love has turned almost the wrong side outward,
 To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
 Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
 Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
 That hold their honors in a wary distance,
 The very elements of this warlike eye,
 Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings.

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought in.

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O, sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all to dear,
With that he called the tailor—lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and

there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's see the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before.—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction; and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other; 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit* RODERIGO.]

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island.
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?

[*Cry within*—Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking RODERIGO.*

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [They fight.

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—*A mutiny.*

[*Aside to ROD., who goes out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[*Bell rings.*

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise; God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be shamed forever.

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still; I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turned Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl.

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,

(As if some planet had unwitting men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, (which something now offends me)—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court of guard and safety!
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near.
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
 And Cassio following with determined sword,
 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
 Lest, by his clamor, (as it so fell out,)
 The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose; and I returned the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back
 (For this was brief) I found them close together,
 At blow, and thrust; even as again they were
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter can I not report;—
 But men are men; the best sometimes forget.—
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
 Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received,
 From him that fled, some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;
 But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up;—
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.
 Sir, for your hurts,
 Myself will be your surgeon:—Lead him off.

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town;
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
 Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
 To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have
 lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of
 myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago,
 my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again. You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a familiar good creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for

that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:— Confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again; she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. And what's he, then, that says,—I play the villain? When this advice is free, I give, and honest, Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the course To win the Moor again? for, 'tis most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit; she's framed as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— His soul is so en fettered to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain, To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, As I do now; for while this honest fool Plies Desdemona, to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,— That she repeals him for her body's lust; And, by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time. Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hath cashiered Cassio; Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe. Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning; Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.— Retire thee; go where thou art billeted. Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter; Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on; Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him jump when he may Cassio find Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way; Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's brief; and bid—good morrow, general?
[*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clow. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1 Mus. How, sir, how!

Clow. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillet. There's a poor piece of gold for thee; if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been abed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife. My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant; I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you. But, he protests, he loves you

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. 'Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the state.
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O sir, I thank you. You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and be you well assured
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,

That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget thy love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place; assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease;
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well,
Do your discretion. [*Exit* CASSIO.]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guiltylike,
Secing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;

Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn.—

I pray thee, name the time; but let it not

Exceed three days. In faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples

Out of their best,) is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What, Michael Cassio,

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more. Let him come when he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des.

Why, this is not a boon;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit

To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit,

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poize and difficulty,

And fearful to be granted.

Oth.

I will deny thee nothing;

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona; I will come to thee
straight.

Des. Emilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with EMILIA.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth.

What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction in my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed.—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By Heaven he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something;
I heard thee say but now—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?
And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed?*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;

And—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this.

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminatè; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago.
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you, then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing.
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By Heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O, misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineness, is as poor as winter,

To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—
 Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy!

Oth. Why! why is this?
 Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
 Is—once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
 To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous;
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
 I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me.—I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
 Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure.
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't.
 I know our country disposition well;
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
 Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
 And, when she seemed to shake, and fear your looks,
 She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
 She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
 To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
 He thought 'twas witchcraft.—But I am much to blame;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
 For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee forever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—but I do see you are moved.—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend.—
My lord, I see you are moved.

Oth. No, not much moved;—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature, erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point.—As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature, doubt-
less,

Sees, and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your honor
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time;
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means.
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have;—or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abused; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O, curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' use. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes.

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then Heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again.
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt* OTH. *and* DES.

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor.
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wooded me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjured her she would ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out.

And give 't Iago.
 What he'll do with it, Heaven knows, not I;
 I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—It is a common thing—

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
 For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
 That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
 And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
 Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been so
 earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
 Give it me again. Poor lady! she'll run mad,
 When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't; I have use for it.
 Go, leave me. [*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it. Trifles light as air,
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my poison.
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
 Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so;—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? No more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack.—
I swear 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not; it harmed not me;
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible!—My lord,——

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[*Taking him by the throat.*

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;—
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace, O Heaven, defend me!

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
 God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,—
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
 I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
 I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
 I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it.—'Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion.
 I do repent me that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
 Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
 Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
 To bring them to that prospect. Damn them, then,
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
 More than their own! What then? how then?
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
 It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
 But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,—
 Pricked to it by foolish honesty and love,—
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
 I could not sleep.
 There are a kind of men so loose of soul,

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
 One of this kind is Cassio.
 In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
 And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
 Cry,—*O sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
 As if he plucked up kisses by the roots,
 That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg
 Over my thigh, and sighed, and kissed; and then
 Cried,—*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth. O, monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
 That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth.

I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
 She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
 Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
 Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief
 (I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
 See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth.

If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
 It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O that the slave had forty thousand lives;
 One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
 Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
 All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
 'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
 Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
 To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught;
 For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth.

O blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
 Whose icy current and compulsive course
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't.
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request.
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx; O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own forever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies anywhere.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is
stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where
I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise
a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to
lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make
questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have
moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes. And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born, Drew all such humors from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio Be called to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart; Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout; For here's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so; For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave hands; But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come, now, your promise.

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me; Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read
 The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
 'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
 Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
 After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
 And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
 To give it her. I did so; and take heed of 't,
 Make it a darling, like your precious eye:
 To lose or giv't away, were such perdition,
 As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it.
 A sibyl, that had numbered in the world
 The sun to make two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetic fury sewed the work.
 The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk;
 And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
 Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to Heaven that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? Speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't; let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick to put me from my suit;

I pray, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief; my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortune on your love;

Shared dangers with you;——

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. In sooth,
You are to blame.

Oth. Away! [*Exit* OTHELLO.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;
And, lo, the happiness! Go, and impórtune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Entirely honor; I would not be delayed.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purposed merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favor, as in humor, altered.
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient;
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puffed his own brother;—And can he be angry?

Something of moment, then. I will go meet him;
There is matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—
[*Exit* IAGO.]

Either from Venice; or some unhatched practice,
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods:
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborned the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray Heaven it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answered so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous. 'Tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here about;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA]

Enter BIANCA

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eightscore times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed;

But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[Giving her DESDEMONA'S handkerchief
Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to! woman,
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous, now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance.
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet; I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well, ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will,) I'd have it copied.
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me womaned.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What?

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil.

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honor too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honor is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not.

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By Heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.—
Thou saidst,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when
they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handker-
chief,—confessions,—handkerchief,—To confess, and be
hanged for his labor.—First to be hanged, and then to con-
fess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in
such shadowing passion, without some instruction.—It is
not words that shake me thus.—Pish!—Noses, ears,
and lips.—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—
O devil!—

[Falls in a trance.]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello! How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear.

The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[*Exit CASSIO.*

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by Heaven;
'Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked,
May draw with you; there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart:
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,
(A passion most unsuited such a man,)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
 Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
 I will be found most cunning in my patience;
 But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
 [OTHELLO *withdraws*.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
 Buys herself bread and clothes. It is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
 To beguile many, and be beguiled by one;
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter!—Here he comes.—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behavior
 Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worsen, that you give me the addition,
 Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.
 Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower*.
 How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside*.

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
 [*Aside*.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
 To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside*.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her.
 Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
 [*Aside*.

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer! I pr'ythee, bear

some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome
Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win. [*Aside*

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out; she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

[*Aside.*

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bawble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so haies, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There,—give it your hobby-horse. Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no more work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By Heaven, that should be my handkerchief.

[*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

[*Exit*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit CASSIO

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is.—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She is the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times.—And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it, Iago! —O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes!—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago, this night.—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight. [A trumpet within

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a packet.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet, and reads.*

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, seignior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*
[*Reads.*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady.—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,——

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn;

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O, well-painted passion!
I am commanded home.—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit* DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir,—to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!

[*Exit.*]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if what he might, he is not,—
I would to Heaven he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well. Yet 'would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.**Enter* OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.*Oth.* You have seen nothing, then?*Emil.* Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.*Emil.* But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.*Oth.* What, did they never whisper?*Emil.* Never, my lord.*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?*Emil.* Never.*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?*Emil.* Never, my lord.*Oth.* That's strange.*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.*Oth.* Bid her come hither;—go.—[*Exit* EMILIA.]She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.*Re-enter* EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.*Des.* My lord, what is your will?*Oth.* 'Pray, chuck, come hither.*Des.* What is your pleasure?*Oth.* Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?*Oth.* Some of your function, mistress; [To EMILIA.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;Cough, or cry,—*Hem*, if any body come.

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit* EMILIA.]*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth thy speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damned,
Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rained
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steept me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at,—
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garnered up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.—'Would thou hadst ne'er
been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write *whore* upon? What committed!
Committed!—O, thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O Heaven, forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; you! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water. 'Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change indeed! [*Exit*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks.
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He called her whore; a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country, and her friends,
To be called—whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, Heaven doth know

Emil. I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander. I'll be hanged else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her—whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,
Some base, notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.—
O Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was,
That turned your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

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Des. O good Iago,
 What shall I do to win my lord again?
 Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
 I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel.—
 If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will,—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
 To do the act that might the addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humor.
 The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets*
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
 And the great messengers of Venice stay.
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago;
 and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all
 conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of
 hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet
 persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly
 suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words
 and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out
 of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deli-
 ver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist.
 You have told me she has received them, and returned me

expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well. By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee, indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valor,—this night show it. If thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?—

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he

shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honor is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

O,—Desdemona,——

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[Exeunt OTH., LOD., and Attendants.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent.

He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.

We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one.—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, 'pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid called—Barbara;
She was in love; and he she loved, proved mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of—willow;
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune.
And she died singing it. That song, to-night,

Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
 But to go hang my head all at one side,
 And sing it like poor Barbara. 'Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No; unpin me here.—

This Ludovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

Des. *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
 Sing all a green willow;* [Singing.

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

'Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next—hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. *I called my love, false love; but what said he then?*

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.

So get thee gone: good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou 'n conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing. 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou wouldst not

Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo't, when
I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a
joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, pet-
ticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but for the
whole world,—who would not make her husband a cuckold,
to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the
whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and,
having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in your own
world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they played for.
But I do think, it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite:
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth; is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too; and have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well; else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night; Heaven me such usage
send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Street.**Enter* IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come;

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

[*Retires to a little distance*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.
'Tis but a man gone;—forth, my sword; he dies.

[*Goes to his stand.*

Iag. I have rubbed this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be; if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die.—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he;—villain, thou diest.

[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at*

CASSIO.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws and wounds* RODERIGO

Rod. O, I am slain!

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind
in the leg, and exit.*

Cas. I am maimed forever:—Help, ho! murder! murder!
[*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio.—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'Tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me,—minion, your dear lies dead
And your fate hies apace.—Strumpet, I come.
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[*Exit* OTHELLO.]

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at a distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch! no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night.
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, *with a light.*

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on
murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for Heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago! O, I am spoiled, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.]

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[*IAGO stabs RODERIGO.*

Rod. O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!

O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Seignior Lodovico:

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; here's Cassio hurt

By villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus. I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? No:—Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Seignior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—O, that's well said;—the chair.—
[*A chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,
[*To* BIANCA.

Save you your labor. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To* BIAN.] What, look you pale?—O, bear him
out o' the air.—

[*CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—'Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supped to-night.—
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supped at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed.--
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happened.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside.*
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in bed asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Takes off his sword.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me;—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy
rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither.—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[Kissing her.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last;
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forbid!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so loved, and gave
thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,¹
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently.

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio,
But with such general warranty of Heaven
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it, then;
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confessed.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath — used thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopped;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets, then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betrayed, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord!
my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.

Emil. [*Within.*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O good my lord, I would speak a word
with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia;—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think she stirs again.—No.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife.

O, insupportable! O, heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,
O good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.—

Soft,—by and by.—Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the door*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon:

She comes more near the earth than she was wont;
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian,
Called—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo killed!

And Cassio killed?

Emil. No, Cassio is not killed.

Oth. Not Cassio killed? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murdered!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done

This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell.

Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murdered?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that killed her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turned to folly, and she was a whore

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

O I were damned beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio
 Nay, had she been true,
 If Heaven would make me such another world
 Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
 I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
 An honest man he is, and hates the slime
 That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say, thy husband!—

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
 My husband say that she was false?

Oth. He, woman.
 I say, thy husband. Dost understand the word?
 My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
 Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
 She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst.
 This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
 Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
 As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
 As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
 I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
 Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
 The Moor has killed my mistress. Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? You have done well,
 That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this, villain, if thou beest a man.
 He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
 I know thou didst not; thou'rt not such a villain.
 Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
 Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak
My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

All. O Heavens forefend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villany!
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper to obey him, but not now.—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his wife.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*]
I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped.
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

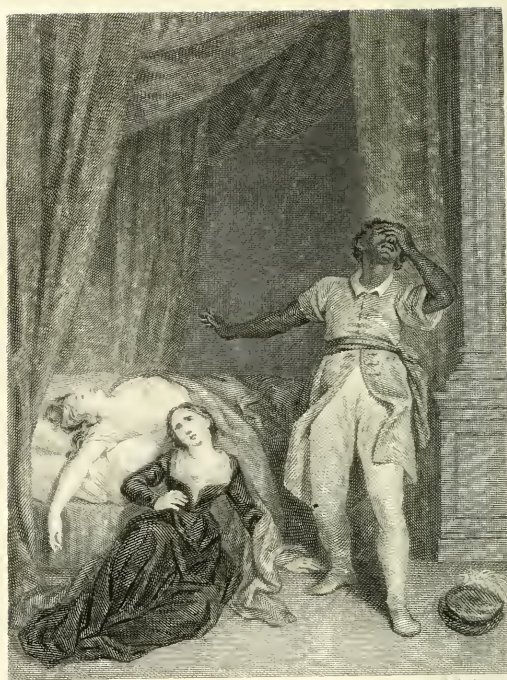
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out;—I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the air;



SCENE II.

Let Heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil.

I will not.

[*IAGO offers to stab his wife.*

Fie!

Gra.

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle,)
He begged of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago.

Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By Heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen;
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*

Oth.

Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has killed his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's killed.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recovered from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Excunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*

Oth.

I am not valiant, neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.—

But why should honor outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music:—*Willow, willow, willow.*—

Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, I die,—I die.

[*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;

O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O, vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very seamark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismayed? 'Tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires; where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine shall hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—
O, cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair,*
and Officers, with IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet—but that's a fable;
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not killed.

Oth. I am not sorry, neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,

Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing.
An honorable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honor.

Lod. This wretch hath part confessed his villany.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it; and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing. What you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befallen,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another. The one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago, in the interim,
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O, the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confessed, but even now,
That there he dropped it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast. And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
 If there be any cunning cruelty,
 That can torment him much, and hold him long,
 It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
 Till that the nature of your fault be known
 To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.

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

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra.

All, that's spoke, is marred.

Oth. I kissed thee, ere I killed thee.—No way but this,
[Falling upon DESDEMONA.

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
 For he was great of heart.

Lod.

O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [To IAGO.
 This is thy work: the object poisons sight:—
 Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
 The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it!
 Myself will straight abroad; and, to the state,
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.

POEMS.

3F

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VENUS AND ADONIS.

'Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.'

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice-fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy need
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
 The precedent of pith and livelihood,
 And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
 Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
 Under her other was the tender boy,
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy:
 She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
 Nimble she fastens:—O, how quick is love!—
 The steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tie the rider she begins to prove:
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
 'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
 Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
 He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss;
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
 Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
 Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
 Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;
 She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
 Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
 Rain added to a river that is rank
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
 Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;

Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
'O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unmask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overruled I overstay'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red —
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire.
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear:
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;

Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks cries 'Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.'

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.'

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 't is to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.'

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair: but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.'

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
 I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
 Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
 Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
 Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
 No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
 Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why, there Love lived and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
 Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
 The time is spent, her object will away,
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
 'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!'
 Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
 And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder,
 The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
 With gentle majesty and modest pride;
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
 As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried,

And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say' ?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur ?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay ?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed ;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off and there he stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether ;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her ;
She answers him as if she knew his mind :
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He veils his tail that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent :
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there :
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-ly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast :
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
 So of concealed sorrow may be said;
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
 How white and red each other did destroy!
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
 As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
 And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
 Or ivory in an alabaster band:
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
 'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou feel it?'
 'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it;
 O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
 And 't is your fault I am bereft him so:
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;

For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd:
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain:
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that 's back'd and burden'd being young
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing: let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
 Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
 For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
 Comes breath perfumed that breedeth love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
 Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
 Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
 Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
 The silly boy, believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
 He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth;

And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me: kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, "'Tis very late;''
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part and bid good-night.

'Now let me say "Good-night," and so say you;
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
 'Good-night,' quoth she, and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
 The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
 Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
 Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
 Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage:
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
 Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
 Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
 And yields at last to every light impression?
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
 Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
 But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
 She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
 Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'

He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

‘The boar!’ quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus’ is her annoy,
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay’d as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She ’s Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
‘Fie, fie,’ he says, ‘you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.’

‘Thou hadst been gone,’ quoth she, ‘sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told’st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised! thou know’st not what it is
With javelin’s point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

‘On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where’er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate’er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

‘His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm’d,
Are better proof than thy spear’s point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm’d;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

‘Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love’s eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes:
But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread!
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
 Come not within his danger by thy will;
 They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
 Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
 Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
 But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
 Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill!"
 Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
 As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
 This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
 This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
 That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
 Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
 An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
 Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
 That tremble at the imagination?
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
 And fear doth teach it divination:
 I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
 If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
 Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
 Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
 Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
 Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
 And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles
 How he outruns the wind and with what care
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
 The many musets through the which he goes
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,

And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

‘For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

‘By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

‘Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

‘Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear’st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

‘Where did I leave?’ ‘No matter where;’ quoth he,
‘Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.’ ‘Why, what of that?’ quoth she.
‘I am,’ quoth he, ‘expected of my friends;
And now ’t is dark, and going I shall fall.’
‘In night,’ quoth she, ‘desire sees best of all.

‘But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

‘Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn’d of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she framed thee in high heaven’s despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

‘And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

‘As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn’d despair,
 Swear Nature’s death for framing thee so fair.

‘And not the least of all these maladies
 But in one minute’s fight brings beauty under:
 Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
 Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw’d and done,
 As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

‘Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
 Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
 Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

‘What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
 Seeming to bury that posterity
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
 If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

‘So in thyself thyself art made away;
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
 Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
 Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
 Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that’s put to use more gold begets.’

‘Nay, then,’ quoth Adon, ‘you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled theme:
 The kiss I gave you is bestow’d in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream;
 For, by this black-faced night, desire’s foul nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

‘If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid’s song,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
 For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there;

‘Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet closure of my breast;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bedchamber to be barr’d of rest.
 No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

‘What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
 I hate not love, but your device in love,
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.

You do it for increase : O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away:
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour eaves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times 'Woe, woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty:
How love makes young men thrall and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
 If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
 In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
 Their copious stories oftentimes begun
 End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal
 But idle sounds resembling parasites,
 Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
 She says 'T is so:' they answer all 'T is so;'
 And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
 'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
 The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
 There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
 May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
 Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
 And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
 She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
 Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
 Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
 Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
 Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
 With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid ;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more :—
And with that word she spied the hunted boar,

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
She treads the path that she untreads again ;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting ;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'— thus chides she Death,—
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

'If he be dead, — O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it :—
O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :
 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provoke such weeping ?
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?
 Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
 Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
 She veil'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt ;
 But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
 Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye :
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
 Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throug her constant woe,
 As striving who should best become her grief ;
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
 But none is best : then join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo ;
 A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well :
 The dire imagination she did follow
 This sound of hope doth labour to expel ;
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
 Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass ;
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;
 Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous :
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;
 Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame ;
 It was not she that call'd him all-to naught :
 Now she adds honours to his hateful name ;

She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'T is not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear.
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
 Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise
 That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
 In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
 No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
 But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
 Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
 Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
 That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
 That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
 And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
 Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hath thou lost!
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
 Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
 Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
 But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
 Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
 The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss you:
 But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
 Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
 Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
 The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
 Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
 And straight, in pity of his tender years,
 They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
 To recreate himself when he hath sung,
 The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;

If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

‘ When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

‘ But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne’er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill’d him so.

‘ ‘Tis true, ’tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

‘ Had I been tooth’d like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill’d him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.’
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell’d,
And every beauty robb’d of his effect:
‘ Wonder of time,’ quoth she, ‘ this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

‘ Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne’er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love’s pleasure shall not match his woe.

‘ It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o’erstraw’d
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet.
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot is quickly convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater ; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife : among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome ; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids : the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp ; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius ; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins ; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king : wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire

And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator:
What needeth then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
 Of either's colour was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority their right:
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
 The sovereignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's seat.

Their silent war of lilies and of roses,
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
 Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—
 The niggard prodigal that praised her so,—
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
 For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
 Birds never lined no secret bushes fear:
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd;

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
 That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
 Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
 Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;

And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory :
 Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
 And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
 He makes excuses for his being there :
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
 Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear :
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
 And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
 Intending weariness with heavy spright ;
 For, after supper, long he questioned
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight ;
 And every one to rest themselves betake,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining :
 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining ;
 And when great treasure is the need proposed,
 Though death be adjunct, there 's no death supposed.

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

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
 As life for honour in fell battle's rage :
 Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
 The things we are for that which we expect ;
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have : so then we do neglect
 The thing we have : and, all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;
 And for himself himself he must forsake :
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,

When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

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

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye:
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly,
'As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed,

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote:
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin.

‘What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
 Who buys a minute’s mirth to wail a week?
 Or sells eternity to get a toy?
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?’

‘If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?’

‘O, what excuse can my invention make,
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

‘Had Collatinus kill’d my son or sire,
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
 As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

‘Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:
 Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:
 I’ll beg her love; but she is not her own:
 The worst is but denial and reproving:
 My will is strong, past reason’s weak removing.
 Who fears a sentence or an old man’s saw
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.’

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
 ’Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Urging the worsè sense for vantage still;
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill
 All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
 That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, ‘She took me kindly by the hand,
 And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
 Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
 Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
 O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
 First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
 Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

‘And how her hand, in my hand being lock’d,
 Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!

Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
 That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

' Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;
 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth
 Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
 The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

' Then, childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !
 Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age !
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye :
 Sad pause and deep regard besem the sage ;
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage :
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies ?'

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
 Away he steals with open listening ear,
 Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust ;
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the self-same seat sits Collatine :
 That eye which looks on her confounds his wits ;
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline ;
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
 Which once corrupted takes the worse part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
 Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;
 And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
 Each one by him enforced, retires his ward ;
 But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;
 Night-wondering weasels shriek to see him there ;
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the place
 The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say ' This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

' So, so,' quoth he, ' these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: quoth he, ' I must deflower:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act ?

' Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution:
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
 The curtains being close, about he walks,
 Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head :
 By their high treason is his heart misled ;
 Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light :
 Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed ;
 But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died !
 Then had they seen the period of their ill ;
 Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
 In his clear bed might have reposed still :
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;
 And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss :
 Between whose hills her head entombed is :
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
 To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;
 O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !
 Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
 And death's dim look in life's mortality :
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
 As if between them twain there were no strife,
 But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
 Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
 And him by oath they truly honoured.
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;
 Who, like a foul usurper, went about
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted ?
 What did he note but strongly he desired ?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,

And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
 With more than admiration he admired
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;
 Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,
 His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
 Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
 Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :
 Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
 Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
 His eye commends the leading to his hand ;
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
 Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
 And fright her with confusion of their cries :
 She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
 Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking ;
 What terror 't is ! but she, in worsè taking,
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;
 She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries ;
 Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
 In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
 Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall ! —
 May feel her heart — poor citizen ! — distress'd,
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.

This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe ;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : ' The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale :
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort : the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

' Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide ;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

' I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;
I think the honey guarded with a sting ;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends :
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends ;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

' I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed ;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies :
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With treubling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

' Lucrece,' quoth he, ' this night I must enjoy thee :
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee :
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay :
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

‘So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr’d with nameless bastardy:
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

‘But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
 A little harm done to a great good end
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In a pure compound; being so applied,
 His venom in effect is purified.

‘Then, for thy husband and thy children’s sake,
 Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no device can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot;
 Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour’s blot:
 For marks descried in men’s nativity
 Are nature’s faults, not their own infamy.’

Here with a cockatrice’ dead-killing eye
 He rouseth up himself and makes a pause;
 While she, the picture of pure piety,
 Like a white hind under the gripe’s sharp claws,
 Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth’s dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bidding,
 Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
 So his unhallow’d haste her words delays,
 And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
 A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.)

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix’d
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix’d,
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.
 She puts the period often from his place;
 And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
 That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship’s oath,

By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
 By holy human law, and common troth,
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
 That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
 End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
 He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend: for his sake spare me:
 Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:
 Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me:
 Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.
 My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to leave thee:
 If ever man were moved with woman's moans,
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
 To soften it with their continual motion;
 For stones dissolved to water do convert.
 O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
 To all the host of heaven I complain me,
 Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
 For kings like gods should govern every thing.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
 If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,
 What darest thou not when once thou art a king?
 O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors can be wiped away;
 Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear;
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
 When they in thee the like offences prove:
 If but for fear of this, they will remove;
 For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
 Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
 To privilege dishonour in thy name?

Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he: 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.'

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.'

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies:
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again:
 This forced league doth force a further strife;
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
 Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
 For there it revels; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,

And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:

Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.

She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;

She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practised how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Must thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb

His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

‘With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother’d light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

‘Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night’s child,
The silver-shining queen he would disdain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
Through Night’s black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers’ chat makes short their pilgrimage.

‘Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

‘O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr’d with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

‘Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character’d in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity’s decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

‘The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin’s name:
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin’s shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

‘Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine’s dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attain of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
 O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
 Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinius' face,
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
 How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
 Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
 Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
 From me by strong assault it is bereft.
 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
 Have no perfection of my summer left,
 But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
 In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
 And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
 Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
 And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
 When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
 But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers-up his gold
 Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
 And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
 Having no other pleasure of his gain
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
 And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
 Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
 To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
 The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
 What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
 We have no good that we can say is ours,
 But ill-annexed Opportunity
 Or kills his life or else his quality.

'O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
 'T is thou that executest the traitor's treason:

Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;
 Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season ;
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou makest the vestal violate her oath ;
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd ;
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth ;
 Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !
 Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud :
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
 Thy private feasting to a public fast,
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste :
 Thy violent vanities can never last.
 How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?
 When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end ?
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd ?
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee ;
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds ;
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid :
 They buy thy help ; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes ; and thou art well appaid
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
 My Collatine would else have come to me
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
 Guilty of perjury and subornation,
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
 Guilty of incest, that abomination ;
 An accessory by thine inclination
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare ;
 Thou nurset all and murder'st all that are :

O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

‘Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray’d the hours thou gavest me to repose,
Cancell’d my fortunes, and enchain’d me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time’s office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

‘Time’s glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To rinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

‘To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens’ wings,
To dry the old oak’s sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer’d steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune’s wheel;

‘To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

‘Why work’st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

‘Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

‘Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden’d hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

‘ Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
 Let him have time against himself to rave,
 Let him have time of Time’s help to despair,
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
 Let him have time a beggar’s orts to crave,
 And time to see one that by alms doth live
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

‘ Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
 And merry fools to mock at him resort;
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
 His time of folly and his time of sport;
 And ever let his unrecalling crime
 Have time to wail th’ abusing of his time.

‘ O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught’st this ill!
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
 For who so base would such an office have
 As slanderous death’s-man to so base a slave ?

‘ The baser is he, coming from a king,
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him honour’d, or begets him hate;
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
 The moon being clouded presently is miss’d,
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

‘ The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
 And unperceived fly with the filth away;
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
 The stain upon his silver down will stay.
 Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day;
 Gnats are unnoted wheresoe’er they fly,
 But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

‘ Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
 Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
 Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
 Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
 To trembling clients be you mediators:
 For me, I force not argument a straw,
 Since that my case is past the help of law.

‘ In vain I rail at Opportunity,
 At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
 In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
 In vain I spurn at my confirm’d despite:
 This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
 The remedy indeed to do me good
 Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

‘ Poor hand, why quiver’st thou at this decree?
 Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;

For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
 But if I live, thou livest in my defame:
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
 And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
 Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
 To find some desperate instrument of death:
 But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
 To make more vent for passage of her breath;
 Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
 As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
 Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
 Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
 I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
 Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
 But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
 So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
 Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
 And therefore now I need not fear to die.
 To clear this spot by death, at least I give
 A badge of fame to slander's livery;
 A dying life to living infamy:
 Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
 To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
 The stained taste of violated troth:
 I will not wrong thy true affection so,
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
 This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
 He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
 That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
 Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
 For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
 And with my trespass never will dispense,
 Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint,
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
 My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
 To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
 My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
 As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
 The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
 And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
 To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
 Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping:
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what 's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometime 't is mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

‘And whiles against a thorn thou bear’st thy part,
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye;
 Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

‘And for, poor bird, thou sing’st not in the day,
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
 That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
 Will we find out; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.’

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly,
 Or one encompass’d with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readily;
 So with herself is she in mutiny,
 To live or die which of the twain were better,
 When life is shamed, and death reproach’s debtor.

‘To kill myself,’ quoth she, ‘alack, what were it,
 But with my body my poor soul’s pollution?
 They that lose half with greater patience bear it
 Than they whose whole is swallow’d in confusion.
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion
 Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes on
 Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

‘My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
 When the one pure, the other made divine?
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
 When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
 Ay me! the bark peel’d from the lofty pine,
 His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
 So must my soul, her bark being peel’d away.

‘Her house is sack’d, her quiet interrupted,
 Her mansion batter’d by the enemy;
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil’d, corrupted,
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
 Then let it not be call’d impiety,
 If in this blemish’d fort I make some hole
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

‘Yet die I will not till my Collatine
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
 My stained blood to Tarquin I’ll bequeath,
 Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
 And as his due writ in my testament.

‘My honour I’ll bequeath unto the knife
 That wounds my body so dishonoured.



THE TWO WOMEN

'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
 The one will live, the other being dead :
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn :
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

' Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
 By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
 How Tarquin must be used, read it in me :
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
 And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

' This brief abridgment of my will I make :
 My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
 My resolution, husband, do thou take ;
 Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound ;
 My shame be his that did my fame confound ;
 And all my fame that lives disbursed be
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

' Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
 My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say " So be it : "
 Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee :
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
 And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
 With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress bies :
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
 With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
 And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
 For why her face wore sorrow's livery ;
 But durst not ask of her audaciously
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye ;
 Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
 Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
 Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
 Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
 One justly weeps : the other takes in hand
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;

Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will:
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from hence?'
'Madaun, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.'
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen :
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
 What should I say ? One of my husband's men
 Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear :
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it ;
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill :
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;
 What wit sets down is blotted straight with will ;
 This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill :
 Much like a press of people at a door,
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins : 'Thou worthy lord
 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee.
 Health to thy person ! Next vouchsafe t' afford —
 If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see —
 Some present speed to come and visit me.
 So, I commend me from our house in grief :
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
 By this short schedule Collatine may know
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :
 She dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
 To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold,
 When every part a part of woe doth bear.
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
 'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast :
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems :
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low ;
 And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye

Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
 And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect
 To talk in deeds, while others saucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
 Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
 The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
 Threatening cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy;
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
 As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
 The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioner
 Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
 Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
 And here and there the painter interlaces
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;

Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold !
The face of either cipher'd either's heart ;
Their face their manners most expressly told :
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight ;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight :
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice ;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;
Here one being throug'd bears back, all boll'n and red ;
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear ;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Griped in an armed hand ; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
 To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
 Many she sees where cares have carved some,
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
 Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
 Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
 Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign ;
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised ;
 Of what she was no semblance did remain :
 Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
 Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
 Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
 And bitter words to ban her cruel foes :
 The painter was no god to lend her those ;
 And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
 To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
 I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue ;
 And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
 And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong ;
 And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long ;
 And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
 Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
 This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear :
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here ;
 And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
 The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
 Become the public plague of many moe ?
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so ;
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe :
 For one's offence why should so many fall,
 To plague a private sin in general ?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
 Here many Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds,
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds :
 Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
 Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,

Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell ;
 So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
 To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow ;
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
 And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent :
 His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content ;
 Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
 So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
 A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;
 Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
 That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
 Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
 He entertained a show so seeming just,
 And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust
 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
 Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
 Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
 For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
 The credulous old Priam after slew ;
 Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining glory
 Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
 And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
 Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused ;
 So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill :
 And still on him she gazed ; and gazing still,
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
 That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—
 She would have said 'can lurk in such a look ;'
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took :
 'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
 And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I find,
 But such a face should bear a wicked mind :

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
 So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
 As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
 To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguiled
 With outward honesty, but yet defiled

With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Simon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
 And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event
 Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
 Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
 Why art thou thus attired in discontent?

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
 And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe;
 At length address'd to answer his desire,
 She modestly prepares to let them know
 Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
 While Collatine and his consorted lords
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending;
 'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
 In me moe woes than words are now depending;
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,
 To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
 And what wrong else may be imagined
 By foul enforcement might be done to me,
 From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
 With shining falchion in my chamber came
 A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
 And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame,
 And entertain my love; else lasting shame
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quoth he,
 "Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee
 And swear I found you where you did fulfil
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
 The lechers in their deed: this act will be
 My fame and thy perpetual infamy."

'With this, I did begin to start and cry;
 And then against my heart he sets his sword,
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
 I should not live to speak another word;
 So should my shame still rest upon record,
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome,
 Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
 And far the weaker with so strong a fear:

My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
 And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner dies.

'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
 Or at the least this refuge let me find;
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
 That was not forced; that never was inclined
 To accessory yieldings, but still pure
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
 With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,
 With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
 The grief away that stops his answer so:
 But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
 What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
 Back to the strait that forced him on so fast;
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
 'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
 Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
 More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so
 For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
 Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
 From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she,
 Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
 'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
 For 't is a meritorious fair design
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition
 Each present lord began to promise aid,
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,

The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she,
'How may this forced stain be wiped from me ?

'What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrained with dreadful circumstance ?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance ?
May any terms acquit me from this chance ?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again ;
And why not I from this compelled stain ?'

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name : 'He, he,' she says,
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak ;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, 'He, he, fair lords, 't is he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed :
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed :
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughtered body threw ;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
 'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
 If in the child the father's image lies,
 Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
 Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
 If children pre-decease progenitors,
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass. I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
 But now that fresh fair mirror, dim and old,
 Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
 That I no more can see what once I was!

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
 If they surcease to be that should survive.
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
 Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space:
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath
 And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
 Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
 Then son and father weep with equal strife
 Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
 The father says 'She 's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'
 Replies her husband: 'do not take away
 My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'

‘Woe, woe,’ quoth Collatine, ‘she was my wife,
I owed her, and ’t is mine that she hath kill’d.’
‘My daughter’ and ‘my wife’ with clamours fill’d
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece’ life,
Answer’d their cries, ‘my daughter’ and ‘my wife.’

Brutus, who pluck’d the knife from Lucrece’ side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece’ wound his folly’s show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings.
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm’d his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus’ eyes.
‘Thou wronged lord of Rome,’ quoth he, ‘arise:
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

‘Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

‘Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

‘Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain’d,
By heaven’s fair sun that breeds the fat earth’s store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain’d,
And by chaste Lucrece’ soul that late complain’d
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.’

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss’d the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin’s foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin’s everlasting banishment.

SONNETS.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF
THESE INSUING SONNETS
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED BY
OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELL-WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH.

T. T.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother,

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
 Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.
 But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
 Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
 And being frank she lends to those are free.
 Then, Beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
 The bounteous largess given thee to give?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
 For having traffic with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
 Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same
 And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
 For never-resting time leads summer on
 To hideous winter and confounds him there;
 Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
 Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
 Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
 That use is not forbidden usury
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one:
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
 Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity?
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
 To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
 But when from highest pitch, with weary car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract and look another way:
 So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
 Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee: 'thou single wilt prove none.'

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
 That thou consumest thyself in single life?
 Ah! if thou issueless shall hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
 The world will be thy widow and still weep
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private widow well may keep
 By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
 No love toward others in that bosom sits
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
 But that thou none lovest is most evident;
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
 Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?

Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
 Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
 Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
 If all were minded so, the times should cease
 And threescore year would make the world away.
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh featureless and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
 She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
 And die as fast as they see others grow;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
 No longer yours than you yourself here live:
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Find no determination; then you were
 Yourself again after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
 O, none but unthrifths! Dear my love, you know
 You had a father: let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
 And yet methinks I have astronomy,
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,

Or say with princes if it shall go well,
 By oft predict that I in heaven find:
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory;
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night;
 And all in war with Time for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
 And many maiden gardens yet unset
 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
 So should the lines of life that life repair,
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
 Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
 Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say, 'This poet lies;
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
 So should my papers yellow'd with their age
 Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
 And stretched metre of an antique song:
 But were some child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice; in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
 O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
 Him in thy course untainted do allow
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
 Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
 A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
 And for a woman wert thou first created;
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse.
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
 Making a complement of proud compare.
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
 O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
 I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date;
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate.
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
 How can I then be elder than thou art?
 O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
 Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.
 O, let my books be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
 Who plead for love and look for recompense
 More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
 My body is the frame wherein 't is held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art.
 For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictured lies;
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art;
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,

Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved
 Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written embassy,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit :
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving.
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;
 Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work 's expired :
 For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
 Lo ! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?
 When day's oppression is not eased by night,
 But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him thou art bright
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
 When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer
 And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewep my outcast state
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
 That due of many now is thine alone:
 Their images I loved I view in thee,
 And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time,
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
 'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage:
 But since he died and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
 'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak
 That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
 Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
 Such civil war is in my love and hate
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one:
 So shall those blots that do with me remain
 Without thy help by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
 I make my love engrafted to this store :
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
 That I in thy abundance am sufficed
 And by a part of all thy glory live.
 Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
 This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
 If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me ?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?
 And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee ?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here who doth hence remain !

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?
 No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call ;
 All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;
 But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;

And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
 Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her:
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
 All days are nights to see till I see thee,
 And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;
 For then despite of space I would be brought,
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay,
 No matter then although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;

For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But, ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that so much of earth and water wrought
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide:
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being made of four, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
 Until life's composition be recured
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
 A closet never pierced with crystal eyes—
 But the defendant doth that plea deny
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impaneled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them and they with thee;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,

That to my use it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief,
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,
 From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part ;
 And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advised respects ;
 Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
 Against that time do I ensconce me here
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 And this my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
 ' Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend !'
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider loved not speed, being made from thee :
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ;
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind ;
 My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed :
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know :
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
 Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
 Shall neigh — no dull flesh — in his fiery race ;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring and foison of the year;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear;
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room

Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
 So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view ;
 Else call it winter, which being full of care
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
 Save, where you are how happy you make those.
 So true a fool is love that in your will,
 Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
 O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty ;
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong
 That you yourself may privilege your time
 To what you will ; to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
 The second burden of a former child !
 O, that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,

Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done!
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame;
 Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.

O, sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
 O, no? thy love, though much, is not so great:
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
 For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
 And all my soul and all my every part;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
 Beated and chopp'd with taun'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;

When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
 And all those beauties whereof now he's king
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by 'Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay:
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needing nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill:
 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve
 And lace itself with his society?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
 Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
 When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head;
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
 All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own
 In other accents do this praise confound
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
 Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The solve is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd or victor being charged;

Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
 If thinking on me then should make you wee.
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay,
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit lived in me, that you should love
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee:

The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead,
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
 Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure;
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight
 And by and by clean starved for a look;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
 O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:

For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory can not contain
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
 Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,

As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be?
 But thou art all my art and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd
 And my sick Muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
 He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My sancy bark inferior far to his
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building and of goodly pride:
 If he thrive and I be cast away,
 The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
 When all the breathers of this world are dead;
 You still shall live — such virtue hath my pen —
 Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse
 And therefore mayst without attain't o'erlook
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,
 And therefore art enforced to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
 And do so, love; yet when they have devised
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
 In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
 And their gross painting might be better used
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need
 And therefore to your fair no painting set:
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt;
 And therefore have I slept in your report,
 That you yourself being extant well might show
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
 For I impair not beauty being mute,
 When others would give life and bring a tomb.
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
 In whose confine immured is the store
 Which should example where your equal grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
 Making his style admired every where.
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
 Reserve their character with golden quill
 And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
 I think good thoughts whilst other write good words,
 And like unletter'd clerk still cry 'Amen'
 To every hymn that able spirit affords
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
 Hearing you praised, I say 'T is so, 't is true,'
 And to the most of praise add something more;

But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
 Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inbearn,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 As victors of my silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence;
 But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
 That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
 And I by this will be a gainer too;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence;
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,

As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
 I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,
 Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
 Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
 Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee against myself I'll vow debate,
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:
 Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might,
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
 But these particulars are not my measure;
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
 All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine,
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend;
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face

May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
 But heaven in thy creation did decree
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
 And husband nature's riches from expense;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die,
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O, what a mansion have those vices got
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;
 Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time removed was summer's time,
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
 If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
 But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
 But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
 Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
 Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there;

If any, be a satire to decay,
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
 So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
 Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say
 'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
 But best is best, if never intermix'd?'
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee
 To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
 And to be praised of ages yet to be.
 Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
 I love not less, though less the show appear:
 That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
 Our love was new and then but in the spring
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild music burthens every bough
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
 Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
 That having such a scope to show her pride,
 The argument all bare is of more worth
 Than when it hath my added praise beside!
 O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well?
 For to no other pass my verses tend
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
 Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
 In process of the seasons have I seen,

Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure and no pace perceived;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
 Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
 'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
 Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character
 Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?

What 's new to speak, what new to register,
 That may express my love or thy dear merit?
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same,
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page,
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
 That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
 Like him that travels I return again,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there
 And made myself a motley to the view,
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new;
 Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
 Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
 You are my all the world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
 In so profound abysm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
 And that which governs me to go about
 Doth part his function and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
 For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,
 To make of monsters and things indigest
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
 O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
 If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
 Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'

When I was certain o'er incertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come:
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds
 And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down
 And on just proof surmise accumulate;
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
 Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge,
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseased ere that there was true needing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured
 And brought to medicine a healthful state
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
 Distill'd from limbeckes foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!

How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
 In the distraction of this madding fever!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuked to my content
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow which I then did feel
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken
 As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time,
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'T is better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling but by others' seeing:
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
 No, I am that I am, and they that level
 At my abuses reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain
 Beyond all date, even to eternity;
 Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;
 Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might

To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
 And rather make them born to our desire
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the past,
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.
 This I do vow and this shall ever be;
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
 No, it was builded far from accident;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
 It fears not policy, that heretic,
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
 For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
 When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
 She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
 But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
 At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action : and till action, lust
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad ;
 Mad in pursuit and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe ;
 Before, a joy proposed ; behind, a dream.
 All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;

I grant I never saw a goddess go;
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
 For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
 To say they err I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck, do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
 In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
 Have put on black and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
 O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like in every part.
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
 For deep wound it gives my friend and me!
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken:
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
 And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous and he is kind;

He learn'd but surety-like to write for me
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
 And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
 One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
 Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
 'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,

That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue;
 Use power with power and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
 What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy might
 Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
 Lest sorrow lend me words and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know;
 For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be,
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell:
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
 Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate'
 To me that languish'd for her sake;
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
 Was used in giving gentle doom,
 And taught it thus anew to greet;
 'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day

Doth follow night, who like a fiend
 From heaven to hell is flown away;
 'I hate' from hate away she threw,
 And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 . . . these rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward wall so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's 'No.'
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
 No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
 When I against myself with thee partake?
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?

Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan ?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind ;
 Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
 With insufficiency my heart to sway ?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day ?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds ?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate ?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state :
 If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is :
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove :
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason ;
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
 In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty ? I am perjured most ;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost,
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see ;
 For I have sworn thee fair ; more perjured I,
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie !

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
 I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire — my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
 A painful story from a sisting vale,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
 And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
 The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited characters,
 Laundering the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
 And often reading what contents it bears;

As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaten fillet still did bide,
And true to bondage would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear:
Cried 'O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh —
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew —
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'T is promised in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began but to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
makes!"
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,

All replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
 To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
 He had the dialect and different skill,
 Catching all passions in his craft of will:

'That he did in the general bosom reign
 Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 In personal duty, following where he haunted:
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
 And dialogued for him what he would say,
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
 Like fools that in th' imagination set
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
 And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
 And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,
 Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
 Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
 Finding myself in honour so forbid,
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remained the foil
 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shun'd by precedent
 The destined ill she must herself assay?
 Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
 To put the by-past perils in her way?
 Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
 For when we rage, advice is often seen
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
 That we must curb it upon others' proof;
 To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
 For fear of harms that preach in our behalf.
 O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
 The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
 Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

'For further I could say "This man 's untrue,"
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
 Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;

Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

' And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he gan besiege me : " Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid :
That 's to ye sworn to none was ever said ;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

" " All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;
Love made them not : with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind :
They sought their shame that so their shame did find ;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

" " Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leasures ever charm'd :
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

" " Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood ;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me,
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the enermison'd mood ;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

" " And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have received from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

" " The diamond,— why, 't was beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend ;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold : each several stone.
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

" " Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender ;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you eupatron me.

“O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you: and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

“Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note:
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

“But, O my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

“O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt, all liberty procured.

“How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congeat,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

“My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

“When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst
shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

“Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;

And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glazed with crystal gate the glewing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although I know my years be past the best,
 I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
 Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
 But wherefore says my love that she is young?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
 And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
 Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
 Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
 That like two spirits do suggest me still;
 My better angel is a man right fair,
 My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
 For being both to me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell;
 The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
 Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
 Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
 Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To break an oath to win a paradise?

IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
 She told him stories to delight his ear;
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye;

To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,
 Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
 He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

V.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
 O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
 Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful
 thunder,
 Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
 Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
 To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
 A longing trarriance for Adonis made
 Under an osier growing by a brook,
 A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
 He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
 'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
 A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none fals'er to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.
 She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
 She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spencer to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
* * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
She show'd hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp string!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced me.'
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlaced me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms;

'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
 Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
 To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
 Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame:
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young!
 Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
 A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
 A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
 A brittle glass that 's broken presently:
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
 As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
 As broken glass no cement can redress,
 So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
 She bade good night that kept my rest away;
 And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.
 'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow:'
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
 'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
 My heart doth charge the watch: the morning rise
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;
 For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:

The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
 Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
 For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
 But now are minutes added to the hours;
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
 Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

[XVI.]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
 That liked of her master as well as well might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
 Her fancy fell a-turning.
 Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
 To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel!
 But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
 That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
 Alas, she could not help it!
 Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
 Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
 For now my song is ended.

XVII.

On a day, alack the day!
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air:
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, gan passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
 'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so!
 But, alas! my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
 Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiope were;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.'

[XVIII.]

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,

All is aniss :
 Love 's denying,
 Faith 's defying,
 Heart 's renying,
 Causer of this.
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is placed without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss ;
 O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame !
 For now I see
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall :
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 O cruel speeding,
 Fraughted with gall.
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal ;
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
 My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
 My sighs so deep
 Procure to weep,
 In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
 How sighs resound
 Through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not
 Forth their dye ;
 Herds stand weeping,
 Flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs back peeping
 Fearfully :
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains,
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
 Farewell, sweet lass,
 Thy like ne'er was
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :
 Poor Corydon,
 Must live alone ;
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy partial might :

Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,⁷
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age doth them attain,
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough, too much, I fear;
Lest that my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to round me i' the ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[XX.]

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove

That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

[XXI.]

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, tereu!' by and by:
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;

But if store of crowns be scant, No man will supply thy want. If that one be prodigal, Bountiful they will him call, And with such-like flattering, 'Pity but he were a king ;' If he be addict to vice, Quickly him they will entice ; If to women he be bent, They have at commandement : But if Fortune once do frown, Then farewell his great renown ;	They that fawn'd on him be- fore Use his company no more. He that is thy friend indeed, He will help thee in thy need : If thou sorrow, he will weep ; If thou wake, he cannot sleep ; Thus of every grief in heart He with thee doth bear a part. These are certain signs to know Faithful friend from flattering foe.
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THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

LET the bird of loudest lay, On the sole Arabian tree, Herald sad and trumpet be, To whose sound chaste wings obey. But thou shrieking harbinger, Foul precurrer of the fiend, Augur of the fever's end, To this troop come thou not near ! From this session interdict Every fowl of tyrant wing, Save the eagle, feather'd king : Keep the obsequy so strict. Let the priest in surplice white, That defunctive music can, Be the death-divining swan, Lest the requiem lack his right. And thou treble-dated crow, That thy sable gender makest With the breath thou givest and takest, 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. Here the anthem doth com- mence : Love and constancy is dead ; Phœnix and the turtle fled In a mutual flame from hence. So they loved, as love in twain Had the essence but in one ; Two distincts, division none ; Number there in love was slain. Hearts remote, yet not asunder ; Distance, and no space was seen 'Twixt the turtle and his queen ; But in them it were a wonder. So between them love did shine, That the turtle saw his right	Flaming in the phœnix's sight ; Either was the other's mine. Property was thus appall'd, That the self was not the same ; Single nature's double name Neither two nor one was call'd. Reason, in itself confounded, Saw division grow together, To themselves yet either neither, Simple were so well compound- ed, That it cried, How true a twain Seemeth this concordant one ! Love hath reason, reason none, If what parts can so remain. Whereupon it made this threne To the phœnix and the dove, Co-supremes and stars of love, As chorus to their tragic scene.
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THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity, Grace in all simplicity, Here enclosed in cinders lie. Death is now the phœnix' nest ; And the turtle's loyal breast To eternity doth rest, Leaving no posterity : 'T was not their infirmity, It was married chastity. Truth may seem, but cannot be ; Beauty brag, but 't is not she ; Truth and beauty buried be. To this urn let those repair That are either true or fair ; For these dead birds sigh a prayer.
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EXPLANATORY NOTES.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

“*Like the courser's hair.*”—Act I. Sc. 2.

Holinshead says, “a *horse haire* laid in a full pale of the like water will in a short time stirre and became a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few.”—STEEVENS.

“*Gilded puddle.*”—Act I. Sc. 4.

There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools, that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold coloured slime; to this appearance the poet here refers.—HENLEY.

“*Mandragora.*”—Act I. Sc. 5.

Gerard, in his Herbal, says of the *mandragoras*:—“Dioscorides dothe particularly set downe many faculties hereof, of which notwithstanding there be none proper unto it, save those that depend upon the drowsie and sleeping power thereof.”—PERCY.

“*That great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.*”—Act I. Sc. 5.

Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*.—JOHNSON.

“*I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.*”—Act II. Sc. 5.

It is an eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold dust* and *seed pearl*.—WARBURTON.

“*A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.*”—Act II. Sc. 6.

“*Cleopatra* trussed up in a *matrasse*, and so brought to *Cæsar*, upon *Apollodorus'* backe.”—NORTH'S PLUTARCH, 1579.

“*The goddess Isis.*”—Act III. Sc. 6.

“Now for *Cleopatra*, she did not only weare at that time (but al other times els, when she came abroad) the apparell of the *goddesse Isis*, and so gaue audience vnto all her subjects, as a new *Isis*.”

NORTH'S PLUTARCH.

“*Whom leprosy o’ertake.*”—Act III. Sc. 8.

Pliny, who says, the *white leprosy*, or *elephantiasis*, was not seen in Italy before the time of Pompey the Great, adds, it is “a peculiar maladie, and *naturall to the Egyptians*; but looke when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the subjects and poor people: for then were the tubs and bathing vessels wherein they sate in the baine, filled with men’s blood for their cure.”—REED.

“*It was a king’s.*”—Act IV. Sc. 8.

“Then came Antony again to the palace greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold.”—NORTH’S PLUTARCH.

“*The pretty worm of Nile.*”—Act V. Sc. 2.

Worm is the Teutonick word for *serpent*; we have the blind-worm and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, sometimes seen in the Northern ocean, the *sea-worm*.

JOHNSON.

CYMBELINE.

“*Tenantius.*”—Act I. Sc. 1.

Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death, Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his decease, Tenantius was established on the throne. According to some writers, he quietly paid the tribute, others say he refused it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be true, and follows Holinshed, from whom he got the name of Sicilius. Leonatus is a name which occurs in Sydney’s Arcadia.—MALONE.

“*All sworn and honourable.*”—Act II. Sc. 4.

It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility, and other great personages, (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entering into office.—PERCY.

“*The ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr’d moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.*”—Act IV. Sc. 2.

The *ruddock* is the redbreast, and is so called by Spenser and Chaucer. The office of covering the dead is ascribed to this bird by Drayton:

“Cov’ring with moss the dead’s unclosed eye,
The little red-breast teacheth charitie.”

And in an old book called *Cornucopia*, it is said: "The *Robin Redbreast*, if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with m^oesse, and some thinke that if the bodye should remaine unburied, that he would cover the whole bodye also." We all remember "The Children in the Wood."

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## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

"Ay, come, *Semiramis*."—Act II. Sc. 3.

"Queen *Semiramis* loved a great horse that she had, so farre forth, that she was content he should doe his kind with her."

PLINY'S NAT. HIST.

"A precious ring."—Act II. Sc. 4.

There is supposed to be a gem called a *carbuncle*, which emits not reflected, but native light. Boyle believed in its existence.—JOHNSON.

"As far from help as limbo is from bliss."—Act III. Sc. 1.

The *limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen fancied to be in the vicinity of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs, and of those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection, were detained.

"Honey-stalks to sheep."—Act IV. Sc. 4.

*Honey-stalks* are *clover-flowers*, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die.

JOHNSON.

"Bring down the devil."—Act V. Sc. 1.

It appears from these words, that the audience were amused with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off.—STEEVENS.

"Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred."—Act V. Sc. 3.

The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that we cannot omit showing the reader how he continues the speech before us:

"Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,  
And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up."

[Stabs the Emperess.

And then—"A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Chiron and Demetrius hanging up against the wall; their bodies in chains in bloody lincn."—STEEVENS.

"Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth."—Act V. Sc. 3.

That *justice* and *cookery* may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *racked* and *roasted* on the stage.

We have already given specimens of the changes made in this piece

by Ravenscroft, who revised it successfully in the year 1687; and may add, that when the empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:

“She has outdone me, ev’n in mine own art,  
Outdone me in murder, kill’d her own child;  
Give it me, I’ll eat it.” STEEVENS

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### PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe, that Antioch was the metropolis of Syria; Tyre, a city of Phœnicia in Asia; Tarsus, the metropolis of Cicilia, a country of Asia-minor; Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean sea; and Ephesus, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.—STEEVENS.

“When I saw the porpus, how he bounded and tumbled.”—Act II. Sc. 1.

Captain Cook, in his second voyage to the South Seas, mentions the playing of *porpusses* round the ship as a certain sign of a violent gale of wind.—MASON.

“A pair of bases.”—Act II. Sc. 1.

What *bases* mean is quite uncertain, but from a passage in Sydney’s Arcadia, we may suppose they were a kind of breeches. “His *bases* (which he ware so long as they almost came to his ankles) were embroidered onely with blacke wormes, which seemed to crawl up and downe, as readie areadie to devour him.”—STEEVENS.

“Till the ship be cleared of the dead.”—Act III. Sc. 1.

There was an ancient superstition, that a ship at sea would sink if a corpse remained on board. So in Fuller’s Historie of the Holy Warre: “His body was carried into France, there to be buried, and was most miserably tossed; it being observed, that the sea cannot digest the crudity of a dead corpse, being a due debt to be interred where it dieth; and a ship cannot abide to be made a bier of.—STEEVENS.

“These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes.”—Act IV. Sc. 2.

The Spanish Armada probably furnished the author with this name. Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake, on the 22d of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. The making one of this Spaniard’s ancestors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days.—MALONE.

“To keep our door hatched.”—Act IV. Sc. 2.

The doors or hatches of brothels seem to have had some distinguishing mark. So in Cupid’s Whirligig, 1607:—“Set some *pirke* upon your hatch, and, I pray, profess to keep a *bawdy-house*.”

"*And cry, he that will give most, shall have her first.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

The prices of first and second prostitution were exactly settled; so in an old prose romance: "Go thou and make a crye through the citie, that of all men that shall enbabyte with her carnally, the fyrst shall give me a pounde of golde, and after that echone a peny of golde.—STEEVENS.

"*I have drawn her picture with my voice.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

It was formerly the custom at Naples to hang up the pictures of celebrated courtesans in the public parts of the town, to serve as directions where they lived.—MASON.

"*Crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.*"—Act IV. Sc. 6.

A skilful workman, who had discovered the *art of making glass malleable*, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off instantly, lest the invention should injure the workers in precious metals.—DION CASSIUS.

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## KING LEAR.

"*And to eat no fish.*"—Act I. Sc. 4.

In Elizabeth's time, the papists were thought, and with reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial expression of, *he's an honest man, and eats no fish*, to signify *he's a friend to the government, and a protestant*; the eating of fish being considered such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined by parliament to encourage the fish-towns, it was held proper to declare the reason, hence it was called *Cecil's fast*.—WARBURTON.

"*That frontlet.*"—Act I. Sc. 4.

A *frontlet* was a forehead cloth, used formerly by ladies at night, to render that part smooth.—MALONE.

"*That's a shealed peascod.*"—Act I. Sc. 4.

The robing of Richard II.'s effigy in Westminster Abbey, is wrought with *peascods open*, and *the peas out*; perhaps an allusion to his once being in possession of full sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title.  
TOLLET.

"*Stocks brought out.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

This was not the first time of introducing *stocks* on the stage. In *Hick Scorner*, which was printed early in the reign of Henry VIII., *Pity* is put into them, and left there till he is freed by *Perseverance* and *Contemplacyon*.—STEEVENS.

"*Of Bedlam beggars.*"—Act II. Sc. 3.

In the *Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 1640, is an account of one of these characters under the name of an Abraham Man. "He swears he

nath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickly of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh; especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himself to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himself by the name of *Poore Tom*, and coming near any body cries out, *Poore Tom is a-cold*; of these Abraham Men, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines: some will dance, some will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe; others are dogged, and so sullen both in looke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants, through fear, to give them what they demand."

STEEVENS.

"*Then he wears wooden nether-stocks.*"—Act II. Sc. 4.

*Nether-stocks* is the old word for *stockings*. *Breeches* being at that time called *overstocks*.—STEEVENS.

"*Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

Edgar's ravings may be explained by reference to a passage in Harsnet's book: "This Exam' further sayeth, that one Alexander, an apothecary, having brought with him from London to Denham, on a time, a new *halter*, and two blades of *knives*, did leave the same upon the gallerie floore, in her master's house: a great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither, till Ma. Mainy, in his next fit said, it was reported that the *devil lay'd them in the gallerie*, that some of those that were possessed might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades."—MALONE.

"*Wore gloves in my cap.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

It was anciently the custom to wear gloves in the hat, on three different occasions, viz.: as the favour of a mistress; the memorial of a friend; and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. A passage or two may be given to prove the usage.

In the play called *Campaspe*: "Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, instead of plumes in graven helmets."

And in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather *brooch*."—STEEVENS.

"*Web and the pin.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

The Lapland method of cure for "a disease of the eyes called the *pin* and *web*, which is an imperfect stage of a cataract," is given by Acerbi, in his travels.—BLAKEWAY.

"*Whipped from tything to tything.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

A *tything* is a division of a place, a district; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times, every hundred was divided into *tythings*. By a statute of Elizabeth, it is enacted, "that every vagabond shall be *publickly whipped, and sent from parish to parish.*"

STEEVENS.

"*Peace, Smolkin, peace.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

The demons here mentioned by Edgar, were the popular fiends of the poet's age, and were well known among the superstitious of every class. Even the learned and noble fell into the same grovelling delusion; King

James was a staunch believer, not merely in their existence, but in the every-day agency which was ascribed to them by the vulgar. Shakspeare has made Edgar, in his feigned madness, allude to an imposture of some English Jesuits. The trick was in substance as follows:—While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the Jesuits were busy to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts among the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Peckham, a catholic; where Marwood, (a servant of Anthony Babington, who was afterwards executed for treason,) Trayford, an attendant on Peckham, and *three chambermaids*, in that family, came into the priest's hands to be cured; but the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests were so elate and careless with success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The devils mentioned by Edgar, are those who were made to act in this farce upon the chambermaids, and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that Harsnet has one chapter "On the strange names of their devils; lest (says he), meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for names of tapsters or jugglers."—WARBURTON.

"*Hopdance cries in Tom's belly.*"—Act III. Sc. 6.

In Harsnet's book, one of the pretended demoniacs deposeth—"that if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by reason that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her, and that the wind was the devil," and, "as she saith, if they heard any *croaking in her belly*, then they would make a wonderful matter of that."—STEEVENS.

"*Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.*"—Act III. Sc. 6.

A *horn* was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him. See A Pleasant Dispute between a Coach and a Sedan, 1636. "I have observed when a coach is appendant but two or three hundred pounds a yeere, marke it, the dogges are as leane as rakes; you may tell all their ribbes lying by the fire; and a *Tom-a-Bedlam* may sooner eat his *horne*, than get it filled with *small drinke*; and for his old alms of bacon there is no hope in the world."

MALONE

"*Upon these eyes of thine, I'll set my foot.*"—Act III. Sc. 7.

In Selimus, emperor of the Turks, one of the sons of Bajazet *pulls out the eyes of an Aga on the stage*, and says,

"Yes, thou shalt live, but never see that day,  
Wanting the tapers that should give thee light."

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. In Marston's Antonio's Revenge, 1602, *Piero's tongue is torn out upon the stage*. We give these instances of depraved taste, to prove that Shakspeare's drama was not more sanguinary than that of his contemporaries."

STEEVENS and MALONE.

"—— *Half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadfull trade!*"

Act IV. Sc. 6.

"*Samphire* grows in great plenty on most of the sea cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how the people gather it, hanging by a rope

several fathom from the top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air."—SMITH'S HISTORY OF WATERFORD, 1774.

"*That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.*"—Act IV. Sc. 6.

In several counties, to this day, they call a stuffed figure representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*.—THEOBALD.

"*It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt.*"—Act IV. Sc. 6.

This "delicate stratagem" had actually been put in practice about fifty years before Shakspeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's Life of Henry VIII. :—"And now," says that historian, "having feasted the ladies royally for divers days, he (Henry) departed from Tournay to Lisle, Oct. 13, 1513; whither he was invited by the Lady Margaret, who caused there a juste to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-room, raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black square stones, like marble; while the *horses*, to prevent sliding, *were shod with felt or flocks*; after which the ladies danced all night."—MALONE.

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## ROMEO AND JULIET.

"*We'll not carry coals.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

One that would *carry coals*, formerly meant a mean-spirited fellow, who would submit to any indignity without resentment. A passage or two from old plays will abundantly prove this:—

"Now my ancient being a man of an un-coal-carrying spirit."  
Chapman's *May-day*, 1610.

"Here comes one that will carry coals, ergo, will hold my dog."  
Every Man out of his Humour.

"He has had wrong, and if I were he, I would beare no coales."  
Antonio and Mellida, 1602.

"*I will bite my thumb at them.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

This mode of quarrelling appears to have been common in our author's time. "What swearing is there (says Decker, describing the various groups that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's church), what scouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs to beget quarrels!*" The *Dead Term*, 1603.—MALONE.

"*Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

Tachius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it.—DR. GREY.



“*Court-cupboard.*”—Act I. Sc. 5.

A *court-cupboard* was a moveable, a *boufet*, a fixture. The former was open, and made of plain oak; the latter had folding-doors, and was both painted and gilded on the inside.—STEEVENS.

“*Turn the tables up.*”—Act I. Sc. 5.

It should be observed, that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges and placed on tressels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore turned up.—STEEVENS.

“*Like powder in a skill-less soldier’s flask.*”—Act III. Sc. 3.

To understand this allusion, it should be remembered, that the ancient English soldiers, using *match-locks*, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a *lighted match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden flask in which they kept their powder.—STEEVENS.

“*Lie thou there.*”—Act IV. Sc. 3.

It appears from several passages in our old plays, that knives were formerly part of the bride’s accoutrements, and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet’s state had been just left with her. So in Decker’s *Match Me* in London, 1631:—

“See at my girdle hang my wedding-knives.”

And in King Edward III., 1599:—

“Here by my side do hang my wedding-knives.”

“*And shrieks like mandrakes drawn out of the earth.*”

Act IV. Sc. 3.

The *mandrake* (says Thomas Newton, in his *Herball* to the Bible, 8vo. 1587) has been idly represented as “a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some deade person that hath been convicted and put to deathe for some felonie or murder; and that they had the same in such dampishe and funerall places where the saide convicted persous were buried.”—STEEVENS.

“*One of our order to associate me.*”—Act V. Sc. 2.

Each friar has always a companion assigned him by his superior, when he asks leave to go out; and thus they are a check upon each other.

STEEVENS.

## HAMLET.

“*The morning cock crew loud.*”—Act I. Sc. 2.

Bourne, of Newcastle, in his *Antiquities of the Common People*, informs us,—“It is a received tradition among the vulgar, that at the time of *cock-crowing*, the midnight spirits forsake these lower regions, and go to their proper places. Hence it is (says he), that in country places, where the way of life requires more early labour, they always go cheerfully to work at that time; whereas, if they are called abroad sooner, they imagine every thing they see a wandering ghost.”—FARMER.

“*They clepe us, drunkards.*”—Act I. Sc. 4.

And well our Englishmen might; for in Elizabeth’s time there was a *Dane* in London, who is thus mentioned in a collection of characters, entitled *Looke to It, for Ile Stab Ye*:—

“You that will drink Reynaldo unto deth,  
The Dane that would carowse out of his boote.”

And it appears from one of Howell’s Letters, dated at Hamburg, in the year 1632, that the then king of Denmark had not degenerated from his jovial predecessors. In his account of an entertainment given by his majesty to the earl of Leicester, he tells us, that the king, after beginning *thirty-five toasts*, was carried away in his chair, and that all the officers of the court were drunk.—STEEVENS.

“*Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,  
And, for the day, confin’d to fast in fires.*”—Act I. Sc. 5.

Among the other punishments of hell and purgatory, continual hunger and thirst were enumerated. Chaucer says,—“And moreover the *misese* of hell shall be in default of meat and drinke.” Nashe, in his *Pierce Penniless*, has the same idea:—“Whether it be a place of horror, stench, and darkness, where men *see meat, but can get none*, and are ever thirsty.” So, likewise, at the conclusion of an ancient pamphlet, called *The Wyll of the Devyll*:—

“Thou shalt lye in frost and fire  
With sicknesse and hunger.”

“*In her excellent white bosom, these.*”—Act II. Sc. 2.

It was customary for ladies to have a pocket at the *bosom* of their dress, in which they kept *letters*, or any other valuable which they desired to have constantly about them.

“*An eyry of children.*”—Act II. Sc. 2.

This relates to the young singing men of the Chapel-Royal, or St. Paul’s, of the former of whom mention occurs in a puritanical pamphlet so early as 1569:—“Plais will never be supprest, while her Majesties unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattens. They had as well be at their popish service in the devill’s garments. Even in her Majestie’s chapel do these pretty upstart youthes profane the Lorde’s day by the lascivious writhings of their tender limbes, and gorgeous decking of their apparell, in feigning bawdie fables gathered from their idolatrous heathen poets.”—STEEVENS

“*By the altitude of a chopine.*”—Act II. Sc. 2.

“A thing made of wood, and covered with leather of sundry colours, some with white, some with redde, some yellow. It is called a *chopiney*, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted, some also of them have I seen fairly gilte. There are many of these *chopineys* of a great height, even half a yarde highe, whiche maketh many of their women, whiche are very short, seeme much taller than the tallest woman we have in England. Also, I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her *chopineys*. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted and sup-

ported, eyther by men or women, when they walke abroade, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might quickly take a fall."—CORYAT'S CRUDITES, 1611.

"*Like French falconers.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

The amusement of falconry was much cultivated in France. In Sir Thomas Browne's Tracts, we are told, that "the *French* seem to have been the first and noblest *falconers* in the western part of Europe." And, that "the French king sent over his falconers to show that sport to King James the First."—STEEVENS.

"*I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough.*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

Painting the skin was very common, anciently, and was frequently alluded to by Shakspeare's contemporaries. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf*:—

"—— No sooner got the teens,  
But her own natural beauty she disdains;  
With oyls and broths most venomous and base,  
She plaisters over her well-favour'd face;  
And those sweet veins by nature rightly plac'd,  
Wherewith she seems that white skin to have lac'd,  
She soon doth alter, and, with fading blue,  
Blanching her bosom, she makes others new."—STEEVENS.

"*Out-herods Herod.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

The character of *Herod* in the ancient mysteries was always a vioient one. The following language is put into his mouth in an old play:—

"Now I reign lyk a king array'd full rych,  
Rollyd in ryngges and robys of array,  
Dukys with dentys I drive into the dych,  
My dedys be full dowty demyd be day."

"Of bewte and of boldnes I her evermore the belle,  
Of mayn and of myght I master every man;  
I dyngge with my dowtiness the devyl down to belle,  
For bothe of hevyn and of earth I am kynge certann."  
STEEVENS and MALONE.

"*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

To lie at the feet of a mistress, during any dramatic representation, seems to have been a common act of gallantry. So in *The Queen of Corinth*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"Ushers her to her coach, lies at her feet  
At solemn masques, applauding what she laughs at."  
STEEVENS.

"*Behind the arras I'll convey myself.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

The arras-hangings, in the poet's time, were hung at such a distance from the wall, that a person might easily stand behind them unperceived.  
MALONE.

‘*Look here, upon this picture, and on this.*’—Act III. Sc. 4.

The introduction of *miniatures* in this place is a modern innovation. A print prefixed to Rowe’s edition of *Hamlet*, 1709, proves this. There the two royal portraits are exhibited as *half lengths*, hanging in the queen’s closet; and either thus, or as whole lengths, they were probably exhibited from the time of the original performance of this tragedy, to the death of Betterton. We may also learn, from this print, that the trick of throwing down the chair, on the appearance of the ghost, was adopted by modern *Hamlets*, from the practice of their predecessors.

MALONE and STEEVENS.

“*Thunders in the index,*”—Act III. Sc. 4.

In many old books we find the index inserted at the beginning instead of the end, as is now usual.

“*Hide fox, and all after.*”—Act IV. Sc. 3.

There is a play among children, called *Hide fox and all after*, which Decker seems to allude to in his *Satiromastix*: “Our unhandsome-faced poet does play at bo-peep with your grace, and cries,—‘*All hid, as boys do.*’”—HANNER.

“*By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.*”—Act IV. Sc. 5.

This is the description of a *pilgrim*. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that mask. The cockleshell hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation; for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells in their hats, to denote the due performance of their vows.—WARBURTON.

“*The owl was a baker’s daughter.*”—Act IV. Sc. 5.

This is a common story among the vulgar in Gloucestershire, and is thus related: “Our Saviour went into a baker’s shop, where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who insisted that the piece of dough was too large, and reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size. Whereupon, the baker’s daughter cried out—‘Heugh, heugh, heugh!’ which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour, for her wickedness, to transform her into that bird.”—DOUCE.

“*By Saint Charity.*”—Act IV. Sc. 5.

In the scene between the bastard Faulconbridge and the friars and nun, in *The First Part of the Troublesome Raigne of King John*,—“The nunne swears *by Gis*, and the friar prays to *Saint Withold* (another obsolete saint mentioned in *King Lear*), and adjure him by *Saint Charitie* to hear them.”—BLACKSTONE.

“*There’s rosemary, that’s for remembrance.*”—Act IV. Sc. 5.

*Rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings. Thus, in *The Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634: “I meet few but are stuck with *rosemary*: every

one asked me who was to be married." *Pansies* is for *thoughts*, because of its name, *pensées*; so, in *All Fools*, a comedy by Chapman, 1605:

"What flowers are these?<sup>1</sup>  
The pansie this.  
O, that's for lovers' thoughts!"

Greene, in his *Quip* for an *Upstart Courtier*, 1620, calls *fennel*, *women's weeds*, "fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens, they wish wantonly." *Columbines* are thus mentioned by Chapman in his *All Fools*:

"What's that? — a columbine?  
No: that thankless flower grows not in my garden."

Ophelia calls *rue* the *herb of grace*: the following passage from a *Quip* for an *Upstart Courtier*, is much to the purpose: "Some of them smiled and said *rue* was called *herbe grace*, which, though they scorned in their youth, they might weare in their age, and that it was never too late to say *miserere*." In the same work, the emblematical character of the *daisy* is thus given: "Next them grew the *dissembling daisy*, to warne such light-of-love wenches not to trust every fairie promise that such amorous bachelors make them." The *violet* is thus characterized in an old collection of sonnets, printed 1584:

"Violet is for faithfulness,  
Which in me shall abide;  
Hoping likewise that from your heart  
You will not let it slide."

"*To play at loggats with them.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

This is a game still played in several parts of England. A stake is fixed into the ground; those who play, throw *loggats* at it, and he that is nearest the stake wins: we have seen it played at sheep-shearing feasts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterwards presented to the farmer's maid to spin, for the purpose of making a petticoat, and on condition that she knelt down on the fleece, to be kissed by all the rustics present.—STEEVENS.

"*The age is grown so picked.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

This alludes to a very absurd fashion. Shoes with pointed toes, of a monstrous length, were so generally worn in England, that it was restrained at last by proclamation, so long ago as the 5th of Edward IV., when it was ordered, "That the beaks or pykes of shoes and boots should not pass two inches, upon pain of cursing by the clergy, and forfeiting twenty shillings, to be paid, one noble to the king, another to the cord-wainers of London, and the third to the chamber of London: and for other countries and towns, the like order was taken. Before this time, and since the year 1482, the pykes of shoes and boots were of such length, that they were fain to be tied up to the knee with chains of silver, and gilt, or at least silken laces.—STEEVENS.

"*In the bilboes.*"—Act V. Sc. 2.

The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which disorderly or mutinous sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain, famous for its steel manufactures. The legs of persons suffering the punishment were connected so closely, that it was impossible for one to move without distressing the other; so

that any attempt to rest under such circumstances was wholly fruitless. The *bilboes* are still shown in the Tower of London, among the other spoils of the *Spanish Armada*.—STEEVENS.

“*I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair.*”—Act V. Sc. 2.

“I have, in my time (says Montaigne), seen some, who, by writing, did earnestly get both their titles and living, to disavow their apprenticeship, marre their pen, and affect the ignorance of so *vulgar a qualitie*.” So, in Fletcher’s *Woman-Hater*:—“Tis well, and you have learned to write a bad hand, that the readers may take pains for it. Your lordship hath a secretary that can write fair when you purpose to be understood.”

BOSWELL.

“*Hangers.*”—Act V. Sc. 2.

Under this term were comprehended four graduated straps, &c., that hung down in a belt on each side of its receptacle for the sword. I have seen a most gorgeous belt of this description, at least as old as the time of James I. It was of common velvet, embroidered with gold, and had belonged to the Somerset family. Pope mistook the meaning of this term, conceiving it to signify “short pendulous broad-swords.”

STEEVENS.

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## OTHELLO.

“*Special officers of night.*”—Act I. Sc. 2.

Shakspeare must have read the *Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, translated by Lewkenor, in which the following passage occurs: “For the greater expedition thereof, of these kinds of judgments, the heads or chieftains of the *officers by night* do obtain the authority of which the advocators are deprived. These *officers of the night* are six, and six likewise are those meane officers, that have only power to correct base vagabonds and trifling offences.”—MALONE.

“*Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you,  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.*”—Act I. Sc. 3.

It was part of the policy of the Venetian state, never to entrust the command of an army to a native. “To exclude therefore (says Contarino, as translated by Lewkenor, 1599.) from the Venetian state, the danger or occasion of ambitious enterprises, our ancestors held it a better course to defend the dominions on the continent with foreign mercenary soldiers than with the home-bred citizens. Their charges and yearly occasions of disbursement are likewise very great; for alwise they do entertain in honorable sort with great provision a *capitaine generale*, who alwise is a stranger borne.”—MALONE.

“*The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.*”—Act I. Sc. 3.

The *Cannibals* and *Anthropophagi* were known to an English audience before Shakspeare introduced them. In *The History of Orlando*

Furioso, played before Elizabeth, they are mentioned, and Raleigh speaks of people whose heads *appear not above their shoulders*. Histories, says Gilpin, in a sermon before Edward IV., notice "a people called *Anthropophagi, eaters of men*." In Hackluyt's Voyages, 1598, we find this passage: "On that branch which is called Caora, are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders: they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breastes."—REED and STEEVENS.

"*Thrice driven bed of down*."—Act I. Sc. 3.

A *driven bed* is a bed for which the feathers are selected, by *driving* with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy.—JOHNSON.

"*As luscious as locusts*."—Act I. Sc. 3.

The fruit of the *locust tree* is a long black pod, that contains the seeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice, of much the same consistency as fresh honey.—STEEVENS.

"*Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings*."—Act III. Sc. 3.

*Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist.—HANMER.

"—— if the general camp,  
*Pioneers and all*."—Act III. Sc. 3.

*Pioneers* were generally degraded soldiers, appointed to the office of *pioneer* as a punishment for misbehaviour. "A soldier ought ever to retain and keepe his armes in saftie and forthcoming, for he is more to be detested than a coward, that will lose or play away any part thereof, or refuse it for his ease, or to avoid paines; wherefore such a one is to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made some *abject pioneer*." The Art of War, by E. Davies, 1619.—GROSE.

"*Crusadoes*."—Act III. Sc. 4.

The *crusado* is so called from the cross which is stamped upon it; it is a Portuguese coin, in value about three shillings of our money.—GREY.

"*And it was died in mummy*."—Act III. Sc. 4.

The balsamic liquor running from *mummies*, was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. We are now wise enough to know that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary. Mummy, however, is still much coveted by painters, as a transparent brown colour which throws a warmth into their shadows.—STEEVENS.

"*If that the earth should teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls, would prove a crocodile*."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Shakspeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. "It is written (says Bullokar), that he shall weep over a man's head, when he hath devoured the body, and then will eat up the head too. Wherefore, in Latin there is a proverb, *crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to signify such tears as are fained." It appears, that a dead crocodile, "but in perfect forme," of about nine feet long, had been exhibited in London in our poet's time.—MALONE.

“*For a joint ring.*”—Act IV. Sc. 3.

The nature of a joint ring will be best explained by a passage in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*:

“—— a curious artist wrought them,  
 With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd;  
 Yet are they both each other's counterpart:  
 Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,  
 (You know those names are theirs) and in the midst,  
 A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.  
 Now if the rivets of those rings inclos'd,  
 Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye:  
 But if they join, you must for ever part.”

“*Chrysolite.*”—Act V. Sc. 1.

Pliny informs us, that Ptolemy Philadelphus had a statue of his wife, *Arsinoe*, made of *one topas*, four cubits in length. *Topaz* and *chrysolite* were once used as synonymous terms.—PLUMTREE.



## NOTE.

**I**N order that this edition of Shakespeare might be more complete, it has been deemed requisite that a collection of gems be appended to it. Our design is not to give a complete Concordance of Shakespeare's words, which would imply the duplicating of the same passage as well as the introduction of many thousands of trivial passages, but rather to select all the desirable quotations (care being taken that complete sense was retained) and insert them once, taking for the initial word that which in our opinion is the most prominent.

The usual reference to Play, Act and Scene has been dropped, and that of Play, Volume and Page adopted. For rapid and accurate reference, the advantage of this over the other method will readily be appreciated.

## LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS.

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|                                   |                      |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| TEMPEST . . . . .                 | <i>Tem.</i>          |
| TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA . . . . . | <i>T. G. V.</i>      |
| MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR . . . . .  | <i>M. W. W.</i>      |
| MEASURE FOR MEASURE . . . . .     | <i>M. for M.</i>     |
| COMEDY OF ERRORS . . . . .        | <i>Com. E.</i>       |
| MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING . . . . .  | <i>M. Ado.</i>       |
| LOVE'S LABOR LOST . . . . .       | <i>L. L. L.</i>      |
| MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM . . . . . | <i>M. N. D.</i>      |
| MERCHANT OF VENICE . . . . .      | <i>Mer. V.</i>       |
| AS YOU LIKE IT . . . . .          | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      |
| TAMING OF THE SHREW . . . . .     | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      |
| ALL'S WELL THAT, ETC. . . . .     | <i>All's W.</i>      |
| TWELFTH NIGHT . . . . .           | <i>Tw. N.</i>        |
| WINTER'S TALE . . . . .           | <i>W. Tale.</i>      |
| KING JOHN . . . . .               | <i>K. J.</i>         |
| RICHARD II. . . . .               | <i>R. II.</i>        |
| 1 HENRY IV. . . . .               | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      |
| 2 HENRY IV. . . . .               | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      |
| RICHARD III. . . . .              | <i>R. III.</i>       |
| HENRY VIII. . . . .               | <i>H. VIII.</i>      |
| TROILUS AND CRESSIDA . . . . .    | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> |
| CORIOLANUS . . . . .              | <i>Cor.</i>          |
| TITUS ANDRONICUS . . . . .        | <i>Tit. An.</i>      |
| ROMEO AND JULIET . . . . .        | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   |
| TIMON OF ATHENS . . . . .         | <i>Tim. A.</i>       |
| JULIUS CÆSAR . . . . .            | <i>J. C.</i>         |
| MACBETH . . . . .                 | <i>Mac.</i>          |
| HAMLET . . . . .                  | <i>Ham.</i>          |
| KING LEAR . . . . .               | <i>K. L.</i>         |
| OTHELLO . . . . .                 | <i>Oth.</i>          |
| ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA . . . . .    | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   |
| CYMBELINE . . . . .               | <i>Cym.</i>          |
| PERICLES . . . . .                | <i>Per.</i>          |

# CONCORDANCE.

## ABA — ÆT

|                                                                                                     | V.                 | P.    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-------|
| ABANDONED.—Left and <i>a.</i> of his velvet friends.....                                            | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 595 |
| ABIDE.—Let no man <i>a.</i> this deed but we the doers.....                                         | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 624 |
| ABJURED.—For whose dear love . . . she hath <i>a.</i> the sight of men.....                         | <i>Tw. N.</i>      | 1 109 |
| ABORTIVE.—If ever he have child <i>a.</i> be it.....                                                | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 167 |
| ABRAHAM.—Conduct his sweet soul to the bosom of good old <i>A.</i> .....                            | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 374 |
| ABSOLUTE.—How <i>a.</i> the knave is !.....                                                         | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 560 |
| ABSOLVED.—Your great goodness, out of holy pity, <i>a.</i> him with an axe.....                     | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 3 303 |
| ABSTRACTS.—They are the <i>a.</i> and brief chronicles of the time.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 516 |
| ABUSING OF God's patience and the King's English.....                                               | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 140 |
| ABYSM.—In the dark backward and <i>a.</i> of time.....                                              | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 22  |
| ACCIDENTS.—Moving <i>a.</i> by flood and field.....                                                 | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 588 |
| 'ACCOST' is front her; board her; woo her; assail her.....                                          | <i>Tw. N.</i>      | 1 201 |
| ACCOUNT.—Sent to my <i>a.</i> with all my imperfections on my head.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 497 |
| ACCOUTRED.—Upon the word <i>a.</i> as I was, I plunged in.....                                      | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 579 |
| ACHE.—Charm <i>a.</i> with air, and agony with words.....                                           | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 376 |
| ACHIEVER.—A victory is twice itself when the <i>a.</i> brings home full numbers.....                | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 329 |
| ACONITUM.—Though it do work as strong as <i>a.</i> or rash gunpowder.....                           | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 526 |
| ACRES.—Holy fields over whose <i>a.</i> walked those blessed feet.....                              | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 397 |
| ACT.—Be great in <i>a.</i> , as you have been in thought.....                                       | <i>K. J.</i>       | 2 311 |
| ACTION.—In such business <i>a.</i> . . . is eloquence.....                                          | <i>Cor.</i>        | 3 533 |
| Suit the <i>a.</i> to the word; and the word to the <i>a.</i> .....                                 | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 523 |
| ACTOR.—After a well-graced <i>a.</i> leaves the stage.....                                          | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 383 |
| ADAM.— <i>A.</i> 's sons are my brethren.....                                                       | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 339 |
| Had he been <i>A.</i> he had tempted Eve.....                                                       | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 497 |
| <i>A.</i> was a gardener.....                                                                       | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 3 62  |
| <i>A.</i> was the first that ever bore arms.....                                                    | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 558 |
| Whipped the offending <i>A.</i> out of him.....                                                     | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 552 |
| ADDER.—Whose tongue more poisonous than the <i>a.</i> 's tooth.....                                 | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 3 588 |
| It is the bright day that brings forth the <i>a.</i> .....                                          | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 100 |
| ADMIRABLE.—In form and moving how express and <i>a.</i> <i>l.</i> .....                             | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 511 |
| ADMITTANCE.—'Tis gold which buys <i>a.</i> .....                                                    | <i>Cym.</i>        | 4 120 |
| ADORE.—I did <i>a.</i> a twinkling star, but now I worship a celestial sun...<br><i>T. G. V.</i>    |                    | 1 96  |
| ADORER.—I profess myself her <i>a.</i> , not her friend.....                                        | <i>Cym.</i>        | 4 106 |
| ADVANCE.—The fringed curtains of thine eye <i>a.</i> .....                                          | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 32  |
| ADVANCEMENT.—Do not think I flatter, for what <i>a.</i> may I hope from thee.....<br><i>H. V.</i>   |                    | 4 524 |
| ADVANTAGE.—Made use and fair <i>a.</i> of his days.....                                             | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 91  |
| Were nailed for our <i>a.</i> on the bitter cross.....                                              | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 398 |
| Let's away; <i>a.</i> feeds him fat, while men delay.....                                           | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 441 |
| <i>A.</i> is a better soldier than rashness.....                                                    | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 587 |
| Take all the swift <i>a.</i> of the hours.....                                                      | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 220 |
| Has an eye can stamp and counterfeit <i>a.</i> .....                                                | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 600 |
| ADVANTAGEOUS.—Here is everything <i>a.</i> to life: True; save means to live.....<br><i>Tem.</i>    |                    | 1 35  |
| ADVENTURE.—I would <i>a.</i> for such merchandise.....                                              | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 422 |
| ADVERSARIES.—Do as <i>a.</i> do in law, strive mightily, but eat and drink.....<br><i>Tem. III.</i> |                    | 2 26  |
| Mounting barbed steeds, to fright the souls of fearful <i>a.</i> .....                              | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 163 |
| ADVERSARY.—A stony <i>a.</i> , an inhuman wretch.....                                               | <i>Mer. I.</i>     | 1 558 |
| Yet am I noble, as the <i>a.</i> I come to cope.....                                                | <i>K. L.</i>       | 4 393 |
| ADVERSITY.—Sweet are the uses of <i>a.</i> , which like the toad ugly and.....<br><i>A. T. I.</i>   |                    | 1 594 |
| Let me embrace thee, sour <i>a.</i> . . . men say it is the wisest course...<br><i>H. IV.</i>       |                    | 3 119 |
| <i>A.</i> 's sweet milk, philosophy, to comfort thee.....                                           | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 444 |
| ADVERTISEMENT.—My griefs cry louder than <i>a.</i> .....                                            | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 376 |
| ADVICE.—Restored with good <i>a.</i> and little medicine.....                                       | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 505 |
| Take a homely man's <i>a.</i> , be not found here.....                                              | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 240 |
| ADVISINGS.—Fasten your ear on my <i>a.</i> .....                                                    | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 291 |
| ADRY.—Your <i>a.</i> buildeth in our <i>a.</i> 's nest.....                                         | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 177 |
| Our <i>a.</i> buildeth in the cedar's top and dallies with the wind.....                            | <i>K. III.</i>     | 3 179 |
| ÆSOP.—Let Æ. fable in a winter's night.....                                                         | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 3 154 |
| ÆTNA.—Now let hot Æ. cool in Sicily.....                                                            | <i>Tem. A.</i>     | 4 213 |

|                                                                                       | V.                 | P.    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-------|
| AFEARD.—A conqueror, and <i>a.</i> to speak !.....                                    | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 503 |
| I am <i>a.</i> there are few die well, that die in battle.....                        | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 596 |
| Fie, my Lord, fie! A soldier and <i>a. l.</i> .....                                   | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 248 |
| AFFAIRS.—Hope is a curtail-dog in some <i>a.</i> .....                                | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 146 |
| There is a tide in the <i>a.</i> of men, which taken at the flood.....                | <i>Y. C.</i>       | 3 625 |
| AFFECT.—Lest it be rather thought you <i>a.</i> a sorrow than have it.....            | <i>All's W.</i>    | 1 648 |
| I do <i>a.</i> a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.....                                | <i>All's W.</i>    | 1 648 |
| AFFECTION.—She loves him with an enraged <i>a.</i> ; it is past the infinite.....     | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 349 |
| Pleasant without scurrility, witty without <i>a.</i> .....                            | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 489 |
| AFFECTIONS.—Let thy love be younger than thyself, or thy <i>a.</i> cannot hold.....   | <i>Tw. N.</i>      | 1 218 |
| AGE.—Let them die that <i>a.</i> and sullens have.....                                | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 345 |
| The silver livery of advised <i>a.</i> .....                                          | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 3 81  |
| That which should accompany old <i>a.</i> , as honor, love, obedience.....            | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 250 |
| <i>A.</i> cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.....               | <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 4 29  |
| You see me here—a poor old man as full of grief as <i>a.</i> .....                    | <i>K. L.</i>       | 4 352 |
| AGONY.—Mirth cannot move a soul in <i>a.</i> .....                                    | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 510 |
| AIR.—With her breath she did perfume the <i>a.</i> .....                              | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 2 18  |
| The <i>a.</i> a chartered libertine, is still.....                                    | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 553 |
| AIRS.—Bring with thee <i>a.</i> from heaven, or blasts from hell.....                 | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 494 |
| AIRY.—Gives to <i>a.</i> nothing, a local habitation and a name.....                  | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 434 |
| ALBION.—That nook-shotten isle of <i>A.</i> .....                                     | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 583 |
| ALE.—Because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and <i>a.?</i> .....     | <i>Tw. N.</i>      | 1 215 |
| ALL.—My pretty ones? Did you say <i>a.?</i> O, hell-kite! <i>A.?</i> .....            | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 246 |
| Take him for <i>a.</i> in <i>a.</i> , I shall not look upon his like again.....       | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 488 |
| ALLOW not nature more than nature needs.....                                          | <i>K. L.</i>       | 4 352 |
| ALONE.—She is <i>a.</i> , then let her <i>a.</i> .....                                | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 93  |
| AMBITION.—Fling away <i>a.</i> , by that sin fell the angels.....                     | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 3 307 |
| Love and meekness, lord, become a churchman better than <i>a.</i> .....               | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 3 325 |
| <i>A.</i> should be made of sterner stuff.....                                        | <i>Y. C.</i>       | 3 611 |
| Vaulting <i>a.</i> which o'erleaps itself, and falls.....                             | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 210 |
| AMBITIOUS.—As he was valiant I honor him; as he was <i>a.</i> I slew him.....         | <i>Y. C.</i>       | 3 610 |
| AMEN.—I had most need of blessing, and <i>A.</i> stuck in my throat.....              | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 214 |
| ANATOMY.—A mere <i>a.</i> , a mountebank, a threadbare juggler.....                   | <i>Com. E.</i>     | 2 192 |
| ANCESTORS.—All his <i>a.</i> that come after him.....                                 | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 131 |
| Give him a statue with his <i>a.</i> .....                                            | <i>Y. C.</i>       | 3 610 |
| ANGELS.—Plays such fantastic tricks . . . as make the <i>a.</i> weep.....             | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 278 |
| <i>A.</i> and ministers of grace, defend us! Be thou.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 494 |
| ANGER.—A countenance more in sorrow than in <i>a.</i> .....                           | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 489 |
| ANIMAL.—But such a poor bare forked <i>a.</i> as thou art.....                        | <i>K. L.</i>       | 4 360 |
| ANNALS.—If you have writ your <i>a.</i> true 'tis there.....                          | <i>Cor.</i>        | 3 571 |
| ANSWER.—Here I stand to <i>a.</i> thee, or any he.....                                | <i>3 H. VI.</i>    | 3 109 |
| ARE.—This is the <i>a.</i> of form, monsieur the nice.....                            | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 497 |
| O sleep thou <i>a.</i> of death!.....                                                 | <i>Cym.</i>        | 4 118 |
| APOLLO.—As sweet and musical as bright <i>A.'s</i> lute.....                          | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 485 |
| <i>A.</i> plays, and twenty caged nightingales do sing.....                           | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 2 11  |
| APPAREL.—Rich not gaudy, for the <i>a.</i> oft proclaims the man.....                 | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 492 |
| APPETITE.—Cloy the . . . edge of <i>a.</i> by bare imagination of a feast.....        | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 340 |
| Now good digestion wait on <i>a.</i> , and health on both!.....                       | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 228 |
| As if increase of <i>a.</i> had grown by what it fed on.....                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 487 |
| APPLAUD.—I would <i>a.</i> thee to the very echo.....                                 | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 251 |
| APPLIANCE.—Temperance, that's the <i>a.</i> which your disease requires.....          | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 3 259 |
| With all <i>a.s.</i> and means to boot.....                                           | <i>2 H. IV.</i>    | 2 504 |
| APPREHENSION.—The sense of death is most in <i>a.</i> .....                           | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 288 |
| APPROVED.—Of <i>a.</i> valor and confirmed honesty.....                               | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 345 |
| APRIL.—Men are <i>A.</i> when they woo, December when they wed.....                   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 627 |
| ARGUMENT.—They fought, and sheathed their swords for lack of <i>a.</i> .....          | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 576 |
| Rightly to be great is not to stir without great <i>a.</i> .....                      | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 545 |
| ARM.—This <i>a.</i> shall do it, or this life be spent.....                           | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 329 |
| Both together are confident against the world in <i>a.s.</i> .....                    | <i>1 H. IV.</i>    | 2 458 |
| Or take <i>a.s.</i> against a sea of troubles.....                                    | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 519 |
| ARMED.—Thrice is he <i>a.</i> that hath his quarrel just.....                         | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 3 50  |
| No terror . . . in your threats—for I am <i>a.</i> so strong in honesty.....          | <i>Y. C.</i>       | 3 621 |
| ARROWS.—The slings and <i>a.</i> of outrageous fortune.....                           | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 519 |
| ART.—Dear nurse of <i>a.s.</i> plenties, and joyful births.....                       | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 619 |
| More matter, with less <i>a.</i> . . . Madam, I swear I use no <i>a.</i> .....        | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 506 |
| ARTIFICER.—Another lean, unwashed <i>a.</i> .....                                     | <i>K. Y.</i>       | 2 305 |
| ASPIRING.—Will the <i>a.</i> blood of Lancaster, sink in the ground!.....             | <i>3 H. VI.</i>    | 3 157 |
| ASS.—Write me down an <i>a.</i> .....                                                 | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 375 |
| Your dull <i>a.</i> will not mend his pace with beating.....                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 558 |
| ASSUME a virtue if you have it not.....                                               | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 538 |
| ASSURANCE.—I'll make <i>a.</i> double sure.....                                       | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 236 |
| Every god did . . . set his seal to give the world <i>a.</i> of a man.....            | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 536 |
| ATTENDANCE.—To dance <i>a.</i> on their lord-ships' pleasures.....                    | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 3 323 |
| AUDIT.—And how his <i>a.</i> stands who knows save Heaven?.....                       | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 534 |
| AURORA.—To draw the shady curtains from <i>A.'s</i> bed.....                          | <i>R. &amp; Y.</i> | 4 405 |
| AUTHORITY.—Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief <i>a.</i> .....                  | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 278 |
| AVANT! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!.....                               | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 230 |
| AVOUCH.—The sensible and true <i>a.</i> of mine own eyes.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 481 |
| AWE.—I had as lief not be as live to be in <i>a.</i> of such a thing as I myself..... | <i>Y. C.</i>       | 3 579 |
| AWEARY.—I am <i>a.</i> of this moon; would he would change!.....                      | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 440 |

B.

|                                                                                      | V.                   | F.    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| BABBLED.—His nose was sharp, and a' <i>b.</i> of green fields.....                   | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 570 |
| BABE.—For I am rough, and woo not like a <i>b.</i> .....                             | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 211 |
| I know . . . how tender 'tis to love the <i>b.</i> that milks me.....                | <i>Mac.</i>          | 1 352 |
| BACHELOR.—When I said I would die a <i>b.</i> , I did not think I should.....        | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 3 350 |
| BACK.—Time hath . . . a wallet at his <i>b.</i> wherein he puts alms.....            | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 2 253 |
| At least we'll die with harness on our <i>b.</i> .....                               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 422 |
| BACKING.—Call you that <i>b.</i> of your friends? A plague upon such <i>b.</i> ..... | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 539 |
| BAD.—Thus <i>b.</i> begins and worse remains behind.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 2 328 |
| A miscreant, too good to be so, and too <i>b.</i> to live.....                       | <i>R. II.</i>        | 1 524 |
| BADGE.—Sufferance is the <i>b.</i> of all our tribe.....                             | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 342 |
| BAIT the hook well; this fish will bite.....                                         | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 4 463 |
| BAKED.—Funeral <i>b.</i> meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.....     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 2 119 |
| BALLAD.—I love a <i>b.</i> . . . if it be dolcful matter merrily set down.....       | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 2 120 |
| I love a <i>b.</i> in print . . . for then we're sure they are true.....             | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 2 434 |
| BALLAD-MONGERS.—Than one of these same metre <i>b.</i> .....                         | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 215 |
| BALM of hurt minds, great nature's second course.....                                | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 603 |
| BAND.—We few, we happy few, we <i>b.</i> of brothers.....                            | <i>H. V.</i>         | 3 98  |
| BANDY.—I will not <i>b.</i> with thee word for word, but buckle thee.....            | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 2 358 |
| BANISHMENT.—Eating the bitter bread of <i>b.</i> .....                               | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 252 |
| BANNERS.—Hang out our <i>b.</i> on the outward walls.....                            | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 434 |
| BARGAIN.—In the way of <i>b.</i> . . . I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.....   | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 416 |
| BARN.—He loves his own <i>b.</i> better than he loves our house.....                 | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 614 |
| BASE is the slave that pays.....                                                     | <i>H. V.</i>         | 3 560 |
| Who is here so <i>b.</i> that would be a bondman?.....                               | <i>J. C.</i>         | 4 661 |
| To what <i>b.</i> uses we may return, Horatio.....                                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 1 561 |
| BASELESS.—Like the <i>b.</i> fabric of this vision.....                              | <i>Tem.</i>          | 2 278 |
| BASTINADO.—He gives the <i>b.</i> with his tongue; our ears are cudgelled.....       | <i>K. J.</i>         | 1 525 |
| EATED.—With <i>b.</i> breath, and whispering humbleness.....                         | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 215 |
| BATH.—Sore labor's <i>b.</i> . . . great nature's second course.....                 | <i>Mac.</i>          | 4 547 |
| BATTALIONS.—They come not single spies, but in <i>b.</i> .....                       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 2 614 |
| BATTLE.—In plain shock and even play of <i>b.</i> .....                              | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 236 |
| BAUBLE.—For that I know an idiot holds his <i>b.</i> for a god.....                  | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 4 519 |
| BE.—To <i>b.</i> or not to <i>b.</i> , that is the question.....                     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 3 27  |
| BEADLES.—Have you not <i>b.</i> in your town, and things called whips?.....          | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 2 210 |
| BE-ALL.—That but this blow might be the <i>b.</i> and the end-all.....               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 230 |
| BEAR.—Approach you like the rugged Russian <i>b.</i> .....                           | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 339 |
| Valiant as the lion, churlish as the <i>b.</i> .....                                 | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 1 225 |
| BEARD.—Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a <i>b.</i> .....              | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 2 514 |
| Whose <i>b.</i> the silver hand of peace hath touched.....                           | <i>H. II.</i>        | 1 666 |
| BEARDED.—Full of strange oaths and <i>b.</i> like a pard.....                        | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 638 |
| Am I dared and <i>b.</i> to my face?.....                                            | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 168 |
| BEST.—No <i>b.</i> so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.....                      | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 456 |
| Shall find the unkindest <i>b.</i> more kinder than mankind.....                     | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 3 612 |
| O judgement! thou art fled to brutish <i>b.s.</i> and men.....                       | <i>J. C.</i>         | 2 687 |
| BEAUTIFUL.—She's <i>b.</i> , and therefore to be wooed: She is a woman.....          | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 1 32  |
| BEAUTY.—Something stained with grief, that's <i>b.</i> 's canker.....                | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 434 |
| The lover . . . sees Helen's <i>b.</i> in a brow of Egypt.....                       | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 4 469 |
| <i>B.</i> 's ensign . . . is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks.....             | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 2 440 |
| BEAVER.—I saw young Harry, with his <i>b.</i> on; his cuisses.....                   | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 2 576 |
| BECOMES.—In peace there's nothing so <i>b.</i> a man, as modesty.....                | <i>H. V.</i>         | 1 499 |
| BED.—(One heart, one <i>b.</i> , two bosoms, and one troth.....                      | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 43  |
| BEDFELLOWS.—Misery acquaints a man with strange <i>b.</i> .....                      | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 66  |
| BEE.—Where the <i>b.</i> sucks, there suck I.....                                    | <i>Tem.</i>          | 2 530 |
| Like the <i>b.</i> culling from every flower.....                                    | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 530 |
| We . . . like the <i>b.s.</i> are murdered for our pains.....                        | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 3 60  |
| BEER.—I will make it felony to drink small <i>b.</i> .....                           | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 1 288 |
| BEETLE.—The poor <i>b.</i> . . . in corporal suffering finds a pang as great.....    | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 3 597 |
| BEGGAR.—When <i>b.s.</i> die there are no comets seen.....                           | <i>J. C.</i>         | 2 387 |
| A <i>b.</i> begs that never begged before.....                                       | <i>R. II.</i>        | 3 100 |
| <i>B.s.</i> mounted ran their horse to death.....                                    | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 4 510 |
| <i>B.</i> that I am, I am even poor in thanks.....                                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 28  |
| BEGGARED.—For her own person, it <i>b.</i> all description.....                      | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 539 |
| BEGINS.—Thus bad <i>b.</i> , and worse remains behind.....                           | <i>Ham.</i>          | 1 437 |
| BEGINNING.—That is the true <i>b.</i> of our end.....                                | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 4 589 |
| BEGUILE.—I . . . often did <i>b.</i> her of her tears, when I did speak.....         | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 528 |
| And fain I would <i>b.</i> the tedious day with sleep.....                           | <i>Ham.</i>          | 1 356 |
| BELL.—He hath a heart as sound as a <i>b.</i> , and his tongue the clapper.....      | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 605 |
| If ever you . . . have been where <i>b.s.</i> have knolled to church.....            | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 290 |
| <i>B.</i> , book, and candle shall not drive me back.....                            | <i>K. J.</i>         | 4 521 |
| Like sweet <i>b.s.</i> jangled out of tune and harsh.....                            | <i>Ham.</i>          | 3 580 |
| BEND.—That same eye whose <i>b.</i> doth awe the world.....                          | <i>J. C.</i>         | 4 180 |
| BENEDICTION.—The <i>b.</i> of these covering heavens fall on their heads.....        | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 382 |
| BENISON.—The bounty and the <i>b.</i> of heaven to boot.....                         | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 531 |
| BENT.—They fool me to the top of my <i>b.</i> .....                                  | <i>Ham.</i>          | 1 536 |
| BESHREW me but I love her heartily.....                                              | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 48  |
| BEST.—So perfect, and so peerless . . . of every creature's <i>b.</i> .....          | <i>Tem.</i>          |       |

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| BEST.—They say <i>b.</i> men are moulded out of faults.....                          | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 322 |
| BETIMES.—Not to be abed after midnight is to be up <i>b.</i> .....                   | <i>Tru. N.</i>       | 1 213 |
| BETTER.—His <i>b.</i> doth not breathe upon the earth.....                           | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 170 |
| What you do still <i>b.</i> s what is done.....                                      | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 2 117 |
| Poor Jack, farewell, I could have <i>b.</i> spared a <i>b.</i> man.....              | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 465 |
| I said an elder soldier not a <i>b.</i> : Did I say ' <i>b.</i> ?'.....              | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 621 |
| BEZONIAN.—Under which King <i>B.</i> ? Speak or die.....                             | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 542 |
| BIRD.—The <i>b.</i> of dawning singeth all night long; and they say.....             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 483 |
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| BLASPHEMY.—That in the captain . . . which in the soldier is flat <i>b.</i> .....    | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 279 |
| BLAST.—When the <i>b.</i> of war blows in our ears, then.....                        | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 576 |
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| BLESSEDNESS.—Grows, lives, and dies in single <i>b.</i> .....                        | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 395 |
| BLEST.—It is twice <i>b.</i> ; it blesseth him that gives and him.....               | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 562 |
| BLIND.—If love be <i>b.</i> , it best agrees with night.....                         | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 440 |
| BLOCKS.—You <i>b.</i> , you stones, you worse than senseless things.....             | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 576 |
| BLOOD.—This bond does give you here no jot of <i>b.</i> .....                        | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 565 |
| Which <i>b.</i> like sacrificing Abel's cries.....                                   | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 389 |
| Redemption by Christ's dear <i>b.</i> shed for.....                                  | <i>K. III.</i>       | 3 185 |
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| They say <i>b.</i> will have <i>b.</i> .....                                         | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 231 |
| BLOSSOMS.—To-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow <i>b.</i> ..... | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 3 305 |
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| BLUNT as the fencer's foils which hit but hurt not.....                              | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 383 |
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| BODIES.—So with two seeming <i>b.</i> , but one heart.....                           | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 421 |
| BODY.—I never knew so young a <i>b.</i> with so old a head.....                      | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 562 |
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| BOND.—Is it so nominated in the <i>b.</i> ?.....                                     | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 564 |
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| Shall . . . these paper bullets of the <i>b.</i> awe a man.....                      | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 352 |
| This is the very coinage of your <i>b.</i> .....                                     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 538 |
| Put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their <i>b.</i> .....                     | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 609 |
| Not Hercules could have knocked out his <i>b.</i> , for he had none.....             | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 151 |
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| BRAVE not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.....                                | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 56  |
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| BROOD.—Something . . . o'er which his melancholy sits on <i>b.</i> .....             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 522 |
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| Great <i>C</i> . fell, O, what a fall was there.....                               | <i>7. C.</i>         | 3 614 |
| When that the poor have cried, <i>C</i> . hath wept.....                           | <i>7. C.</i>         | 3 611 |
| Imperious <i>C</i> . dead and turned to clay. might stop.....                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 562 |
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| CALF.—Veal, quoth the Dutchman, is not veal a <i>c. f</i> .....                    | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 495 |
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| But will they come when you do <i>c</i> . for them.....                            | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 2 432 |
| CALUMNIOUS.—Virtue itself 'scapes not <i>c</i> . strokes.....                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 491 |
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| CANDLE.—When the moon shone, we did not see the <i>c</i> .....                     | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 572 |
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| As in the sweetest bud the eating <i>c</i> . dwells.....                           | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 76  |
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| CANNOT is false, and that I dare not falsify.....                                  | <i>7. C.</i>         | 3 593 |
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| Good men's lives expire before the flowers in their <i>c</i> .....                 | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 245 |
| CAPABLE.—For I am sick and <i>c</i> . of fears.....                                | <i>K. 7.</i>         | 2 282 |
| CAPER.—Faith I can cut a <i>c</i> . and . . . mutton to't.....                     | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 202 |
| CAPTIVITY.—Every bondman, . . . bears the power to cancel his <i>c</i> .....       | <i>7. C.</i>         | 3 586 |
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| CASE.—A rotten <i>c</i> . abides no handling.....                                  | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 2 517 |
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| CASSIUS.—CÆSAR cried, 'Help me <i>C</i> or I sink'.....                            | <i>7. C.</i>         | 3 579 |
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| <i>C</i> . is awary of the world, hated by one he loves.....                       | <i>7. C.</i>         | 3 622 |
| CAST—I have set my life upon a <i>c</i> ., and I will stand the hazard.....        | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 251 |
| Sicklied o'er with the pale <i>c</i> . of thought.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 520 |
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| CATCHING.—Sickness is <i>c</i> ., O, were favor so.....                            | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 397 |
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| CHANGED to a worse shape thou canst not be.....                                    | <i>1 H. VI.</i>      | 2 886 |
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| CHARMED.—I bear a <i>c.</i> life, which must not yield to one of woman born.....      | Mac.      | 2 255        |
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| CHILDISH.—His big manly voice turning towards <i>c.</i> treble.....                   | A. Y. L.  | 1 606        |
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| CHURCH.—'Tis not so . . . wide as a <i>c.</i> -door, but it is enough.....            | R. & J.   | 4 437        |
| CHURCHYARDS.—Where <i>c.</i> yawn, and hell itself breathes out contagion.....        | Ham.      | 4 531        |
| CIRCUMSTANCE.—The sixth the lie with <i>c.</i> , the seventh the lie direct.....      | A. Y. L.  | 1 641        |
| Each <i>c.</i> of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump.....                       | Tro. N.   | 1 252        |
| What means . . . this peroration with such <i>c.</i> .....                            | 2 H. VI.  | 3 9          |
| CIRCUMSTANCES.—Strong <i>c.</i> , which lead directly to the door of truth.....       | Oth.      | 4 623        |
| CITE.—The devil can <i>c.</i> scripture for his purpose.....                          | Mer. V.   | 1 524        |
| CITIZENS.—Sweep on you fat and greasy <i>c.</i> .....                                 | A. Y. L.  | 1 595        |
| CIVET.—Give me an ounce of <i>c.</i> . . . to sweeten my imagination.....             | K. L.     | 4 380        |
| CIVIL.—Uttering such dulcet . . . breath that the rude sea grew <i>c.</i> .....       | M. N. D.  | 1 405        |
| CLAY.—Men are but gilded loam or painted <i>c.</i> .....                              | K. II.    | 2 331        |
| What hope, what stay, when this was now a king, and now is <i>c.</i> ?.....           | K. J.     | 2 322        |
| CLEANLY.—I'll purge . . . and live <i>c.</i> as a nobleman should do.....             | 1 H. IV.  | 2 467        |
| CLEANSE the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff.....                                 | Mac.      | 2 251        |
| CLEAR.—As <i>c.</i> as morning roses washed with dew.....                             | Tam. Sh.  | 2 30         |
| This Duncan . . . hath been so <i>c.</i> in his great office.....                     | Mac.      | 2 210        |
| CLOAK.—'Tis not alone my inky <i>c.</i> . . . nor customary suits of solemn.....      | Ham.      | 4 485        |
| CLOCK.—Merry larks are ploughmen's <i>c.s</i> .....                                   | L. L.     | 1 511        |
| We fought a long hour by Shrewsbury <i>c.</i> .....                                   | 1 H. IV.  | 2 466        |
| CLOTHES.—Through tattered <i>c.</i> small vices do appear.....                        | K. L.     | 4 381        |
| CLOUD.—The more fair the sky, the uglier seem the <i>c.s</i> that in it fly.....      | R. II.    | 2 328        |
| The morning's war, when dying <i>c.s</i> contend with growing light.....              | 3 H. VI.  | 3 112        |
| Every <i>c.</i> engenders not a storm.....                                            | 3 H. VI.  | 3 151        |
| Can such things be and overcome us like a summer <i>c.</i> .....                      | Mac.      | 2 230        |
| CLOUD-CAPPED towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples.....                    | Tem.      | 1 60         |
| CLOY the edge of appetite, by bare imagination of a feast.....                        | R. II.    | 2 340        |
| CLUTCH.—Age, with his stealing steps, hath clawed me with his <i>c.</i> .....         | Ham.      | 4 559        |
| Come let me <i>c.</i> thee. I have thee not, and yet.....                             | Mac.      | 2 213        |
| COCK.—The village <i>c.</i> hath twice done salutation to the morn.....               | R. III.   | 3 247        |
| COFFIN.—My heart is in the <i>c.</i> there with Cæsar.....                            | J. C.     | 3 612        |
| COG.—I cannot . . . smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and <i>c.</i> .....         | R. III.   | 3 174        |
| COGITATIONS.—This breast hath buried thoughts of great value, worthy <i>c.</i> .....  | J. C.     | 3 578        |
| COIN.—Let . . . <i>c.</i> , be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend.....           | Tim. A.   | 3 443        |
| COINAGE.—This is the very <i>c.</i> of your brain.....                                | Ham.      | 4 538        |
| COLOSSUS.—He doth bestride the narrow world like a <i>C.</i> .....                    | J. C.     | 3 580        |
| COLTS.—Young hot <i>c.</i> being raged, do rage the more.....                         | R. II.    | 2 344        |
| COMB.—To <i>c.</i> your noddle with a three-legged stool.....                         | Tam. Sh.  | 2 15         |
| COMBINED.—That which <i>c.</i> us was most great, let not a leaner action.....        | A. & C.   | 4 23         |
| COME.—The cry is still, 'They <i>c.</i> !' Our castle's strength.....                 | Mac.      | 2 252        |
| Why did he swear he would <i>c.</i> . . . and comes not.....                          | A. Y. L.  | 1 620        |
| We were sad fearing you would not <i>c.</i> , now sadder that you <i>come</i> so..... | Tam. Sh.  | 2 41         |
| <i>C.</i> what <i>c.</i> may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.....    | Mac.      | 2 205        |
| COMFORT.—He that . . . caters for the sparrow, be <i>c.</i> to my age.....            | A. Y. L.  | 1 597        |
| COMMAND.—I will be correspondent to <i>c.</i> , and do my spiriting gently.....       | Tem.      | 1 236        |
| An eye like Mars, to threaten and <i>c.</i> .....                                     | Ham.      | 4 528        |
| COMMANDMENTS.—I'll set my ten <i>c.</i> in your face.....                             | 2 H. VI.  | 3 19         |
| COMMEND.—We hold this virtue well, We'll but <i>c.</i> what we intend to<br>sell..... | Tr. & Cr. | 3 386        |
| COMMODITY.—That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling <i>c.</i> .....                      | K. J.     | 2 281        |
| COMMON.—All the courses of my life show I am not . . . of <i>c.</i> men.....          | 1 H. IV.  | 2 432        |
| Thou knowst 'tis <i>c.</i> , all that lives must die.....                             | Ham.      | 4 485        |
| COMPACT.—The lunatic, . . . and the poet are of imagination all <i>c.</i> .....       | M. N. D.  | 1 434        |
| COMPANION.—I would not wish any <i>c.</i> in the world but you.....                   | Tem.      | 1 48         |
| COMPANY, villainous <i>c.</i> hath been the spoil of me.....                          | 1 H. IV.  | 2 442        |
| There's but a shirt and a half in all my <i>c.</i> .....                              | 1 H. IV.  | 2 450        |
| Good <i>c.</i> , good wine, good welcome, can make good people.....                   | H. VIII.  | 3 270        |
| COMPARISONS are odorous.....                                                          | M. Ado.   | 1 364        |
| COMPASS.—Pleasure . . . above the reach or <i>c.</i> of thy thought.....              | 2 H. VI.  | 3 14         |
| COMPLEXION.—He hath no drowning mark upon him, his <i>c.</i> is . . . gallows.....    | Tem.      | 1 20         |



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| COMPULSION.—If reasons were . . . I would give no man a reason on <i>c.</i> 1 <i>H. IV.</i>           | 2  | 424 |
| COMPUNCTION.—No <i>c.</i> visitings of nature shake my fell purpose..... <i>Mac.</i>                  | 2  | 208 |
| COMMADE.—Do not dull thy palm with . . . each new hatched <i>c.</i> ..... <i>Ham.</i>                 | 4  | 491 |
| CONCEIT.—Like a strutting player whose <i>c.</i> lies in his hamstring..... <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>      | 3  | 348 |
| <i>C.</i> in weakest bodies strongest works..... <i>Ham.</i>                                          | 4  | 537 |
| CONCLUSION.—O most lame and impotent <i>c.</i> ..... <i>Oth.</i>                                      | 4  | 598 |
| CONCORD.—Hath no music . . . is not moved with <i>c.</i> of sweet sounds..... <i>Mer. V.</i>          | 1  | 572 |
| Had I the power, I should pour the milk of <i>c.</i> into hell..... <i>Mac.</i>                       | 2  | 243 |
| CONFIDENCE.—Your wisdom is consumed in <i>c.</i> ..... <i>J. C.</i>                                   | 3  | 598 |
| CONFIDENT.—As <i>c.</i> as is the falcon's flight against a bird..... <i>R. II.</i>                   | 2  | 335 |
| CONFIRMATIONS.—Trifles . . . are to the jealous <i>c.</i> strong as proofs of..... <i>Oth.</i>        | 4  | 621 |
| CONJURATION.—What drugs, what charm, what <i>c.</i> , what mighty magic?..... <i>Oth.</i>             | 4  | 587 |
| CONNED.—All his faults set in a note-book, learned, and <i>c.</i> by heart..... <i>J. C.</i>          | 3  | 622 |
| CONSCIENCE.—Whose <i>c.</i> with injustice is corrupted..... <i>2 H. VI.</i>                          | 3  | 50  |
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| <i>C.</i> is but a word . . . devised to keep the strong in awe..... <i>R. III.</i>                   | 3  | 249 |
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| CONSIDERATION . . . like an angel came and whipped..... <i>H. V.</i>                                  | 2  | 552 |
| CONSTANT.—O heaven! were men but <i>c.</i> he were perfect..... <i>T. G. V.</i>                       | 1  | 126 |
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| <i>C.</i> you are, but yet a woman..... <i>1 H. IV.</i>                                               | 2  | 419 |
| CONSUMMATION.—'Tis a <i>c.</i> devoutly to be wished..... <i>Ham.</i>                                 | 4  | 519 |
| CONTENT.—I hope, upon familiarity will grow more <i>c.</i> ..... <i>M. W. W.</i>                      | 1  | 136 |
| CONTENT is our best having..... <i>H. VIII.</i>                                                       | 3  | 282 |
| CONTROL.—But, O vain boast! Who can <i>c.</i> his fate..... <i>Oth.</i>                               | 4  | 628 |
| CONTUMELY.—The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's <i>c.</i> ..... <i>Ham.</i>                         | 4  | 519 |
| CONVEY, the wise it call. Steal! foh!..... <i>M. W. W.</i>                                            | 1  | 138 |
| CONY-CATCHING.—Come you are so full of <i>c.</i> ..... <i>Tam. Sh.</i>                                | 2  | 46  |
| COPY.—If you will lead these graces to the grave, and leave no <i>c.</i> ..... <i>Tw. N.</i>          | 1  | 209 |
| CORE.—I will wear him in my heart's <i>c.</i> , ay in my heart of heart..... <i>Ham.</i>              | 4  | 524 |
| CORINTHIAN.—But a <i>C.</i> , a lad of mettle, a good boy..... <i>1 H. IV.</i>                        | 2  | 479 |
| CORN.—The gods sent not <i>c.</i> for the rich men only..... <i>Cor.</i>                              | 3  | 487 |
| CORNERS.—Come the three <i>c.</i> of the world in arms, and we shall shock them..... <i>K. J.</i>     | 2  | 323 |
| CORPORAL.—In <i>c.</i> sufferance feels a pang as great, as when a giant dies..... <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1  | 288 |
| COSTERMONGER.—Virtue is of so little regard in these <i>c.</i> times..... <i>2 H. IV.</i>             | 2  | 481 |
| COSTLY thy habit as thy purse can buy..... <i>Ham.</i>                                                | 4  | 491 |
| COUNSEL.—Did you ne'er hear say: two may keep <i>c.</i> putting one away..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>      | 4  | 431 |
| COUNTENANCE.—A <i>c.</i> more in sorrow than in anger..... <i>Ham.</i>                                | 4  | 489 |
| COUNTERFEIT.—He is but the <i>c.</i> of a man, who hath not the life of a man..... <i>1 H. IV.</i>    | 2  | 466 |
| The <i>c.</i> presentment of two brothers..... <i>Ham.</i>                                            | 4  | 536 |
| COUNTRY.—We are enow to do our <i>c.</i> loss..... <i>H. V.</i>                                       | 2  | 602 |
| Who is here so vile that will not love his <i>c.</i> ..... <i>J. C.</i>                               | 3  | 610 |
| When it shall please my <i>c.</i> to need my death..... <i>J. C.</i>                                  | 3  | 610 |
| COURAGE.—Screw your <i>c.</i> to the sticking-place, and we'll not fail..... <i>Mac.</i>              | 2  | 211 |
| COURSE.—Whate'er the <i>c.</i> the end is the renown..... <i>All's W.</i>                             | 1  | 702 |
| COURT.—A friend in the <i>c.</i> is better than a penny in the purse..... <i>2 H. IV.</i>             | 2  | 535 |
| COURTEOUS.—This is called the retort <i>c.</i> ..... <i>A. Y. L.</i>                                  | 1  | 640 |
| COURTESY.—I am the very pink of <i>c.</i> ..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                                    | 4  | 428 |
| COVENTRY.—I will not march through <i>c.</i> with them: that's flat..... <i>1 H. IV.</i>              | 1  | 450 |
| COW.—God sends a curst <i>c.</i> short horns..... <i>M. Ado.</i>                                      | 1  | 338 |
| COWARD.—I call thee <i>c.</i> / I'll see thee d—d ere I call thee <i>c.</i> ..... <i>1 H. IV.</i>     | 2  | 422 |
| Conscience is but a word that <i>c.</i> s use..... <i>R. III.</i>                                     | 3  | 249 |
| <i>C.</i> s die many times before their deaths..... <i>J. C.</i>                                      | 3  | 597 |
| CRACKS.—Now <i>c.</i> a noble heart, good-night, sweet prince..... <i>Ham.</i>                        | 4  | 573 |
| CRACK.—What, will the line stretch out to the <i>c.</i> of doom?..... <i>Mac.</i>                     | 2  | 237 |
| CRANKING.—See how this river comes me <i>c.</i> in..... <i>1 H. IV.</i>                               | 2  | 433 |
| CRAVEN.—No cock of mine: you crow too like a <i>c.</i> ..... <i>Tam. Sh.</i>                          | 2  | 32  |
| CREAM.—Whose visages do <i>c.</i> and mantle like a standing pond..... <i>Mer. V.</i>                 | 1  | 517 |
| CREATED.—O you, so perfect and so peerless are <i>c.</i> , of every creature's best..... <i>Tem.</i>  | 1  | 48  |
| CREATION.—A false <i>c.</i> proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain..... <i>Mac.</i>                 | 2  | 213 |
| CREATURES.—Kings it makes gods, and meaner <i>c.</i> kings..... <i>R. III.</i>                        | 3  | 241 |
| CREATURE.—Cassius is a wretched <i>c.</i> and must bend . . . if Cæsar nod..... <i>J. C.</i>          | 3  | 579 |
| CRESTS.—Let fall thy blade on vulnerable <i>c.</i> , I bear a charmed life..... <i>Mac.</i>           | 2  | 255 |
| CRIMSON.—A maid yet rosed over, with the virgin <i>c.</i> of modesty..... <i>11. V.</i>               | 2  | 624 |
| CRITICAL.—Do not put me to 't, for I'm nothing if not <i>c.</i> ..... <i>Oth.</i>                     | 4  | 598 |
| CROW.—The <i>c.</i> doth sing as sweetly as the lark, when neither is attended..... <i>Mer. V.</i>    | 1  | 572 |
| CROWN.—My <i>c.</i> is called content; a <i>c.</i> it is that seldom kings enjoy..... <i>3 H. VI.</i> | 3  | 120 |
| CRUEL.—Let me be <i>c.</i> , not unnatural; I will speak daggers..... <i>Ham.</i>                     | 4  | 532 |
| I must be <i>c.</i> only to be kind..... <i>Ham.</i>                                                  | 4  | 539 |
| CUNNING.—Who-e red and white nature's own <i>c.</i> hand laid on..... <i>Tw. N.</i>                   | 1  | 209 |
| I am a simple woman, much too weak to oppose your <i>c.</i> ..... <i>H. VIII.</i>                     | 3  | 288 |
| CUPID'S butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club..... <i>L. L. L.</i>                                | 1  | 457 |
| <i>C.</i> s shaft quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon..... <i>M. N. D.</i>                | 1  | 405 |
| CURS.—Small <i>c.</i> are not regarded when they grin..... <i>2 H. VI.</i>                            | 3  | 36  |
| CURLED.—She shunned the wealthy <i>c.</i> darlings of our nation..... <i>Oth.</i>                     | 4  | 584 |
| CURRENT.—We must take the <i>c.</i> when it serves, or lose our ventures..... <i>J. C.</i>            | 3  | 625 |
| CURSES not loud but deep..... <i>Mac.</i>                                                             | 2  | 250 |
| CURTAIN.—Spread thy close <i>c.</i> , love-performing night..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                   | 4  | 440 |

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| CUSTOM.—It is a <i>c.</i> more honored in the breach than the observance..... | <i>Ham.</i>  | 4 493 |
| CUT.—This was the most unkindest <i>c.</i> of all.....                        | <i>Y. C.</i> | 3 613 |

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| DAGGER.—Is this a <i>d.</i> which I see before me, the handle toward . . . ?.....      | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 213 |
| I will speak <i>d.s</i> to her, but use none.....                                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 532 |
| Thy words . . . are bigger, for I wear not my <i>d.</i> in my mouth.....               | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 150 |
| DALLIES.—Our airy . . . <i>d.</i> with the wind and scorns the sun.....                | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 179 |
| DAMNATION.—Trumpet-tongued against the deep <i>d.</i> of his taking off.....           | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 210 |
| DAMNED.—A knot you are of <i>d.</i> blood-suckers.....                                 | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 206 |
| What <i>d.</i> minutes tells he o'er, who dotes, yet doubts.....                       | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 617 |
| DANCER.—God matched me with a good <i>d.</i> .....                                     | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 340 |
| DANGER.—Out of this nettle <i>d.</i> , we pluck the flower, safety.....                | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 416 |
| She loved me for the <i>d.s</i> I had passed. I . . . her that she did pity them.      | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 589 |
| DANGEROUS.—He thinks too much, such men are <i>d.</i> .....                            | <i>Y. C.</i>         | 3 581 |
| DANIEL.—A <i>D.</i> come to judgement! Yea, a <i>D.</i> .....                          | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 563 |
| A second <i>D.</i> ! I thank thee Jew for teaching me that word.....                   | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 566 |
| DARE.—Letting 'I <i>d.</i> not' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat.....            | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 211 |
| DAUGHTER.—Though I am a <i>d.</i> to his blood, I am not to his manners.....           | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 532 |
| My <i>d.</i> ! O my ducats ! . . . Fled with a Christian.....                          | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 539 |
| DAWNING.—The bird of <i>d.</i> singeth all night long; and then.....                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 483 |
| DAY.—We have seen better <i>d.s</i> , and have with holy bell.....                     | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 605 |
| The <i>d.</i> shall not be up so soon as I.....                                        | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 319 |
| He that outlives . . . will stand a tiptoe when this <i>d.</i> is named.....           | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 602 |
| Cry . . . ruin and decay; The worst is death, and death will have his <i>d.</i> .....  | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 361 |
| In the midst of this bright shining <i>d.</i> I spy a black cloud.....                 | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 151 |
| Let Hercules himself do what he may . . . the dog will have his <i>d.</i> .....        | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 564 |
| My salad <i>d.s</i> , when I was green in judgement.....                               | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 21  |
| DEAD.—Unto the breach ! . . . or close up the wall with the English <i>d.</i> .....    | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 576 |
| The sheeted <i>d.</i> did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.....                  | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 482 |
| DEADLY.—Hair-breadth scapes !' the imminent <i>d.</i> breach.....                      | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 588 |
| DEAF.—Ears more <i>d.</i> than adds to the voice of any true decision.....             | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 361 |
| DEAL.—Gratiano speaks an infinite <i>d.</i> of nothing.....                            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 518 |
| DEARER.—I to myself am <i>d.</i> than a friend.....                                    | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 966 |
| DEAREST.—Would I had met my <i>d.</i> foe in heaven, or ever.....                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 488 |
| DEATH.—The sense of <i>d.</i> is most in apprehension.....                             | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 288 |
| Grim <i>d.</i> how foul and loathsome is thy image !.....                              | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 8   |
| To win renown even in the jaws of <i>d.</i> .....                                      | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 315 |
| Nothing we can call our own but <i>d.</i> .....                                        | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 362 |
| Thou owest God a <i>d.</i> . . . I would be loath to pay.....                          | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 458 |
| A man can die but once; we owe God a <i>d.</i> .....                                   | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 511 |
| Now by the <i>d.</i> of Him who died for all.....                                      | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 9   |
| <i>D.</i> makes no conquest of this conqueror, for now he lives on fame.....           | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 200 |
| The <i>d.</i> of each day's life, sore labor's bath.....                               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 215 |
| Our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty <i>d.</i> .....                     | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 252 |
| DEBONAIR.—As free, as <i>d.</i> , unarmed as bending angels.....                       | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 350 |
| DEBT.—Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's <i>d.</i> .....                          | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 256 |
| DECEIT.—O, that <i>d.</i> should steal such gentle shapes.....                         | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 192 |
| DECEIVERS.—Sigh no more, ladies . . . men were <i>d.</i> ever.....                     | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 348 |
| DECKING with liquid pearl the bladed grass.....                                        | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 398 |
| DEED.—How far that little candle . . . So shines a good <i>d.</i> in a.....            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 572 |
| Foul <i>d.s</i> will rise, though all the earth o'erwhelm them.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 490 |
| This foul <i>d.</i> shall smell above the earth.....                                   | <i>Y. C.</i>         | 3 609 |
| Do <i>d.s</i> to make heaven weep, all earth amazed.....                               | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 622 |
| Such precious <i>d.s</i> in one that promised nought.....                              | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 171 |
| DEEP.—Smooth runs the water where the brook is <i>d.</i> .....                         | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 37  |
| DEEP-MOUTHED.—Rattle the welkin's ear, and mock the <i>d.</i> thunder.....             | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 316 |
| DEER.—Death hath not struck so fat a <i>d.</i> , though many dearer.....               | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 465 |
| Why let the stricken <i>d.</i> go weep, the hart ungalled play.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 529 |
| Mice, rats and such small <i>d.</i> .....                                              | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 361 |
| DELAY.—Defer no time, <i>d.s</i> have dangerous ends.....                              | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 2 662 |
| The law's <i>d.</i> , the insolence of office.....                                     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 520 |
| DELIGHT.—These violent <i>d.s</i> have violent ends.....                               | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 434 |
| DESERT.—Use every man after his <i>d.</i> , and who should escape whipping?.....       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 516 |
| DESPAIR.—Our crimes would <i>d.</i> if they were not cherished by.....                 | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 606 |
| Hope gives not so much warrant as <i>d.</i> .....                                      | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 484 |
| DESPERATE.—Diseases <i>d.</i> grown, by <i>d.</i> appliances are relieved.....         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 542 |
| DEVIL.—Hell is empty, and all the <i>d.s</i> are here.....                             | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 26  |
| Let the <i>d.</i> be sometimes honored for his burning throne.....                     | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 319 |
| He must have a long spoon that sups with the <i>d.</i> .....                           | <i>Con. E.</i>       | 2 181 |
| <i>D.</i> 's soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.....                           | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 483 |
| The <i>d.</i> can cite Scripture for his purpose.....                                  | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 524 |
| He will give the <i>d.</i> his due.....                                                | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 402 |
| Shame the <i>d.</i> by telling the truth: tell the truth and shame the <i>d.</i> ..... | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 432 |
| DIANA.—Let us be <i>D.</i> 's foresters, gentlemen of the shade.....                   | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 400 |
| DIE.—Ay, but to <i>d.</i> , and go we know not where.....                              | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 289 |

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| DIE.—He is old, I young.—And may not young men <i>d.</i> as well as old. <i>Tam. Sh.</i>                     | 2  | 36  |
| I am afraid that few <i>d.</i> well, that <i>d.</i> in battle. . . . . <i>H. V.</i>                          | 2  | 596 |
| DIFFICULTIES.—All <i>d.</i> are but easy when they are known. . . . . <i>M. for Mac.</i>                     | 1  | 305 |
| DIGESTION.—Now good <i>d.</i> wait on appetite, and health on both. . . . . <i>Mac.</i>                      | 2  | 228 |
| DIM.—So doth the greater glory <i>d.</i> the less. . . . . <i>Mer. V.</i>                                    | 1  | 572 |
| DIRECT.—He durst not give me the lie <i>d.</i> . . . . . <i>A. Y. L.</i>                                     | 1  | 611 |
| Take note . . . O world, to be <i>d.</i> and honest is not safe. . . . . <i>Oth.</i>                         | 4  | 623 |
| DISCONTENT.—For what's more miserable than <i>d.</i> . . . . . <i>2 Oth.</i>                                 | 3  | 40  |
| Now is the winter of our <i>d.</i> made glorious summer by this sun. . . . . <i>R. III.</i>                  | 3  | 163 |
| DISCOURSE.—A beast that wants <i>d.</i> of reason would have mourned longer. <i>Ham.</i>                     | 4  | 487 |
| He that hath made us with such large <i>d.</i> looking before and after. . . . . <i>Ham.</i>                 | 4  | 545 |
| DISCRETION.—The better part of valor is <i>d.</i> . . . . . <i>1 H. IV.</i>                                  | 2  | 466 |
| DISDAIN.—And the red glow of scorn, and proud <i>d.</i> . . . . . <i>A. Y. L.</i>                            | 1  | 620 |
| DISEASE.—Kill the physician and the fee bestow upon thy foul <i>d.</i> . . . . . <i>K. L.</i>                | 4  | 319 |
| DISH.—Like fair fruit in an unwholesome <i>d.</i> are like to rot untaasted. <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>            | 3  | 365 |
| Let's carve him as a <i>d.</i> fit for the gods, not hew him as a carcass. . . . . <i>Y. C.</i>              | 3  | 592 |
| DISMAY.—With more <i>d.</i> I view the fight than those that make the fray. <i>Mer. V.</i>                   | 1  | 547 |
| DISORDER.—You have . . . broke the good meeting with most admired <i>d.</i> <i>Mac.</i>                      | 2  | 220 |
| DISSENSION.—Civil <i>d.</i> is a viperous worm. . . . . <i>1 H. VI.</i>                                      | 2  | 658 |
| DISTEMPER.—Upon the heat and flame of thy <i>d.</i> sprinkle cool patience. <i>Ham.</i>                      | 4  | 538 |
| DISTRIBUTION.—So <i>d.</i> should undo excess, and each man have enough. <i>K. L.</i>                        | 4  | 370 |
| DIVERS.—Time travels in <i>d.</i> paces with <i>d.</i> persons. . . . . <i>A. Y. L.</i>                      | 1  | 615 |
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| DIVINITY.—There's such <i>d.</i> doth hedge a king, that treason. . . . . <i>Ham.</i>                        | 4  | 549 |
| There's a <i>d.</i> that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will. . . . . <i>Ham.</i>                     | 4  | 564 |
| DOCTOR.—By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death will seize the <i>d.</i> <i>Cym.</i>                    | 4  | 172 |
| DOG.—I'd rather hear my <i>d.</i> bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me. <i>M. Ado.</i>               | 1  | 331 |
| I had rather be a <i>d.</i> and bay the moon than such a Roman. . . . . <i>Y. C.</i>                         | 3  | 620 |
| DOLE.—Happy man be his <i>d.</i> say I, every man to his business. . . . . <i>1 H. IV.</i>                   | 2  | 415 |
| DONE to death with slanderous tongues. . . . . <i>M. Ado.</i>                                                | 1  | 385 |
| If it were <i>d.</i> when it is <i>d.</i> , then 'twere well, it were <i>d.</i> quickly. . . . . <i>Mac.</i> | 2  | 209 |
| DOOMSDAY.—The world's grown honest.—Then is <i>d.</i> near. . . . . <i>Ham.</i>                              | 4  | 509 |
| DOOR-NAIL.—If I do not leave you all as dead as a <i>d.</i> . . . . . <i>2 H. VI.</i>                        | 3  | 73  |
| DOUBLE.— <i>D.</i> , <i>d.</i> toil and trouble; fire burn and. . . . . <i>Mac.</i>                          | 2  | 234 |
| DOUBT truth to be a liar, but never <i>d.</i> I love. . . . . <i>Ham.</i>                                    | 4  | 507 |
| 'Tis a shrewd <i>d.</i> , though it be but a dream. . . . . <i>Oth.</i>                                      | 4  | 624 |
| DOVE.—Seems he a <i>d.</i> , his feathers are but borrowed. . . . . <i>2 H. VI.</i>                          | 3  | 37  |
| DOVECOTE.—Like an eagle in a <i>d.</i> , I fluttered your Voices in Corioli. . . . . <i>Cor.</i>             | 3  | 571 |
| DRAM.—Every <i>d.</i> of woman's flesh is false, if she be. . . . . <i>W. Tale.</i>                          | 2  | 90  |
| DREAM.—To die, to sleep; to sleep; perchance to <i>d.</i> . . . . . <i>Ham.</i>                              | 4  | 519 |
| DREAMS which are the children of an idle train begot of nothing. . . . . <i>R. &amp; Y.</i>                  | 4  | 414 |
| We are such stuff as <i>d.</i> are made of. . . . . <i>Tem.</i>                                              | 1  | 61  |
| What <i>d.</i> may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil. . . . . <i>Ham.</i>                      | 4  | 519 |
| DRINK.—These clothes are good enough to <i>d.</i> in; and so be those boots. <i>Tw. N.</i>                   | 1  | 200 |
| He's in the third degree of <i>d.</i> ; he's drowned. . . . . <i>Tw. N.</i>                                  | 1  | 206 |
| Alas! it cried! Give me some <i>d.</i> , Titonius,' as a sick girl. . . . . <i>Y. C.</i>                     | 3  | 580 |
| DROP.—The wide sea hath <i>d.s.</i> too few to wash her clean again. . . . . <i>M. Ado.</i>                  | 1  | 369 |
| I to the world am like a <i>d.</i> of water, that seeks another <i>d.</i> . . . . . <i>Com. E.</i>           | 2  | 157 |
| DROWN.—O Lord! methought, what pain it was to <i>d.</i> . . . . . <i>R. III.</i>                             | 3  | 182 |
| DRUM.—The spirit-stirring <i>d.</i> , the ear-piercing file. . . . . <i>Oth.</i>                             | 4  | 622 |
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| If I be <i>d.</i> , I'll be <i>d.</i> with those that have the fear of God. . . . . <i>M. W. W.</i>          | 1  | 134 |
| DRY.—When I was <i>d.</i> with rage and extreme toil. . . . . <i>1 H. IV.</i>                                | 2  | 495 |
| DUDGEON.—I see thee still, and on thy blade and <i>d.</i> gout of blood. . . . . <i>Mac.</i>                 | 2  | 213 |
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| DULCET.—Uttering such <i>d.</i> and harmonious breath. . . . . <i>M. N. D.</i>                               | 1  | 405 |
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| EAGLE.—A lover's eye will gaze an <i>e.</i> blind. . . . . <i>L. L. L.</i>                           | 1 | 485 |
| EAGLES.—Drones suck not <i>E.</i> blood, but rob bee-hives. . . . . <i>2 H. VI.</i>                  | 3 | 58  |
| EARNEST.—Turned my feigned prayer, and gave in <i>e.</i> what I begged. <i>R. III.</i>               | 3 | 240 |
| EAR.—Which falls into my <i>e.s.</i> as profitless as water in a sieve. . . . . <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 | 375 |
| Pitchers have <i>e.s.</i> and I have many servants. . . . . <i>Tam. Sh.</i>                          | 2 | 58  |
| It came o'er my <i>e.</i> , like the sweet sound that breathes. . . . . <i>Tw. N.</i>                | 1 | 197 |
| Steed threatens steed . . . piercing the night's dull <i>e.</i> . . . . <i>H. IV.</i>                | 2 | 591 |
| Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's <i>e.</i> . . . . <i>R. &amp; Y.</i>                                | 4 | 416 |
| Lend me your <i>e.s.</i> I came to bury Caesar not to praise him. . . . . <i>Y. C.</i>               | 3 | 611 |
| That keep the word of promise to the <i>e.</i> and break it to our hope. . . . . <i>Mac.</i>         | 2 | 255 |
| Give every man thy <i>e.</i> , but few thy voice. . . . . <i>Ham.</i>                                | 4 | 491 |
| EARTH.—I say the <i>e.</i> did shake when I was born. . . . . <i>1 H. IV.</i>                        | 2 | 432 |
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| EASE.—Shall I not take my <i>e.</i> in mine inn but have my pocket picked? <i>1 H. IV.</i>           | 2 | 443 |
| EAST.—An hour before the . . . sun peered forth the . . . window of the <i>e.</i> <i>R. &amp; Y.</i> | 4 | 404 |
| EASY.—'Tis as <i>e.</i> as lying. . . . . <i>Ham.</i>                                                | 4 | 531 |
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| Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive till <i>f</i> , cling thee..... <i>Mac.</i>                        | 2  | 253 |
| <b>FANCIES.</b> —Troubled with thick-coming <i>f</i> , that keep her from her rest..... <i>Mac.</i>         | 2  | 251 |
| <b>FANCY-FREE.</b> —In maiden meditation <i>f</i> ..... <i>M. N. D.</i>                                     | 1  | 405 |
| <b>FANTASIES.</b> —Lovers and madmen have . . . such shaping <i>f</i> ..... <i>M. N. D.</i>                 | 1  | 434 |
| <b>FANTASTIC.</b> —Plays such <i>f</i> , tricks before high heaven, as make..... <i>M. for M.</i>           | 1  | 279 |
| <b>FARDELS.</b> —Who would <i>f</i> , bear, to grunt and sweat under a weary life?..... <i>Ham.</i>         | 4  | 520 |
| <b>FASHION.</b> —I see that <i>f</i> , wears out more apparel than the man..... <i>M. Ado.</i>              | 1  | 361 |
| I like it not; old <i>f.s</i> please me best..... <i>Tam. Sh.</i>                                           | 2  | 38  |
| The glass of <i>f</i> , and the mould of form..... <i>Ham.</i>                                              | 4  | 521 |
| <b>FAT.</b> —Let me have men about me that are <i>f</i> ; sleek-headed men..... <i>J. C.</i>                | 3  | 581 |
| We <i>f</i> , all creatures else to <i>f</i> , us, and we <i>f</i> , ourselves for maggots..... <i>Ham.</i> | 4  | 543 |
| One of them is <i>f</i> , and grows old : God help the while..... <i>H. IV.</i>                             | 2  | 422 |
| If to be <i>f</i> , is to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved..... <i>H. IV.</i>             | 2  | 429 |
| <b>FATE.</b> —Make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of <i>f</i> ..... <i>Mac.</i>                     | 2  | 236 |
| <b>FATHER.</b> —Know, your <i>f</i> , lost a <i>f</i> , that <i>f</i> , lost his..... <i>Ham.</i>           | 4  | 485 |
| The wish was <i>f</i> , Harry, to that thought..... <i>H. IV.</i>                                           | 2  | 531 |
| <b>FATHERS</b> do commonly get their children..... <i>Tam. Sh.</i>                                          | 2  | 36  |
| <b>FATHOM.</b> —Full <i>f</i> , five thy father lies : of his bones are coral made..... <i>Tem.</i>         | 1  | 31  |
| <b>FAULT.</b> —She hath more hair than wit, and <i>f.s</i> than hairs..... <i>T. G. V.</i>                  | 1  | 107 |
| Condemn the <i>f</i> , and not the actor of it..... <i>M. for M.</i>                                        | 1  | 276 |
| The <i>f</i> , dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves..... <i>J. C.</i>                         | 3  | 580 |
| All his <i>f.s</i> observed, set in a note-book and conned by rote..... <i>J. C.</i>                        | 3  | 622 |
| <b>FAVOR.</b> —Sickness is catching ; O were <i>f</i> , so, yours would I catch..... <i>M. N. D.</i>        | 1  | 397 |
| <b>FAWNING.</b> —How like a <i>f</i> , publican he looks ! I hate him..... <i>Mer. V.</i>                   | 1  | 523 |
| <b>FEAR.</b> —Let pale-faced <i>f</i> , keep with the mean-born man..... <i>H. VI.</i>                      | 3  | 43  |
| True nobility is exempt from <i>f</i> ..... <i>H. VI.</i>                                                   | 3  | 58  |
| To <i>f</i> , the worst oft cures the worse..... <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>                                       | 3  | 373 |
| 'Tis the eye of childhood, that <i>f.s</i> a painted devil..... <i>Mac.</i>                                 | 2  | 215 |
| Where little <i>f.s</i> grow great, great love grows there..... <i>Ham.</i>                                 | 4  | 527 |
| <b>FEARED.</b> —I rather tell thee what is to be <i>f</i> , than what I fear..... <i>J. C.</i>              | 3  | 582 |
| <b>FEARFUL.</b> —Virtue is bold, and goodness never <i>f</i> ..... <i>M. for M.</i>                         | 1  | 291 |
| <b>FEAST.</b> —If ever sat at any good man's <i>f</i> , if ever..... <i>A. Y. L.</i>                        | 1  | 605 |
| Latter end of a fray and beginning of a <i>f</i> , fits . . . a keen guest..... <i>H. IV.</i>               | 2  | 451 |
| <b>FEATURE.</b> —To show virtue her own <i>f</i> , scorn her own image..... <i>Ham.</i>                     | 4  | 523 |
| <b>FEEDLE.</b> —'Tis not enough to help the <i>f</i> , up, but to support him after..... <i>Tim. A.</i>     | 3  | 424 |
| <b>FEEB.</b> —I will <i>f</i> , fat the ancient grudge I bear him..... <i>Mer. V.</i>                       | 1  | 523 |
| <b>FEEL.</b> —Take physic, pomp : Expose thyself to <i>f</i> , what wretches <i>f</i> ..... <i>K. L.</i>    | 4  | 358 |
| Speak what we <i>f</i> , not what we ought to say..... <i>K. L.</i>                                         | 4  | 398 |
| <b>FEIGNING.</b> —'Twas never merry world since lowly <i>f</i> , was called..... <i>Tru. N.</i>             | 1  | 227 |
| <b>FELL.</b> —My <i>f</i> , of hair would at a dismal tence rouse and stir..... <i>Mac.</i>                 | 2  | 252 |
| <b>FELLOW.</b> —A <i>f</i> , of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy..... <i>Ham.</i>                     | 4  | 561 |
| <i>F.s</i> of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors..... <i>H. V.</i>              | 2  | 621 |
| <b>FELLOWSHIP.</b> —Sweet <i>f</i> , of shame ! One drunkard loves another..... <i>L. L. L.</i>             | 1  | 478 |
| <b>FELONY.</b> —I will make it <i>f</i> , to drink small beer..... <i>H. VI.</i>                            | 3  | 60  |
| <b>FENCE.</b> —And had thought he had been . . . so cunning in <i>f</i> ..... <i>Tru. N.</i>                | 1  | 237 |
| <b>FERN-REED.</b> —We have the receipt of <i>f</i> , we walk invisible..... <i>H. IV.</i>                   | 2  | 413 |
| <b>FERRYMAN.</b> —That grim <i>f</i> , that poets write of..... <i>R. III.</i>                              | 3  | 182 |
| <b>FETTER</b> strong madness with a silken thread, charm ache with air..... <i>M. Ado.</i>                  | 1  | 376 |
| <b>FEW.</b> —We <i>f</i> , we happy <i>f</i> , we band of brothers..... <i>H. V.</i>                        | 2  | 603 |
| <b>FIFE.</b> —When you hear . . . the vile squealing of the wry-necked <i>f</i> ..... <i>Mer. V.</i>        | 1  | 534 |
| <b>FIGHT.</b> —I dare not <i>f</i> ; but I will wink and hold out mine iron..... <i>H. V.</i>               | 2  | 562 |
| <b>FIGURE.</b> —This weak impress of love is as a <i>f</i> , trenched in ice..... <i>T. G. V.</i>           | 1  | 107 |
| <b>FILCHES.</b> —He that <i>f</i> , . . . my good name, robs me of that which..... <i>Oth.</i>              | 4  | 617 |
| <b>FINGER.</b> —No man's pie is freed from his ambitious <i>f</i> ..... <i>H. VIII.</i>                     | 3  | 257 |
| 'Tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own <i>f.s</i> ..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                               | 4  | 457 |
| A figure for . . . scorn to point his slow unmoving <i>f</i> , at..... <i>Oth.</i>                          | 4  | 639 |

|                                                                                       | V.                   | P.    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| FIRE that's closest kept burns most of all.....                                       | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 79  |
| As soon kindle <i>f.</i> with snow, as quench the <i>f.</i> of love with words.....   | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 97  |
| Little <i>f.</i> grows great with little wind, yet extreme gusts will.....            | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 30  |
| O who can hold a <i>f.</i> in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus.....        | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 340 |
| His . . . blaze cannot last, for violent <i>f.</i> s soon burn out themselves.....    | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 343 |
| A little <i>f.</i> is quickly trodden out, . . . being suffered rivers cannot.....    | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 145 |
| FIRM-SET.—Thou sure and <i>f.</i> earth, hear not my steps.....                       | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 213 |
| FISH.—The pleasant'st angling is to see the <i>f.</i> cut with his golden oars.....   | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 353 |
| She's neither <i>f.</i> nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.....             | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 1 443 |
| FISH-LIKE.—He smells like a fish; a very ancient and <i>f.</i> smell.....             | <i>Ten.</i>          | 1 444 |
| FITFUL.—After life's <i>f.</i> fever, he sleeps well.....                             | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 225 |
| FLAT burglary as ever was committed.....                                              | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 374 |
| FLATTER.—Because I cannot <i>f.</i> and speak fair, smile in men's faces.....         | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 174 |
| FLEA.—That's a valiant <i>f.</i> that dare . . . breakfast on the lip of a lion.....  | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 591 |
| FLESH.—The words expressly are 'a pound of <i>f.</i> ;' take then thy . . .           | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 565 |
| What! could not all this <i>f.</i> keep in a little life.....                         | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 465 |
| O, that this too, too solid <i>f.</i> would melt.....                                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 486 |
| FLESHED.—Full bravely hast thou <i>f.</i> thy maiden sword.....                       | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 466 |
| FLOOD.—Darest thou . . . leap in with this angry <i>f.</i> .....                      | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 579 |
| FLOOR.—The <i>f.</i> of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of.....                   | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 571 |
| FLOWER.—Western <i>f.</i> before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.....        | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 405 |
| Sweet <i>f.</i> s are slow and weeds make haste.....                                  | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 197 |
| He is not the <i>f.</i> of courtesy, but I'll warrant him gentle.....                 | <i>K. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 433 |
| <i>F.</i> of this purple dye, hit with Cupid's archery.....                           | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 419 |
| FLOWERY.—The <i>f.</i> way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.....      | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 763 |
| FOES.—O Time most accurst! 'mongst all <i>f.</i> . . . be the worst!.....             | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 125 |
| FOLLY.—We call a nettle a nettle, and the faults of fools but <i>f.</i> .....         | <i>Cor.</i>          | 3 568 |
| FOOD for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better.....                            | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 451 |
| FOOL.—Hath . . . wit's own grace to grace a learned <i>f.</i> .....                   | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 491 |
| Lord, what <i>f.</i> s these mortals be!.....                                         | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 419 |
| A <i>f.</i> , a <i>f.</i> ! I met a <i>f.</i> in the forest, a motley <i>f.</i> ..... | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 603 |
| The <i>f.</i> doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows.....                      | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 634 |
| Better a witty <i>f.</i> than a foolish wit.....                                      | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 204 |
| This fellow is wise enough to play the <i>f.</i> .....                                | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 226 |
| How ill white hairs become a <i>f.</i> and jester!.....                               | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 545 |
| A <i>f.</i> 's bolt is soon shot.....                                                 | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 590 |
| If he should lead her into a <i>f.</i> 's paradise as they say.....                   | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 431 |
| Mine eyes are made the <i>f.</i> s of the other senses, or else.....                  | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 213 |
| FOOLERY.—Folly in fools bears not so strong a note as <i>f.</i> in the wise.....      | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 491 |
| The little <i>f.</i> that wise men have makes a great show.....                       | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 586 |
| FOOLING.—In sooth thou wast in very gracious <i>f.</i> last night.....                | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 213 |
| Excellent! why this is the best <i>f.</i> when all is done.....                       | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 213 |
| FOOT.—The inaudible and noiseless <i>f.</i> of Time.....                              | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 768 |
| There's language in her eye . . . her lip; nay her <i>f.</i> speaks.....              | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 394 |
| FORCIBLE.—Let that suffice most <i>f.</i> Feeble.....                                 | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 510 |
| FORDOES.—This is the night that either makes or <i>f.</i> me quite.....               | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 650 |
| FORGONE.—But this denoted a <i>f.</i> conclusion.....                                 | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 624 |
| FORHEAD.—Be turned to . . . apes with <i>f.</i> s villainous low.....                 | <i>Ten.</i>          | 1 63  |
| FORFEIT.—Alas! why all the souls that were, were <i>f.</i> once.....                  | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 277 |
| FORGETFULNESS.—And steep my senses in <i>f.</i> .....                                 | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 504 |
| FORKED.—When a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a <i>f.</i> radish.....    | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 513 |
| FORM.—I see thee yet in <i>f.</i> as palpable as this which now I draw.....           | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 213 |
| The very age and body of time his <i>f.</i> and pressure.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 523 |
| A <i>f.</i> indeed where every god did seem to set his seal.....                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 536 |
| FORSWORN.—Take . . . those lips away that so sweetly were <i>f.</i> .....             | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 298 |
| Thou dost swear only to be <i>f.</i> .....                                            | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 288 |
| FORTUNE.—To be well-favored is the gift of <i>f.</i> , but to write and read.....     | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 359 |
| Well if <i>f.</i> be a woman she's a good wench for this gear.....                    | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 531 |
| Go forth, and <i>f.</i> play upon thy . . . helm!.....                                | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 682 |
| O lady <i>F.</i> stand thou auspicious!.....                                          | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 2 115 |
| Will <i>f.</i> never come with both hands full?.....                                  | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 527 |
| Giddy <i>f.</i> s furious, fickle wheel, that goddess blind.....                      | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 585 |
| There is a tide . . . which taken at the flood leads on to <i>f.</i> .....            | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 625 |
| The slings and arrows of outrageous <i>f.</i> .....                                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 519 |
| 'Tis a question whether love lead <i>f.</i> , or else <i>f.</i> love.....             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 527 |
| <i>F.</i> that arrant whore, ne'er turns the key to the poor.....                     | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 346 |
| FORWARD.—The most <i>f.</i> bud is eaten by the canker ere it blow.....               | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 76  |
| A violet . . . <i>f.</i> not permanent, sweet, not lasting.....                       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 490 |
| FOUL words is but <i>f.</i> wind, and <i>f.</i> wind is but <i>f.</i> breath.....     | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 384 |
| So <i>f.</i> a sky clears not without a storm.....                                    | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 302 |
| FOUNTAIN.—By paved <i>f.</i> , or the rushy brook, or in the beached margin.....      | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 403 |
| A woman moved is like a <i>f.</i> troubled, muddy . . . thick.....                    | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 69  |
| FOX.—The <i>f.</i> barks not when he would steal the lamb.....                        | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 37  |
| FRAILTY, thy name is woman.....                                                       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 487 |
| FREE.—I will be <i>f.</i> even to the uttermost, as I please in words.....            | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 55  |
| FRESH.—As <i>f.</i> as morning dew distilled on flowers.....                          | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 4 208 |
| FRETS.—Struts and <i>f.</i> his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more.....   | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 253 |
| FRETTED.—This majestic roof <i>f.</i> with golden fire.....                           | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 511 |
| FRIEND.—Money, means, and content . . . three good <i>f.</i> s.....                   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 608 |
| Honor, love, obedience, troops of <i>f.</i> s, I must not.....                        | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 250 |

|                                                                                      | V.              | P.    |
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| FRIEND.—These <i>f.s</i> thou hast . . . tried, grapple them to thy soul.....        | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 491 |
| Who not needs shall never lack a <i>f.</i> .....                                     | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 527 |
| FRIENDLY.—A <i>f.</i> eye could never see such faults, a flatterer's.....            | <i>J. C.</i>    | 3 621 |
| FRIENDSHIP.—In the beaten way of <i>f.</i> , what make you?.....                     | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 510 |
| Most <i>f.</i> is feigning, most loving mere folly.....                              | <i>A. Y. L.</i> | 1 67  |
| FRIGHTS.—That dreadful hell, it <i>f.</i> the isle from her propriety.....           | <i>Oth.</i>     | 4 6-6 |
| FRONT.—The very head and <i>f.</i> of my offending hath this extent.....             | <i>Oth.</i>     | 4 587 |
| FROST.—An envious sneaping <i>f.</i> that bites the first-born infants of.....       | <i>L. L. L.</i> | 1 449 |
| FROSTY.—Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, <i>f.</i> but kindly.....             | <i>A. Y. L.</i> | 1 597 |
| FROWN.—To bandy word for word, and <i>f.</i> for <i>f.</i> .....                     | <i>Tam. Sh.</i> | 2 70  |
| FRUIT.—The ripest <i>f.</i> first falls.....                                         | <i>A. Y. L.</i> | 2 346 |
| FURNISH.—The funeral baked meats did coldly <i>f.</i> forth the marriage tables..... | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 488 |
| FURY.—A tale told by an idiot full of sound and <i>f.</i> .....                      | <i>Mac.</i>     | 2 253 |

G.

|                                                                                     |                      |       |
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| GAIT.—His <i>g.</i> majestic, and his behavior, vain.....                           | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 486 |
| GALL.—I am pigeon-livered and lack <i>g.</i> to make oppression bitter.....         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 517 |
| The toe of the peasant comes so near . . . he <i>g.s</i> his kibe.....              | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 560 |
| GALLED.—Let the <i>g.</i> jade wince, my withers are unwrung.....                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 528 |
| GALLOW.—He hath no drowning mark . . . his complexion is perfect <i>g.</i> .....    | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 20  |
| The <i>g.</i> is built stronger than the church.....                                | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 558 |
| GAMESTER.—The gentler <i>g.</i> is the soonest winner.....                          | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 586 |
| GAPE.—I'll speak to it though hell itself should <i>g.</i> , and bid me hold.....   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 489 |
| GARDEN.—'Tis an unweeded <i>g.</i> that grows to seed.....                          | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 487 |
| GARLAND.—Peace should still her wheat <i>g.</i> wear.....                           | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 595 |
| GARLIC.—Eat no onions nor <i>g.</i> for we are unto sweet breath.....               | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 434 |
| GATES.—Heaven, set ope thy everlasting <i>g.</i> , to entertain my vows.....        | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 3 71  |
| See how the morning opes her golden <i>g.</i> , and takes . . . farewell.....       | <i>3 H. VI.</i>      | 3 102 |
| GENTLE.—The quality of mercy . . . droppeth as the <i>g.</i> rain from heaven.....  | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 562 |
| Voice . . . <i>g.</i> and low, an excellent thing in women.....                     | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 397 |
| GENTLEMEN.—It was never merry England since <i>g.</i> came up.....                  | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 3 59  |
| GENTLENESS.—Your <i>g.</i> shall force more than your force move us.....            | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 605 |
| GENTLY.—I will . . . do my spiriting <i>g.</i> .....                                | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 23  |
| I will roar you as <i>g.</i> as any sucking dove.....                               | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 403 |
| So may he rest; his faults lie <i>g.</i> on him.....                                | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 3 313 |
| GHOST.—There needs no <i>g.</i> . . . come from the grave to tell us this.....      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 499 |
| <i>G.s.</i> did shriek and squeal about the streets.....                            | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 597 |
| Towards his design moves like a <i>g.</i> .....                                     | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 213 |
| GIANT.—It is excellent to have a <i>g.s</i> strength, but tyrannous.....            | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 278 |
| The poor beetle . . . feels a pang as great as when a <i>g.</i> dies.....           | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 288 |
| GIBBS.—Where be your <i>g.</i> now? your gambols? your songs?.....                  | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 561 |
| GIDDY.—He that is <i>g.</i> thinks the world turns round.....                       | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 66  |
| GIFT.—Of nature's <i>g.s</i> thou mayest with lilies boast and.....                 | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 283 |
| Prayers and tears have moved me, <i>g.s</i> could never.....                        | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 3 68  |
| Of your own <i>g.s</i> make yourself praised, but reserve.....                      | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 3 454 |
| GILD.—To <i>g.</i> refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume.....         | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 300 |
| GILDED timber do worms enfold.....                                                  | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 538 |
| GINGER.—Yes, by Saint Anne, and <i>g.</i> shall be hot in the mouth too.....        | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 215 |
| GIRDLE.—I'll put a <i>g.</i> about the earth in forty minutes.....                  | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 405 |
| GIVE the devil his due.....                                                         | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 599 |
| I'll <i>g.</i> you boot, I'll <i>g.</i> you three for one.....                      | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 394 |
| If we <i>g.</i> you anything we hope to gain by you.....                            | <i>Cor.</i>          | 3 516 |
| <i>G.</i> thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportioned.....                       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 491 |
| GIVEN.—God has <i>g.</i> you one face, and you make yourselves another.....         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 521 |
| GIVING.—I am not in the <i>g.</i> vein to-day.....                                  | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 224 |
| GLAMIS hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more.....           | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 215 |
| GLASS.—He was . . . the <i>g.</i> wherein the noble youth did dress.....            | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 2 494 |
| GLASSES.—Women are frail . . . as the <i>g.</i> wherein they view.....              | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 284 |
| GLIB.—I want that <i>g.</i> and oily art, to speak and purpose not.....             | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 320 |
| GLIMPSSES.—In complete steel revisit'st the <i>g.</i> of the moon.....              | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 494 |
| GLISTERS.—All that <i>g.</i> is not gold, often have you heard that told.....       | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 539 |
| GLOBE.—This great <i>g.</i> . . . yea all which it inherit shall dissolve.....      | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 63  |
| GLORY.—This spring of love resembleth the uncertain <i>g.</i> of an April day.....  | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 83  |
| So doth the greater <i>g.</i> dim the less.....                                     | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 572 |
| I see thy <i>g.</i> , like a shooting star, fall to the base earth.....             | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 357 |
| <i>G.</i> is like a circle in the water, which never ceases to enlarge itself . . . | <i>1 H. VI.</i>      | 2 636 |
| GLOVE.—O that I were a <i>g.</i> upon that hand, that I might.....                  | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 421 |
| GNARLING sorrow hath less power to bite the man that . . . seits it right.....      | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 340 |
| GO.—He must needs <i>g.</i> the devil drives.....                                   | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 655 |
| GOD.—When maidens sue men give like <i>G.'s</i> .....                               | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 269 |
| O <i>G.</i> —thy arm was here, and not to us, but to thy arm alone.....             | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 614 |
| Had I but served my <i>G.</i> with half the zeal I served my king.....              | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 3 308 |
| <i>G.</i> shall be my stay, my guide and lantern to my feet.....                    | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 3 31  |
| GOING.—Stand not upon the order of thy <i>g.</i> , but go at once.....              | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 231 |
| Men must endure their <i>g.</i> hence, even as their coming hither.....             | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 389 |
| GOLD.—Thou gaudy <i>g.</i> , hard food for Midas, I'll none of thee.....            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 548 |

|                                                                                           | V.        | P.    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-------|
| GOLD were as good as twenty orators, and will . . . tempt him.....                        | R. III.   | 3 222 |
| Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing <i>g</i> .....                                          | R. & Y.   | 4 406 |
| Plate sin with <i>g</i> , and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.....            | K. L.     | 4 381 |
| 'Tis <i>g</i> , which makes the true man killed, and saves the thief.....                 | Cym.      | 4 120 |
| GONE.—Farewell! Othello's occupation's <i>g</i> . <i>l</i> .....                          | Oth.      | 4 622 |
| GOOD.—There live not three <i>g</i> , men unhanged . . . and one of them.....             | H. IV.    | 2 422 |
| The evil that men do lives after them, the <i>g</i> . . . interred with their bones.....  | Y. C.     | 3 611 |
| To do harm is often laudable, to do <i>g</i> , sometime folly.....                        | Mac.      | 2 240 |
| <i>G</i> , wine is a <i>g</i> , familiar creature, if it be well used.....                | Oth.      | 4 609 |
| <i>G</i> , name in man and woman . . . is the jewel of their souls.....                   | Oth. & C. | 4 617 |
| Though it be honest it is never <i>g</i> , to bring bad news.....                         | A. & C.   | 4 33  |
| My <i>g</i> , will is great though the gift small.....                                    | Per.      | 4 286 |
| GOODNESS.—There is some soul of <i>g</i> , in things evil, would men . . . distil it..... | H. V.     | 2 593 |
| GOOD-NIGHT.—That fatal bellman that gives the stern'st <i>g</i> .....                     | Mac.      | 2 214 |
| GORGEOUS.—Nature needs not what thou <i>g</i> , wear'st, which scarcely.....              | K. L.     | 4 352 |
| GORY.—Thou canst not say I did it, never shake thy <i>g</i> , locks at me.....            | Mac.      | 2 229 |
| GRACE.—Nor the judge's robe becomes thee with . . . so good a <i>g</i> .....              | M. for M. | 1 277 |
| When once our <i>g</i> , we have forgot, nothing goes right.....                          | M. for M. | 1 310 |
| To some kind of men their <i>g</i> ,s serve them but as enemies.....                      | A. Y. L.  | 1 597 |
| God and the devil? One brings thee in <i>g</i> , the other . . . out.....                 | All's W.  | 1 707 |
| He does it with a better <i>g</i> , but I do it more natural.....                         | Tw. N.    | 1 214 |
| See what a <i>g</i> , was seated on his brow: Hyperion's.....                             | Ham.      | 4 536 |
| GRACIOUS.—No witch hath power to charm, so <i>g</i> , is the time.....                    | Ham.      | 4 483 |
| GRAIN.—'Tis in <i>g</i> ; Noah's flood could not do it.....                               | Com. E.   | 2 173 |
| His reasons are as two <i>g</i> ,s . . . in two bushels of chaff.....                     | Mer. V.   | 1 518 |
| GRANDAM.—My <i>g</i> , having no eyes . . . wept herself blind.....                       | T. G. V.  | 1 88  |
| A woman's story . . . authorized by her <i>g</i> .....                                    | Mac.      | 2 229 |
| GRANDSIRE.—Sit like his <i>g</i> , cut in alabaster.....                                  | Mer. V.   | 1 517 |
| GRAPPLE.—Friends . . . tried <i>g</i> , them to thy soul with hoops of steel.....         | Ham.      | 4 491 |
| GRASS.—She rides me and I long for <i>g</i> , . . . I am an ass.....                      | Com. E.   | 2 166 |
| I am no Nebuchadnezzar, I have not . . . skill in <i>g</i> .....                          | All's W.  | 1 703 |
| Grew like the summer <i>g</i> , . . . unseen yet creceive.....                            | H. V.     | 2 553 |
| GRAVES yawn and yield your dead.....                                                      | M. Ado.   | 1 386 |
| The <i>g</i> ,s all gaping wide, every one lets forth his sprite.....                     | M. N. D.  | 1 443 |
| Duncan is in his <i>g</i> , . . . after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.....          | Mac.      | 2 225 |
| The <i>g</i> ,s stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead did squeak and.....                | Ham.      | 4 482 |
| GREAT.—Some men are born <i>g</i> , some achieve greatness.....                           | Tw. N.    | 1 223 |
| If I do grow <i>g</i> , I'll grow less; for I'll purge and leave sack.....                | H. IV.    | 2 467 |
| <i>G</i> , men have reaching hands.....                                                   | 2 H. V.   | 3 68  |
| A thousand hearts are <i>g</i> , within my bosom.....                                     | R. III.   | 3 250 |
| Rightly to be <i>g</i> , is not to stir without <i>g</i> , argument.....                  | Ham.      | 4 545 |
| Fishes live—as men do; the <i>g</i> , ones eat up the little ones.....                    | Per.      | 4 266 |
| GREATER.—Where the <i>g</i> , malady is fixed, the lesser is scarce felt.....             | K. L.     | 4 358 |
| GREAT-EST.—The empty vessel makes the <i>g</i> , sound.....                               | H. V.     | 2 606 |
| GREATNESS.—O . . . <i>g</i> ! millions of false eyes are stuck upon thee.....             | M. for M. | 1 300 |
| Some achieve <i>g</i> , and some have <i>g</i> , thrust upon 'em.....                     | Tw. N.    | 1 223 |
| Farewell! a long farewell to all my <i>g</i> ! this is the state of man.....              | H. VIII.  | 3 305 |
| GREEK.—For mine own part it was <i>G</i> , to me.....                                     | Y. C.     | 3 583 |
| GREEN.—The . . . seas incarnadine, making the <i>g</i> , one red.....                     | Mac.      | 2 215 |
| GREEN-EYED.—Shuddering fear and <i>g</i> , jealousy.....                                  | Mer. V.   | 1 548 |
| The <i>g</i> , monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on.....                          | Oth.      | 4 617 |
| GREENWOOD.—Under the <i>g</i> , tree who loves to lie with me.....                        | A. Y. L.  | 1 600 |
| GREY-EYED.—The <i>g</i> , morn smiles on the frowning night.....                          | R. & Y.   | 4 425 |
| GREYHOUND.—Thy wit is as the <i>g</i> ,s mouth; it catches.....                           | M. Ado.   | 1 383 |
| You stand like <i>g</i> ,s on the slip, straining upon the start.....                     | H. V.     | 2 576 |
| GRIEF.—He's something stained with <i>g</i> , that's beauty's canker.....                 | Tem.      | 1 32  |
| <i>G</i> , fills the room up of my absent child, lies in his bed.....                     | K. Y.     | 2 294 |
| The <i>g</i> , that does not speak, whispers the heart, and bids it break.....            | Mac.      | 2 246 |
| Great <i>g</i> ,s, I see, medicine the less.....                                          | Cym.      | 4 155 |
| Relating tales of others' <i>g</i> ,s . . . 'twill teach us to forget our own.....        | Per.      | 4 262 |
| Where joy most revels <i>g</i> , doth most lament.....                                    | Ham.      | 4 527 |
| GRIM-VISAGED war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.....                                    | R. III.   | 3 163 |
| GRIN.—Small curs are not regarded when they <i>g</i> .....                                | 2 H. VI.  | 3 36  |
| GRIFE.—They placed . . . a barren sceptre in my <i>g</i> .....                            | Mac.      | 2 223 |
| GRIZZLED.—The <i>g</i> , north disgorges such a tempest forth.....                        | Per.      | 4 279 |
| GROAN.—Made a <i>g</i> , of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.....             | All's W.  | 1 695 |
| Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with <i>g</i> ,s.....                                | R. II.    | 2 382 |
| GROSS.—Lies . . . <i>g</i> , as a mountain, open, palpable.....                           | 1 H. IV.  | 2 424 |
| A <i>g</i> , fat man.—As fat as butter.....                                               | 1 H. IV.  | 2 430 |
| GROUND.—Would . . . give a thousand furlongs of sea for one acre of barren <i>g</i> ..... | Tem.      | 1 21  |
| Let's sit upon the <i>g</i> , and tell sad stories of the death of kings.....             | R. II.    | 2 362 |
| The blood of English shall manure the <i>g</i> .....                                      | R. II.    | 2 375 |
| GROUNDLINGS.—Tear a passion . . . to split the ears of the <i>g</i> .....                 | Ham.      | 4 523 |
| GROWTH.—When I have plucked the rose, I cannot give it.....                               | Oth.      | 4 651 |
| GRUB.—Squirrel or old <i>g</i> , . . . the fairies' coachmakers.....                      | R. & Y.   | 4 414 |
| GRUDGE.—If I catch him . . . I will feed fat the ancient <i>g</i> , I bear him.....       | Mer. V.   | 1 523 |
| GUARD.—Never anger made good <i>g</i> , for itself.....                                   | A. & C.   | 4 64  |
| GUESTS.—Love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy <i>g</i> ,s.....              | 1 H. IV.  | 2 445 |
| GUILTINESS.—Her blush is <i>g</i> , not modesty.....                                      | M. Ado.   | 1 367 |
| They vanish tongue-tied in their <i>g</i> .....                                           | Y. C.     | 3 576 |



|                                                                              |                |   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|---|-----|
| GUILTY.—And then it started like a <i>g.</i> thing upon a . . . summons..... | <i>Ham.</i>    | 4 | 483 |
| GULF.—Approaches as fierce, as waters to the sucking <i>g.</i> .....         | <i>H. V.</i>   | 2 | 571 |
| In the swallowing <i>g.</i> of . . . dark oblivion.....                      | <i>R. III.</i> | 3 | 216 |
| GUM.—Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal <i>g.</i> ..... | <i>Oth.</i>    | 4 | 660 |
| GYVES.—March wide between the legs, as if they had <i>g.s</i> on.....        | <i>H. IV.</i>  | 2 | 450 |

H.

|                                                                                      |                 |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|---|-----|
| HABIT.—How use doth breed a <i>h.</i> in a man.....                                  | <i>T. G. V.</i> | 1 | 123 |
| Costly thy <i>h.</i> as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy.....           | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 | 491 |
| HABITATION.—Gives to airy nothing a local <i>h.</i> and a name.....                  | <i>N. N. D.</i> | 1 | 434 |
| HAIR.—As sweet . . . as bright Apollo's lute strung with his <i>h.</i> .....         | <i>L. L. L.</i> | 1 | 485 |
| HAIR-BREADTH 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach.....                              | <i>Oth.</i>     | 4 | 588 |
| HAL.—No more of that, <i>H.</i> , an' thou lovest me.....                            | <i>H. IV.</i>   | 2 | 425 |
| HALF.—Sent before my time into this breathing world, scarce <i>h.</i> made up.....   | <i>R. III.</i>  | 3 | 103 |
| HALLOWMAS.—To speak piling like a beggar at <i>H.</i> .....                          | <i>T. G. V.</i> | 1 | 84  |
| HAND.—A giving <i>h.</i> , though foul, shall have fair praise.....                  | <i>L. L. L.</i> | 1 | 469 |
| The earthy and cold <i>h.</i> of death lies on my tongue.....                        | <i>H. IV.</i>   | 2 | 405 |
| We go to use our <i>h.s</i> and not our tongues.....                                 | <i>R. III.</i>  | 3 | 181 |
| All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little <i>h.</i> .....              | <i>Mac.</i>     | 2 | 248 |
| Do not saw the air too much with the <i>h.</i> , use all gently.....                 | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 | 522 |
| HANDSAW.—When the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a <i>h.</i> .....            | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 | 512 |
| HANDSOME.—Faults look <i>h.</i> in three hundred pounds a year.....                  | <i>M. W. W.</i> | 1 | 168 |
| HANG.—We rot and rot; and thereby <i>h.s</i> a tale.....                             | <i>A. Y. L.</i> | 1 | 603 |
| Doff it and <i>h.</i> a calf-skin on these recreant limbs.....                       | <i>K. J.</i>    | 2 | 285 |
| O thereby <i>h.s</i> a tail.—Whereby <i>h.s</i> a tale, sir?.....                    | <i>Oth.</i>     | 4 | 612 |
| HANGING.—The ancient saying . . . <i>H.</i> and wiving goes by destiny.....          | <i>Mer. V.</i>  | 1 | 542 |
| Many a good <i>h.</i> prevents a bad marriage.....                                   | <i>T. W. N.</i> | 1 | 204 |
| HAPPIER.—Some falls are means the <i>h.</i> to rise.....                             | <i>Cym.</i>     | 4 | 159 |
| HAPPINESS.—Envy no man's <i>h.</i> , glad of other men's good.....                   | <i>A. Y. L.</i> | 1 | 609 |
| How bitter . . . to look into <i>h.</i> through another man's eyes.....              | <i>A. Y. L.</i> | 1 | 636 |
| HARD.—Upon my knee made <i>h.</i> with kneeling, I do pray to thee.....              | <i>K. J.</i>    | 2 | 289 |
| How <i>h.</i> it is for women to keep counsel.....                                   | <i>J. C.</i>    | 3 | 600 |
| It is as <i>h.</i> . . . as for a camel to thread . . . a small needle's eye.....    | <i>R. II.</i>   | 2 | 390 |
| Resty sloth finds the down pillow <i>h.</i> .....                                    | <i>Cym.</i>     | 4 | 145 |
| HARM.—Frame your mind to mirth, . . . which bars a thousand <i>h.s.</i> .....        | <i>Tam. Sh.</i> | 2 | 13  |
| Thou hast done much <i>h.</i> upon me, Hal, God forgive.....                         | <i>H. IV.</i>   | 2 | 4   |
| I am in this earthly world, where to do <i>h.</i> is often laughable.....            | <i>Mac.</i>     | 2 | 240 |
| HARMONY.—Soft stillness and . . . become the touches of sweet <i>h.</i> .....        | <i>Mer. V.</i>  | 1 | 571 |
| Tongues of dying men enforce attention like deep <i>h.</i> .....                     | <i>R. II.</i>   | 2 | 342 |
| HARNESS.—Come wrack! At least we'll die with <i>h.</i> on our back.....              | <i>Mac.</i>     | 2 | 253 |
| HARP not on that string, madam, that is past.....                                    | <i>R. III.</i>  | 3 | 234 |
| HARROW.—A tale . . . whose lightest word would <i>h.</i> up thy soul.....            | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 | 496 |
| HAT.—What, man! Ne'er pull your <i>h.</i> upon your brows, give sorrow words.....    | <i>Mac.</i>     | 2 | 246 |
| HATE.—To plead for love deserves more fee than <i>h.</i> .....                       | <i>T. G. V.</i> | 1 | 79  |
| If she did not <i>h.</i> him deadly, she would love him dearly.....                  | <i>M. Ado.</i>  | 1 | 379 |
| Owe no man <i>h.</i> , envy no man's happiness.....                                  | <i>A. Y. L.</i> | 1 | 609 |
| In time we <i>h.</i> that which we often fear.....                                   | <i>A. Eo C.</i> | 4 | 14  |
| HATED.—Heresies are <i>h.</i> most of these they did deceive.....                    | <i>M. N. D.</i> | 1 | 411 |
| HAUNT.—Our life exempt from public <i>h.</i> finds tongues in trees.....             | <i>A. Y. L.</i> | 1 | 594 |
| A devil <i>h.s</i> thee in the likeness of an old fat man.....                       | <i>H. IV.</i>   | 2 | 429 |
| Let the devil and his dam <i>h.</i> you.....                                         | <i>Oth.</i>     | 4 | 634 |
| HAVE is <i>h.</i> , however men do catch.....                                        | <i>K. J.</i>    | 2 | 265 |
| Let me clutch thee. I <i>h.</i> thee not, and yet I see thee still.....              | <i>Mac.</i>     | 2 | 213 |
| HAVOC.—Cry 'H.', and let slip the dogs of war.....                                   | <i>J. C.</i>    | 3 | 608 |
| HAZARD.—To set so rich a main in the nice <i>h.</i> of one doubtful hour.....        | <i>H. IV.</i>   | 2 | 447 |
| I have set my life upon . . . and I will stand the <i>h.</i> of the die.....         | <i>R. III.</i>  | 3 | 251 |
| HEAD.—Uncasy lies the <i>h.</i> that wears a crown.....                              | <i>H. IV.</i>   | 2 | 504 |
| A good soft pillow for that good white <i>h.</i> .....                               | <i>H. V.</i>    | 2 | 593 |
| This dishonor . . . will bring thy <i>h.</i> with sorrow to the ground.....          | <i>H. VI.</i>   | 3 | 31  |
| At his <i>h.</i> a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.....                       | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 | 546 |
| HEALTH.—Angels and . . . ! Be thou a spirit of <i>h.</i> or goblin damned?.....      | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 | 494 |
| HEAPS.—They have . . . piled up the cankered <i>h.</i> of strange-achieved gold..... | <i>H. IV.</i>   | 2 | 530 |
| HEAR.—For aught that I could ever . . . <i>h.</i> by tale or history.....            | <i>M. N. D.</i> | 1 | 396 |
| <i>H.</i> me for my cause, and be silent that you may <i>h.</i> .....                | <i>J. C.</i>    | 3 | 610 |
| HEART.—The white, cold . . . snow upon my <i>h.</i> abates the ardor of.....         | <i>Tem.</i>     | 1 | 58  |
| His tears pure messengers sent from his <i>h.</i> .....                              | <i>T. G. V.</i> | 1 | 98  |
| My <i>h.</i> prays for him though my tongue do curse.....                            | <i>Com. E.</i>  | 2 | 179 |
| A light <i>h.</i> lives long.....                                                    | <i>L. L. L.</i> | 1 | 490 |
| A heavy <i>h.</i> hears not a humble tongue.....                                     | <i>L. L. L.</i> | 1 | 507 |
| One <i>h.</i> , one bead, two bosoms and one troth.....                              | <i>M. N. D.</i> | 1 | 409 |
| If my <i>h.</i> were great, 'twould burst at this.....                               | <i>All's W.</i> | 1 | 791 |
| My <i>h.</i> is great, but it must break with silence.....                           | <i>R. II.</i>   | 2 | 348 |
| I will case my <i>h.</i> , albeit I make a hazard of my head.....                    | <i>H. IV.</i>   | 2 | 407 |
| Why that's well said, a good <i>h.</i> 's worth gold.....                            | <i>H. IV.</i>   | 2 | 466 |
| O England . . . like little body with a mighty <i>h.</i> .....                       | <i>H. V.</i>    | 2 | 562 |
| A <i>h.</i> unspotted is not easily daunted.....                                     | <i>H. VI.</i>   | 3 | 38  |

|                                                                                         | V.              | P.    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|-------|
| HEART.—A thousand <i>h.s</i> are great within my bosom : Advance.....                   | R. III.         | 3 250 |
| I mock at death with as big <i>h.</i> as thou.....                                      | <i>Cor.</i>     | 3 534 |
| Friends whose double bosoms seem to wear one <i>h.</i> .....                            | <i>Cor.</i>     | 3 544 |
| His <i>h.</i> cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft.....                            | R. & J.         | 4 427 |
| My <i>h.</i> is in the coffin there with Caesar.....                                    | J. C.           | 3 612 |
| I come not, friends, to steal away your <i>h.s</i> , I am no.....                       | J. C.           | 3 614 |
| I had rather coin my <i>h.</i> , and drop my blood for drachmas.....                    | J. C.           | 3 621 |
| Grief that does not speak, whispers the <i>h.</i> , and bids it break.....              | <i>Mac.</i>     | 2 246 |
| Thou hast cleft my <i>h.</i> in twain. O, throw away the worse part.....                | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 538 |
| I will wear my <i>h</i> upon my sleeve for daws to pick at.....                         | <i>Oth.</i>     | 4 578 |
| My <i>h.</i> is turned to stone; I strike it and it hurts my hand.....                  | <i>Oth.</i>     | 4 635 |
| HEARTBREAK.—Better a little chiding than a great deal of <i>h.</i> .....                | M. W. W.        | 1 187 |
| HEART'S-EASE.—What infinite <i>h.</i> must kings neglect, that private men.....         | H. V.           | 2 598 |
| HEAT.—Upon the <i>h.</i> . . . of thy distemper, sprinkle cool patience.....            | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 538 |
| HEAVEN.—He who the sword of <i>h.</i> will bear, should be as holy as severe.....       | M. for M.       | 1 297 |
| Poet's eye . . . doth glance from <i>h.</i> to earth, from earth to <i>h.</i> .....     | M. N. D.        | 1 434 |
| It droppeth as the gentle rain from <i>h.</i> .....                                     | <i>Mer. V.</i>  | 1 562 |
| The life . . . and truth of all this realm is fled to <i>h.</i> .....                   | K. J.           | 2 310 |
| Comfort's in <i>h.</i> , and we are on the earth, where.....                            | R. II.          | 2 351 |
| I will send thy soul to <i>h.</i> , if <i>h.</i> will take the present.....             | R. III.         | 3 166 |
| <i>H.</i> is here where Juliet lives.....                                               | R. & J.         | 4 444 |
| Nor <i>h.</i> nor earth have been at peace to-night.....                                | J. C.           | 3 596 |
| The <i>h.s</i> themselves blaze forth the death of princes.....                         | J. C.           | 3 597 |
| Bring with airs from <i>h.</i> or blasts from hell.....                                 | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 494 |
| There are more things in <i>h.</i> and earth . . . than.....                            | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 500 |
| Do deeds to make <i>h.</i> weep, all earth amazed.....                                  | <i>Oth.</i>     | 4 622 |
| HEAVEN-KISSING.—Like . . . Mercury, new-lighted on a <i>h.</i> hill.....                | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 536 |
| HEAVENLY.—My vow was earthly, thou a <i>h.</i> love.....                                | L. L. L.        | 1 478 |
| A showing of <i>h.</i> effect in an earthly actor.....                                  | <i>All's W.</i> | 1 667 |
| HECTOR.—A second <i>H.</i> for his grim aspect, and large proportion of.....            | H. V.           | 2 648 |
| HECUBA.—What's <i>H</i> to him, or he to <i>H.</i> , that he should weep for her?.....  | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 516 |
| HEDGE.—Such divinity doth <i>h.</i> a king, that treason can but peep.....              | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 549 |
| HEELS.—Destruction straight shall dog them at the <i>h.</i> .....                       | R. II.          | 2 389 |
| HELL.—Devil will not have damned, lest the oil . . . should set <i>h.</i> on fire.....  | M. W. W.        | 1 189 |
| And for your love to lead her apes in <i>h.</i> .....                                   | <i>Tam. Sh.</i> | 2 27  |
| Not in the legions of horrid <i>h.</i> can come a devil more damned.....                | <i>Mac.</i>     | 2 242 |
| Had I the power, I should pour the sweet milk of concord into <i>h.</i> .....           | <i>Mac.</i>     | 2 243 |
| I'll speak to it, though <i>h.</i> itself should gape.....                              | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 489 |
| HELL-BROTH.—For a charm of toil and trouble, like a <i>h.</i> boil and bubble.....      | <i>Mac.</i>     | 2 234 |
| HELLESFONT.—You are in love, and yet you never swam the <i>H.</i> .....                 | T. G. V.        | 1 75  |
| HELM.—Fortune and victory sit on thy <i>h.</i> !.....                                   | R. III.         | 3 243 |
| HELF.—Presumption . . . when the <i>h.</i> of heaven we count the act of men.....       | <i>All's W.</i> | 1 664 |
| HERALD.—Silence is the perfectest <i>h.</i> of joy; I were but little happy if.....     | M. Ado.         | 1 344 |
| Love's <i>h.s</i> should be thoughts, which ten times faster glide than.....            | R. & J.         | 4 432 |
| It was the lark, the <i>h.</i> of the morn, no nightingale.....                         | R. & J.         | 4 448 |
| HERCULES.—No more like my father than I to <i>H.</i> .....                              | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 487 |
| HERITAGE.—Service is no <i>h.</i> . . .                                                 | <i>All's W.</i> | 1 654 |
| HEROD.—It out-herods <i>H.</i> , pray you avoid it.....                                 | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 523 |
| HIDE.—Let's carve . . . not <i>h.</i> him as a carcass fit for houn ls.....             | J. C.           | 3 592 |
| HIDE.—Thou wear a lion's <i>h.</i> ! Doff it for shame.....                             | K. J.           | 2 285 |
| HIDEOUS.—Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon, making night <i>h.</i> .....         | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 494 |
| HIGH.—What stature is she off? Just as <i>h.</i> as my heart.....                       | A. Y. L.        | 1 614 |
| In the most <i>h.</i> and palmy state of Rome, a little ere.....                        | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 482 |
| HILL.—The morn . . . walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward <i>h.</i> .....            | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 483 |
| HIND.—The <i>h.</i> that would be mated by the lion must die for love.....              | <i>All's W.</i> | 1 649 |
| HINGES.—Let tongue lick . . . and crook the pregnant <i>h.</i> of the knee.....         | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 524 |
| HINT.—Upon this <i>h.</i> I spake. She loved me for the dangers.....                    | <i>Oth.</i>     | 4 589 |
| HOG in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness.....                                   | K. L.           | 4 359 |
| HOLD.—He . . . on a slippery place, makes nice of no vile <i>h.</i> to stay him up..... | K. J.           | 2 295 |
| HOLE.—Caesar dead . . . might stop a <i>h.</i> to keep the wind away.....               | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 562 |
| HOLY.—He who the sword of heaven will bear, should be <i>h.</i> as severe.....          | M. for M.       | 1 297 |
| Trifles . . . are to . . . confirmations strong as <i>h.</i> writ.....                  | <i>Oth.</i>     | 4 621 |
| HOME.—Ghosts wandering here and there troop <i>h.</i> to graveyards.....                | M. N. D.        | 1 425 |
| 'Tis common that men are merriest when they are from <i>h.</i> .....                    | H. V.           | 2 560 |
| HOMELY.—Home-keeping youths have ever <i>h.</i> wits.....                               | T. G. V.        | 1 75  |
| HONEST.—Wives may be merry, and yet <i>h.</i> too.....                                  | M. W. W.        | 1 176 |
| <i>H.</i> plain words best pierce the ear of grief.....                                 | L. L. L.        | 1 507 |
| Though . . . not naturally <i>h.</i> , I am so sometimes by chance.....                 | W. Tale.        | 2 132 |
| An <i>h.</i> tale speeds best being plainly told.....                                   | R. III.         | 3 234 |
| HONESTY.—Corruption wins not more than <i>h.</i> .....                                  | H. VIII         | 3 307 |
| There is no terror . . . in your threats, for I am armed so strong in <i>h.</i> .....   | J. C.           | 3 621 |
| HONOR.—One in whom the ancient Roman <i>h.</i> more appears.....                        | <i>Mer. V.</i>  | 1 552 |
| Jealous in <i>h.</i> , sudden and quick in quarrel.....                                 | A. Y. L.        | 1 606 |
| New-made <i>h.</i> doth forget men's names.....                                         | K. J.           | 2 265 |
| An easy leap to pluck bright <i>h.</i> from the pale-faced moon.....                    | H. IV.          | 2 409 |
| <i>H.</i> pricks me on; Yea, but how if <i>h.</i> prick me off?.....                    | H. IV.          | 2 458 |
| Can <i>h.</i> set to a leg, or an arm, or take away the grief of . . . ?.....           | H. IV.          | 2 458 |
| <i>H.</i> hath no skill in surgery, then? . . . What is that <i>h.</i> ? air.....       | H. IV.          | 2 458 |
| <i>H.</i> is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.....                            | H. IV.          | 2 458 |
| The fewer men, the greater share of <i>h.</i> .....                                     | H. V.           | 2 602 |

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|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-------|
| HONOR.—Blossoms, and bears his blushing <i>h.s</i> thick upon him.....                          | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 3 305 |
| Set <i>h.</i> in one eye, and death in the other.....                                           | <i>Ŷ. C.</i>       | 3 579 |
| Believe me for mine <i>h.</i> , and have respect to my <i>h.</i> , that you.....                | <i>Ŷ. C.</i>       | 3 610 |
| Greatly to find quarrel in a straw, when <i>h.'s</i> at stake.....                              | <i>Hum.</i>        | 4 545 |
| HONORABLE.—Brutus is an <i>h.</i> man, so are they all, all <i>h.</i> men.....                  | <i>Ŷ. C.</i>       | 3 611 |
| HONORED.—A custom more <i>h.</i> in the breach than the observance.....                         | <i>Hum.</i>        | 4 493 |
| HOPE.— <i>h.</i> to be not so. <i>H.</i> is a curtal dog in some affairs.....                   | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 146 |
| The miserably have no other medicine, but only <i>h.</i> .....                                  | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 286 |
| True <i>h.</i> is swift and flies with swallow's wings.....                                     | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 241 |
| To-day puts forth the tender leaves of <i>h.s</i> , to-morrow blossoms.....                     | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 3 305 |
| HORROR.—The very stones . . . take the present <i>h.</i> from the times.....                    | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 213 |
| I have supped full with <i>h.s</i> .....                                                        | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 252 |
| On <i>h.'s</i> head, <i>h.s</i> accumulate.....                                                 | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 622 |
| HORSE.—My purpose is, indeed, a <i>h.</i> of that color.....                                    | <i>Tro. N.</i>     | 1 216 |
| I was not made a <i>h.</i> , yet I bear a burthen like an ass.....                              | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 392 |
| They sell the pasture now to buy the <i>h.</i> .....                                            | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 501 |
| A <i>h. / a h. /</i> my kingdom for a <i>h.</i> .....                                           | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 251 |
| HORSEMANSHIP.—And witch the world with noble <i>h.</i> .....                                    | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 449 |
| HOUR.—Lovers break not <i>h.s</i> , unless it be to come before their time.....                 | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 121 |
| Pleasure and action make the <i>h.s</i> seem short.....                                         | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 611 |
| Better three <i>h.s</i> too soon, than a minute too late.....                                   | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 155 |
| So from <i>h.</i> to <i>h.</i> , we ripe and ripe; and then from <i>h.</i> to <i>h.</i> we..... | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 603 |
| HOUSE.—You take my <i>h.</i> , when you do take the prop that doth sustain.....                 | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 507 |
| Though he comes slowly he carries his <i>h.</i> on his head.....                                | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 025 |
| A plague of both your <i>h.s!</i> .....                                                         | <i>R. &amp; Ŷ.</i> | 4 437 |
| A gravemaker: the <i>h.s</i> he makes last till doomsday.....                                   | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 558 |
| HUE.—The <i>h.</i> of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 520 |
| HUM.—The <i>h.</i> of either army stilly sounds.....                                            | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 591 |
| HUMBLENESS.—With bated breath and whispering <i>h.</i> .....                                    | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 525 |
| HUMILITY.—If a Jew wrong a Christian what is his <i>h. P</i> Revenge.....                       | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 544 |
| I have sounded the very base-string of <i>h.</i> .....                                          | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 419 |
| HUMOR.—In some sort it jumps with my <i>h.</i> .....                                            | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 401 |
| HUNDRED.—Fourteen <i>h.</i> years ago were nailed, for our advantage to.....                    | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 397 |
| HURLY-BURLY.—When the <i>h.'s</i> done; when the battle's lost and won.....                     | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 199 |
| HURT.—Courage, man, the <i>h.</i> cannot be much.—No! 'tis not so deep.....                     | <i>R. &amp; Ŷ.</i> | 4 437 |
| HUSBAND.—I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a <i>h.</i> .....                           | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 345 |
| A light wife doth make a heavy <i>h.</i> .....                                                  | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 573 |
| Fools are as like <i>h.s</i> as pilchards are to herrings; the <i>h.'s</i> the bigger.....      | <i>Tro. N.</i>     | 1 225 |
| HYPERION.—So excellent a king; . . . to this, <i>H.</i> to a satyr.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 487 |

I.

|                                                                                       |                      |       |
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| ICE.—To reside in thrilling region of thick-ribbed <i>i.</i> .....                    | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 289 |
| ICICLE.—Chaste as the <i>i.</i> that's curdied by the frost from purest snow.....     | <i>Cor.</i>          | 3 502 |
| IDIOT.—A tale told by an <i>i.</i> , full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.....  | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 253 |
| IDLENESS.—Sterile with <i>i.</i> or manured with industry.....                        | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 593 |
| IDOLATRY.—'Tis mad <i>i.</i> to make the service greater than the god.....            | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 358 |
| IF.—Your <i>i.</i> is the only peace-maker; much virtue in <i>i.</i> .....            | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 641 |
| ILL deeds are doubled with an evil word.....                                          | <i>Con. E.</i>       | 2 171 |
| How oft the . . . means to do <i>i.</i> deeds makes deeds <i>i.</i> done.....         | <i>K. Ŷ.</i>         | 2 305 |
| Against <i>i.</i> chances men are ever merry; but heaviness.....                      | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 521 |
| Didst thou never hear that things <i>i.</i> -got had ever bad success.....            | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 107 |
| <i>I.</i> blows the wind that profits nobody.....                                     | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 114 |
| Makes us rather hear those <i>i.s</i> we have than fly to others.....                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 520 |
| ILL-ROASTED.—Thou art damned like an <i>i.</i> egg, all on one side.....              | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 609 |
| IMAGE.—Look on death itself! up, up, and see the great doom's <i>i.</i> .....         | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 218 |
| IMAGINATION.—The lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of <i>i.</i> all compact.....   | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 434 |
| As <i>i.</i> bodies forth the forms of things unknown.....                            | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 414 |
| Give me an ounce of civet . . . to sweeten my <i>i.</i> .....                         | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 380 |
| IMAGININGS.—Present fears are less than horrible <i>i.</i> .....                      | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 204 |
| IMMORTAL.—Such harmony is in <i>i.</i> souls.....                                     | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 571 |
| IMP.—An <i>i.</i> of fame . . . of fist most valiant.....                             | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 594 |
| IMPARTIAL.—In this I'll be <i>i.</i> ; be you judge of your own cause.....            | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 316 |
| IMPEDIMENT.—Thus far . . . have we marched on without <i>i.</i> .....                 | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 240 |
| IMPERFECTIONS.—Sent to my account with all my <i>i.</i> on my head.....               | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 497 |
| IMPOSE.—What fates <i>i.</i> , that men must needs abide; it boots not to resist..... | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 133 |
| IMPOTENT.—Delay leads <i>i.</i> and snail-paced beggary.....                          | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 226 |
| IMPRISONED in the viewless winds, and blown with restless.....                        | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 289 |
| IMPUDENCY.—Audacious without <i>i.</i> , learned without opinion.....                 | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 486 |
| INCARNADINE.—The multitudinous seas <i>i.</i> , making the green one red.....         | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 215 |
| INCHES.—I would I had your <i>i.</i> ; thou shouldst know there were a.....           | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 15  |
| INCLINE.—These things to hear would Desdemona seriously <i>i.</i> .....               | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 588 |
| INCONSTANT.—O, swear not by the moon, the <i>i.</i> moon, that changes.....           | <i>R. &amp; Ŷ.</i>   | 4 423 |
| INEXORABLE.—More <i>i.</i> far than empty tigers or the roaring sea.....              | <i>R. &amp; Ŷ.</i>   | 4 468 |
| INEXPLICABLE.—Capable of nothing but <i>i.</i> dumb-shows.....                        | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 523 |
| INFANCY.—For she was as tender as <i>i.</i> and grace.....                            | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 2 145 |
| INFANT.—A frost that bites the first-born <i>i.s</i> of the spring.....               | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 449 |

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| INFINITE.—I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of <i>i</i> . jest.....                   | Ham.      | 4 561 |
| INFIRMITIES.—A friend should bear his friend's <i>i</i> .....                     | J. C.     | 3 621 |
| INFIRMITY.—God send you . . . a speedy <i>i</i> . for the better increasing....   | Tiv. N.   | 1 205 |
| INFLUENCE.—A breath thou art, servile to all the skye <i>i</i> s.....             | M. for M. | 1 286 |
| The moist star upon whose <i>i</i> . Neptune's empire stands.....                 | Ham.      | 4 482 |
| INGENIOUS.—A parlous boy; bold, quick, <i>i</i> ., forward.....                   | R. III.   | 3 202 |
| INGRATITUDE.—Thou art not so unkind as man's <i>i</i> .....                       | A. Y. L.  | 1 607 |
| <i>I</i> . more strong than traitor's arms quite vanquished him.....              | J. C.     | 3 613 |
| <i>I</i> . thou marble-hearted fiend.....                                         | K. L.     | 4 333 |
| Filial <i>i</i> .! Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand.....             | K. L.     | 4 358 |
| INJURY.—Hot as gunpowder, and quickly will return an <i>i</i> .....               | H. V.     | 2 612 |
| INJUSTICE.—Heaven will . . . plague <i>i</i> . with the pains of hell.....        | R. II.    | 2 358 |
| Whose conscience with <i>i</i> . is corrupted.....                                | 2 H. VI.  | 3 50  |
| INK.—Turning your books to graves, your <i>i</i> . to blood, your pens.....       | 2 H. IV.  | 2 515 |
| INKY.—Tis not your <i>i</i> . brows, your black silk hair, your bugle.....        | A. Y. L.  | 1 622 |
| INNOCENCE.—Whose white investments figure.....                                    | 2 H. IV.  | 2 514 |
| The trust I have is in mine <i>i</i> ., and therefore am I bold.....              | 2 H. VI.  | 3 65  |
| INNOCENT.—Look like the <i>i</i> . flower, but be the serpent under 't.....       | Mac.      | 2 208 |
| <i>I</i> . sleep, sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.....            | Mac.      | 2 214 |
| INSEPARABLE.—Like true, <i>i</i> ., loves, sticking together in calamity.....     | 2         | 294   |
| INSOLENCE.—The pangs of . . . the law's delay, the <i>i</i> . of office.....      | Ham.      | 4 520 |
| INSPIRATION.—Holy men at their death have good <i>i</i> s.....                    | Mer. V.   | 1 520 |
| INSTANCES.—A beard of formal cut; full of wise saws and modern <i>i</i> s.....    | A. Y. L.  | 1 606 |
| INSTINCT is a great matter; I was now a coward on <i>i</i> .....                  | 1 H. IV.  | 2 425 |
| You are lions too, you ran away upon <i>i</i> .....                               | 1 H. V.   | 2 426 |
| By a divine <i>i</i> . men's minds mistrust ensuing dangers.....                  | R. III.   | 3 106 |
| INSTRUCTION.—It shall go hard, but I will better the <i>i</i> .....               | Mer. V.   | 1 544 |
| INSTRUMENT.—To win us to our harm, the <i>i</i> s of darkness tell us truths..... | Mac.      | 2 204 |
| The gods . . . of our pleasant viciss make <i>i</i> s to plague us.....           | K. L.     | 4 394 |
| What poor an <i>i</i> ., may do a noble deed?.....                                | A. & C.   | 4 90  |
| INTEGRITY.—My robe and my <i>i</i> . to Heaven is all I dare now call my own..... | H. VIII.  | 3 308 |
| INTENT.—Thoughts are no subject: <i>i</i> s but merely thoughts.....              | M. for M. | 1 323 |
| Be thy <i>i</i> s wicked or charitable, thou comest in such . . . shape.....      | Ham.      | 4 494 |
| My stronger guilt defeats my strong <i>i</i> .....                                | Ham.      | 4 533 |
| INTERRED.—Evil that men do . . . the good is oft <i>i</i> . with their bones..... | J. C.     | 3 611 |
| INTERRUPTED.—Whose rage doth rend like <i>i</i> . waters.....                     | Cor.      | 3 528 |
| INVENTION.—The most notorious geck and gull that e'er <i>i</i> . played on....    | Tiv. N.   | 1 254 |
| O for a Muse . . . that would ascend the brightest heaven of <i>i</i> .....       | H. V.     | 2 551 |
| INVENTOR.—Bloody instructions, which . . . return to plague the <i>i</i> .....    | Mac.      | 2 210 |
| INVULNERABLE.—Is as the air, <i>i</i> ., and our vain blows . . . mockery.....    | Ham.      | 4 483 |
| INWARD.—Opinion . . . makes us scan. The outward habit by the <i>i</i> . man..... | Per.      | 4 271 |
| IRON.—Put up your <i>i</i> .; you are well fleshed.....                           | Tiv. N.   | 1 241 |
| None but in this <i>i</i> . age would do it.....                                  | K. J.     | 2 298 |
| Nor links of <i>i</i> . can be retentive to the strength of spirit.....           | J. C.     | 3 586 |
| ISLE.—This scepter'd <i>i</i> .; this earth of majesty, this seat of Mars.....    | R. II.    | 2 343 |
| Silence that . . . bell; it frights the <i>i</i> from her propriety.....          | Oth.      | 4 606 |
| ISSUES.—Spirits are not finely touched but to fine <i>i</i> .....                 | M. for M. | 1 260 |
| ITERATION.—Thou hast damnable <i>i</i> ., and art able to corrupt a saint.....    | 1 H. IV.  | 2 451 |

## J.

|                                                                                            |           |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-------|
| JACK.—Banish plump <i>J</i> ., and banish all the world.....                               | 1 H. IV.  | 2 429 |
| <i>J</i> . Falstaff with my familiars, John with my brothers and sisters.....              | 2 H. IV.  | 2 492 |
| JANUARY.—You will never run mad, niece. No, not till a hot <i>J</i> .....                  | Bl. Ado.  | 1 331 |
| JANUS.—By . . . <i>J</i> ., Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.....            | Mer. V.   | 1 516 |
| JAUNDICE.—What grief doth set the <i>j</i> . on your cheeks?.....                          | Tr. & Cr. | 3 345 |
| JAV.—Is the <i>j</i> . more precious than the lark, because his feathers . . . ?.....      | Tam. Sh.  | 2 57  |
| JEALOUSY.—For love, thou knowest, is full of <i>j</i> .....                                | T. G. V.  | 1 94  |
| O, beware, my lord, of <i>j</i> .; it is the green-eyed monster.....                       | Oth.      | 4 617 |
| JERUSALEM.—So part me sadly . . . to meet with joy in sweet <i>J</i> .....                 | 3 H. VI.  | 3 154 |
| JESTS.—He <i>j</i> . at scars that never felt a wound.....                                 | R. & J.   | 4 420 |
| JEW.—Hath not a <i>J</i> . eyes? hath not a <i>J</i> . hands, organs . . . senses?.....    | Mer. V.   | 1 544 |
| In converting <i>J</i> s to Christians we raise the price of pork.....                     | Mer. V.   | 1 557 |
| A second Daniel! I thank thee, <i>J</i> ., for teaching me that word.....                  | Mer. V.   | 1 566 |
| I am a <i>J</i> . else, an Hebrew <i>J</i> .....                                           | 1 H. IV.  | 2 423 |
| JEWEL.—Like the toad . . . wears yet a precious <i>j</i> . in his head.....                | A. Y. L.  | 1 594 |
| My chastity's the <i>j</i> . of our house, bequeathed down.....                            | All's W.  | 1 603 |
| Hangs upon the cheek of night, like a rich <i>j</i> . in an Ethiop's ear.....              | R. & J.   | 4 416 |
| Good name in men and women . . . is the immediate <i>j</i> . of their souls....            | Oth.      | 4 617 |
| JOCUND day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.....                                   | R. & J.   | 4 448 |
| JOINT.—Her wanton spirits look out at every <i>j</i> . . . of her body.....                | Tr. & Cr. | 3 394 |
| The time is out of <i>j</i> .; O cursed spite, that ever I was born.....                   | Ham.      | 4 500 |
| JOURNEY.—Now is the sun upon the highest hill of this day's <i>j</i> .....                 | R. & J.   | 4 432 |
| JOVE.—Could . . . men thunder as <i>J</i> . . . does, <i>J</i> . would ne'er be quiet..... | M. for M. | 1 278 |
| JOV.—If he be sick with <i>j</i> ., he'll recover without physic.....                      | 2 H. V.   | 2 529 |
| Eighty years . . . and each hour's <i>j</i> . wrecked with a week of teen.....             | R. III.   | 3 221 |
| There's tears for his love, <i>j</i> . for his fortune, honor for his valor.....           | J. C.     | 3 610 |

|                                                                                                 | V.                 | P.    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-------|
| JOY.—Fill full. I drink to the general <i>j.</i> of the whole table.....                        | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 230 |
| Where <i>j.</i> most revels, grief doth most lament; grief <i>j.s.</i> , <i>j.</i> grieves..... | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 527 |
| Briefly die their <i>j.s.</i> that place them on the truth.....                                 | <i>Cym.</i>        | 4 174 |
| JUDGE.—Nor the <i>j.'s</i> robe, become them with one-half so good a grace.....                 | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 277 |
| Foreb. ar to <i>j.</i> , for we are sinners all.....                                            | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 3 55  |
| JUDGEMENT.—Some god direct my <i>j.</i> .....                                                   | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 537 |
| O <i>j.</i> I thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason.....              | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 612 |
| JUDICIOUS.—Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the <i>j.</i> .....              | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 523 |
| JULIET.—Hang up philosophy! Unless philosophy can make a <i>J.</i> .....                        | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 444 |
| JUMP.—Here, upon this bank and shoal of time, we'd <i>j.</i> the life to come.....              | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 210 |
| JUST.—Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel <i>j.</i> .....                                  | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 3 50  |
| The gods are <i>j.</i> , and of our pleasant vices make . . . us.....                           | <i>K. L.</i>       | 4 394 |
| JUSTICE.—The <i>J.</i> , in fair round belly with good capon lined.....                         | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 606 |
| And poise the cause in <i>j.</i> equal scales, whose beam stands sure.....                      | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 3 28  |

## K.

|                                                                                        |                      |       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| KEEN.—The tongues of mocking wenches are as <i>k.</i> as is the razor's edge.....      | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 495 |
| KEEPING.—Call you that <i>k.</i> for a gentleman of my birth?.....                     | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 581 |
| KERNEL.—There can be no <i>k.</i> in this light nut; the soul of this man's.....       | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 676 |
| KEY.—Bend low and in a bondsman's <i>k.</i> , with bated breath and.....               | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 525 |
| KIDNEY.—Think of that—a man of my <i>k.</i> —think of that!.....                       | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 172 |
| KILL.—I would not <i>k.</i> thy unprepared spirit; No; heaven forbid!.....             | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 651 |
| The first thing we do, let's <i>k.</i> all the lawyers.....                            | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 3 61  |
| KIN.—One touch of nature makes the whole world <i>k.</i> .....                         | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 381 |
| A little more than <i>k.</i> , and less than kind.....                                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 485 |
| KINDNESS nobler ever than revenge and nature . . . made him.....                       | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 632 |
| This is a way to kill a wife with <i>k.</i> .....                                      | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 49  |
| I fear thy nature; it is too full o' the milk of human <i>k.</i> .....                 | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 207 |
| KING.—Not the <i>k.'s</i> crown, nor the deputed sword, the marshal's.....             | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 277 |
| The attribute . . . wherein doth sit the dread and fear of <i>k.s.</i> .....           | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 563 |
| It is enthroned in the heart of <i>k.s.</i> , it is the attribute to God himself.....  | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 563 |
| Not all the water . . . can wash the balm from an anointed <i>k.</i> .....             | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 360 |
| <i>K.s.</i> and mightiest potentates must die, for that's the end of human.....        | <i>1 H. VI.</i>      | 2 665 |
| <i>K.</i> Stephen was a worthy peer, his breeches cost him but a crown.....            | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 604 |
| Falseness is worse in <i>k.s.</i> than beggars.....                                    | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 144 |
| KISS.—There is not half a <i>k.</i> to choose, who loves . . . best.....               | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 2 118 |
| Like fire and powder, which as they <i>k.</i> consume.....                             | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 434 |
| KISSED.—She is not to be <i>k.</i> fasting, in respect of her breath.....              | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 106 |
| KISSES.—His <i>k.</i> are Judas's own children.....                                    | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 619 |
| KITTEN.—I had rather be a <i>k.</i> and cry mew, than one of these.....                | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 2 434 |
| KNAVE.—How absolute the <i>k.</i> is, we must speak by the card.....                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 560 |
| You sir, more <i>k.</i> than fool, after your master.....                              | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 335 |
| KNAVERY's plain face is never seen till used.....                                      | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 602 |
| KNEE.—Show me thy humble heart and not thy <i>k.</i> .....                             | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 355 |
| Supple <i>k.s.</i> feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.....                   | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 378 |
| Offer on her <i>k.s.</i> than on her feet, died every day she lived.....               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 243 |
| KNELLED.—Hear it not . . . for it is a <i>k.</i> , that summons thee to heaven or..... | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 213 |
| KNIGHTS.—The armorers accomplishing the <i>k.</i> , with busy hammers.....             | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 591 |
| KNOW.—I will swear to study so, to <i>k.</i> the thing I am forbid to <i>k.</i> .....  | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 448 |
| I <i>k.</i> a trick worth two of that, i' faith.....                                   | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 2 412 |
| Lord, we <i>k.</i> what we are, but <i>k.</i> not what we may be.....                  | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 547 |
| To <i>k.</i> a man well were to <i>k.</i> himself.....                                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 567 |
| KNOWLEDGE.—O <i>k.</i> ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!.....        | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 617 |
| <i>K.</i> is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.....                                  | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 3 68  |

## L.

|                                                                                  |                      |       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| LABOR.—Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to <i>l.</i> in his vocation.....              | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 2 402 |
| The <i>l.</i> we delight in physics pain.....                                    | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 217 |
| LABORER.—I am a true <i>L.</i> : I earn that I get, get that I wear.....         | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 609 |
| LACE.—O cut my <i>l.</i> in sunder, that my pent heart may have some scope.....  | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 220 |
| LADIES.—If <i>l.</i> be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it.....   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 603 |
| LADY.—He capers nimbly in a <i>l.'s</i> chamber, to the.....                     | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 163 |
| To make a sweet <i>l.</i> sad is a sour offence.....                             | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 370 |
| Now get you to my <i>l.'s</i> chamber, and tell her, let her paint.....          | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 561 |
| LAMB.—We were as twinned <i>l.s.</i> that did frisk i' the sun.....              | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 2 76  |
| In war was never lion . . . in peace was never gentle <i>l.</i> more mild.....   | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 346 |
| You are yoked with a <i>l.</i> , that carries anger as the flint bears fire..... | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 622 |
| LAMENT.—Where joy most revels, grief doth most <i>L.</i> .....                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 527 |
| LAMENTABLY.—A very pleasant thing indeed, and sung <i>l.</i> .....               | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 2 119 |
| LAND.—Money buys <i>L.</i> , and wives are sold by fate.....                     | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 193 |
| My love . . . Prizes not quantity of dirty <i>l.s.</i> .....                     | <i>Tro. N.</i>       | 1 219 |
| LANDLORD of England art thou, not king; the state of law is bond slave.....      | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 345 |

|                                                                                            | V.                 | P.    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-------|
| LANGUAGE.—There was . . . <i>l</i> , in their very gesture.....                            | <i>W. Tale.</i>    | 2 141 |
| LARDS.—Falstaff sweats to death, and <i>l</i> the lean earth as he walks.....              | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 416 |
| LARGESS.—A <i>l</i> universal like the sun, his liberal eye doth give to every one.....    | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 592 |
| LARK.—More tunable than <i>l</i> to shepherd's ear.....                                    | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 397 |
| It was the <i>l</i> , the herald of the morn.....                                          | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 448 |
| Hark, hark! The <i>l</i> at heaven's gate sings.....                                       | <i>Cym.</i>        | 4 119 |
| LASCIVIOUS.—I will find you twenty <i>l</i> turtles ere one chaste man.....                | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 145 |
| LAST.—The <i>l</i> of all the Romans, fare thee well!.....                                 | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 633 |
| LAUGH to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm.....                    | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 236 |
| Your castle's strength will <i>l</i> a siege to scorn.....                                 | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 252 |
| LAUGHTER.—To move wild <i>l</i> , in the throat of death.....                              | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 510 |
| LAW.—One that knows the <i>l</i> , go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to.....             | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 375 |
| In these nice, sharp quillets of the <i>l</i> , good faith I am no.....                    | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 2 650 |
| Willian, thou knowest no <i>l</i> of God nor man.....                                      | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 168 |
| The proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the <i>l</i> 's delay.....          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 520 |
| LAWYER.—O'er <i>l</i> 's fingers, who straight dream on fees.....                          | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 414 |
| Why may not that be the skull of a <i>l</i> ? Where be his quiddities . . . ?.....         | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 559 |
| Like the breath of an unfeel <i>l</i> , you gave me nothing for 't.....                    | <i>K. L.</i>       | 4 330 |
| LAZARUS.—As ragged as <i>L</i> , in the painted cloth.....                                 | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 450 |
| LEANNESS.—Long time have I watched: Watching breeds <i>l</i> .....                         | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 344 |
| LEARNED without opinion and strange without heresy.....                                    | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 486 |
| LEARNING.—There will little <i>l</i> die then, the day thou art hanged.....                | <i>Tim. A.</i>     | 3 438 |
| LEAST.—Though last not <i>l</i> in love.....                                               | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 207 |
| LEAVING.—Nothing in his life became him like the <i>l</i> it.....                          | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 605 |
| LEEK.—His eyes were green as <i>l</i> 's.....                                              | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 442 |
| LEG.—Your <i>l</i> 's did better service than your hands.....                              | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 3 109 |
| We petty men walk under his huge <i>l</i> 's, and peep about.....                          | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 580 |
| LENDER.—Neither a borrower nor a <i>l</i> be: for loan oft loses.....                      | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 492 |
| LESS.—Speak <i>l</i> than thou knowest, Lend <i>l</i> than thou owest.....                 | <i>K. L.</i>       | 4 330 |
| LESSENED.—One pain is <i>l</i> by another's anguish.....                                   | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 408 |
| LETHE.—Let fancy still my sense in <i>L</i> steep.....                                     | <i>Tim. A.</i>     | 1 242 |
| Wine hath steeped our senses in soft and delicate <i>L</i> .....                           | <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 4 41  |
| LEVIATHAN.—Be thou here again ere the <i>l</i> can swim a league.....                      | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 405 |
| LIAR.—An infinite and endless <i>l</i> , an hourly promise-breaker.....                    | <i>All's W.</i>    | 1 686 |
| There are <i>l</i> 's . . . enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.....              | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 239 |
| LICK.—Let the candied tongue <i>l</i> absurd pomp, and crook.....                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 524 |
| LIE.—I love to hear him <i>l</i> , and I will use him for my minstrelsy.....               | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 451 |
| Speak of frays, like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint <i>l</i> 's.....               | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 556 |
| So to the <i>l</i> circumstantial, and <i>l</i> direct.....                                | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 641 |
| He will <i>l</i> , sir, with such volubility, that.....                                    | <i>All's W.</i>    | 1 700 |
| LIEF.—I had as <i>l</i> not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing.....                  | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 579 |
| LIFE.—And our little <i>l</i> is rounded with a sleep.....                                 | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 61  |
| So the <i>l</i> that died with shame, lives in death with glorious fame.....               | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 385 |
| You take my <i>l</i> when you do take the means whereby I live.....                        | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 567 |
| <i>L</i> is as tedious as a twice-told tale vexing the dull ear.....                       | <i>K. J.</i>       | 2 295 |
| What a sign it is of evil <i>l</i> , when death's approach is seen so terrible!.....       | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 3 55  |
| O God forgive him! so bad a death argues a monstrous <i>l</i> .....                        | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 3 55  |
| Now he lives in fame, though not in <i>l</i> .....                                         | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 200 |
| If any think brave death outweighs bad <i>l</i> .....                                      | <i>Cor.</i>        | 3 499 |
| Nothing in his <i>l</i> became him like leaving it.....                                    | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 205 |
| I would set my <i>l</i> on any chance, to mend it, or be rid on 't.....                    | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 224 |
| LIFE-BLOOD.—This sickness doth infect the very <i>l</i> of our enterprise.....             | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 447 |
| LIGHT.—In delay we waste our <i>l</i> 's in vain, like lamps by day.....                   | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 413 |
| LIKE.—He was a man; I shall not look upon his <i>l</i> again.....                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 488 |
| LIMIT.—A merrier man, within the <i>l</i> of becoming mirth, I never.....                  | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 459 |
| LIMPING.—April on the heel of <i>l</i> winter treads.....                                  | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 408 |
| LINE.—I am angling now, though you perceive me not how I give <i>l</i> .....               | <i>W. Tale.</i>    | 2 79  |
| LINGER.—Yet merciful, I would not have thee <i>l</i> in thy pain.....                      | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 653 |
| LION.—Doing in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a <i>l</i> .....                         | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 329 |
| Let me play the <i>l</i> . . . I will roar that I will do any man's heart good.....        | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 400 |
| There is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your <i>l</i> living.....                       | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 412 |
| Thou wear a <i>l</i> 's hide! doff it for shame and hang a calfskin.....                   | <i>K. J.</i>       | 2 285 |
| The <i>l</i> dying thrusteth forth his paw, and wounds the earth.....                      | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 381 |
| We were two <i>l</i> 's littered in one day, and I the elder and more terrible.....        | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 598 |
| LIP.—Take, O take those <i>l</i> 's away, that so sweetly were foreworn.....               | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 293 |
| Masterly done, the very life seems warm upon her <i>L</i> .....                            | <i>W. Tale.</i>    | 2 146 |
| A cherry <i>l</i> , a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue.....                            | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 165 |
| Their <i>l</i> 's were four red roses on a stalk, which.....                               | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 225 |
| They met so near with their <i>l</i> 's that their breaths embraced.....                   | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 601 |
| Let me my service tender on your <i>l</i> 's.....                                          | <i>Cym.</i>        | 4 114 |
| LIQUID.—In the morn and <i>l</i> dew of youth.....                                         | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 491 |
| LIQUORS.—In my youth I never did apply hot and . . . <i>l</i> in my blood.....             | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 597 |
| LITTLE.—Though she be but <i>l</i> , she is fierce.....                                    | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 424 |
| For then . . . he found the blessedness of being <i>l</i> .....                            | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 3 313 |
| A <i>l</i> month or ere these shoes were old.....                                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 487 |
| <i>L</i> of this great world can I speak, more than pertains to feats of . . . battle..... | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 587 |
| LIVE.—I've hope to <i>l</i> , and am prepared to die.....                                  | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 286 |
| Faith I will <i>l</i> so long as I may, that's the certain of it.....                      | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 563 |
| I had as lief not be as <i>l</i> to be in awe of such a thing.....                         | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 579 |
| LIVELONG.—The obscured bird clamored the <i>l</i> night.....                               | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 217 |

|                                                                                                                                             | V. | P.              |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|-----------------|
| LIVER white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity.....                                                                              | 2  | H. IV. 2 524    |
| LIVERY.—To achieve the silver <i>l.</i> of advised age.....                                                                                 | 2  | H. VI. 3 81     |
| LOAF.—Easy it is of a cut <i>l.</i> to steal a shive, we know.....                                                                          |    | Tit. An. 4 201  |
| LOAM.—Men are but gilded <i>l.</i> or painted clay.....                                                                                     |    | R. II. 2 331    |
| LOAN oft loses both itself and friend.....                                                                                                  |    | Ham. 4 492      |
| LOATH.—I am <i>l.</i> to gall a new-healed wound.....                                                                                       | 2  | H. IV. 2 480    |
| LOCKS.—These grey <i>l.</i> the pursuivants of death.....                                                                                   | 1  | H. VI. 2 653    |
| LODE-STARS.—O happy fair! your eyes are <i>l.</i> ....                                                                                      |    | M. N. D. 1 397  |
| LONGINGS.—I have immortal <i>l.</i> in me.....                                                                                              |    | A. & C. 4 91    |
| LOOK.—Even such a man . . . so spiritless, so dull, so dead in <i>l.</i> .....                                                              | 2  | H. IV. 2 474    |
| Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry <i>l.</i> . . . such men are.....                                                                        |    | Y. C. 3 581     |
| <i>l.</i> with thine ears; see how yond justice rails upon yond . . . thief.....                                                            |    | K. L. 4 380     |
| This <i>l.</i> of thine will hurl my soul from heaven.....                                                                                  |    | Oth. 4 658      |
| LOOKING.—With such large discourse, <i>l.</i> before and after.....                                                                         |    | Ham. 4 545      |
| LORD of thy presence and no land beside.....                                                                                                |    | K. Y. 2 264     |
| LOSS.—The most patient man in <i>l.</i> , the . . . coldest that ever turned up ace, <i>Cym.</i>                                            |    | 4 118           |
| LOSSES.—A fellow that hath had <i>l.</i> , and one that hath two gowns.....                                                                 |    | M. Ado. 1 375   |
| Laughed at my <i>l.</i> , mocked at my gains, scorned my nation.....                                                                        |    | Mer. V. 1 544   |
| LOVE.—They do not <i>l.</i> that do not show their <i>l.</i> .....                                                                          |    | T. G. V. 1 79   |
| O they <i>l.</i> least that let men know they <i>l.</i> .....                                                                               |    | T. G. V. 1 79   |
| If you <i>l.</i> her you cannot see her. Why? Because <i>l.</i> is blind.....                                                               |    | T. G. V. 1 85   |
| I break my fast, dine, sup . . . upon the very naked name of <i>l.</i> .....                                                                |    | T. G. V. 1 93   |
| As soon go kindle fire with snow as . . . quench the fire of <i>l.</i> with.....                                                            |    | T. G. V. 1 97   |
| <i>l.</i> is like a child, that longs for everything that he can come by.....                                                               |    | T. G. V. 1 102  |
| The course of true <i>l.</i> never did run smooth.....                                                                                      |    | M. N. D. 1 396  |
| O hell! to choose <i>l.</i> by another's eyes.....                                                                                          |    | M. N. D. 1 396  |
| Things base and vile . . . <i>l.</i> can transpose to form and dignity.....                                                                 |    | M. N. D. 1 398  |
| <i>l.</i> looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, therefore is . . . Cupid, <i>M. N. D.</i>                                             |    | 1 398           |
| As . . . boys in game . . . the hoy <i>l.</i> is perjured everywhere.....                                                                   |    | M. N. D. 1 398  |
| Playing on pipes of corn and versing <i>l.</i> to amorous Phillida.....                                                                     |    | M. N. D. 1 403  |
| <i>l.</i> is merely a madness and . . . deserves . . . a dark house and a whip <i>A. Y. L.</i>                                              |    | 1 616           |
| <i>l.</i> and quiet life, and awful rule and right supremacy.....                                                                           |    | Tam. Sh. 2 68   |
| She never told her <i>l.</i> , but let concealment like a worm i' the bud.....                                                              |    | Tw. N. 1 219    |
| As man and wife, being two, are one in <i>l.</i> .....                                                                                      |    | H. V. 2 626     |
| I owe my little duty and less <i>l.</i> .....                                                                                               | 1  | H. VI. 2 677    |
| As my hand has opened bounty to you, my heart dropped <i>l.</i> .....                                                                       |    | H. VIII. 3 301  |
| The heart-blood of beauty, <i>l.</i> 's invisible soul.....                                                                                 |    | Tr. & Cr. 3 369 |
| Wife and child . . . those strong knots of <i>l.</i> .....                                                                                  |    | Mac. 2 241      |
| Doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth . . . ; but never doubt I <i>l.</i> .....                                                         |    | Ham. 4 507      |
| Where <i>l.</i> is great, the littlest doubts are fear.....                                                                                 |    | Ham. 4 527      |
| Where little fears grow great, great <i>l.</i> grows there.....                                                                             |    | Ham. 4 527      |
| A round, unvarnished tale . . . of my whole course of <i>l.</i> .....                                                                       |    | Oth. 4 587      |
| I do <i>l.</i> thee, and when I <i>l.</i> thee not, chaos is come again.....                                                                |    | Oth. 4 615      |
| LOVED.—Who ever <i>l.</i> that <i>l.</i> not at first sight?.....                                                                           |    | A. Y. L. 1 622  |
| LOVER.—A <i>l.</i> 's eyes will gaze an eagle blind; a <i>l.</i> 's ear will hear.....                                                      |    | L. L. L. 1 485  |
| The lunatic, the <i>l.</i> , and the poet.....                                                                                              |    | M. N. D. 1 434  |
| And then the <i>l.</i> sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad.....                                                                    |    | A. Y. L. 1 606  |
| The stroke of death is as a <i>l.</i> 's pinch, which hurts and is desired.....                                                             |    | A. & C. 4 91    |
| LOVERS and madmen have such seething brains.....                                                                                            |    | M. N. D. 1 434  |
| In this state she gallops by night through <i>l.</i> 's brains.....                                                                         |    | R. & Y. 4 414   |
| At <i>l.</i> 's perjuries they say Jove laughs.....                                                                                         |    | R. & Y. 4 422   |
| LOVE-RHYMES.—Dan Cupid; regent of <i>l.</i> , lord of folded arms.....                                                                      |    | L. L. L. 1 468  |
| LOW.—Most friendship is feigning; most <i>l.</i> , mere folly.....                                                                          |    | A. Y. L. 1 607  |
| My creditors grow cruel, my estate is very <i>l.</i> .....                                                                                  |    | M. Ado. 1 340   |
| LOWLINESS is young ambition's ladder.....                                                                                                   |    | Mer. V. 1 553   |
| LUCIFER.—And when he falls, he falls like <i>l.</i> , never to hope again.....                                                              |    | Y. C. 3 589     |
| LUCK.—I hope good <i>l.</i> lies in odd numbers.....                                                                                        |    | M. W. W. 1 186  |
| LUSH.—How <i>l.</i> and lusty the grass looks! how green!<br>LUST.—Till the wicked fire of <i>l.</i> have melted him in his own grease..... |    | M. W. W. 1 145  |
| LYING.—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to . . . <i>l.</i> .....                                                                         |    | H. IV. 2 466    |

## M.

|                                                                                          |   |                |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----------------|
| MACDUFF.—Lay on, <i>M.</i> , and damned be him that first cries, 'Hold.....              |   | Mac. 2 256     |
| MAD.—Cupid is a knavish lad, thus to make poor females <i>m.</i> .....                   |   | M. N. D. 1 427 |
| As <i>m.</i> as the vexed sea.....                                                       |   | K. L. 4 375    |
| MADCAP.—The nimble-footed <i>m.</i> , Prince of Wales.....                               | 1 | H. IV. 2 448   |
| MADNESS.—And what's a fever but a fit of <i>m.</i> ?.....                                |   | Com. E. 2 188  |
| Begot of thought, conceived of spleen, born of <i>m.</i> .....                           |   | A. Y. L. 1 608 |
| Why this is very mid-summer <i>m.</i> .....                                              |   | Tw. N. 1 232   |
| How pregnant . . . his replies are! a happiness that often <i>m.</i> hits on.....        |   | Ham. 4 509     |
| O, that way <i>m.</i> lies; let me shun that.....                                        |   | K. L. 4 358    |
| MAGNANIMOUS.—As valiant as the wrathful dove, or most <i>m.</i> mouse.....               | 2 | H. IV. 2 510   |
| MAID.—She can milk, look you, a sweet virtue in a <i>m.</i> with clean hands.....        |   | T. G. V. 1 105 |
| <i>M.</i> are May when they are <i>m.</i> , but the sky changes when they are wives..... |   | A. Y. L. 1 627 |
| MAIDEN.—Now purple with love's wound, and <i>m.</i> s call it love-in-idleness.....      |   | M. N. D. 1 405 |

|                                                                                         | V.        | P.    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-------|
| MAJESTY.—This earth of <i>m.</i> , this seat of Mars, this other Eden.....              | R. II.    | 2 343 |
| With what a <i>m.</i> he bears himself, how insolent . . . he is become.....            | 2 H. VI.  | 3 36  |
| MAKES.—This is the night that either <i>m.</i> me or fordoes me quite.....              | Oth.      | 4 650 |
| MALICE.—Deep malice makes too deep incision; forget, forgive.....                       | R. II.    | 2 330 |
| MAMMETS.—This is no world to play with <i>m.</i> and to tilt with lips.....             | 1 H. IV.  | 2 418 |
| MAN.—That <i>m.</i> , that hath a tongue, . . . is no <i>m.</i> if . . . he cannot..... | T. G. V.  | 1 101 |
| <i>M.</i> , proud <i>m.</i> , drest in a little brief authority . . . plays such.....   | M. for M. | 1 278 |
| If you meet a thief, you may suspect him . . . to be no true <i>m.</i> .....            | M. Ado.   | 1 359 |
| The will of <i>m.</i> is by his reason swayed.....                                      | M. N. D.  | 1 410 |
| I am no such a thing: I am a <i>m.</i> as other men are.....                            | M. N. D.  | 1 413 |
| God made him, and therefore let him pass for a <i>m.</i> .....                          | Mer. V.   | 1 520 |
| When he is best, he is a little worse than a <i>m.</i> .....                            | Mer. V.   | 1 521 |
| I dare do all that may become a <i>m.</i> ; who dares do more is none.....              | Mac.      | 2 211 |
| A pound of <i>m.</i> 's flesh taken from a <i>m.</i> is not so estimable.....           | Mer. V.   | 1 526 |
| A goodly portly <i>m.</i> , i' faith, and a corpulent.....                              | 1 H. IV.  | 2 428 |
| Even such a <i>m.</i> , so . . . so dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone.....           | 2 H. IV.  | 2 474 |
| More than I seem, and less than I was born to: a <i>m.</i> at least.....                | 3 H. VI.  | 3 120 |
| Nor more can you distinguish of a <i>m.</i> , than of his outward show.....             | R. III.   | 3 198 |
| 'Tis cruelty to load a falling <i>m.</i> .....                                          | H. VIII.  | 3 325 |
| I wished myself a <i>m.</i> , or that we women had men's privilege.....                 | Tr. & Cr. | 3 375 |
| A woman impudent . . . is not more loathed than effeminate <i>m.</i> .....              | Tr. & Cr. | 3 382 |
| Shall Rome stand under one <i>m.</i> 's awe?.....                                       | J. C.     | 3 589 |
| Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a <i>m.</i> .'.....           | J. C.     | 3 637 |
| Dispute it like a <i>m.</i> . . . But I must also feel it as a <i>m.</i> .....          | Mac.      | 2 246 |
| He was a <i>m.</i> , take him for all in all, I shall.....                              | Ham.      | 4 488 |
| Give every <i>m.</i> thy ear, but few thy voice; take each <i>m.</i> 's censure.....    | Ham.      | 4 491 |
| What a piece of work is a <i>m.</i> ! how noble in reason! how infinite . . .!          | Ham.      | 4 511 |
| Wert thou a <i>m.</i> , thou would'st have mercy on me.....                             | A. & C.   | 4 88  |
| MANDRAKE.—Would curses kill, as doth the <i>m.</i> s groan, I would invent.....         | 2 H. VI.  | 3 52  |
| MANHOOD.—If <i>m.</i> , good <i>m.</i> , be not forgot upon the face of the earth.....  | 1 H. IV.  | 2 422 |
| MANLY.—A <i>m.</i> enterprise, to conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes!.....          | M. N. D.  | 1 420 |
| MANNERS.—Though I am a daughter to his blood I am not to his <i>m.</i> .....            | Mer. V.   | 1 532 |
| Whose <i>m.</i> still our tardy apish nation limps after.....                           | R. II.    | 2 343 |
| Foul . . . lump, as crooked in thy <i>m.</i> as thy shape!.....                         | 2 H. VI.  | 3 78  |
| Men's evil <i>m.</i> live in brass, their virtues we write in water.....                | H. VIII.  | 3 313 |
| MANVHEADED.—He himself stuck not to call us the <i>m.</i> multitude.....                | Cor.      | 3 515 |
| MAR.—Striving to do better, oft we <i>m.</i> what's well.....                           | K. L.     | 4 335 |
| It makes us, or it <i>m.</i> s us; think on that, and fix . . . thy resolution.....     | Oth.      | 4 647 |
| MARBLE.—He plies her hard, and much rain wears the <i>m.</i> .....                      | 3 H. VI.  | 3 122 |
| When I am forgotten . . . , and sleep in dull, cold <i>m.</i> .....                     | H. VIII.  | 3 307 |
| MARCH.—Remember <i>M.</i> , the ides of <i>M.</i> remember.....                         | J. C.     | 3 620 |
| MARK.—There is no vice so simple but assumes some <i>m.</i> of virtue.....              | Mer. V.   | 1 547 |
| A fellow of no <i>m.</i> nor likelihood.....                                            | 1 H. IV.  | 2 438 |
| MARRIAGE.—God, the best maker of all <i>m.</i> s, combine your hearts in one!.....      | 1 H. V.   | 2 626 |
| <i>M.</i> is a matter of more worth, than to be dealt in by attorneyship.....           | 1 H. VI.  | 2 695 |
| Makes <i>m.</i> vows as false as dicers' oaths.....                                     | Ham.      | 4 536 |
| MARRIED.—A young man <i>m.</i> is a man that's married.....                             | All's W.  | 1 674 |
| She's not well <i>m.</i> that lives <i>m.</i> long.....                                 | R. & J.   | 4 463 |
| But she's best <i>m.</i> that dies <i>m.</i> young.....                                 | R. & J.   | 4 463 |
| MARRY.—If thou wilt needs <i>m.</i> , a fool!.....                                      | Ham.      | 4 521 |
| MARTYR.—Then if thou fall'st, . . . Thou fall'st a blessed <i>m.</i> .....              | H. VIII.  | 3 308 |
| MASTER.—Every one can <i>m.</i> a grief but he that has it.....                         | M. Ado.   | 1 356 |
| MASTERDOM.—All our . . . days to come, give . . . sovereign way and <i>m.</i> .....     | Mac.      | 2 208 |
| MASTERPIECE.—Confusion now hath made his <i>m.</i> !.....                               | Mac.      | 2 217 |
| MATES.—Leaked is our bark, and we, poor <i>m.</i> , stand on the dying deck.....        | Tim. A.   | 3 457 |
| MATIN.—The glow worm shows the <i>m.</i> to be near, and 'gins to pale.....             | Ham.      | 4 498 |
| MATTER.—I do not much dislike the <i>m.</i> , but the manner of his speech.....         | A. & C.   | 4 25  |
| MAY.—Exceeds . . . in beauty as the first of <i>M.</i> doth the last of Dec.....        | M. Ado.   | 1 332 |
| Love whose month is ever <i>M.</i> spied a blossom passing fair.....                    | L. L. L.  | 1 479 |
| As full of spirit as the month of <i>M.</i> .....                                       | 1 H. IV.  | 2 448 |
| MAYMORN.—The very <i>M.</i> of his youth, ripe for exploits and mighty.....             | H. V.     | 2 557 |
| MEANS.—There's place and <i>m.</i> for every man alive.....                             | All's W.  | 1 701 |
| I would my <i>m.</i> were greater and my waist slenderer.....                           | 2 H. IV.  | 2 480 |
| When the <i>m.</i> are gone that buy this praise, the breath is gone.....               | Tim. A.   | 3 440 |
| MEANBORN.—Let pale-faced fear keep with the <i>m.</i> man.....                          | 2 H. VI.  | 3 43  |
| MEANING.—He hath some <i>m.</i> in his mad attire.....                                  | Tam. Sh.  | 2 41  |
| Not the first who, with best <i>m.</i> , have incurred the worst.....                   | K. L.     | 4 389 |
| MEASURE.—Sowed cockle, reaped no corn; justice . . . whirls in equal <i>m.</i> .....    | L. L. L.  | 1 486 |
| Are all thy conquests, glories . . . shrunk to this little <i>m.</i> ?.....             | J. C.     | 3 606 |
| MEAT.—Upon what <i>m.</i> does this our Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great?.....     | J. C.     | 3 580 |
| MECHANICAL.—A crew of . . . rude <i>m.</i> s, that work for bread.....                  | M. N. D.  | 1 416 |
| Being <i>m.</i> , you ought not to walk upon a laboring day.....                        | J. C.     | 3 575 |
| MEDICINES.—Let us make <i>m.</i> of our great revenge, to cure this . . . grief.....    | Mac.      | 2 246 |
| MET.—When shall we three <i>m.</i> again—in thunder, lightning, or . . .?.....          | Mac.      | 2 199 |
| MELANCHOLY.—I can suck <i>m.</i> out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.....             | A. Y. L.  | 1 607 |
| You are a <i>m.</i> fellow. I am . . . I do love it better than laughing.....           | A. Y. L.  | 1 624 |
| With a green and yellow <i>m.</i> , she sat like patience.....                          | Tw. N.    | 1 220 |
| MELODY.—Lulled with sound of sweetest <i>m.</i> .....                                   | 2 H. IV.  | 2 504 |
| The birds chant <i>m.</i> on every bush.....                                            | Tit. An.  | 4 204 |
| MELT.—O, that this too, too solid flesh would <i>m.</i> , thaw and resolve.....         | Ham.      | 4 486 |



|                                                                                                             | V. | F.  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|-----|
| MELTING.—One whose . . . eyes, albeit unused to the <i>m.</i> mood, drop tears. <i>Oth.</i>                 | 4  | 660 |
| MEMORY.—Cancelling your fame, blotting your names from books of <i>m.</i> <i>H. VI.</i>                     | 3  | 9   |
| That <i>m.</i> , the warden of the brain, shall be a fume. <i>Mac.</i>                                      | 2  | 211 |
| Pluck from the <i>m.</i> a rooted sorrow, raze out the. <i>Mac.</i>                                         | 2  | 251 |
| There's hope a great man's <i>m.</i> may outlive his life half a year. <i>Ham.</i>                          | 4  | 525 |
| MEN.—What great <i>m.</i> have been in love?—Hercules, master—Most. <i>L. L. L.</i>                         | 1  | 455 |
| The souls of animals infuse themselves into the trunks of <i>m.</i> <i>Mer. V.</i>                          | 1  | 561 |
| <i>M.</i> have died from time to time and worms have eaten them. <i>A. Y. L.</i>                            | 1  | 626 |
| When fortune means to <i>m.</i> most good, she looks . . . with a threatening. <i>K. J.</i>                 | 2  | 295 |
| Should dying <i>m.</i> flatter . . . those that live? No, no, <i>m.</i> living flatter those. <i>R. II.</i> | 2  | 344 |
| Wise <i>m.</i> ne'er sit and wait their woes, but presently prevent. <i>R. II.</i>                          | 2  | 363 |
| O give me the spare <i>m.</i> , and spare me the great ones. <i>H. IV.</i>                                  | 2  | 512 |
| Lord, Lord, how subject we old <i>m.</i> are to this vice of lying. <i>H. IV.</i>                           | 2  | 513 |
| He hath heard that <i>m.</i> of few words are the best <i>m.</i> <i>H. V.</i>                               | 2  | 577 |
| Grace of mortal <i>m.</i> , which we more hunt for than the grace of God. <i>R. III.</i>                    | 3  | 209 |
| O that we women had <i>m.</i> 's privilege of speaking first. <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>                          | 3  | 375 |
| <i>M.</i> like butterflies show not their mealy wings but to the summer. <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>               | 3  | 378 |
| There's daggers in <i>m.</i> 's smiles; the near in blood, the nearer bloody. <i>Mac.</i>                   | 2  | 219 |
| We are <i>m.</i> , my liege. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for <i>m.</i> <i>Mac.</i>                           | 2  | 223 |
| <i>M.</i> must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither. <i>K. L.</i>                          | 4  | 389 |
| Know thou this that <i>m.</i> are as the time is. <i>K. L.</i>                                              | 4  | 390 |
| MEND your speech a little, lest it may mar your fortunes. <i>K. L.</i>                                      | 4  | 317 |
| MERCIFUL.—I that am cruel am yet <i>m.</i> : I would not have thee linger in. <i>Oth.</i>                   | 4  | 653 |
| MERCURY.—Be <i>M.</i> , set feathers to thy heels, and fly like thought. <i>K. J.</i>                       | 2  | 304 |
| MERCY.—Not the . . . become them with one-half so good a grace as <i>m.</i> <i>M. for M.</i>                | 1  | 277 |
| The quality of <i>m.</i> is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle dew. <i>Mer. V.</i>                     | 1  | 562 |
| But <i>m.</i> is above this sceptred sway : it is enthroned in the. <i>Mer. V.</i>                          | 1  | 563 |
| Earthly power doth then show like-st God's, when <i>m.</i> seasons justice. <i>Mer. V.</i>                  | 1  | 563 |
| Sweet <i>m.</i> is nobility's true badge. <i>Tit. A.</i>                                                    | 4  | 190 |
| MERIT.—The . . . spurns that patient <i>m.</i> of the unworthy takes. <i>Ham.</i>                           | 4  | 520 |
| MERRIER.—A <i>m.</i> man, within the limits of becoming mirth, I never. <i>L. L. L.</i>                     | 1  | 459 |
| MERRIMENT.—Flashes of <i>m.</i> that were wont to set the table on a roar. <i>Ham.</i>                      | 4  | 561 |
| MERRY.—A <i>m.</i> heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile—a. <i>W. Tale.</i>                      | 2  | 114 |
| ' <i>Tis m.</i> in hall, when beards wag all; and welcome <i>m.</i> Shrovetide. <i>H. IV.</i>               | 2  | 540 |
| MESSAGE.—Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless <i>m.s.</i> <i>Mer. V.</i>                   | 1  | 519 |
| METAL.—Not till God make men of some other <i>m.</i> than earth. <i>M. Ado.</i>                             | 1  | 339 |
| Here's <i>m.</i> more attractive. <i>Ham.</i>                                                               | 4  | 525 |
| METHOD.—Though this be madness, yet there's <i>m.</i> in 't. <i>Ham.</i>                                    | 4  | 509 |
| MEW.—Let Hercules himself do what he may, the cat will <i>m.</i> , the dog. <i>Ham.</i>                     | 4  | 564 |
| MEWLING.—At first the infant, <i>m.</i> and puking in the nurse's arms. <i>A. Y. L.</i>                     | 1  | 6-6 |
| MIDNIGHT.—The iron tongue of <i>m.</i> hath told twelve; Lovers to bed. <i>M. N. D.</i>                     | 1  | 442 |
| To go to bed after <i>m.</i> is to go to bed betimes. <i>Tw. N.</i>                                         | 1  | 213 |
| MIDWIFE.—The fairies <i>m.</i> , and she comes in shape no bigger than an. <i>R. &amp; J.</i>               | 4  | 413 |
| MIGHTIEST.—'Tis <i>m.</i> in the <i>m.</i> : it becomes the throned monarch. <i>Mer. V.</i>                 | 1  | 562 |
| MIGHTY.—Model to thy inward greatness, like little body with a <i>m.</i> heart. <i>H. V.</i>                | 2  | 562 |
| ' <i>Tis best to weigh the enemy more m.</i> than he seems. <i>H. V.</i>                                    | 2  | 572 |
| MILD.—More <i>m.</i> , but yet more harmful, kind in hatred. <i>R. III.</i>                                 | 3  | 230 |
| MILK.—They'll take suggestions, as a cat laps <i>m.</i> <i>Tem.</i>                                         | 1  | 417 |
| For moving such a dish of skim <i>m.</i> , with so honorable an action. <i>H. IV.</i>                       | 1  | 417 |
| There's no more mercy in him than there is <i>m.</i> in a male tiger. <i>Cor.</i>                           | 3  | 566 |
| MILLER.—More water glideth by the mill, than wots the <i>m.</i> of. <i>Tit. An.</i>                         | 4  | 201 |
| MILLINER.—He was perfumed like a <i>m.</i> <i>H. IV.</i>                                                    | 2  | 405 |
| MIND.—He grows kind. I like not fair terms and a villain's <i>m.</i> <i>Mer. V.</i>                         | 1  | 526 |
| A golden <i>m.</i> stoops not to show of dross. <i>Mer. V.</i>                                              | 1  | 537 |
| Not sick, my lord, unless it be in <i>m.</i> ; nor well, unless in <i>m.</i> <i>Mer. V.</i>                 | 1  | 554 |
| ' <i>Tis . . . a base . . . m.</i> , that mounts no higher than a bird can soar. <i>H. VI.</i>              | 3  | 23  |
| Fearless <i>m.s.</i> climb soonest unto crowns. <i>H. VI.</i>                                               | 3  | 144 |
| Suspicion always haunts the guilty <i>m.</i> : The thief doth fear. <i>H. VI.</i>                           | 3  | 156 |
| Since . . . heavens have shaped my body so, let hell make my <i>m.</i> crooked. <i>H. VI.</i>               | 3  | 158 |
| I have a man's <i>m.</i> , but a woman's might. <i>J. C.</i>                                                | 3  | 600 |
| Art thou but a dagger of the <i>m.</i> , a false creation? <i>Mac.</i>                                      | 2  | 213 |
| Balm of hurt <i>m.s.</i> . . . chief nourisher in life's feast. <i>Mac.</i>                                 | 2  | 215 |
| Than on the torture of the <i>m.</i> to lie in restless ecstasy. <i>Mac.</i>                                | 2  | 225 |
| We bring forth weeds, when our quick <i>m.s.</i> lie still. <i>A. &amp; C.</i>                              | 4  | 11  |
| MINISTER.—Canst thou not <i>m.</i> to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory. <i>Mac.</i>                   | 2  | 251 |
| Therein the patient must <i>m.</i> to himself : Throw physic. <i>Mac.</i>                                   | 2  | 251 |
| MINUTES.—I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty <i>m.</i> <i>M. N. D.</i>                         | 1  | 405 |
| MIRACLES.—It must be so, for <i>m.</i> have ceased. <i>H. V.</i>                                            | 2  | 553 |
| MIRROR.—Buckingham, the <i>m.</i> of all courtesy. <i>H. VIII.</i>                                          | 3  | 275 |
| To hold, as 't were, the <i>m.</i> up to nature. <i>Ham.</i>                                                | 4  | 523 |
| MIRTH.—Very tragical <i>m.</i> . . . Merry and tragical! tedious and brief. <i>M. N. D.</i>                 | 1  | 435 |
| MISCREANT.—A traitor and a <i>m.</i> , too good to be so, and too bad to live. <i>R. II.</i>                | 2  | 328 |
| MISERABLE.—The <i>m.</i> have no other medicine, but only hope. <i>M. for M.</i>                            | 1  | 286 |
| But <i>m.</i> most, to live unloved. <i>M. N. D.</i>                                                        | 1  | 422 |
| MISERIES.—All the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in <i>m.</i> <i>J. C.</i>                   | 3  | 625 |
| MISERY.—Kings . . . must die, for that's the end of human <i>m.</i> <i>H. VI.</i>                           | 2  | 665 |
| Engirt with <i>m.</i> for what's more miserable than discontent? <i>H. VI.</i>                              | 3  | 40  |
| MISLIK.—'Tis not my speeches that you do <i>m.</i> , but 'tis my presence. <i>H. VI.</i>                    | 3  | 10  |
| MISCHAPEN.—A foul <i>m.</i> . . . marked by the destinies to be avoided. <i>H. VI.</i>                      | 3  | 109 |
| <i>M.</i> claps of well-seeming forms l. <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                                                 | 4  | 406 |

|                                                                                       | V.                   | P.    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| MISTRESS.—Opinion a sovereign <i>m.</i> of effects, throws a.....                     | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 590 |
| MOCK.—Like the forfeits in a barber's shop, as much in <i>m.</i> as mark.....         | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 319 |
| A better death than die with <i>m.s.</i> , which is bad as die with tickling.....     | <i>M. Ad.</i>        | 1 354 |
| I'll trust, by leisure, him that <i>m.s.</i> me once.....                             | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 4 194 |
| MOCKERY.—Out of fashion like a rusty mail in monumental <i>m.</i> .....               | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 380 |
| Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal <i>m.</i> , hence!.....                                | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 230 |
| MODEL.—That small <i>m.</i> of . . . earth which serves as cover to our bones.....    | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 362 |
| Like one that draws a <i>m.</i> of a house, beyond his power to build.....            | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 2 484 |
| MODESTY.—Have you no <i>m.</i> , no maiden shame, no touch of . . . ?.....            | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 423 |
| In pure and vestal <i>m.</i> , still blush as thinking her own kisses sin.....        | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 444 |
| MOLE.—Tread softly, that the blind <i>m.</i> may not hear a foot-fall.....            | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 62  |
| MOLEHILL.—As if Olympus to a <i>m.</i> should in supplication nod.....                | <i>Cor.</i>          | 3 561 |
| MONARCH.—It becomes the throned <i>m.</i> better than his crown.....                  | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 562 |
| MONEY is a good soldier and will on.....                                              | <i>M. W. V.</i>      | 1 152 |
| Called me dog; and for these courtesies I lend you . . . <i>m.s.</i> .....            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 525 |
| Tell me not of mercy; this is the fool that lent out <i>m.</i> gratis.....            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 553 |
| Nothing comes amiss, so <i>m.</i> comes withal.....                                   | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 21  |
| I say, put <i>m.</i> in thy purse.....                                                | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 593 |
| MONMOUTH.—A river in Macedon; and there is . . . a river at <i>M.</i> .....           | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 608 |
| MONSTROUS.—I'll speak in a <i>m.</i> little voice.....                                | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 400 |
| MONUMENT.—Like a taper in some <i>m.</i> doth shine upon the dead.....                | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 4 209 |
| MOOD.—He must observe their <i>m.</i> on whom he jests.....                           | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 226 |
| In that <i>m.</i> the dove will peck the estridge.....                                | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 63  |
| MOODY.—Give me some music; music <i>m.</i> food of us that trade in love.....         | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 31  |
| MOON.—Flying between the cold <i>m.</i> and the earth, Cupid all armed.....           | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 405 |
| Quinched in the chaste beams of the watery <i>m.</i> .....                            | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 405 |
| And the <i>m.</i> changes even with your mind.....                                    | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 60  |
| Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious <i>m.</i> , . . . already sick and pale.....    | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 420 |
| Yonder blessed <i>m.</i> , . . . that tips with silver all these . . . tree-tops..... | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 423 |
| The <i>m.</i> 's a . . . thief, and her pale fire she snatches from the sun.....      | <i>Tun. A.</i>       | 3 469 |
| MOONISH.—Being . . . a <i>m.</i> youth . . . be effeminate, changeable.....           | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 616 |
| MOONLIGHT.—How sweet the <i>m.</i> sleeps upon this bank!.....                        | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 571 |
| MORE.—The <i>m.</i> I give to thee, the <i>m.</i> I have.....                         | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 423 |
| MORN.—Each new <i>m.</i> , new widows howl, new orphans cry.....                      | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 240 |
| The <i>m.</i> in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of.....                       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 483 |
| MORNING.—Yon grey is not the <i>m.</i> 's eye, 'tis but the pale reflex of.....       | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 418 |
| MORTALITY.—We cannot hold <i>m.</i> 's strong hand.....                               | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 302 |
| MOTHER.—By my <i>m.</i> 's son, and that's myself, it shall be . . . what I.....      | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 60  |
| All my <i>m.</i> came into my eyes, and gave me up to tears.....                      | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 607 |
| MOTION.—This sensible, warm <i>m.</i> to become a kneaded clod.....                   | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 289 |
| There is no <i>m.</i> that tends to vice in man but . . . is the woman's part.....    | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 128 |
| MOTLEY.—O noble fool! A worthy fool! <i>M.</i> 's the only wear.....                  | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 603 |
| MOUNTAIN.—Gross as a <i>m.</i> , open, palpable.....                                  | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 2 424 |
| Curse away a winter's night though standing naked on a <i>m.</i> top.....             | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 3 52  |
| MOURN.—The tiger will be mild whiles she doth <i>m.</i> .....                         | <i>3 H. VI.</i>      | 3 119 |
| MOURNED.—A beast that wants discourse of reason, would have <i>m.</i> longer.....     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 487 |
| MOUSE.—Playing the <i>m.</i> , in absence of the cat.....                             | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 558 |
| MOUTH.—The whilst his iron did . . . cool, with open <i>m.</i> swallowing a.....      | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 304 |
| If you <i>m.</i> it, as many . . . players do, I had as lief the town-crier.....      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 522 |
| MUCH.—Whereof a little more than a little is by <i>m.</i> too <i>m.</i> .....         | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 2 439 |
| Someth'g too <i>m.</i> of this.....                                                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 524 |
| MURDER.—Truth will come to light; <i>m.</i> cannot be hid.....                        | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 529 |
| Macbeth does <i>m.</i> sleep.....                                                     | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 214 |
| They rise again, with twenty mortal <i>m.s.</i> on their crowns.....                  | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 229 |
| <i>M.</i> most foul as in the best it is, but this most foul, strange and.....        | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 496 |
| It hath the primal eldest curse upon it, a brother's <i>m.</i> .....                  | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 533 |
| MUSIC.—I am never merry when I hear sweet <i>m.</i> .....                             | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 571 |
| The man that hath no <i>m.</i> in himself, nor is not moved with concord.....         | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 572 |
| Nought so stockish hard . . . but <i>m.</i> . . . doth change his nature.....         | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 572 |
| If <i>m.</i> be the food of love, play on; give me excess of it.....                  | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 197 |
| In sweet <i>m.</i> is such art, killing care and grief of heart.....                  | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 3 292 |
| MUSINGS.—Drew sleep out of mine eyes, <i>m.</i> into my mind.....                     | <i>Per.</i>          | 4 260 |
| MUTINY.—That should move the stones of Rome to rise and <i>m.</i> .....               | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 614 |

## N.

|                                                                                            |                    |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-------|
| NAIL.—As one <i>n.</i> by strength drives out another.....                                 | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 94  |
| When icicles hang by the wall, and Dick the shepherd blows his <i>n.</i> .....             | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 511 |
| One fire drives out one fire; one <i>n.</i> , one <i>n.</i> ; rights by rights falter..... | <i>Cor.</i>        | 3 555 |
| NAKED.—He but <i>n.</i> , though locked up in steel, whose conscience.....                 | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 3 50  |
| He would not, in mine age, have left me <i>n.</i> to mine enemies.....                     | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 3 308 |
| NAME.—The honor of a maid is her <i>n.</i> .....                                           | <i>All's W.</i>    | 1 683 |
| None else of <i>n.</i> and noble estimate.....                                             | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 354 |
| So . . . feared, that with his <i>n.</i> mothers still their babes.....                    | <i>1 H. VI.</i>    | 2 648 |
| That which we call a rose, by any other <i>n.</i> would smell as sweet.....                | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 421 |
| Good <i>n.</i> in man or woman . . . is the immediate jewel of their souls.....            | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 617 |
| NATIVE.—Though I am <i>n.</i> here and to the manner born.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 493 |

|                                                                                          | V.                   | F.    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| NATIVITY.—At my <i>n.</i> the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.....              | 1 <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 431 |
| NATURAL.—He doth it with a better grace, but I do it more <i>n.</i> .....                | <i>Tro. N.</i>       | 1 214 |
| NATURE never lends the smallest scruple of her excellence.....                           | <i>M for M.</i>      | 1 260 |
| To be well favored . . . but to write and read comes by <i>n.</i> .....                  | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 359 |
| Frank <i>n.</i> , rather curious than in haste, hath well composed thee.....             | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 653 |
| In <i>n.</i> there's no blemish but the mind.....                                        | <i>Tro. N.</i>       | 1 239 |
| At thy birth <i>n.</i> and fortune joined to make thee great.....                        | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 283 |
| Diseased <i>n.</i> oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions.....                     | 1 <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 432 |
| Disguise fair <i>n.</i> with hard-favored rage.....                                      | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 576 |
| These moral laws of <i>n.</i> and of nations speak aloud.....                            | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 361 |
| One touch of <i>n.</i> makes the whole world kin.....                                    | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 381 |
| The earth that's <i>n.</i> 's mother is her tomb.....                                    | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 425 |
| That <i>n.</i> might stand up, and say to all the world, 'This was a man'.....           | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 637 |
| Now o'er the one-half world, <i>n.</i> seems dead.....                                   | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 213 |
| This special observance, that you outstep not the modesty of <i>n.</i> .....             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 523 |
| For use almost can change the stamp of <i>n.</i> .....                                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 539 |
| Thou, <i>n.</i> , art my goddess; to thy laws my services are bound.....                 | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 323 |
| You are old, <i>n.</i> in you stands on the very verge of her confine.....               | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 349 |
| Allow not <i>n.</i> more than <i>n.</i> needs, man's life's as cheap as beast's.....     | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 352 |
| <i>M.</i> wants stuff to vie strange forms with fancy.....                               | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 86  |
| How hard it is to hide the sparks of <i>n.</i> !.....                                    | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 134 |
| NAVIGATION.—I hough the yesty waves confound and swallow <i>n.</i> up.....               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 235 |
| NECESSITIES.—Are these things then <i>n.</i> ? let us meet them like <i>n.</i> .....     | 2 <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 506 |
| NECESSITY.—To make a virtue of <i>n.</i> , and live as we do.....                        | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 111 |
| There is virtue like <i>n.</i> .....                                                     | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 340 |
| Nature must obey <i>n.</i> .....                                                         | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 625 |
| NECTAR.—Love's thrice repured <i>n.</i> .....                                            | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 372 |
| NEED.—Make friends with speed, never so few and never yet more <i>n.</i> .....           | 2 <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 477 |
| NEEDLES.—Have with our <i>n.</i> created both one flower.....                            | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 421 |
| Gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their <i>n.</i> .....                     | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 563 |
| NEEZE and swear a merrier hour was never wasted there.....                               | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 402 |
| NEGLIGENT.—Cel' rity is never more admir'd than by the <i>n.</i> .....                   | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 51  |
| NEIGHING.—Farewell the <i>n.</i> steed, and the shrill trumpet, the spirit stirring..... | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 622 |
| NEPTUNE.—Your isle which stands as <i>N.</i> 's park.....                                | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 129 |
| NERVES.—Take any shape but that and my firm <i>n.</i> shall never tremble.....           | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 230 |
| NETTLE.—The strawberry grows underneath the <i>n.</i> .....                              | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 553 |
| NEVER.—The hopeless word of ' <i>n.</i> to return' breathe I against thee.....           | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 337 |
| NEWS.—The first bringer of unwelcome <i>n.</i> hath but a losing office.....             | 2 <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 475 |
| Though it be honest, it is never good to bring bad <i>n.</i> .....                       | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 33  |
| NICE.—It is not meet that every <i>n.</i> offence should bear his comment.....           | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 619 |
| NIGHT.—Brief as the lightning in the collied <i>n.</i> .....                             | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 396 |
| It is not <i>n.</i> when I do see your face, therefore.....                              | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 406 |
| O weary <i>n.</i> , O long and tedious <i>n.</i> , abate thy hours!.....                 | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 427 |
| In the <i>n.</i> , imagining . . . how easy is a bush supposed a bear!.....              | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 434 |
| In such a <i>n.</i> stood Dido with a willow in her hand.....                            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 570 |
| This <i>n.</i> , methinks, is but the daylight sick.....                                 | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 573 |
| In winter's tedious <i>n.s.</i> sit by the fire with good old folks.....                 | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 381 |
| <i>N.</i> is fled whose pitchy mantle over veiled the earth.....                         | 1 <i>H. VI.</i>      | 2 646 |
| The dragon wing of <i>n.</i> o'erspreads the earth.....                                  | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 416 |
| Come civil <i>n.</i> , thou sober suited matron, all in black.....                       | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 440 |
| <i>N.</i> 's candles are burned out, and jocund day stands tiptoe.....                   | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 448 |
| Come sealing <i>n.</i> , scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.....                     | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 226 |
| The <i>n.</i> is long that never finds the day.....                                      | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 247 |
| NIGHTINGALE.—I will roar you an' 'twere any <i>n.</i> .....                              | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 400 |
| Except I be by Silvia in the night, there is no music in the <i>n.</i> .....             | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 103 |
| NIMBLY.—The air <i>n.</i> and sweetly recommends itself unto our . . . senses.....       | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 209 |
| NIOBE.—She followed my poor father's body, like <i>N.</i> , all tears.....               | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 487 |
| NIPPING.—The air bites shrewdly . . . —It is a <i>n.</i> and an eager air.....           | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 493 |
| NOBLE.—O what a <i>n.</i> mind is here o'erthrown!.....                                  | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 521 |
| NOBLEMAN.—I'll purge, . . . and live cleanly as a <i>n.</i> should do.....               | 1 <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 467 |
| If I blush, it is to see a <i>n.</i> want manners.....                                   | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 3 304 |
| NOBLER.—Whether 'tis <i>n.</i> in the mind to suffer the slings.....                     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 519 |
| NOBLEST.—This was the <i>n.</i> Roman of them all.....                                   | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 637 |
| NOISELESS.—The inaudible and <i>n.</i> foot of time, steals ere.....                     | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 708 |
| NORTH.—You are now sailed into the <i>n.</i> of my lady's opinion.....                   | <i>Tro. N.</i>       | 1 229 |
| NOSE.—Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's <i>n.</i> , and then he dreams.....        | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 414 |
| Tickling a parson's <i>n.</i> as a' lies asleep, then dreams he of another.....          | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 414 |
| NOSTRIL.—Now set the teeth and stretch the <i>n.</i> wide, hold hard the breath.....     | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 576 |
| NOTE.—Hammers closing rivets up give dreadful <i>n.</i> of preparation.....              | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 592 |
| Take <i>n.</i> , take <i>n.</i> , O world! To be direct and honest is not safe.....      | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 623 |
| NOTHING.—Is whispering <i>n.</i> ? Is leaning check to check? Is meeting.....            | <i>W. Tale</i>       | 2 81  |
| We are on earth where <i>n.</i> lives but crosses, cares, and griefs.....                | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 351 |
| He was a kind of <i>n.</i> , titleless, till he had forged himself a name.....           | <i>Cor.</i>          | 3 556 |
| NOUN.—That . . . talk of a <i>n.</i> and verb, and such abominable words.....            | 2 <i>H. VI.</i>      | 3 67  |
| NUMBERS.—This is the third time, I hope good luck lies in odd <i>n.</i> .....            | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 186 |
| There is divinity in odd <i>n.</i> , . . . in nativity, chance, or death.....            | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 186 |
| NUMBERED.—I he sauds are <i>n.</i> that make up my life; here must I stay.....           | 3 <i>H. V.</i>       | 3 98  |
| NURSE.—Time is the <i>n.</i> and breeder of all good.....                                | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 104 |
| Melancholy is the <i>n.</i> of frenzy.....                                               | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 13  |
| Your prattling <i>n.</i> . . . lets her baby cry, while she chats him.....               | <i>Cor.</i>          | 3 508 |
| NURTURE.—A devil . . . on whose nature <i>n.</i> can never stick.....                    | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 61  |

## O.

|                                                                                                         | V. | P.  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|-----|
| OAK.—With thy . . . bolt split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled <i>o</i> ..... <i>M. for M.</i>           | 1  | 278 |
| Many strokes, though with a little axe hew down . . . the . . . <i>o</i> ..... <i>H. VI.</i>            | 3  | 103 |
| OARS.—To see the fish cut with their golden <i>o</i> . the silver stream..... <i>M. Ado.</i>            | 1  | 353 |
| OATHS.—Stuffed with protestations, full of new-found <i>o</i> ..... <i>T. G. V.</i>                     | 1  | 119 |
| Swearing till my very roof was dry with <i>o</i> . of love..... <i>Mer. V.</i>                          | 1  | 550 |
| 'Tis not the many <i>o</i> . that make the truth, but the plain single vow..... <i>All's W.</i>         | 1  | 693 |
| For <i>o</i> . are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, and holdfast..... <i>H. V.</i>                 | 2  | 571 |
| OBEY.—Let them <i>o</i> . that know not how to rule..... <i>H. VI.</i>                                  | 3  | 74  |
| OBLIVION.—In the swallowing gulf of blind forgetfulness and dark <i>o</i> ..... <i>R. III.</i>          | 3  | 216 |
| Time hath . . . a wallet at his back wherein he puts alms for <i>o</i> ..... <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>       | 3  | 380 |
| OBLIVIOUS.—With some sweet <i>o</i> . antidote cleanse the stuffed bosom..... <i>Mac.</i>               | 2  | 251 |
| OBSERVED.—The <i>o</i> . of all observers..... <i>Ham.</i>                                              | 4  | 521 |
| OBSTRUCTION.—To die and go we know not where; to lie in cold <i>o</i> ..... <i>M. for M.</i>            | 1  | 289 |
| OCCASION.—O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's <i>o</i> ..... <i>A. Y. L.</i>         | 1  | 627 |
| A slippery and subtle knave, a finder of <i>o</i> s..... <i>Oth.</i>                                    | 4  | 600 |
| OCEAN.—All the water in the <i>o</i> . can never turn the swan's black legs..... <i>Tit. An.</i>        | 4  | 227 |
| His legs be-strid the <i>o</i> ., his reared arm crested the world..... <i>A. &amp; C.</i>              | 4  | 86  |
| ODDS.—But Hercules himself must yield to <i>o</i> ..... <i>H. VI.</i>                                   | 3  | 103 |
| ODOR.—That breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving <i>o</i> ..... <i>Tw. N.</i>            | 1  | 197 |
| ODORIFEROUS.—O amiable, lovely death! Thou <i>o</i> . stench, sound rottenness..... <i>K. J.</i>        | 2  | 293 |
| OFFENCE.—O, my <i>o</i> . is rank, . . . it hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't..... <i>Ham.</i>      | 4  | 533 |
| OFFENDS.—It <i>o</i> . me to the soul, to hear a robustious, perwig-pated fellow..... <i>Ham.</i>       | 4  | 522 |
| OFFENDED.—If any, speak; for him have I <i>o</i> .—I pause for a reply..... <i>J. C.</i>                | 3  | 610 |
| OFFER.—To <i>o</i> . up an innocent lamb to appease an angry God . . . . . <i>Mac.</i>                  | 2  | 241 |
| OFFICE.—Friendship is constant . . . , save in the <i>o</i> . and affairs of love..... <i>M. Ado.</i>   | 1  | 341 |
| To sell and mart your <i>o</i> s for gold to undeservers..... <i>J. C.</i>                              | 3  | 619 |
| So clear in his great <i>o</i> ., that his virtues will plead . . . trumpet-tongued..... <i>Mac.</i>    | 2  | 210 |
| OFFICER.—The thief doth fear each bush and <i>o</i> ..... <i>H. VI.</i>                                 | 3  | 156 |
| OLD.—Not yet <i>o</i> enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy..... <i>Tw. N.</i>                   | 1  | 207 |
| If to be <i>o</i> . and merry be a sin, then many an <i>o</i> . host . . . is damned..... <i>H. IV.</i> | 1  | 429 |
| They say an <i>o</i> . man is twice a child..... <i>Ham.</i>                                            | 4  | 513 |
| <i>O</i> . fools are babes again; and must be used with checks as flatteries..... <i>K. L.</i>          | 4  | 327 |
| OLYMPUS.—As if <i>O</i> . to a molehill should in supplication nod..... <i>Cor.</i>                     | 3  | 501 |
| ONE cried 'God bless us!' And 'Amen,' the other..... <i>Mac.</i>                                        | 2  | 214 |
| There's <i>o</i> . did laugh in 's sleep, and <i>o</i> . cried 'Murder'..... <i>Mac.</i>                | 2  | 214 |
| This only child; but now I see this <i>o</i> . is <i>o</i> . too much..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>           | 4  | 452 |
| <i>O</i> . pain is lessened by another's anguish..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                                | 4  | 408 |
| <i>O</i> . sin, I know, another doth provoke..... <i>Per.</i>                                           | 4  | 257 |
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| PRACTICE.—This disease is beyond my <i>β</i> .....                                         | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 248 |
| PRACTISE.—I will not <i>β</i> . to deceive; yet, to avoid deceit, I mean.....              | <i>K. J.</i>       | 2 266 |
| PRAISE.—O, flatter me, for love delights in <i>β</i> s.....                                | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 93  |
| Too brown for a fair <i>β</i> ., and too little for a great <i>β</i> .....                 | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 332 |
| I will <i>β</i> . any man that will <i>β</i> . me.....                                     | <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 4 37  |
| PRANK.—They do <i>β</i> . them in authority, against all . . . sufferance.....             | <i>Cor.</i>        | 3 522 |

|                                                                                                                                       | V.        | P. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|----|
| PRATTLE.—What great ones do, the less will <i>þ.</i> of.....                                                                          | Two. N.   | 1  |
| Mere <i>þ.</i> without practice is all his soldiery.....                                                                              | Oth.      | 4  |
| PRAYS.—My heart <i>þ.</i> for him, though my tongue do curse.....                                                                     | Com. E.   | 2  |
| PRAYER.—We do pray for mercy; and that . . . <i>þ.</i> doth teach us all.....                                                         | Mer. V.   | 1  |
| A book of <i>þ.</i> in his hand, true ornaments to know a holy man.....                                                               | K. III.   | 3  |
| Being thus frighten'd swears a <i>þ.</i> or two, and sleeps again.....                                                                | K. & J.   | 4  |
| PRECIOUS.—Wife and child, those <i>þ.</i> motives, those strong knots of love.....                                                    | Mac.      | 2  |
| PRECURSORS.—Jove's lightnings, the <i>þ.</i> o' the dreadful thunder-claps.....                                                       | Tem.      | 1  |
| PREDESTINATE.—Shall escape a <i>þ.</i> scratched face.....                                                                            | M. Ado.   | 1  |
| PREFERMENT goes by letter and affection, and not by old gradation.....                                                                | Oth.      | 4  |
| PRESAGES.—If . . . <i>þ.</i> be not vain, we three here part, that ne'er shall.....                                                   | R. II.    | 2  |
| PRESCRIPTION.—Then have we a <i>þ.</i> to die when death is our physician.....                                                        | Oth.      | 4  |
| PRESENCE.—'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike, but 'tis my <i>þ.</i> .....                                                       | H. VI.    | 3  |
| PRESENT.—Past and to come seems best; things <i>þ.</i> , worst.....                                                                   | H. IV.    | 2  |
| PRESS not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue.....                                                                                     | H. VIII.  | 2  |
| PRETTY.—Sweet invocation of a child—most <i>þ.</i> and pathetic!.....                                                                 | L. L. L.  | 1  |
| PRIAM'S.—Drew <i>P.</i> curtain at the dead of night.....                                                                             | H. IV.    | 2  |
| PRICK.—If you <i>þ.</i> us do we not bleed, if you tickle us do we not.....                                                           | Mer. V.   | 1  |
| I will not swear these are my hands: let's see, I feel this pin <i>þ.</i> .....                                                       | K. L.     | 4  |
| PRICKING.—By the <i>þ.</i> of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes.....                                                         | Mac.      | 2  |
| PRIDE.—Fly <i>þ.</i> , says the peacock.....                                                                                          | Com. E.   | 2  |
| <i>P.</i> must have a fall.....                                                                                                       | R. II.    | 2  |
| 'Tis <i>þ.</i> that pulls the country down, then take thine auld cloak.....                                                           | Oth.      | 4  |
| PRIEST.—A <i>þ.</i> that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout.....                                                      | A. Y. L.  | 1  |
| PRIME.—Cropped the golden <i>þ.</i> of this sweet prince.....                                                                         | R. III.   | 3  |
| The <i>þ.</i> of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous.....                                                                            | R. III.   | 3  |
| PRIMROSES.—Pale <i>þ.</i> that die unmarried.....                                                                                     | W. Tale.  | 2  |
| PRINCE.—But as thou art a <i>þ.</i> , I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the...<br>Now my soul's palace is become a <i>þ.</i> ..... | H. IV.    | 2  |
| PRISON.—Now my soul's palace is become a <i>þ.</i> .....                                                                              | H. VI.    | 3  |
| PRISON-HOUSE.—But that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my <i>þ.</i> .....                                                          | Ham.      | 4  |
| PRIVILEGE.—Impatience hath this <i>þ.</i> —'Tis true, to hurt his master.....                                                         | K. J.     | 2  |
| PRIZE.—Men <i>þ.</i> the thing unearned more than it is.....                                                                          | Tr. & Cr. | 3  |
| PRODIGAL.—He goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the <i>þ.</i> .....                                                          | Com. E.   | 2  |
| How like the <i>þ.</i> doth she return, with . . . and ragged sails!.....                                                             | Mer. V.   | 1  |
| You would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered <i>þ.s.</i> .....                                                                  | H. IV.    | 2  |
| The charest maid is <i>þ.</i> enough, if she unmask her beauty to the.....                                                            | Ham.      | 4  |
| PROFIT.—Deny us for our good; so we find <i>þ.</i> by losing of our prayers.....                                                      | A. & C.   | 4  |
| 'Tis not my <i>þ.</i> that does lead mine honor; mine honor, it.....                                                                  | A. & C.   | 4  |
| PROLOGUE.—Is this a <i>þ.</i> . . . ? 'Tis brief, my lord.—As woman's love.....                                                       | Ham.      | 4  |
| PROMISE.—To build upon a foolish woman's <i>þ.</i> .....                                                                              | M. W. W.  | 1  |
| Will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, <i>þ.</i> . . . infinitely.....                                                           | H. IV.    | 2  |
| PROMONTORY.—Once I sat upon a <i>þ.</i> and heard a mermaid . . . uttering.....                                                       | M. N. D.  | 1  |
| PROOF.—Give me the ocular <i>þ.</i> .....                                                                                             | Oth.      | 4  |
| PROFER.—He is a <i>þ.</i> man's picture, but, alas! who can converse.....                                                             | Mer. V.   | 1  |
| PROPERTY.—That the <i>þ.</i> of rain is to wet and fire to burn.....                                                                  | A. Y. L.  | 1  |
| PROPHESIER.—Deceived me like a double-meaning <i>þ.</i> .....                                                                         | All's W.  | 1  |
| PROPHETS.—Lean-looked <i>þ.</i> whisper fearful change.....                                                                           | R. II.    | 2  |
| Jesters do oft prove <i>þ.</i> .....                                                                                                  | K. L.     | 4  |
| PROPHETIC.—O my <i>þ.</i> soul! My uncle!.....                                                                                        | Ham.      | 4  |
| PROTEST.—The lady doth <i>þ.</i> too much, methinks.....                                                                              | Ham.      | 4  |
| PROTEUS.—Adj colors to the chameleon, change shapes with <i>P.</i> .....                                                              | H. VI.    | 3  |
| PROUD.—Our virtues would be <i>þ.</i> , if our faults whipped them not.....                                                           | All's W.  | 1  |
| PROVERB.—'Fast bind, fast find'—a <i>þ.</i> never stale in thrifty mind.....                                                          | Mer. V.   | 1  |
| I will cap that <i>þ.</i> with 'There is flattery in friendship'.....                                                                 | H. V.     | 2  |
| PROVIDENCE.—There is a special <i>þ.</i> in the fall of a sparrow.....                                                                | Ham.      | 4  |
| PROVIDENTLY.—He that doth the ravens feed, yea, <i>þ.</i> caters for the.....                                                         | A. Y. L.  | 1  |
| PROVOKER.—Drink, sir, is a great <i>þ.</i> of three things . . . nose-painting.....                                                   | Mac.      | 2  |
| P-ALM.—Than the Hundredth <i>P.</i> to the tune of Green-sleeves.....                                                                 | M. W. W.  | 1  |
| I would I were a weaver, I could sing <i>þ.s.</i> or anything.....                                                                    | H. IV.    | 2  |
| PUDDING.—He'll yield the crow a <i>þ.</i> one of these days.....                                                                      | H. V.     | 2  |
| PUPPY-DOGS.—Talk . . . of roaring lions, as maids of thirteen do of <i>þ.</i> .....                                                   | K. J.     | 2  |
| PURITAN.—But one <i>þ.</i> among them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.....                                                          | W. Tale.  | 2  |
| PURPLE.—Never see thy face but I think of . . . Dives that lived in <i>þ.</i> .....                                                   | H. IV.    | 2  |
| PURPOSER.—My <i>þ.</i> is, indeed, a horse of that color.....                                                                         | Two. N.   | 1  |
| It is the <i>þ.</i> that makes strong the vow; but vows to.....                                                                       | Tr. & Cr. | 3  |
| The lighty <i>þ.</i> never is o'ertook, unless the deed go with it.....                                                               | Mac.      | 2  |
| PURSR.—Our <i>þ.s.</i> shall be proud, our garments poor.....                                                                         | Tam. Sh.  | 2  |
| Their love lies in their <i>þ.s.</i> .....                                                                                            | R. II.    | 2  |
| We that take <i>þ.s.</i> go by the moon and the seven stars.....                                                                      | H. IV.    | 2  |
| I can get no remedy against this consumption of the <i>þ.</i> .....                                                                   | H. IV.    | 2  |
| Who steals my <i>þ.</i> steals trash.....                                                                                             | Oth.      | 4  |
| PUZZLES the will and makes us rather bear those ills we have.....                                                                     | Ham.      | 4  |
| PYGMALION.—Is there none of <i>P.'s</i> images, newly-made woman . . . ?.....                                                         | M. for M. | 1  |
| PYRAMISES.—I have heard the Ptolemies' <i>þ.</i> are very goodly things.....                                                          | A. & C.   | 4  |
| PYTHAGORAS.—What is the opinion of <i>P.</i> concerning wild-fowl?.....                                                               | Two. N.   | 1  |

## Q.

|                                                                                                 | V.       | P.    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|-------|
| QUALITY.—Come, give us a taste of your <i>q</i> .....                                           | Ham.     | 4 513 |
| Things outward do draw the inward <i>q</i> . after them.....                                    | A. & C.  | 4 59  |
| QUANTITY.—Away, thou rag, thou <i>q</i> ., thou remnant !.....                                  | Tam. Sh. | 2 55  |
| QUARREL.—In a false <i>q</i> . there's no true valor.....                                       | M. Ado.  | 1 378 |
| You owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a <i>q</i> . to beguile.....                       | H. IV.   | 2 443 |
| Beware of entrance in a <i>q</i> ., but being in, bear 't that the.....                         | Ham.     | 4 491 |
| QUESTION her proudly, let thy looks be stern.....                                               | H. VI.   | 2 635 |
| 'Tis a <i>q</i> . I fit us yet to prove, whether love lead fortune, or.....                     | Ham.     | 4 527 |
| QUESTIONABLE.—Thou comest in such a <i>q</i> . shape, that I will speak.....                    | Ham.     | 4 494 |
| QUESTIONED.—Still <i>q</i> . me the story of my life, from year to year.....                    | Oth.     | 4 588 |
| QUICK.—Be not tedious, for the gods are <i>q</i> . of ear.....                                  | Per.     | 4 289 |
| QUIDDITIES.—How now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and <i>q</i> .....                             | H. IV.   | 2 400 |
| Where be his <i>q</i> . now, his quillies, his cases, his tenures, and.....                     | Ham.     | 4 559 |
| QUIETUS.—When he himself might his <i>q</i> . make with a bare bodkin.....                      | Ham.     | 4 520 |
| QUIPS.—All her sudden <i>q</i> ., the least whereof would quell a lover's hope. <i>T. G. V.</i> | 1 712    |       |
| Shall <i>q</i> . and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain?.....                      | M. Ado.  | 1 352 |

## R.

|                                                                                      |           |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-------|
| RACE.—For spent with toil, as runners with a <i>r</i> ., I lay me down.....          | 3 H. VI.  | 3 110 |
| RACK.—You speak upon the <i>r</i> ., where men enforced do speak anything.....       | Mer. V.   | 1 546 |
| RADISH.—If I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of <i>r</i> .....            | H. IV.    | 2 423 |
| RAGGED as Lazarus in the painted cloth.....                                          | H. IV.    | 2 450 |
| RAGGEDNESS.—Your looped and windowed <i>r</i> .....                                  | K. L.     | 4 358 |
| RAIN.—Is there not <i>r</i> . enough in the sweet heavens, to wash it white.....     | Ham.      | 4 533 |
| RAINBOW.—To smooth the ice, or add another hue unto the <i>r</i> .....               | K. J.     | 2 300 |
| RANT.—Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll <i>r</i> . as well as thou.....                    | Ham.      | 4 564 |
| RAPIERS.—Many wearing <i>r</i> . are afraid of goose-quills.....                     | Ham.      | 4 512 |
| RARE.—And that she could not love me, were man as <i>r</i> . as phoenix.....         | A. Y. L.  | 1 629 |
| RASCAL.—Peace, ye fat-kidneyed <i>r</i> .! what a brawling thou dost keep!.....      | H. IV.    | 2 414 |
| If the <i>r</i> . have not given me medicines to make me love him.....               | H. IV.    | 2 414 |
| The oily <i>r</i> . is known as well as Paul's.....                                  | H. IV.    | 2 430 |
| A whip to lash the <i>r</i> 's naked through the world.....                          | Oth.      | 4 641 |
| RAVEN.—Can he not be sociable? The <i>r</i> . chides blackness.....                  | Ty. & Cr. | 3 367 |
| 'Tis true the <i>r</i> . doth not hatch a lark.....                                  | Tit. An.  | 4 207 |
| Did ever <i>r</i> . sing so like a lark?.....                                        | Tit. An.  | 4 216 |
| RAW.—Once upon a <i>r</i> . and gusty day, the troubled Tiber.....                   | J. C.     | 3 579 |
| REACH.—Beyond the infinite and boundless <i>r</i> . of mercy.....                    | K. J.     | 2 309 |
| READ.—Like a thing being often <i>r</i> ., grown . . . tedious.....                  | M. for M. | 1 281 |
| O Heaven! that one might <i>r</i> . the book of fate, and see.....                   | 2 H. IV.  | 2 505 |
| Your face . . . is as a book where men may <i>r</i> . strange matters.....           | Mac.      | 2 228 |
| REALM.—The life, the right and truth of all this <i>r</i> . is fled to heaven!.....  | K. J.     | 2 310 |
| REAPED.—His chin new <i>r</i> . shewed like a stubble-land at harvest home.....      | H. IV.    | 2 405 |
| REASON.—A woman's <i>r</i> .; I think him so, because I think him so.....            | T. G. V.  | 1 79  |
| Throw some of them at me; come, lame me with <i>r</i> 's.....                        | A. Y. L.  | 1 591 |
| Neither rhyme nor <i>r</i> . can express how much.....                               | A. Y. L.  | 1 616 |
| Strong <i>r</i> 's make strong actions.....                                          | K. J.     | 2 296 |
| Give you a <i>r</i> . on compulsion!.....                                            | H. IV.    | 2 424 |
| The <i>r</i> . why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty <i>r</i> ..... | K. L.     | 4 336 |
| When valor preys on <i>r</i> . it eats the sword it fights with.....                 | A. & C.   | 4 63  |
| I have heard you say, Love's <i>r</i> 's without <i>r</i> .....                      | Cym.      | 4 149 |
| RECEIVE.—In kissing, do you render a <i>r</i> .?—Both take and give.....             | Ty. & Cr. | 3 394 |
| RECKONING.—I'm ill at <i>r</i> ., it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.....            | L. L. L.  | 1 454 |
| RECKONED.—There's beggary in the love that can be <i>r</i> .....                     | A. & C.   | 4 7   |
| RECOVER.—Those that die of it, do seldom or never <i>r</i> .....                     | A. & C.   | 4 90  |
| RED.—Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look <i>r</i> .....                       | H. IV.    | 2 427 |
| REDE.—The . . . path of dalliance treads, and reeks not of his <i>r</i> .....        | Ham.      | 4 491 |
| REDEMPTION.—Thou wilt be condemned to everlasting <i>r</i> . for this.....           | M. Ado.   | 1 374 |
| REFORMED.—We have <i>r</i> . that indifferently with us, sir.....                    | Ham.      | 4 523 |
| REGARDED.—He was but as the cuckoo is in June, heard not <i>r</i> .....              | H. IV.    | 2 439 |
| REGISTERED.—Let fame . . . live <i>r</i> . upon our brazen tombs.....                | L. L. L.  | 1 447 |
| RELENT.—Not to <i>r</i> . i'gbase, savage, devilish.....                             | R. III.   | 3 187 |
| RELIEF.—Wherever sorrow is, <i>r</i> . would be.....                                 | A. Y. L.  | 1 623 |
| RELISH.—Some smack of age in you, some <i>r</i> . of the saltness of the.....        | 2 H. IV.  | 2 479 |
| REMEDIES.—Our <i>r</i> . oft in ourselves do lie, which we ascribe to.....           | All's W.  | 1 652 |
| When <i>r</i> . are past, the griefs are ended by seeing the worst.....              | Oth.      | 4 590 |
| REMEMBER.—Grandam, I will pray, if ever I <i>r</i> . to be holy.....                 | K. J.     | 2 290 |
| For that is not forgot, which ne'er I did <i>r</i> .....                             | R. II.    | 2 354 |
| REMEMBERED.—Be in their flowing cups freshly <i>r</i> .....                          | H. V.     | 2 602 |
| REMOSE.—Change slander to <i>r</i> .; that is some good.....                         | M. Ado.   | 1 371 |
| REMORSEFUL.—Gaudy, blabbing, and <i>r</i> . day.....                                 | 2 H. VI.  | 3 55  |
| REMUNERATION! O that's the Latin for three farthings.....                            | L. L. L.  | 1 407 |



|                                                                                           | V.                   | P.    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| REOWN.—To win <i>r.</i> even in the jaws of danger and of death.....                      | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 315 |
| This same child of honor and <i>r.</i> , this gallant Hotspur.....                        | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 440 |
| Stay we no longer, dreaming of <i>r.</i> ; but sound the trumpets.....                    | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 166 |
| He was a wight of high <i>r.</i> , and thou art but of low degree.....                    | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 604 |
| RENT.—What are thy <i>r.s</i> ? what are thy comings in? . . . Show me.....               | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 598 |
| REPENT.—If my wind were . . . enough to say my prayers, I would <i>r.</i>                 | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 184 |
| REPLY.—This is called the <i>r.</i> churlish.....                                         | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 641 |
| REPORT.—They have committed false <i>r.</i> , moreover . . . spoken untruths.             | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 380 |
| REPOSE.—A strange <i>r.</i> , to be asleep with eyes wide open.....                       | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 39  |
| Our foster-nurse of nature is <i>r.</i> .....                                             | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 375 |
| REPROOF.—In the <i>r.</i> of chance lies the true proof of men.....                       | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 346 |
| REPUTATION.—Seeking the bubble <i>r.</i> , even in the cannon's mouth.....                | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 66  |
| The purest treasure . . . is spotless <i>r.</i> .....                                     | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 331 |
| O, I have lost my <i>r.</i> .....                                                         | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 608 |
| RESOLVED.—To be once in doubt is once to be <i>r.</i> .....                               | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 618 |
| RESOLVETH.—Even as a form of wax <i>r.</i> from his figure 'gainst the fire.....          | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 317 |
| RESPECT.—Serve heaven with less <i>r.</i> than we do . . . to ourselves.....              | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 277 |
| Nothing is good, I see, without <i>r.</i> .....                                           | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 572 |
| Throw away <i>r.</i> , tradition, form, and ceremonious duty.....                         | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 363 |
| That title of <i>r.</i> , which the proud soul ne'er pays but to.....                     | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 404 |
| They pass me by as the idle wind, which I <i>r.</i> not.....                              | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 621 |
| There's the <i>r.</i> that makes calamity of so long life.....                            | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 519 |
| REST.—Foes to my <i>r.</i> , and my sweet sleep's disturbers.....                         | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 223 |
| RETREAT.—In a <i>r.</i> outruns any lackey; . . . coming on . . . has the cramp.....      | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 700 |
| REVEL.—This heavy-headed <i>r.</i> . . . makes us traduced . . . of other nations.        | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 494 |
| Where joy most <i>r.s</i> , grief doth most lament.....                                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 527 |
| Fishes, drinks, and wastes the lamps of night in <i>r.</i> .....                          | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 16  |
| REVENGE.—If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my <i>r.</i> .....                    | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 544 |
| Pleasure and <i>r.</i> have ears more deaf than adders.....                               | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 361 |
| REVERENCE.—Lies he there, and none so poor as do him <i>r.</i> .....                      | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 612 |
| REWARD.—He that <i>r.s</i> me, God <i>r.</i> him!.....                                    | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 467 |
| Fortune's buffets and <i>r.s</i> hast ta'en with equal thanks.....                        | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 524 |
| RHEUM.—A few drops of women's <i>r.</i> , which are as cheap as lies.....                 | <i>Cor.</i>          | 3 569 |
| RHEUMATIC.—Then he was <i>r.</i> , and talked of the whore of Babylon.....                | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 570 |
| RHYME.—In the why and the wherefore is neither <i>r.</i> nor reason.....                  | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 2 163 |
| I can find out no <i>r.</i> to 'lady' but 'baby'.....                                     | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 384 |
| I do love and it hath taught me to <i>r.</i> and be melancholy.....                       | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 477 |
| RHYMES are guards on wanton Cupid's hose.....                                             | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 478 |
| RIBS.—Stronger made, which was before barred up with <i>r.</i> of iron.....               | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 369 |
| First time that . . . I heard breaking of <i>r.</i> was sport for ladies.....             | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 587 |
| Tear a passage through the flinty <i>r.</i> of this hard world.....                       | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 390 |
| Make my seated heart knock at my <i>r.</i> .....                                          | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 204 |
| RICH.—Suffer a sea-change, into something <i>r.</i> and strange.....                      | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 31  |
| Whiles I am a beggar I will . . . say there is no sin but to be <i>r.</i> .....           | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 281 |
| As <i>r.</i> men deal gifts, expecting in return twenty for one.....                      | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 3 470 |
| Poor and content is <i>r.</i> and <i>r.</i> enough, but riches.....                       | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 617 |
| RICH-LEFT heirs that let their fathers lie without a monument.....                        | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 154 |
| RICHES fineness is as poor as winter, to him that ever fears he shall be.....             | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 617 |
| RICHMONDS.—I think there be six <i>R.</i> in the field.....                               | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 251 |
| RIDDANCE.—O good <i>r.</i> .....                                                          | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 357 |
| RIGHT.—To do a great <i>r.</i> , do a little wrong.....                                   | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 563 |
| Heaven still guards the <i>r.</i> .....                                                   | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 360 |
| Virtuous fight, when <i>r.</i> with <i>r.</i> wars, who shall be most <i>r.</i> .....     | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 376 |
| RING.—When this <i>r.</i> parts from this finger, then parts life.....                    | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 550 |
| I gave my love a <i>r.</i> and made him swear never to part with it.....                  | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 574 |
| <i>R.</i> , bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright.....                           | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 74  |
| RIP.—It is not meet the council hear a <i>r.</i> , there is no fear of God in a <i>r.</i> | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 132 |
| RIPEN.—He was a scholar and a <i>r.</i> and good one.....                                 | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 3 313 |
| RIVER.—A stormy day which makes the silver <i>r.s</i> drown their shores.....             | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 361 |
| Nor the fruitful <i>r.</i> of the eye, nor the dejected . . . visage.....                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 485 |
| ROAR.—I will <i>r.</i> you that it will do any man's heart good to hear me.....           | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 400 |
| I will <i>r.</i> till I . . . make the duke say, 'Let him <i>r.</i> again'.....           | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 400 |
| ROAST.—Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the <i>r.</i> .....                         | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 19  |
| ROBBERS.—What makes <i>r.</i> bold but too much lenity.....                               | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 106 |
| ROBE.—In pure white <i>r.s</i> like very sanctity.....                                    | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 2 166 |
| Feel his title hang loose about him like a giant's <i>r.</i> .....                        | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 249 |
| ROCK.—He is the <i>r.</i> , the oak not to be wind-shaken.....                            | <i>Cor.</i>          | 3 560 |
| I stand as one upon a <i>r.</i> environed by a wilderness of sea.....                     | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 4 214 |
| ROD.—Not to use . . . the <i>r.</i> becomes more mocked than feared.....                  | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 266 |
| Take thy correction mildly, kiss the <i>r.</i> .....                                      | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 381 |
| ROGUE.—Hang him, mechanical, salt-butter <i>r.</i> .....                                  | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 154 |
| Two I am sure I have paid, two <i>r.s</i> in buckram suits.....                           | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 423 |
| Four <i>r.s</i> in buckram let drive at me.....                                           | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 423 |
| ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers I hear me for my cause.....                                | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 611 |
| ROMAN.—Who is here so rude, that would not be a <i>R.</i> ? If any.....                   | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 610 |
| The last of all the <i>R.s</i> fare thee well!.....                                       | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 633 |
| ROME.—In the most high and palmy state of <i>R.</i> .....                                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 482 |
| RONYON.—'Aroint thee witch!' the rump-fed <i>r.</i> cries.....                            | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 201 |
| ROOM.—Go thou, and fill another <i>r.</i> in hell.....                                    | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 392 |
| Two paces of the vilest earth is <i>r.</i> enough.....                                    | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 465 |

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| ROSE.—I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a <i>r.</i> in his grace.....             | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 336 |
| At Christmas I no more desire a <i>r.</i> , than wish a snow in May.....                 | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 449 |
| Blow like sweet <i>r.s</i> in the summer air.....                                        | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 496 |
| Fair ladies masked are <i>r.s</i> in their bud.....                                      | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 496 |
| ROT.—Then from hour to hour, we <i>r.</i> and <i>r.</i> ; and thereby hangs a tale.....  | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 603 |
| ROTTEN.—For you 'll be <i>r.</i> , ere you be half ripe.....                             | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 611 |
| Faith, as you say, there's small choice in <i>r.</i> apples.....                         | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 2 17  |
| ROUSE.—The King's <i>r.</i> the heavens shall bruit again, respeaking.....               | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 486 |
| RUBS.—We'll play bowls.—'Twill make me think the world is full of <i>r.</i> .....        | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 369 |
| RUE.—Nought shall make us <i>r.</i> , if England to itself do rest.....                  | <i>K. J.</i>       | 2 323 |
| <i>R.</i> even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen.....                                 | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 372 |
| You may wear your <i>r.</i> with a difference.....                                       | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 550 |
| RUN.—I would give a thousand pound I could <i>r.</i> as fast as thou.....                | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 422 |
| RUNNING.—He seemed in <i>r.</i> to devour the way.....                                   | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 473 |
| RUSH-CANDLE.—If you please to call it a <i>r.</i> , henceforth I vow it shall be so..... | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 2 60  |
| RUSHES.—Let wantons . . . tickle the senseless <i>r.</i> with their heels.....           | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 413 |
| RUST.—Better to be eaten . . . with <i>r.</i> than to be scoured.....                    | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 482 |
| RUSTLING.—Prouder, than <i>r.</i> in unpaid for silk.....                                | <i>Cym.</i>        | 4 133 |

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| SABBATH.—By our holy <i>S.</i> have I sworn to have the due and forfeit of.....       | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 559 |
| SACK.—But one halfpenny worth of bread to this . . . deal of <i>s. l.</i> .....       | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 431 |
| SAD.—If he be <i>s.</i> he wants money.....                                           | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 356 |
| SAFETY.—Covert enmity under the smile of <i>s.</i> wounds the world.....              | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 471 |
| Like a rich armor worn in heat of day that scalds with <i>s.</i> .....                | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 529 |
| Be wary then, best <i>s.</i> lies in fear.....                                        | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 491 |
| SAID.—So <i>s.</i> , so done, is well.....                                            | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 2 24  |
| SAILOR.—They have been grand-jurymen, since before Noah was a <i>s.</i> .....         | <i>Tw. N.</i>      | 1 228 |
| Like a drunken <i>s.</i> on the mast, ready with every nod to tumble.....             | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 209 |
| SAINT.—Is she not a heavenly <i>s.?</i> —No, but . . . an earthly paragon.....        | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 93  |
| Great men may jest with <i>s.s.</i> , 'tis wit in them, but.....                      | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 278 |
| SAINTS in your injuries, devils being offended.....                                   | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 597 |
| SALTPETRE should be digged out of the bowels of the harmless earth.....               | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 405 |
| SALVATION.—'Twere a pity but they should suffer <i>s.</i> , body and soul.....        | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 358 |
| SAMPHIRE.—Half-way down hangs one that gathers <i>s.</i> , dreadful trade.....        | <i>K. L.</i>       | 4 377 |
| SANCTITY.—His kissing is as full of <i>s.</i> as the touch of holy bread.....         | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 620 |
| In pure white robes, like very <i>s.</i> .....                                        | <i>W. Tale.</i>    | 2 106 |
| At his touch—such <i>s.</i> hath Heaven given his hand—they presently amend.....      | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 244 |
| SANDS.—Now our <i>s.</i> are almost run; more a little, and then dumb.....            | <i>Per.</i>        | 4 309 |
| SAUCE.—Will you not eat your word?—With no <i>s.</i> that can be devised.....         | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 372 |
| SAUCY.—The rattling tongue of <i>s.</i> and audacious eloquence.....                  | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 436 |
| SAVAGE.—His lines would ravish <i>s.</i> ears, and plant in tyrants.....              | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 485 |
| SAVAGENESS.—O! she will sing the <i>s.</i> out of a bear.....                         | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 635 |
| SAW.—The all-seeing sun ne'er <i>s.</i> her match, since first the world.....         | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 409 |
| SAYING.—Only are reputed wise for <i>s.</i> nothing.....                              | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 517 |
| SCALE.—In your lord's <i>s.</i> is nothing but himself, and some few vanities.....    | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 371 |
| SCANTER.—Be somewhat <i>s.</i> of your maiden presence.....                           | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 493 |
| SCAR.—A noble <i>s.</i> is a good livery of honor.....                                | <i>All's W.</i>    | 1 704 |
| SCARCE.—Where words are <i>s.</i> , they are seldom spent in vain.....                | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 342 |
| SCARCITY and want shall shun you; Ceres' blessing.....                                | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 59  |
| SCARECROW.—We must not make a <i>s.</i> of the law.....                               | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 269 |
| No eye hath seen such <i>s. s.</i> , I'll not march through . . . that's flat.....    | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 450 |
| SCARF.—The beauteous <i>s.</i> veiling an Indian beauty.....                          | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 548 |
| SCARLET.—They call deep drinking dyeing <i>s.</i> .....                               | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 419 |
| SCHOLAR.—I am no breeching <i>s.</i> in the schools.....                              | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 2 37  |
| SCHOOLBOY.—Then the whining <i>s.</i> , with his satchel, and . . . morning face..... | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 606 |
| SCHOOLMAIDS.—As <i>s.</i> change their names by vain . . . affection.....             | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 263 |
| SCOPE.—As surfeit . . . so every <i>s.</i> by the . . . use turns to restraint.....   | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 264 |
| Cut my lace . . . that my pent heart may have some <i>s.</i> to beat.....             | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 220 |
| SCORN.—A woman sometimes <i>s.s</i> what best contents her.....                       | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 101 |
| <i>S.</i> at first makes after-love the more.....                                     | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 101 |
| Woo in <i>s.?</i> <i>s.</i> and derision never come in tears.....                     | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 419 |
| Teach not thy lips such <i>s.</i> , for they were made for kissing.....               | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 171 |
| SCOTCH.—Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a <i>S.</i> jig.....                    | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 339 |
| SCOTCHED.—We have <i>s.</i> the snake, not killed it.....                             | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 225 |
| SCYLLA.—When I shun <i>S.</i> , your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.....  | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 556 |
| SEA.—A <i>s.</i> of melting pearl, which some call tears.....                         | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 104 |
| The wide <i>s.</i> hath drops too few to wash her clean.....                          | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 369 |
| This little world, this precious stone set in the silver <i>s.</i> .....              | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 343 |
| SEA-MAID.—Stars shot madly from their spheres, to hear the <i>s.</i> 's music.....    | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 405 |
| SEAR.—My way of life is fallen into the <i>s.</i> , the yellow leaf.....              | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 250 |
| SEASON.—How many things by <i>s.</i> seasoned are, to their right praise!.....        | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 572 |
| The <i>s.</i> of all natures—sleep.....                                               | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 231 |
| SEASONED.—Take him in the . . . when he is fit and <i>s.</i> for his passage.....     | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 534 |
| SECRECY.—In nature's infinite book of <i>s.</i> a little I can read.....              | <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 4 9   |
| SECRET.—I am forbid to tell the <i>s.s</i> of my prison-house.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 496 |

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| SECRET.—I'll have this <i>s.</i> . . . , or rip thy heart to find it.....               | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 142 |
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| SEE.—O, woe is me! to have seen what I have seen, <i>s.</i> what I <i>s.</i> .....      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 522 |
| SEEM.—And <i>s.</i> a saint, when most I play the devil.....                            | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 181 |
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| Men should be what they <i>s.</i> ; or those that be not.....                           | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 616 |
| SEEMING to be most, which we indeed least are.....                                      | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 70  |
| SEEN.—To have <i>s.</i> much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes.....             | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 624 |
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| SELF.—It is thyself, mine own <i>s.</i> 's better part, mine eye's.....                 | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 2 172 |
| SELF-LOVE, my liege, is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting.....                       | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 573 |
| SELF-SLAUGHTER.—Against <i>s.</i> there is a prohibition so divine.....                 | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 137 |
| SENSE.—Their <i>s.</i> thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong.....                | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 417 |
| Nor doth the eye . . . , that most pure spirit of <i>s.</i> , behold itself.....        | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 379 |
| The hand of little employment hath the daintier <i>s.</i> .....                         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 559 |
| Your other <i>s.</i> grow imperfect by your eyes' anguish.....                          | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 377 |
| SENSELESS.—You are thought here to be the most <i>s.</i> and fit man.....               | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 359 |
| SENSIBLE.—Art thou not, fatal vision, <i>s.</i> to feeling as to sight?.....            | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 213 |
| SENT before my time into this . . . world, scarce half made up.....                     | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 163 |
| SENTENCES.—The gentleman had drunk himself out of his five <i>s.</i> .....              | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 134 |
| SENTINEL.—Withered murder, alarmed by his <i>s.</i> the wolf.....                       | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 213 |
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| SERPENT.—The <i>s.</i> that did sting thy father's life, now wears his crown.....       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 497 |
| SERVANT.—Every good <i>s.</i> does not all commands: no bond but to do.....             | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 162 |
| SERVE.—Shall we <i>s.</i> Heaven with less respect, than . . our gross selves?.....     | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 277 |
| SERVED.—Had I but <i>s.</i> , my God with half the zeal, I <i>s.</i> my king.....       | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 3 308 |
| SERVICE.—Is ' old dog ' my reward? . . I have lost my teeth in your <i>s.</i> .....     | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 583 |
| The poorest <i>s.</i> is repaid with thanks.....                                        | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 2 54  |
| I have done the state some <i>s.</i> , and they know 't.....                            | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 660 |
| SERVICEABLE.—I know thee well: a <i>s.</i> villain.....                                 | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 383 |
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| SETTLED.—I am <i>s.</i> and bend up each corporal agent to this.....                    | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 211 |
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| SEVERE.—Eyes <i>s.</i> and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws.....                  | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 606 |
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| Each substance of a grief hath twenty <i>s.</i> .....                                   | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 350 |
| SHADOWS to-night have struck more terror to the soul of Richard.....                    | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 247 |
| SHAFT.—In my school-days when I lost one <i>s.</i> , I shot his fellow.....             | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 518 |
| SHARE.—No compunctious visitings . . . <i>s.</i> my fell purpose.....                   | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 208 |
| The tyrannous breathing of the north, <i>s.</i> all our buds from.....                  | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 104 |
| SHARING.—Macbeth is ripe for <i>s.</i> , and the powers above.....                      | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 247 |
| SHAMBLES.—Summer flies in the <i>s.</i> that quicken even with blowing.....             | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 639 |
| SHAME.—So the life that died in <i>s.</i> , lives in death with . . . fame.....         | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 385 |
| My life thou shalt command, but not my <i>s.</i> .....                                  | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 331 |
| Let life be short; else <i>s.</i> will be too long.....                                 | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 607 |
| Thy cheeks blush for pure <i>s.</i> to counterfeit our roses.....                       | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 2 651 |
| Never <i>s.</i> to hear what you have nobly done.....                                   | <i>Cor.</i>          | 3 512 |
| SHANKS.—His youthful hose . . . a world too wide for his shrunk <i>s.</i> .....         | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 606 |
| SHAPE.—Lesser blot . . . Women to change their <i>s.</i> than men their minds.....      | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 126 |
| So full of <i>s.</i> is fancy that it alone is high fantastical.....                    | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 197 |
| Quick, forgetive, full of nimble . . . delectable <i>s.</i> .....                       | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 524 |
| SHARP.—Comrade with the wolf and owl,—necessity's <i>s.</i> pinch I.....                | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 350 |
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| SHEARS.—Think you I bear the <i>s.</i> of destiny?.....                                 | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 302 |
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| The second property of your . . . <i>s.</i> is, the warming of the blood.....           | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 524 |
| SHIRT.—There's but a <i>s.</i> and a half in all my company.....                        | <i>H. II.</i>        | 2 450 |
| SHOCKS.—The thousand natural <i>s.</i> that flesh is heir to.....                       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 519 |
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| SHOES.—I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old <i>s.</i> . . . I recover them.....           | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 575 |
| SHOOK.—Like a dewdrop from the lion's mane be <i>s.</i> to air.....                     | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 382 |
| SHORE.—This ornament is but the guiled <i>s.</i> to a most dangerous sea.....           | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 548 |
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| SHOVE.—Offence's gilded hand may <i>s.</i> by justice.....                              | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 533 |
| SHOW.—How ripe in <i>s.</i> thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow.....        | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 419 |
| A golden mind stoops not to <i>s.</i> of dross.....                                     | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 537 |
| No more can you distinguish of a man than of his outward <i>s.</i> .....                | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 198 |
| As some . . . pastors do, <i>s.</i> , the steep and thorny way to heaven.....           | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 491 |
| When devils will the blackest . . . they do suggest . . . with heavenly <i>s.</i> ..... | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 610 |
| SHOWERS.—Faster than spring-time <i>s.</i> comes thought on thought.....                | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 443 |
| SHOWING.—A <i>s.</i> of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.....                      | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 667 |
| SHREWS.—Women are <i>s.</i> , both short and tall.....                                  | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 540 |
| SHRILL-GORGED.—The <i>s.</i> lark so far cannot be seen or heard.....                   | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 378 |

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| SHUFFLED.—What dreams may come when we have <i>s.</i> off this.....                            | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 519 |
| SICK.—Visit the . . . <i>s.</i> , and still converse with groaning wretches.....               | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 1 510 |
| How has he leisure to be <i>s.</i> in such justling time?.....                                 | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 446 |
| Not so <i>s.</i> , . . . as she is troubled with thick-coming fancies.....                     | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 250 |
| SICKLED o'er with the pale cast of thought.....                                                | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 520 |
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| So turns she every man the wrong <i>s.</i> out.....                                            | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 354 |
| SIGHS.—If the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my <i>s.</i> .....                   | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 89  |
| Fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer, with <i>s.</i> of love.....                               | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 418 |
| Go, count thy way with <i>s.</i> , I mine with groans.....                                     | <i>R. II.</i>      | 2 382 |
| There's matter in these <i>s.</i> , these profound heaves.....                                 | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 540 |
| SIGHING.—And then the lover <i>s.</i> like furnace.....                                        | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 1 606 |
| A plague of <i>s.</i> and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder.....                         | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 426 |
| SIGN.—He dies and makes no <i>s.</i> O God forgive him!.....                                   | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 3 55  |
| SILENCE is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if.....                       | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 344 |
| <i>S.</i> is only commendable in a neats' tongue dried, and a maid.....                        | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 517 |
| We often see, against some storm, a <i>s.</i> in the heavens.....                              | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 515 |
| SILLINESS.—It is <i>s.</i> to live, when to live is torment.....                               | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 592 |
| SILVER.—Moon . . . that tips with <i>s.</i> all these fruit-tree tops.....                     | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 423 |
| How <i>s.</i> -sweet sound lovers' tongues by night!.....                                      | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4 424 |
| SILVIA.—To die is to be banished from myself, and <i>S.</i> is myself.....                     | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 103 |
| SIMPLICITY.—By the <i>s.</i> of Venus' doves, by that which knitteth souls.....                | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 397 |
| But more for that in low <i>s.</i> he lends out money gratis.....                              | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 523 |
| SIN.—Is this her fault or mine? The tempter or the tempted who <i>s.</i> .....                 | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 279 |
| Our compelled <i>s.s.</i> stand more for number than for account.....                          | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 283 |
| <i>S.</i> that amends is but patched with virtue.....                                          | <i>Tw. N.</i>      | 1 205 |
| Few love to hear the <i>s.s.</i> they love to act.....                                         | <i>Per.</i>        | 4 256 |
| Commit the oldest <i>s.</i> the newest kind of ways.....                                       | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 531 |
| If it be a <i>s.</i> to covet honor I am the most offending soul alive.....                    | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 602 |
| It is a <i>s.</i> to swear unto a <i>s.</i> , but greater <i>s.</i> to keep a sinful oath..... | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 3 79  |
| If it be <i>s.</i> to make a true election, she is damned.....                                 | <i>Cym.</i>        | 4 103 |
| SINEWS.—Stiffen the <i>s.</i> , summon up the blood, disguise fair nature.....                 | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 576 |
| SING.—Made a groan of her last breath, and now she <i>s.s.</i> in heaven.....                  | <i>All's W.</i>    | 1 695 |
| When you <i>s.</i> I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms.....                             | <i>W. Tale.</i>    | 2 117 |
| SINGED.—Thus hath the candle <i>s.</i> the moth. O these deliberate fools!.....                | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 542 |
| SINKING.—Know by my size . . . I have a kind of alacrity in <i>s.</i> .....                    | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 170 |
| SINNED.—I am a man more <i>s.</i> against than sinning.....                                    | <i>K. L.</i>       | 4 356 |
| SINNERS.—Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of <i>s.</i> .....               | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 521 |
| SITS.—He <i>s.</i> 'mongst men like a descended god.....                                       | <i>Cym.</i>        | 4 414 |
| SKILLET.—Let housewives make a <i>t.</i> of my helm.....                                       | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 591 |
| SKIRMISH.—They never meet but there's a <i>s.</i> of wit between them.....                     | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 330 |
| SKITTISH.—Such as I am all true lovers are, unstead and <i>s.</i> .....                        | <i>Tw. N.</i>      | 1 217 |
| SKULL.—That <i>s.</i> had a tongue in it, and could sing once.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 559 |
| May not that be the <i>s.</i> of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now?.....                   | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 559 |
| SLANDER whose edge is sharper than the sword.....                                              | <i>Cym.</i>        | 4 136 |
| SLANDERED.—She is dead, <i>s.</i> to death by villains.....                                    | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 1 377 |
| SLEEK-HEADED men and such as sleep o' nights.....                                              | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 581 |
| SLEEP.—Our little life is rounded with a <i>s.</i> .....                                       | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 61  |
| She doth talk in her <i>s.</i> —No matter . . . so she <i>s.</i> not in her talk.....          | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 106 |
| A maid, that ere she <i>s.</i> , has thrice her prayers said.....                              | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 189 |
| Death-counterfeiting <i>s.</i> .....                                                           | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 425 |
| O gentle <i>s.</i> , Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee?.....                       | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 504 |
| Canst thou, O partial <i>s.</i> , give thy repose to the wet sea-boy?.....                     | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 504 |
| Methought I heard a voice cry, 'S. no more! Macbeth.....                                       | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 214 |
| <i>S.</i> that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.....                                       | <i>Mac.</i>        | 2 215 |
| To die, to <i>s.</i> ; . . . and by a <i>s.</i> to say we end the heart-ache.....              | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 519 |
| Men so loose of soul, that in their <i>s.</i> will mutter their affairs.....                   | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 624 |
| SLEEVE.—I will wear my heart upon my <i>s.</i> for daws to peck at.....                        | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 578 |
| SLIDE.—Therefore pancas pallabris; let the world <i>s.</i> .....                               | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 2 7   |
| SLINGS.—To suffer the <i>s.</i> and arrows of outrageous fortune.....                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 519 |
| SLIPPERY.—A <i>s.</i> and subtle knave, a finder of occasions.....                             | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 600 |
| SLOBERY.—A <i>s.</i> and a dirty farm, in that nook-shotten isle.....                          | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 583 |
| SLOTH.—Weariness can snore upon the flint, when . . . <i>s.</i> finds the down.....            | <i>Cym.</i>        | 4 145 |
| SLOW in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells.....                                          | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 1 430 |
| SLUMBER.—Care that keeps the ports of <i>s.</i> open wide, to many.....                        | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 2 529 |
| SMALL things make great men proud.....                                                         | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 3 58  |
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| SMELL.—What a man cannot <i>s.</i> out, he may spy into.....                                   | <i>K. L.</i>       | 4 336 |
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| SMILE.—I saw him fumble with the sheets . . . and <i>s.</i> upon his fingers.....              | <i>H. V.</i>       | 2 570 |
| Some <i>s.</i> that have in their hearts, I fear, millions of mischiefs.....                   | <i>J. C.</i>       | 3 618 |
| One may <i>s.</i> and <i>s.</i> and be a villain.....                                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 4 498 |
| Fortune, good night; <i>s.</i> once more; turn thy wheel!.....                                 | <i>K. L.</i>       | 4 344 |
| The robbed that <i>s.s.</i> steals something from the thief.....                               | <i>Oth.</i>        | 4 590 |
| SMILING.—Like a villain with a <i>s.</i> cheek, a goodly apple rotten at the.....              | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 1 524 |
| SMOOTH.—To <i>s.</i> the ice, or add another hue unto the rainbow.....                         | <i>K. J.</i>       | 2 300 |
| SMOOTHING.—My tongue could never learn sweet <i>s.</i> words.....                              | <i>R. III.</i>     | 3 171 |
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| SNAKE.—That kiss is comfortless, as frozen water to a starved <i>s.</i> .....                  | <i>Tit. An.</i>    | 4 218 |
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| <b>SONNETS</b> .—Tangle her desires by wailful <i>s.</i> ..... <i>T. G. V.</i>                              | 1  | 109 |
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| <b>SOUL</b> .—I think thou I'll endanger my <i>s.</i> gratis..... <i>M. W. W.</i>                           | 1  | 149 |
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| O, he's the very <i>s.</i> of bounty..... <i>Tim. An.</i>                                                   | 3  | 433 |
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| <b>SOUR</b> .—You must not look so <i>s.</i> It is my fashion when I see a crab..... <i>Tam. Sh.</i>        | 2  | 32  |
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| SPURNS.—That white-faced shore, whose foot s. back the ocean.....               | K. J.     | 2 268        |
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| His hammer, with his s. with his hammer thus, the whilst.....                   | K. J.     | 2 585        |
| That goddess blind, that s.s upon the rolling, restless stone.....              | H. V.     | 1 601        |
| STANZA.—Come, more; another s. : Call you 'em s.s ?.....                        | A. Y. L.  | 1 601        |
| STAR.—At first I did adore a twinkling s., but now I worship.....               | T. G. V.  | 1 96         |
| Will thou reach s.s because they shine on thee ?.....                           | T. G. V.  | 1 102        |
| Certain s.s shot madly from their spheres, to hear.....                         | M. N. D.  | 1 405        |
| That moist s. upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands.....                 | Ham.      | 4 482        |
| It is . . . the s.s above us govern our conditions.....                         | K. L.     | 4 374        |
| START.—He bites his lip and s.s : stops on a sudden, looks upon the.....        | H. VIII.  | 3 299        |
| Make thy two eyes, like stars, s. from their spheres.....                       | Ham.      | 4 496        |
| STARTED.—It s. like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons.....                  | Ham.      | 4 483        |
| STARVE.—Better it is to die, better to s., than crave the hire.....             | Cor.      | 3 517        |
| STARVES the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, the more.....                | Per.      | 4 305        |
| STARVED.—Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way of s. people.....               | Mer. V.   | 1 577        |
| I cannot fight upon this argument : it is too s. a subject for my.....          | Tr. & Cr. | 3 338        |
| STATE.—This is the s. of man : to-day he puts forth the tender leaves.....      | H. VIII.  | 3 305        |
| Something is rotten in the S. of Denmark.....                                   | Ham.      | 4 495        |
| STATUTE.—! the olden time, ere human s. purged the gentle weal.....             | Mac.      | 2 229        |
| STAV.—God shall be my hope, my s., my guide, my lantern to.....                 | 2         | H. VI. 3 31  |
| STEAL.—The good humor is to s. at a minute's rest.....                          | M. W. W.  | 1 138        |
| On both did haggish age s. on, and wore us out of act.....                      | All's W.  | 1 653        |
| STEALING.—Time comes s. on by night and day.....                                | Com. E.   | 2 180        |
| STEED.—Farewell the neighing s., and the shrill trump !.....                    | Oth.      | 4 622        |
| STEEL.—Whose golden touch could soften s., . . . make ugers tame.....           | T. G. V.  | 1 109        |
| Made us doff our . . . robes of peace, to crush our . . . limbs in . . . s..... | 1         | H. IV. 2 455 |
| As he plucked his cursed s. away, mark how the blood.....                       | J. C.     | 3 613        |
| STICKS.—Fruit unripe s. on the tree, but fall, unshaken, when.....              | Ham.      | 4 527        |
| Honest . . . and hates the slime that s. on filthy deeds.....                   | Oth.      | 4 655        |
| STING.—What ! would thou have a serpent s. thee twice ?.....                    | Mer. V.   | 1 560        |
| If I be waspish, best beware my s.....                                          | Tam. Sh.  | 2 31         |
| STOMACH.—Surfeit of the sweetest things, the deepest loathing in the s.....     | M. N. D.  | 1 411        |
| He which hath no s. to this fight ; let him depart.....                         | H. V.     | 2 602        |
| A man of an unbounded s., ever ranking himself with princes.....                | H. VIII.  | 3 313        |
| STONE.—When we first put this dangerous s. a-rolling.....                       | H. VIII.  | 3 326        |
| For fear the very s.s prate of my whereabouts.....                              | Mac.      | 2 213        |

|                                                                                        | V.                   | P.    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| STOOPS.—A golden mind <i>s.</i> not to shows of dress.....                             | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 537 |
| STOP his mouth with a kiss and let not him speak.....                                  | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 344 |
| You would play upon me, you would seem to know my <i>s.s.</i> .....                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 531 |
| STORM.—I have as when the sun doth light a <i>s.</i> , buried this sigh in.....        | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 336 |
| 'Ye often see, against some <i>s.</i> , silence in the heavens.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 515 |
| Naked wretches . . . that bide the pelting of the pitiless <i>s.</i> .....             | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 358 |
| STORY.—My <i>s.</i> , being done, she gave me, for my pains, a world of sighs.....     | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 589 |
| STRAINING harsh discords and displeasing sharps.....                                   | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 449 |
| STRANGE.—More <i>s.</i> than true, I never may believe these antique fables.....       | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 434 |
| Is it not <i>s.</i> and <i>s. I</i> nay, ten times <i>s.</i> .....                     | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 313 |
| <i>S.</i> things I have in head, that will to hand.....                                | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 231 |
| She swore . . . 'twas <i>s.</i> , 'twas passing <i>s.</i> , 'twas pitiful.....         | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 589 |
| STRANGER.—I do desire we may be better <i>s.s.</i> .....                               | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 614 |
| STRANGERED.—Dowered with our curse, and <i>s.</i> with our oath.....                   | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 320 |
| STRAW.—Those that . . . will . . . a mighty fire, begin it with weak <i>s.</i> .....   | <i>J. C.</i>         | 3 587 |
| STRAWBERRY.—The <i>s.</i> grows underneath the nettle.....                             | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 553 |
| STREAM.—'Gainst the <i>s.</i> of virtue they may strive, and drown.....                | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 3 456 |
| STREETS.—Old men and beldams in the <i>s.</i> do prophesy upon it.....                 | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 304 |
| STRENGTH.—My threats have no more <i>s.</i> than her weak prayers.....                 | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 422 |
| <i>S.</i> matched with <i>s.</i> , and power confronted power.....                     | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 275 |
| The king's name is a tower of <i>s.</i> .....                                          | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 241 |
| <i>S.</i> should be lord of imbecility.....                                            | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 348 |
| STRIKE.—The heavens themselves do <i>s.</i> at my injustice.....                       | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 2 103 |
| Such as will <i>s.</i> sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink.....             | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 413 |
| STRING.—When such <i>s.s.</i> jar, what hope of harmony?.....                          | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 24  |
| Harp not on that <i>s.</i> , madam; that is past.....                                  | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 234 |
| STROKE.—'Tis fond to wall inevitable <i>s.s.</i> , as 'tis to laugh at 'em.....        | <i>Cor.</i>          | 3 539 |
| To tender of rebukes that words are <i>s.s.</i> , and <i>s.s.</i> death to her.....    | <i>Cyn.</i>          | 4 141 |
| STRONG.—Thou little valiant . . . ! Thou ever <i>s.</i> upon the stronger side.....    | <i>K. J.</i>         | 2 284 |
| STYLE.—Plain and not honest is too harsh a <i>s.</i> .....                             | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 234 |
| SUBJECT.—Such duty as the <i>s.</i> owes the prince, even such a.....                  | <i>Tim. Sh.</i>      | 2 69  |
| SUBSTANCE.—I am but shadow of myself: . . . my <i>s.</i> is not here.....              | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 2 649 |
| The . . . of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.....                        | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 510 |
| SUBSTITUTE.—A <i>s.</i> shines brightly as a king, until a king be by.....             | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 572 |
| SUCCESS.—Didst thou never hear that things ill-got had ever bad <i>s.</i> . . . ?..... | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 107 |
| If the assassination could . . . catch with his surcease <i>s.</i> .....               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 210 |
| SUCCESSOR.—All his <i>s.</i> gone before him hath done 't.....                         | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 131 |
| SUDDEN.—Jealous in honor, <i>s.</i> and quick in quarrel, seeking.....                 | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 606 |
| SUGAR.—Honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to <i>s.</i> .....           | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 618 |
| SUGGESTION.—They'll take <i>s.</i> as a cat laps milk.....                             | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 41  |
| SUM.—For what <i>s.</i> ? It is more than for some, my lord.....                       | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 487 |
| SUMMER.—After <i>s.</i> . . . succeeds . . . winter with his wrathful nipping.....     | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 33  |
| The common people swarm like <i>s.</i> flies; and whither fly the gnats?.....          | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 116 |
| Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious <i>s.</i> by this.....               | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 163 |
| Swallow follows not <i>s.</i> more willing than we.....                                | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 3 453 |
| Can such things be and overcome us like a <i>s.</i> 's cloud?.....                     | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 230 |
| SUN.—Setting <i>s.</i> and music at the close, as the last taste of sweets is.....     | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 343 |
| The <i>s.</i> sets weeping in the lowly west, witnessing storms to.....                | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 357 |
| Full of spirit as . . . and gorgeous as the <i>s.</i> at midsummer.....                | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 448 |
| It is the east and Juliet is the <i>s.</i> .....                                       | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 420 |
| Arise fair <i>s.</i> and kill the envious moon who is.....                             | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 420 |
| I 'gin to be awary of the <i>s.</i> ; and wish.....                                    | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 253 |
| If Cæsar can hide the <i>s.</i> from us with a blanket, or put.....                    | <i>Cyn.</i>          | 4 129 |
| Hath Britain all the <i>s.</i> that shines? D'y, night are.....                        | <i>Cyn.</i>          | 4 138 |
| SUPERFLUITY comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lasts.....                     | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 519 |
| SUPERFLUOUS branches we lop away that bearing twigs may live.....                      | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 371 |
| SUPPLE knees feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.....                          | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 378 |
| SURFET is the father of much fast.....                                                 | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 264 |
| They are as sick that <i>s.</i> with too much, as they that starve.....                | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 519 |
| SURFEITING.—That <i>s.</i> the appetite may sicken and so die.....                     | <i>Two. N.</i>       | 1 197 |
| SURGES.—I saw him beat the <i>s.</i> under him, and ride upon their backs.....         | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 37  |
| SURVEY.—When we mean to build, we first <i>s.</i> the plot, then draw.....             | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 484 |
| SUSPIRATION.—Nor windy <i>s.</i> of forced breath.....                                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 485 |
| SWAIN.—O God, methinks it were a happy life, to be . . . a homely <i>s.</i> .....      | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 3 113 |
| SWALLOWED.—The earth had <i>s.</i> all my hopes but she.....                           | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 407 |
| SWAN.—Like Juno's <i>s.s.</i> still we went coupled and inseparable.....               | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 592 |
| I'll make thee think thy <i>s.</i> a crow.....                                         | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 409 |
| I'll play the <i>s.</i> and die in music.....                                          | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 657 |
| SWEAR.—You <i>s.</i> like a comfit-maker's wife.....                                   | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 437 |
| SWARS with good grace, and wears his boots very smooth.....                            | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 500 |
| Being thus frightened <i>s.</i> a prayer or two, and.....                              | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 414 |
| SWEARING till my very roof was dry with oaths of love.....                             | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 550 |
| SWEET.—The word is short, but not so short as <i>s.</i> .....                          | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 389 |
| Made me mad to see him shine so brisk and smell so <i>s.</i> .....                     | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 2 405 |
| Words more <i>s.</i> and yet more dangerous than baits to fish.....                    | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 4 234 |
| SWEETS to the <i>s.</i> ; farewell!.....                                               | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 562 |
| SWIFT.—Too <i>s.</i> arrives as tardy as too slow.....                                 | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 434 |
| SWIMS.—He that depends upon your favor <i>s.</i> with fins of lead.....                | <i>Cor.</i>          | 3 487 |
| SWIMMERS.—As two spent <i>s.</i> , that do cling . . . and choke their art.....        | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 199 |
| WORD.—There's an eye wounds like a leaden <i>s.</i> .....                              | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 501 |

|                                                                             | V.       | F.    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|-------|
| SWORD.—Advance your standards, draw your willing <i>s.s.</i> .....          | R. III.  | 3 248 |
| Our strong arms be our conscience, <i>s.s.</i> our law.....                 | R. III.  | 3 249 |
| SWORN.—Having <i>s.</i> too hard a keeping oath, study to break it.....     | L. L. L. | 1 448 |
| SYLLABLE.—From day to day, to the last <i>s.</i> of recorded time.....      | Mac.     | 2 252 |
| SYRUPS.—Not poppy, nor . . . nor all the drowsy <i>s.</i> of the world..... | Oth.     | 4 621 |

## T.

|                                                                                         |           |       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-------|
| TABLE.—A <i>t.</i> full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.....                    | Com. E.   | 2 168 |
| I drink to the general joy o' the whole <i>t.</i> .....                                 | Mac.      | 2 230 |
| TABLE-TALK.—Pray thee, let it serve for <i>t.</i> .....                                 | Mer. V.   | 1 558 |
| TAILOR.—He held them sixpence all too dear, with that he called the <i>t.</i> .....     | Oth.      | 4 604 |
| TAINTED.—Bear a fair presence, though your heart be <i>t.</i> .....                     | Com. E.   | 2 171 |
| TAKE.—He that <i>t.s.</i> that, must <i>t.</i> my heart withal.....                     | Tr. & Cr. | 3 405 |
| TALE.—A sad <i>t.s.</i> best for winter: I have one of sprites and goblins.....         | W. Tale.  | 2 87  |
| Another . . . cuts off his <i>t.</i> and talks of Arthur's death.....                   | K. J.     | 2 305 |
| Mark now, how a plain <i>t.</i> shall put you down.....                                 | H. IV.    | 2 425 |
| I could a <i>t.</i> unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul.....            | Ham.      | 4 496 |
| I will a round unvarnished <i>t.</i> deliver of my whole course of love.....            | Oth.      | 4 587 |
| Truths would be <i>t.s.</i> , where now half <i>t.s.</i> be truths.....                 | A. & C.   | 4 26  |
| TALK.—If <i>h.y.w.s.</i> but a week married, they would <i>t.</i> themselves mad.....   | M. Ado.   | 1 345 |
| TALKERS.—We will not stand to prate; <i>t.</i> are no good doers.....                   | R. III.   | 3 181 |
| TALLOW.—Her rags and the <i>t.</i> in them, will burn a Poland winter.....              | Com. E.   | 2 173 |
| TALLY.—Our forefathers had no other books but the score and the <i>t.</i> .....         | H. VI.    | 3 67  |
| TALON.—When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's <i>t.</i> .....            | H. IV.    | 2 426 |
| TARTNESS.—The <i>t.</i> of his face sours ripe grapes.....                              | Cor.      | 3 566 |
| TASTE.—Things sweet to <i>t.</i> prove in digestion sour.....                           | R. II.    | 2 339 |
| Come, give us a <i>t.</i> of your quality.....                                          | Ham.      | 4 513 |
| TATTERS.—To hear a . . . fellow tear a passion to <i>t.</i> .....                       | Ham.      | 4 522 |
| TEACH sin the carriage of a holy saint; be secret false.....                            | Com. E.   | 2 171 |
| I am too sudden-bold; to <i>t.</i> a teacher ill becometh me.....                       | L. L. L.  | 1 460 |
| The villainy you <i>t.</i> me, I will execute, and it shall go hard.....                | Mer. V.   | 1 544 |
| TEACHES.—For where is any author . . . <i>t.</i> . . . as a woman's eye?.....           | L. L. L.  | 1 484 |
| TEAR.—Tell . . . what 'tis to love.—It is to be all made of sighs and <i>t.s.</i> ..... | A. Y. L.  | 1 637 |
| This day hath made much work for <i>t.s.</i> in many an English mother.....             | K. J.     | 2 275 |
| TEARS.—My heart hath melted at a lady's <i>t.</i> , being an ordinary.....              | K. J.     | 2 313 |
| I do not speak to thee in drink but in <i>t.</i> , not in pleasure but.....             | H. IV.    | 2 428 |
| With <i>t.</i> augmenting the fresh morning's dew.....                                  | R. & J.   | 4 404 |
| Venus smiles not in a house of <i>t.</i> .....                                          | R. & J.   | 4 454 |
| The sea's a thief, whose . . . surge resolves the moon into salt <i>t.</i> .....        | Tim. A.   | 3 469 |
| I did consent, and often did beguile her of her <i>t.</i> .....                         | Oth.      | 4 589 |
| TEDIOUS.—Merry and tragical! <i>t.</i> and brief! that is, hot ice and.....             | M. N. D.  | 1 435 |
| It is better to be brief than <i>t.</i> .....                                           | R. III.   | 3 183 |
| TEETH.—Now set the <i>t.</i> and stretch the nostril wide, hold hard the.....           | H. V.     | 2 576 |
| Bid them wash their faces and keep their <i>t.</i> clean.....                           | Cor.      | 3 516 |
| Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote, to cast into my <i>t.</i> .....        | J. C.     | 3 622 |
| TELLER.—The nature of bad news infects the <i>t.</i> .....                              | A. & C.   | 4 11  |
| TEMPERANCE.—You must acquire and beget a <i>t.</i> that may give it.....                | Ham.      | 4 522 |
| Though you can guess what <i>t.</i> . . . you know not what it is.....                  | A. & C.   | 4 61  |
| TEMPEST.—If after every <i>t.</i> come such calms, may the winds blow till.....         | Oth.      | 4 599 |
| TEMPLE.—Her sunny locks hang on her <i>t.s.</i> like a golden fleece.....               | Mer. V.   | 1 519 |
| TEMPTATION.—Dangerous is that <i>t.</i> that doth god us on to sin in.....              | M. for M. | 1 280 |
| TEMPTED.—'Tis one thing to be <i>t.</i> , Escalus, another thing to fall.....           | M. for M. | 1 269 |
| TEMPTER.—These women are shrewd <i>t.s.</i> with their tongues.....                     | H. VI.    | 2 636 |
| TERRIBLE.—I would to God my name were not so <i>t.</i> to the enemy as.....             | H. IV.    | 2 482 |
| TERROR.—Shadows to-night have struck more <i>t.</i> to the soul of Richard.....         | R. III.   | 3 247 |
| TESTAMENT.—'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a <i>t.</i> as worldlings do'.....       | A. Y. L.  | 1 595 |
| TESTY.—Like a <i>t.</i> babe, will scratch the nurse and presently.....                 | T. G. V.  | 1 79  |
| TETCHY and wayward was thy infancy; thy school-days frightful.....                      | R. III.   | 3 230 |
| TEXT.—Fair as a <i>t.</i> B in a copy-book.....                                         | L. L. L.  | 1 490 |
| THANK me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.....                                      | R. & J.   | 4 452 |
| THAT it should come to this! but two months dead; nay, not.....                         | Ham.      | 4 487 |
| THAW.—I was duller than a great <i>t.</i> .....                                         | M. Ado.   | 1 361 |
| THEBAN.—I will talk a word with this same learned 'T'.....                              | K. L.     | 4 381 |
| THIEVES for their robbery have authority, when judges steal.....                        | M. for M. | 1 280 |
| Beauty provoketh <i>t.</i> sooner than gold.....                                        | A. Y. L.  | 1 593 |
| A plague upon it when <i>t.</i> cannot be true . . . !.....                             | H. IV.    | 2 414 |
| THING.—I hold you as a <i>t.</i> enskyed and sainted.....                               | M. for M. | 1 267 |
| There is measure in every <i>t.</i> .....                                               | M. Ado.   | 1 339 |
| Any <i>t.</i> that's mended is but patched.....                                         | Tro. N.   | 1 205 |
| Women say so, that will say any <i>t.</i> .....                                         | W. Tale.  | 2 77  |
| They will steal any <i>t.</i> and call it purchase.....                                 | H. V.     | 2 577 |
| Now what a <i>t.</i> it is to be an ass!.....                                           | Tit. An.  | 4 225 |
| THINGS past redress are now with me past care.....                                      | R. II.    | 2 357 |
| <i>T.</i> won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.....                               | Tr. & Cr. | 3 345 |
| <i>T.</i> outward do draw the inward quality after them.....                            | A. & C.   | 4 59  |
| THINK.—Who <i>t.</i> you the most desertless man to be constable?.....                  | M. Ado.   | 1 358 |



|                                                                                                           | V.        | P.       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|----------|
| <b>THINK.</b> —'Twere all one that I should love a . . . star and <i>t.</i> to wed it. <i>All's W.</i>    | 1         | 649      |
| I hear, but say not much, but <i>t.</i> the more. . . . .                                                 | 3         | H. I. I. |
| O, teach me how I should forget to <i>t.</i> . . . . .                                                    | R. & J.   | 4 407    |
| Of a free . . . nature, that <i>t.</i> 's men honest that but seem. . . . .                               | Oth.      | 4 594    |
| <b>THINKING.</b> —Wallow naked in December snow, by <i>t.</i> on . . . Summer's. . . . .                  | R. II.    | 2 343    |
| There is nothing . . . good or bad, but <i>t.</i> makes it so . . . . .                                   | Ham.      | 4 510    |
| <b>THORN.</b> —Withering on the virgin <i>t.</i> , . . . lives and dies in single. . . . .                | M. A. D.  | 1 395    |
| What! can so young a <i>t.</i> begin to prick? . . . . .                                                  | 3 H. VI.  | 3 154    |
| <b>THOUGHT.</b> —I wish mine eyes would, with themselves, shut up my <i>t.</i> . . . .                    | Tem.      | 1 59     |
| These trees shall be my books and in their barks my <i>t.</i> 's I'll character. <i>A. Y. L.</i>          | 1         | 608      |
| Certainly a woman's <i>t.</i> runs before her actions. . . . .                                            | A. Y. L.  | 1 627    |
| Now, sir, ' <i>t.</i> is free.' . . . . .                                                                 | Tro. N.   | 1 201    |
| The . . . pride of sky-aspiring and ambitious <i>t.</i> 's. . . . .                                       | R. II.    | 2 337    |
| Thy words are but as <i>t.</i> 's, therefore be bold. . . . .                                             | R. II.    | 2 349    |
| <i>T.</i> 's the slave of life, and life times fool. . . . .                                              | 1 H. IV.  | 2 405    |
| Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy <i>t.</i> 's; which thou hast whetted. . . . .                      | 2 H. IV.  | 2 531    |
| So swift a pace hath <i>t.</i> . . . . .                                                                  | H. V.     | 2 615    |
| In the quick force and working-house of <i>t.</i> . . . . .                                               | H. V.     | 2 615    |
| His fault was <i>t.</i> , and yet his punishment was cruel death. . . . .                                 | R. III.   | 3 197    |
| Love's heralds should be <i>t.</i> 's, which ten times faster. . . . .                                    | R. & J.   | 4 432    |
| Give thy <i>t.</i> no tongue, nor any unproportioned <i>t.</i> his act . . . . .                          | Ham.      | 4 491    |
| Our <i>t.</i> 's are ours, their ends none of our own . . . . .                                           | Ham.      | 4 527    |
| My words fly up, my <i>t.</i> 's remain below. . . . .                                                    | Ham.      | 4 534    |
| Words without <i>t.</i> 's never to heaven go. . . . .                                                    | Ham.      | 4 534    |
| Be chere'd; make not your <i>t.</i> 's your prisons . . . . .                                             | A. & C.   | 4 89     |
| <b>THOUSAND.</b> —To be noted for a merry man, he'll woo a <i>t.</i> . . . . .                            | Tam. Sh.  | 2 39     |
| I would give a <i>t.</i> pound I could run as fast as thou. . . . .                                       | 1 H. IV.  | 2 422    |
| The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a <i>t.</i> tenants. . . . .                                   | Ham.      | 4 558    |
| <b>THRASONICAL.</b> —Caesar's <i>t.</i> brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame'. . . . .                      | A. Y. L.  | 1 635    |
| <b>THREAD.</b> —The smallest <i>t.</i> that ever spider twisted . . . will serve to . . . . .             | K. J.     | 2 309    |
| <b>THREATEN</b> the threatener, and outface the brow of bragging horror. . . . .                          | K. J.     | 2 311    |
| <b>THIEF</b> is blessing, if men steal it not. . . . .                                                    | Mer. V.   | 1 524    |
| <i>T.</i> , Horatio! the funeral baked meats, did. . . . .                                                | Ham.      | 4 488    |
| <b>THRIFLESS</b> ambition, that wilt ravin up, thine own life's means. . . . .                            | Mac.      | 2 220    |
| <b>THROAT.</b> —I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my <i>t.</i> . . . . .                      | L. L. L.  | 1 477    |
| To move wild laughter in the <i>t.</i> of death? . . . . .                                                | L. L. L.  | 1 510    |
| <b>THUMB.</b> —Did you bite your <i>t.</i> at us, sir? I do bite my <i>t.</i> , sir. . . . .              | R. & J.   | 4 402    |
| Here I have a pilot's <i>t.</i> , wrecked as homeward he did come. . . . .                                | Mac.      | 2 202    |
| <b>THUNDER</b> , that deep and dreadful organ-pipe. . . . .                                               | Tem.      | 1 56     |
| Every . . . petty officer would use his heaven for <i>t.</i> . . . . .                                    | M. for M. | 1 278    |
| <b>THWARTED.</b> —Mocked. I my gains, scorned my nation, <i>t.</i> my bargains. . . . .                   | Mer. V.   | 1 544    |
| <b>TIBER.</b> —Let Rome in <i>T.</i> melt, and the wide arch of the . . . empire fall. <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 4         | 8        |
| <b>TICKLE.</b> —If you <i>t.</i> us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? . . . . .            | Mer. V.   | 1 544    |
| You rampallian! . . . I'll <i>t.</i> your catastrophe. . . . .                                            | 2 H. IV.  | 2 487    |
| <b>TIDE.</b> —There is a <i>t.</i> in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood. . . . .               | J. C.     | 3 625    |
| <b>TIGER.</b> —When the blast of war . . . then imitate the action of the <i>t.</i> . . . .               | H. V.     | 2 576    |
| O <i>t.</i> 's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide! . . . . .                                                  | 3 H. VI.  | 3 166    |
| More fierce and more inexorable than empty <i>t.</i> 's. . . . .                                          | R. & J.   | 4 468    |
| <b>TIME</b> is a very bankrupt and owes more than he's worth. . . . .                                     | Com. E.   | 2 180    |
| In <i>t.</i> the savage bull doth bear the yoke. . . . .                                                  | M. Ado.   | 1 334    |
| When have chid the hasty-footed <i>t.</i> for parting us. . . . .                                         | M. A. D.  | 1 421    |
| I will tell you who <i>t.</i> ambles withal, who <i>t.</i> trots withal . . . . .                         | A. Y. L.  | 1 615    |
| He must observe . . . on whom he jests, the quality of persons and the <i>t.</i> . . . .                  | Tro. N.   | 1 226    |
| Old <i>T.</i> the clock-setter, that bald sexton <i>T.</i> . . . .                                        | K. J.     | 2 289    |
| O call back yesterday, bid <i>t.</i> return. . . . .                                                      | R. II.    | 2 360    |
| I wasted <i>t.</i> , and now doth <i>t.</i> waste me. . . . .                                             | R. II.    | 2 391    |
| We are <i>t.</i> 's subjects, and <i>t.</i> bids begone. . . . .                                          | 2 H. IV.  | 2 485    |
| A history in men's lives, figuring the nature of the <i>t.</i> 's deceased. . . . .                       | 2 H. IV.  | 2 505    |
| Let <i>t.</i> shape, and there an end. . . . .                                                            | 2 H. VI.  | 2 513    |
| Heavens are just, and <i>t.</i> suppresseth wrongs. . . . .                                               | 3 H. VI.  | 3 128    |
| Swear not by <i>t.</i> to come, for that thou hast misused ere used. . . . .                              | R. III.   | 3 235    |
| Creeps in this petty pace . . . to the last syllable of recorded <i>t.</i> . . . .                        | Mac.      | 2 252    |
| Who would bear the whips and scorns of <i>t.</i> , the oppressors . . . ? . . . .                         | Ham.      | 4 519    |
| What is a man, if his chief . . . market of his <i>t.</i> be but to sleep and feed? . . . .               | Ham.      | 4 545    |
| <i>T.</i> shall unfold what plaited cunning hides. . . . .                                                | K. L.     | 4 322    |
| There are many events in the womb of <i>t.</i> which will be delivered. . . . .                           | Oth.      | 4 593    |
| <b>TINCT.</b> —White and azure laced, with blue of heaven's own <i>t.</i> . . . . .                       | Cym.      | 4 118    |
| <b>TITH.</b> —No Italian priest shall <i>t.</i> or toil in our dominions. . . . .                         | K. J.     | 2 285    |
| <b>TITLE.</b> —To guard a <i>t.</i> that was rich before, to gild refused gold. . . . .                   | K. J.     | 2 300    |
| <b>TOAD.</b> —The <i>t.</i> —ugly and venomous—wears yet a . . . jewel. . . . .                           | A. Y. L.  | 1 594    |
| I had rather be a <i>t.</i> , and live upon the vapor of a dungeon. . . . .                               | Oth.      | 4 620    |
| <b>TO-DAY</b> he puts forth the tender leaves of hopes. . . . .                                           | H. VIII.  | 3 305    |
| <b>TOIL.</b> —Forespent with <i>t.</i> , as runners with a race, I lay me down. . . . .                   | 3 H. VI.  | 3 110    |
| Their titles for their glories, an outward honor for an inward <i>t.</i> . . . .                          | R. III.   | 3 183    |
| <b>TOM.</b> —Poor <i>T.</i> 's a cold. . . . .                                                            | K. L.     | 4 359    |
| <b>TO-MORROW</b> blossoms and hears his blushing honors thick. . . . .                                    | H. VIII.  | 3 305    |
| <b>TONGUE.</b> —While thou livest keep a good <i>t.</i> in thy head. . . . .                              | Tem.      | 1 52     |
| The man . . . is no man if with his <i>t.</i> he cannot win a woman. . . . .                              | T. G. W.  | 1 101    |
| What king so strong can tie the gall up in a scandrous <i>t.</i> ? . . . .                                | M. for M. | 1 296    |
| I would my horse had the speed of your <i>t.</i> , and so good a continuer. . . . .                       | M. Ado.   | 1 331    |

|                                                                                      | V.                   | P.    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| TONGUE.—Here's a dish I love not, I cannot endure my Lady <i>T</i> .....             | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 343 |
| Done to death by slanderous <i>t.s</i> was the hero that here lies.....              | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 385 |
| Your <i>t.s</i> . . . more tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear.....                 | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 397 |
| The iron <i>t</i> . of midnight hath told twelve: Lovers, to bed.....                | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 442 |
| His <i>t</i> . is now a stringless instrument.....                                   | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 346 |
| This <i>t</i> . that runs so roundly in thy head, should run the head from.....      | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 345 |
| The fellows of infinite <i>t</i> . that can . . . into ladies' favors.....           | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 621 |
| Unloose thy . . . thoughts, and let thy <i>t</i> . be equal with thy heart.....      | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 3 77  |
| A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing <i>t</i> .....                         | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 165 |
| Murder though it have no <i>t</i> . will speak with most miraculous.....             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 517 |
| TOOTH.—Clamors of . . . woman, poisons more deadly than a mad dog's <i>t</i> .....   | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 2 188 |
| TOOTHACHE.—Was never yet philosopher that could endure the <i>t</i> .....            | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 376 |
| TOP.—Let's take the instant by the forward <i>t</i> .....                            | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 708 |
| Yond towers, whose wanton <i>t.s</i> do buss the clouds.....                         | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 398 |
| Whose <i>t</i> . . . so slippery that the fear's as bad as falling.....              | <i>Cym.</i>          | 4 133 |
| TORCHES.—Heaven does with us as we with <i>t</i> . do, not light them.....           | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 200 |
| TOUCH.—Have you . . . no maiden shame, no <i>t</i> . of bashfulness.....             | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 423 |
| Their softest <i>t</i> . as smart as lizards' stings!.....                           | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 3 52  |
| TOUCHES.—Soft stillness and the night become the <i>t</i> . of sweet harmony.....    | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 571 |
| TOUCHING.—Often <i>t</i> . will wear gold.....                                       | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 2 162 |
| TOUGH.—O sides, you are too <i>t</i> .; will you yet hold?.....                      | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 351 |
| TOWN-CRIER.—I had as lief the <i>t</i> . spoke my lines.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 522 |
| TOYS.—I never may believe these antique fables, nor these faery <i>t</i> .....       | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 434 |
| All is but <i>t</i> .; renown and grace is dead; the wine of life.....               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 218 |
| TRADE.—Give me some music . . ., moody food of those that <i>t</i> . in love.....    | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 31  |
| TRAGEDIAN.—I can counterfeit the deep <i>t</i> .; speak and look back.....           | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 210 |
| TRAITOR.—Our doubts are <i>t.s</i> , and make us lose the good we oft.....           | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 268 |
| <i>T</i> . and miscreant, too good to be so and too bad to live.....                 | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 328 |
| When our actions do not, our fears do make us <i>t.s</i> .....                       | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 238 |
| TRAPPINGS.—These but the <i>t</i> . and the suits of woe.....                        | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 485 |
| TRAVELLER.—Now spurs the lated <i>t</i> . apace, to gain the timely inn.....         | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 226 |
| TREAD.—One woe doth <i>t</i> . upon another's heel, so fast they follow.....         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 556 |
| REASON.—To fast . . . to see no woman, . . . <i>t</i> . gainst the kingly state..... | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 484 |
| Such divinity doth hedge . . . that <i>t</i> . can but peep to what it would.....    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 549 |
| TREATISE.—My fell of hair would at a dismal <i>t</i> . rouse and stir, as.....       | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 252 |
| TREE.—Under the greenwood <i>t</i> . who loves to lie with me.....                   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 600 |
| Drop tears as fast as the Arabian <i>t.s</i> their medicinal gum.....                | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 660 |
| TREMBLE.—Small curs are not . . . but . . . men <i>t</i> . when the lion roars.....  | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 3 36  |
| TRENCHER-MAN.—He is a . . . valiant <i>t</i> .; he hath an excellent stomach.....    | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 330 |
| TRICK.—Some <i>t.s</i> , some quillets, how to cheat the devil.....                  | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 484 |
| I know a <i>t</i> . worth two of that.....                                           | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 2 412 |
| A villainous <i>t</i> . of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of the.....              | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 2 428 |
| There are no <i>t.s</i> in plain and simple faith.....                               | <i>3 H. VI.</i>      | 3 618 |
| TRIFLES light as air are to the jealous confirmations strong as.....                 | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 621 |
| TRIMMED like a younker prancing to his love!.....                                    | <i>3 H. VI.</i>      | 3 102 |
| TROOP.—Honor, love, obedience, <i>t.s</i> of friends, I must not look to have.....   | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 250 |
| Farewell the plumed <i>t</i> . and the big wars, that make.....                      | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 622 |
| TROUBLES.—Unnatural deeds do breed unnatural <i>t</i> .....                          | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 248 |
| TRUE.—The sun was not so <i>t</i> . unto the day, as he to me.....                   | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 417 |
| Your manner of wrenching the <i>t</i> cause the false way.....                       | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 2 488 |
| I warrant thee my man's as <i>t</i> . as steel.....                                  | <i>R. &amp; Y.</i>   | 4 431 |
| There is no time so miserable but a man may be <i>t</i> .....                        | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 3 469 |
| TRUE-BORN.—Boast of this I can, though banished, yet a <i>t</i> . Englishman.....    | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 341 |
| TRUMPET.—Pride is his own glass, his own <i>t</i> ., his own chronicle.....          | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 305 |
| The cock that is the <i>t</i> . to the morn.....                                     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 483 |
| TRUST.—Love all, <i>t</i> . a few, do wrong to none.....                             | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 648 |
| TRUSTED.—His affections dark as Erebus, let no such man be <i>t</i> .....            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 572 |
| TRUTH.—What shew of <i>t</i> . can cunning sin cover itself withal!.....             | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 366 |
| The naked <i>t</i> . of it is, I have no shirt.....                                  | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 506 |
| 'Tis not the many oaths that make the <i>t</i> ., but the plain, single.....         | <i>All's W.</i>      | 1 693 |
| While you live tell <i>t</i> . and shame the devil.....                              | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 2 433 |
| O wonderful, when devils tell the <i>t</i> . <i>t</i> .....                          | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 168 |
| <i>T</i> . should live from age to age, as 't 'twere retailed to all posterity.....  | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 200 |
| Out with it bodily, <i>t</i> . loves open dealing.....                               | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 3 292 |
| TUNE.—This is a scurvy <i>t</i> . to sing at a man's funeral.....                    | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 44  |
| To jig off a <i>t</i> . at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet.....        | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 464 |
| See that . . . most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled out of <i>t</i> ..... | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 521 |
| TURN.—She can <i>t</i> ., and <i>t</i> ., and yet go on, and <i>t</i> . again.....   | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 637 |
| TURNING again towards childish treble, pipes and whistles.....                       | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 606 |
| A'parted . . . even at the <i>t</i> . o' the tide.....                               | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 570 |
| TURTLE.—I will find you twenty lascivious <i>t.s</i> , ere one chaste man.....       | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 145 |
| TWENTY.—Then come kiss me, sweet and <i>t</i> ., youth's a staff will not.....       | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 214 |
| TWIN.—An apple cleft in two is not more <i>t</i> . than these two.....               | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 251 |
| TYRANTS.—His lines would . . . plant in <i>t</i> . mild humility.....                | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 485 |

U.

|                                                                                                       | V. | P.  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|-----|
| UNACCOMMODATED man is . . . such a poor, bare, forked creature as thou <i>K. L.</i>                   | 4  | 360 |
| UNBLESS'D.—Every inordinate cup is <i>u.</i> , and the ingredient . . . is a devil. <i>Oth.</i>       | 4  | 609 |
| UNBRIDLED.—My thoughts were like <i>u.</i> children, . . . too headstrong. <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>       | 3  | 374 |
| UNCERTAIN.—This spring of love resembleth the <i>u.</i> glory of an April. <i>T. G. V.</i>            | 1  | 83  |
| UNCTION.—Lay not that flattering <i>u.</i> to your soul. . . . . <i>Ham.</i>                          | 4  | 538 |
| UNDONE.—I reckon this . . . that a man is never <i>u.</i> , till he be hanged. <i>T. G. V.</i>        | 1  | 95  |
| UNEVEN.—Eight yards of <i>u.</i> ground is threescore and ten miles. . . . . <i>H. IV.</i>            | 2  | 414 |
| UNGRACIOUS.—The word 'grace' in an <i>u.</i> mouth is but profane. . . . . <i>R. II.</i>              | 2  | 355 |
| UNHANDSOME.—A sl'v'ny, <i>u.</i> corse between the wind and his. . . . . <i>H. IV.</i>                | 2  | 495 |
| UNKINDEST.—This was the most <i>u.</i> cut of all. . . . . <i>J. C.</i>                               | 3  | 613 |
| UNLOADED.—Met me . . . and told me I had <i>u.</i> all the gibbets. . . . . <i>H. IV.</i>             | 2  | 450 |
| UNMANNERLY.—As the soldiers . . . he called them untaught knaves, <i>u.</i> <i>H. IV.</i>             | 2  | 405 |
| UNMELLOWED.—His head <i>u.</i> , but his judgment ripe. . . . . <i>T. G. V.</i>                       | 1  | 91  |
| UNPLEASING.—Sings so . . . straining harsh discords, and <i>u.</i> sharps. . . . . <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 4  | 449 |
| UNSOUGHT.—Love sought is good, but given <i>u.</i> is better. . . . . <i>Tro. V.</i>                  | 1  | 228 |
| UNSPOTTED.—A heart <i>u.</i> is not easily daunted. . . . . <i>2 H. VI.</i>                           | 3  | 38  |
| USANCE.—He lends out money gratis, and brings down the rate of <i>u.</i> <i>Mer. V.</i>               | 1  | 523 |
| USE.—How <i>u.</i> doth breed a habit in a man! . . . . . <i>T. G. V.</i>                             | 1  | 123 |
| How weary, stale, flat . . . seem to me all the <i>u.</i> s of this world! . . . . . <i>Ham.</i>      | 4  | 486 |
| USED.—Good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well <i>u.</i> <i>Oth.</i>                      | 4  | 609 |

V.

|                                                                                                       |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| VAGROM.—You shall comprehend all <i>v.</i> men. . . . . <i>M. Ado.</i>                                | 1 | 359 |
| VALIANT.—An I thought he had been <i>v.</i> and so cunning in fence. . . . . <i>Tro. N.</i>           | 1 | 237 |
| <i>V.</i> as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. . . . . <i>2 H. IV.</i>                     | 2 | 510 |
| He's truly <i>v.</i> that can wisely suffer the worst that man. . . . . <i>Tim. A.</i>                | 3 | 450 |
| The <i>v.</i> never taste of death but once. . . . . <i>J. C.</i>                                     | 3 | 597 |
| As he was <i>v.</i> , I honor him; as he was ambitious, I slew him. . . . . <i>J. C.</i>              | 3 | 610 |
| VALOR.—He is of . . . approved <i>v.</i> and confirmed honesty. . . . . <i>M. Ado.</i>                | 1 | 345 |
| When <i>v.</i> preys on reason, it eats the sword it fights with. . . . . <i>A. &amp; C.</i>          | 4 | 63  |
| VANTAGE.—No jutting, frieze, buttress, nor coin of <i>v.</i> . . . . <i>Mac.</i>                      | 2 | 209 |
| VAPOR.—Let us but blow . . . the <i>v.</i> of our valor will o'erturn them. . . . . <i>H. V.</i>      | 2 | 600 |
| VAST.—One sees more devils than <i>v.</i> hell can hold . . . the mad man. <i>M. N. D.</i>            | 1 | 434 |
| VEIN.—This is Hercules' <i>v.</i> , a tyrant's <i>v.</i> , a lover is more condoling. <i>M. N. D.</i> | 1 | 399 |
| Bereft . . . of all words, only my blood speaks . . . in my <i>v.</i> s. . . . . <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 | 549 |
| VENGANCE.—The rarer action is in virtue than in <i>v.</i> . . . . <i>Ten.</i>                         | 1 | 64  |
| VENOM.—The <i>v.</i> clamors of a jealous woman poisons more deadly. . . . . <i>Com. E.</i>           | 2 | 188 |
| You shall digest the <i>v.</i> of our spleen, though it do split you. . . . . <i>J. C.</i>            | 3 | 620 |
| VENT.—His heart's . . . what his breast forges that, his tongue must <i>v.</i> <i>Cor.</i>            | 3 | 528 |
| VENUS.—I little talked of love; for <i>V.</i> smiles not in a house of tears. <i>R. &amp; J.</i>      | 4 | 454 |
| VERBOSITY.—Draweth out the thread of his <i>v.</i> , finer than the staple. <i>L. L. L.</i>           | 1 | 486 |
| VERSE.—Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk blank <i>v.</i> . . . . <i>A. Y. L.</i>                 | 1 | 625 |
| VESSEL.—The saying is true, 'The empty <i>v.</i> makes the greatest sound'. <i>H. V.</i>              | 2 | 606 |
| Women, being the weaker <i>v.</i> s, are ever thrust to the wall. . . . . <i>R. &amp; J.</i>          | 4 | 402 |
| VESTAL.—A certain aim he took at a fair <i>v.</i> throned by the west. <i>M. N. D.</i>                | 1 | 405 |
| VEXED.—He was met even now, as mad as the <i>v.</i> sea. . . . . <i>K. L.</i>                         | 4 | 375 |
| VEXING.—Tedious as a twice-told tale, <i>v.</i> the dull ear of a drowsy man. <i>K. J.</i>            | 2 | 295 |
| VICE.—So smooth he daubed his <i>v.</i> with show of virtue. . . . . <i>R. III.</i>                   | 3 | 210 |
| The gods are just and of our pleasant <i>v.</i> s make instruments to. . . . . <i>K. L.</i>           | 4 | 394 |
| VICTORY.—The harder matched the greater <i>v.</i> ! . . . . . <i>3 H. VI.</i>                         | 3 | 149 |
| VILE.—Nought so <i>v.</i> . . . on the earth doth live, but to the earth. <i>R. &amp; J.</i>          | 4 | 425 |
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| WANTON.—As thies to <i>w.</i> boys, are we to the gods; they kill us for . . . sport..... | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 369 |
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| WATCH.—Care keeps his <i>w.</i> in every old man's eye.....                               | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 426 |
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| Talk with respect, swear but . . . <i>w.</i> prayer-books in my pocket.....               | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 531 |
| So <i>w.</i> s she to him, so sways she level in her husband's heart.....                 | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 218 |
| So light a foot will ne'er <i>w.</i> out the everlasting flint.....                       | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 4 434 |
| Then let the devil <i>w.</i> black, for I'll have a suit of sable.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 525 |
| WEARS out his time . . . like his master's ass, for nought but provender.....             | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 578 |
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| WEEP like a young wench that had buried her grandam.....                                  | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 84  |
| I'll <i>w.</i> for nothing like Diana in the fountain.....                                | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 627 |
| How much better it is to <i>w.</i> at joy, than to joy at weeping.....                    | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 1 329 |
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| WENCHES.—The tongues of mocking <i>w.</i> are as keen as is the razor's.....              | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 1 495 |
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| Not rain enough in the sweet heavens to wash it <i>w.</i> as snow.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 533 |

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| WICKED.—Now am I, . . . , little better than one of the <i>w. l.</i> .....              | 1     | H. IV. 2 401    |
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| As man and <i>w.</i> , being two, are one in love.....                                  | ..... | H. V. 2 626     |
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| WILL.—Ill <i>w. never</i> said well.....                                                | ..... | H. V. 2 590     |
| My poverty but not my <i>w. consents</i> .....                                          | ..... | R. & J. 4 466   |
| Our bodies are our gardens, . . . our <i>w. s</i> are gardeners.....                    | ..... | Oth. 4 592      |
| Our <i>w. s</i> and fates do so contrary run, that our devices.....                     | ..... | Oth. 4 527      |
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| WINCE.—Let the galled jade <i>w.</i> , our withers are unwrung.....                     | ..... | Ham. 4 528      |
| WIND.—Foul <i>w. is</i> but foul breath, foul breath is noisome.....                    | ..... | M. Ado. 1 384   |
| Such <i>w. as</i> scatters young men through the world to seek.....                     | ..... | Tam. Sh. 2 21   |
| 'Tis in grain . . . , 'twill endure <i>w.</i> and weather.....                          | ..... | Tro. N. 1 209   |
| To be the slaves of chance and flies of every <i>w.</i> that blows.....                 | ..... | W. Tale. 2 127  |
| As thin . . . , as the air and more inconstant than the <i>w.</i> .....                 | ..... | R. & J. 4 415   |
| They pass by me as the idle <i>w.</i> , which I respect not.....                        | ..... | J. C. 3 621     |
| Not between the <i>w. s</i> of heaven, visit her face too roughly.....                  | ..... | Ham. 4 487      |
| And thou canst not smile as the <i>w. sits</i> , thou't catch cold.....                 | ..... | K. L. 4 330     |
| The bawdy <i>w.</i> that kisses all it meets.....                                       | ..... | Oth. 4 640      |
| WINDOW.—What light through yonder <i>w.</i> breaks? It is the east.....                 | ..... | R. & J. 4 420   |
| WINDY.—Still you keep o' the <i>w. side</i> of the law.....                             | ..... | Tro. N. 1 235   |
| WINE.—'Scape being drunk for want of <i>w.</i> .....                                    | ..... | Tem. 1 38       |
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| <i>W.</i> as swift as . . . the thoughts of love.....                                   | ..... | Ham. 4 496      |
| WINGED.—Therefore is <i>w.</i> Cupid painted blind.....                                 | ..... | M. N. D. 1 398  |
| WINTER.—Churlish chiding of the <i>w.'s</i> wind.....                                   | ..... | A. Y. L. 1 594  |
| Blow <i>w. wind</i> , thou are not so unkind as man's ingratitude.....                  | ..... | A. Y. L. 1 607  |
| When great leaves fall, the <i>w. is</i> at hand.....                                   | ..... | R. III. 3 196   |
| One cloud of <i>w. showers</i> , these flies are couched.....                           | ..... | Tim. A. 3 440   |
| WISDOM.—Oft we see cold <i>w.</i> waiting on superfluous folly.....                     | ..... | All's W. 1 649  |
| <i>W.</i> cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.....                          | 1     | H. IV. 2 401    |
| WISE.—What seem I that I am not?— <i>W.</i> .....                                       | ..... | T. G. V. 1 90   |
| There's not one <i>w. man</i> . . . that will praise himself.....                       | ..... | M. Ado. 1 384   |
| Only are reputed <i>w.</i> for saying nothing.....                                      | ..... | Mer. V. 1 517   |
| Infirmity, that decays the <i>w.</i> , does ever make the better fool.....              | ..... | Tro. N. 1 205   |
| <i>W.</i> enough to play the fool; and to do that well craves.....                      | ..... | Tro. N. 1 226   |
| <i>W.</i> men ne'er sit and wail their woes, but . . . prevent the woes.....            | ..... | R. II. 2 363    |
| So <i>w.</i> , so young, they say do ne'er live long.....                               | ..... | R. III. 3 200   |
| WISELY and slow, they stumble that run fast.....                                        | ..... | R. & J. 4 427   |
| WISIT.—Thy <i>w. was</i> father, Harry, to that thought.....                            | ..... | 2 H. IV. 2 531  |
| I do <i>w.</i> thou wert a dog, that I might love thee something.....                   | ..... | Tim. A. 3 459   |
| As men in rage strike those that <i>w.</i> them best.....                               | ..... | Oth. 4 608      |
| WISHED.—She <i>w.</i> she had not heard it, yet she <i>w.</i> that Heaven had made..... | ..... | Oth. 4 589      |
| WISHERS were ever fools.....                                                            | ..... | A. & C. 4 79    |
| WIT.—As in . . . so eating love inhabits in the finest <i>w. s</i> of all.....          | ..... | T. G. V. 1 76   |
| By love the young and tender <i>w.</i> is turned to folly.....                          | ..... | T. G. V. 1 76   |
| She would laugh me . . . , press me to death with <i>w.</i> .....                       | ..... | M. Ado. 1 354   |
| Her <i>w. s</i> are not so blunt as . . . I would desire they were.....                 | ..... | M. Ado. 1 364   |
| He will be talking . . . when the age is in the <i>w.</i> is out.....                   | ..... | M. Ado. 1 365   |
| I said thou hast a fine <i>w.</i> : 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one'.....          | ..... | M. Ado. 1 379   |
| Dainty bits make fat the ribs, but bankrupt . . . the <i>w. s</i> .....                 | ..... | L. L. L. 1 447  |
| <i>W.'s</i> own grace to grace a learned fool.....                                      | ..... | L. L. L. 1 491  |
| You have a nimble <i>w.</i> , I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels.....               | ..... | A. Y. L. 1 614  |
| Make the doors on a woman's <i>w.</i> and it will out at the casement.....              | ..... | A. Y. L. 1 627  |
| Sometimes I have no more <i>w.</i> than a Christian or an ordinary.....                 | ..... | Tro. N. 1 201   |
| His <i>w.'s</i> as thick as Tewksbury mustard.....                                      | 2     | H. IV. 2 500    |
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| WITCH.—Beauty is a <i>w.</i> against whose charms faith melteth into blood.....         | ..... | M. Ado. 1 341   |
| WITCHING.—'Tis now the very <i>w.</i> time of night.....                                | ..... | Ham. 4 531      |
| WITHERS.—Poor jade is wrung in the <i>w.</i> out of all cess.....                       | 1     | H. IV. 2 411    |
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| WIVES.—Money buys land and <i>w.</i> are sold by fate.....                              | ..... | M. W. W. 1 193  |
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| WOLF.—Since all is well, keep it so; wake not a sleeping <i>w.</i> .....                | ..... | 2 H. IV. 2 480  |
| <i>W.</i> in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.....                              | ..... | K. L. 4 360     |
| WOLVES.—'Tis like howling of Irish <i>w.</i> against the moon.....                      | ..... | A. Y. L. 1 637  |
| They will cat like <i>w.</i> , and fight like devils.....                               | ..... | H. V. 2 591     |
| WOMAN.—She has brown hair, and speaks small like a <i>w.</i> .....                      | ..... | M. W. W. 1 132  |
| A <i>w.</i> sometimes scorns what best contents her.....                                | ..... | T. G. V. 1 101  |
| My father had a daughter loved a man, as it might be . . . were I a <i>w.</i> .....     | ..... | Tro. N. 1 219   |
| Every dram of <i>w.'s</i> flesh is false, if she be.....                                | ..... | W. Tale. 2 90   |
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| Constant you are, but yet a <i>w.</i> .....                                             | 1     | H. IV. 2 419    |
| 'Tis brief, my lord.—As <i>w.'s</i> love.....                                           | ..... | Ham. 4 526      |
| Was never yet fair <i>w.</i> , but she made mouths in a glass.....                      | ..... | K. L. 4 355     |

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| WOMAN.—A very honest <i>w.</i> , but something given to lie.....                      | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 90  |
| O most delicate fiend! who is 't can read a <i>w. ♀</i> .....                         | <i>Cyn.</i>          | 4 172 |
| WOMEN are frail too.—Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves.....               | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 284 |
| Two <i>w.</i> placed together makes cold weather.....                                 | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 3 270 |
| WON.—Near or far off, well <i>w.</i> is still well shot.....                          | <i>K. ♀</i>          | 2 265 |
| WONDER.—I <i>w.</i> men dare trust themselves with men.....                           | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 3 429 |
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| WONDEROUS.—O day and night, but this is <i>w.</i> strange!.....                       | <i>Han.</i>          | 4 500 |
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| Where <i>w.s.</i> are scarce they are seldom spent in vain.....                       | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 342 |
| His <i>w.s.</i> come from his month, ours from our breast.....                        | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 388 |
| My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing <i>w.s.</i> .....                         | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 171 |
| <i>W.s.</i> pay no debts.....                                                         | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 373 |
| Upon the <i>w.</i> accoutred as I was.....                                            | <i>♀. C.</i>         | 3 579 |
| Good <i>w.s.</i> are better than bad strokes.....                                     | <i>♀. C.</i>         | 3 628 |
| I have no <i>w.s.</i> , my voice is in my sword.....                                  | <i>Mac.</i>          | 2 255 |
| I'll drink the <i>w.s.</i> you send though ink be made of gall.....                   | <i>Cyn.</i>          | 4 100 |
| WORK.—I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats; if it be man's <i>w.</i> .....        | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 390 |
| WORKMAN.—In respect of a . . . <i>w.</i> , I am but, as you would say, a cobbler..... | <i>♀. C.</i>         | 3 575 |
| WORKMANSHIP.—So rich that it did strive in <i>w.</i> and value.....                   | <i>Cyn.</i>          | 4 125 |
| WORLD.—Cannot be a perfect man, not being tried and . . . in the <i>w.</i> .....      | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 82  |
| I hold the <i>w.</i> but as . . . a stage where every man must play a part.....       | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 517 |
| My little body is awearry of this great <i>w.</i> .....                               | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 519 |
| Lead these graces to the grave and leave the <i>w.</i> no copy.....                   | <i>Tru. N.</i>       | 1 209 |
| I am afraid this great lubber, the <i>w.</i> , will prove a cockney.....              | <i>Tru. N.</i>       | 1 240 |
| Tear a passage through the flinty ribs of this hard <i>w.</i> .....                   | <i>R. II.</i>        | 2 390 |
| An arrant traitor as any's in the universal <i>w.</i> .....                           | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 612 |
| Vain pomp and glory of this <i>w.</i> , I hate ye.....                                | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 3 395 |
| I am sick of this false <i>w.</i> , and will love nought but.....                     | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 3 467 |
| The foremost man of all this <i>w.</i> .....                                          | <i>♀. C.</i>         | 3 620 |
| O that the earth that kept the <i>w.</i> in awe, should patch.....                    | <i>Han.</i>          | 4 562 |
| Thunder, smite flat the thick rotundity of the <i>w.</i> .....                        | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 355 |
| If Heaven would make me such another <i>w.</i> , of one entire . . . chrysolite.....  | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 655 |
| WORM.—The smallest <i>w.</i> will turn, being trodden on.....                         | <i>3 H. VI.</i>      | 3 107 |
| A man may fish with the <i>w.</i> that hath eat a king.....                           | <i>Han.</i>          | 4 543 |
| The pretty <i>w.</i> of Nilus . . . , that kills and pains not?.....                  | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 4 90  |
| WORSER.—Know each other well.—And long to know each other <i>w.</i> .....             | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 385 |
| Bad begins and <i>w.</i> remains behind.....                                          | <i>Han.</i>          | 4 530 |
| WOULD.—'Well, well, we know,' or 'we could, an if we <i>w.</i> '.....                 | <i>Han.</i>          | 4 530 |
| WOUNDS invisible that love's keen arrows make.....                                    | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 1 621 |
| I then, all smarting with my <i>w.</i> , . . . to be so pestered.....                 | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 2 405 |
| Show his scars, and say, 'These <i>w.</i> I had on Crispin's day'.....                | <i>Hen. V.</i>       | 2 602 |
| Those <i>w.</i> heal ill that men do give themselves.....                             | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 382 |
| WRENS may prey where eagles dare not perch.....                                       | <i>R. III.</i>       | 3 175 |
| WRETCH.—Excellent <i>w.!</i> Perdition catch my soul, but.....                        | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 615 |
| Poor naked <i>w.s.</i> , wheresoe'er you are that bide the pelting.....               | <i>K. L.</i>         | 4 358 |
| WRINKLES.—With mirth and laughter let old <i>w.</i> come.....                         | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 517 |
| WRITE.—Once did hold it, as our statistes do, a baseness to <i>w.</i> fair.....       | <i>Han.</i>          | 4 565 |
| WRONG.—If you poison us . . . , if you <i>w.</i> us, shall we not revenge?.....       | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 544 |
| What judgment shall I dread, doing no <i>w. ♀</i> .....                               | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 560 |
| To persist in doing <i>w.</i> extenuates not <i>w.</i> .....                          | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 3 361 |
| Make his <i>w.s.</i> his outsides, to wear them like his raiment.....                 | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 3 450 |
| You <i>w.</i> me every way, you <i>w.</i> me, Brutus.....                             | <i>♀. C.</i>         | 3 621 |
| WRY-NECKED.—Vile squealing of the <i>w.</i> fife.....                                 | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 1 534 |

## X.

XANTIPPE.—As curst and shrewd as Socrates' *X.* or a worse..... *Tam. Sh.* 2 21

## Y.

YAWN.—When churchyards *y.*, and hell itself breathes out..... *Han.* 4 531

YEAR.—Go which way it will, he that dies this *y.* is quit for the next... *2 H. IV.* 2 511

  I am declined into the vale of *y.s.*..... *Oth.* 4 620

YESTERDAY.—But *y.* the word of Cæsar might have stood against..... *♀. C.* 3 612

YOKE.—In time the savage bull doth bear the *y.*..... *M. Ado.* 1 334

YORICK.—Alas, poor *Y.!* I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest..... *Han.* 4 561

YOUNG.—When she was *y.* you wooed her; now, in age, is she..... *W. Tale.* 2 148

  So wise, so *y.*, they say, do never live long..... *R. III.* 3 200

|                                                                                   | V.              | P.    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|-------|
| YOUNG.—His years but <i>y.</i> , but his experience old.....                      | <i>T. G. V.</i> | 1 91  |
| YOUTH —He that is more than a <i>y.</i> is not for me, . . . he that is less..... | <i>M. Ado.</i>  | 1 338 |
| A man loves the meat in his <i>y.</i> he cannot endure in his age.....            | <i>M. Ado.</i>  | 1 352 |
| His May of <i>y.</i> and bloom of lustihood.....                                  | <i>M. Ado.</i>  | 1 377 |
| <i>Y.</i> the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears.....                         | 1 <i>H. IV.</i> | 2 428 |
| In the very May-morn of his <i>y.</i> , ripe for exploits and.....                | <i>H. V.</i>    | 2 557 |
| Now all the <i>y.</i> of England are on fire, and silken dalliance.....           | <i>H. V.</i>    | 2 561 |
| In <i>y.</i> when I did love . . . methought it was very sweet.....               | <i>Ham.</i>     | 4 558 |

## Z.

|                                                                                  |                 |       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|-------|
| ZANY.—Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight <i>Z.</i> .....              | <i>L. L. L.</i> | 1 500 |
| ZEAL.—Honest Bardolph whose <i>z.</i> burns in his nose.....                     | 2 <i>H. IV.</i> | 2 502 |
| ZEPHYRS.—Gentle as <i>z.</i> blowing below the violet.....                       | <i>Cyn.</i>     | 4 153 |
| ZODIAC.—Having gilt the ocean . . . gallops the <i>Z.</i> in his glistening..... | <i>Tit. An.</i> | 4 199 |

END.









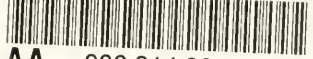








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