

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
The Tragedies (1623)

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



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**The Workes of William Shakespeare, containing all his
Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth,
according to their first ORIGINALL.**

The Tragedies

- [*Troylus and Cresida* \[no pagination\]](#)
 - [*The Tragedy of Coriolanus. Fol.*, p. 1.](#)
 - [*Titus Andronicus.*, p. 31](#)
 - [*Romeo and Iuliet.*, p. 53](#)
 - [*Timon of Athens.*, p. 80](#)
 - [*The Life and death of Iulius Caesar.*, p. 109](#)
 - [*The Tragedy of Macbeth.*, p. 131](#)
 - [*The Tragedy of Hamlet.*, p. 152](#)
 - [*King Lear.*, p. 283](#)
 - [*Othello, the Moore of Venice.*, p. 310](#)
 - [*Anthony and Cleopater.*, p. 346](#)
 - [*Cymbeline King of Britaine.*, p. 369](#)
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THE TRAGEDIE OF
TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA. ↩

[Page XX1]

The Prologue.

*In Troy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Haue to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The rauish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions. Priams six-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenoridus with massie Staples
And corresponsiue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.*

[Page XX1v]

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus. Call here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde such cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skillesse as vnpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my
part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will
haue a Cake out of the Wheate, must needs tarry the
grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you must tarry the leau'ning,

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening; but heeres yet in the word
hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the
heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you must stay
the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddesses ere she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance, then I doe:
At *Priams* Royall Table doe I sit;
And when faire *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pan. Well:

She look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke,
Or any woman else.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would riue in twaine,
Least *Hector*, or my Father should perceiue me:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-scorne)
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.

Pan. And her haire were not somewhat darker then
Helens, well go too, there were no more comparison be-
tweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswo-
man, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold
some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will
not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but— —

Troy. Oh *Pandarus!* I tell thee *Pandarus*;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Cressids* loue. Thou answer'st she is Faire,
Powr'st in the open Vlcer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,
Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand
(In whose comparison, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,
The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'st me;
As true thou tel'st me, when I say I loue her:
But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lai'st in euerie gash that loue hath giuen me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'st not speake so much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as shee is,
if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she
ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*: How now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and betweene, but small thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Because she's Kinne to me, therefore shee's not so faire as *Helen*, and she were not kin to me, she would be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and she were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no, Shee's a Foole to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troy. *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leaue all as I found it, and there an end.

Exit Pand.

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude sounds,
Fooles on both sides, *Helen* must needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:
It is too staru'd a subiect for my Sword,
But *Pandarus*: O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As she is stubborne, chast, against all suite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Loue
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there she lies, a Pearle,
Between our *Ilium*, and where shee recides

[Page XX2]

Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,
Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter Aeneas.

Aene. How now Prince *Troylus*?
Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Because not there; this womans answer sorts.
For womanish it is to be from thence:
What newes *Aeneas* from the field to day?

Aene. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Aeneas*?

Aene. *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne.
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne.

Alarum.

Aene. Harke what good sport is out of Townte to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?

Aene. In all swift hast.

Troy. Come goe wee then together.

Exeunt.

Enter Cressid and her man.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cre. And whether go they?

Man. Vp to the Easterne Tower,
Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,
To see the battell: *Hector* whose pacience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
He chides *Andromache* and strooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,

And to the field goe's he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it forswaw,
In *Hectors* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Man. The noise goe's thus;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They say he is a very man *per se* and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or
haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their
particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish
as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom
nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht
into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no
man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a-
ny man an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. He is
melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire,
hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so
out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands
and no vse; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile,
make *Hector* angry?

Man. They say he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the bat-
tell and stroke him downe, the disdain & shame where-
of, hath euer since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam your Vncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hectors* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Cressid*: what do you talke of? good morrow *Alexander*: how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?

Cre. This morning Vncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? *Hellen* was not vp? was she?

Cre. *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

Pan. E'ene so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he saies here.

Pan. True he was so; I know the cause too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troylus*?

Troylus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Iupiter*; there's no comparison.

Pan. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you see him?

Cre. I, if I euer saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I say *Troylus* is *Troylus*.

Cre. Then you say as I say,
For I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No not *Hector* is not *Troylus* in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.

Pan. Himselfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were himselfe: well, the Gods are about, time must friend or end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' others not come too't, you shall tell me another tale when th' others come too't: *Hector* shall not haue his will this yeare.

Cre. He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beautie.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You haue no iudgement Neece; *Hellen* her selfe swore th' other day, that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (for so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne.

Pan. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion about *Paris*.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troylus* should haue too much, if she prais'd him about, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I sweare to you,
I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris*.

[Page XX2v]

Cre. Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.

Pan. Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th' other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haire on his chinne.

Cres. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars as therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cres. Is he is so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, she came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

Cres. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man
in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does hee not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen*
loues *Troylus*.

Cre. *Troylus* wil stand to thee
Proofe, if youle prooue it so.

Pan. *Troylus*? why he esteemes her no more then I e-
steeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an
idle head, you would eate chickens i'th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tick-
led his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must
needs confesse.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on
his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was such laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Milstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on *Troylus* chin.

Cres. And t'had beene a greene haire, I should haue laught too.

Pand. They laught not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty haire on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pand. That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth she, which of these haire is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaft, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,
For it has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,
I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pand. Ile be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an 'twere a man borne in Aprill.

Sound a retreat.

Cre. And Ile spring vp in his teares, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, shal we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward Illium, good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may see most brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troylus* aboute the rest.

Enter Aeneas.

Cre. Speake not so low'd.

Pan. That's *Aeneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, marke *Troylus*, you shal see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th soundest iudgement in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troylus*? Ile shew you *Troylus* anon, if hee see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall haue, more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; ist not a braue man?

Cre. O braue man!

Pan. Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no iesting, laying on, tak't

off, who will as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troylus* now, you shall *Troy-lus* anon.

Cre. Whose that?

Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, that's *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hel-lenus*.

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Vncle?

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troylus* is; harke, do you not heare the people crie *Troylus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Doephobus*. 'Tis *Troy-lus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem? Braue *Troylus* the Prince of Chiuallrie.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pand. Marke him, not him: O braue *Troylus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is blou-died, and his Helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how he lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a sister were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddess, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would giue money to boot.

[Page YY1]

Enter common Souldiers.

Cres. Heere come more.

Pan. Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porridge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th' eyes of *Troylus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troylus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why haue you any discretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

Cres. I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Cres. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vppon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and all these wardes I lye at, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnlesse it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne house.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.
Fare ye well good Neece.

Cres. Adieu Vnkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Cres. To bring Vnkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troylus*.

Cres. By the same token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.*
Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loues full sacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterprise:
But more in *Troylus* thousand fold I see,
Then in the glasse of *Pandar's* praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, ioyes soule lyes in the dooing:
That she belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;
Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.
That she was neuer yet, that euer knew
Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;
"*Atchieuement, is command; vngain'd, beseech.*
That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare.

Exit.

Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Vlysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes:

What greefe hath set the Iaundies on your cheekes?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designes, begun on earth below
Fayles in the promist largenesse: checkes and disasters
Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound Pine, and diuerts his Graine
Tortiuie and erant from his course of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to vs,

That we come short of our suppose so farre,
 That after seuen yeares siege, yet Troy walles stand,
 Sith euery action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:
 And that vn bodied figure of the thought
 That gaue't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes)
 Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes,
 And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else
 But the protractiue trials of great Ioue,
 To finde persistiue constancie in men?
 The finesse of which Mettall is not found
 In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,
 The Wise and Foole, the Artist and vn-read,
 The hard and soft, seeme all affin'd, and kin.
 But on the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,
 Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,
 Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;
 And what hath masse, or matter by it selfe,
 Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.

Nestor. With due Obseruance of thy godly seat,
 Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
 Thy latest words.
 In the reproofe of Chance,
 Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile
 Vpon her patient brest, making their way
 With those of Nobler bulke?
 But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
 The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
 The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,
 Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements
 Like *Perseus* Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate,
 Whose weake vntimber'd sides but euen now
 Co-riual'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,
 Or made a Toste for Neptune. Euen so,
 Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide
 In stormes of Fortune.
 For, in her ray and brightnesse,
 The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze

Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled vnder shade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in selfe-same key,
Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Vlys. Agamemnon:

Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be shut vp: Heare what *Vlysses* speakes,
Besides the applause and approbation
The which most mighty for thy place and sway,
And thou most reuerend for thy stretcht-out life,
I giue to both your speeches: which were such,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Brasse: and such againe
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Siluer)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wise) to heare *Vlysses* speake.

[Page YY1v]

Aga. Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of lesse expect:

That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen
Diuide thy lips; then we are confident
When ranke *Thersites* opes his Masticke iawes,
We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.

Vlys. Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,
And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.
The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,
To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' vnworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themselues, the Planets, and this Center,

Obserue degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, forme,
 Office, and custome, in all line of Order:
 And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
 In noble eminence, enthron'd, and sphear'd
 Amid'st the other, whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill,
 And postes like the Command'ment of a King,
 Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
 In euill mixture to disorder wander,
 What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
 What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?
 Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
 Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
 The vnity, and married calme of States
 Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is shak'd,
 (Which is the Ladder to all high designes)
 The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,
 Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
 Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,
 The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
 Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
 (But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
 Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,
 And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes
 In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,
 Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,
 And make a soppe of all this solid Globe:
 Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
 And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:
 Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
 (Betweene whose endlesse iarre, Iustice recides)
 Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.
 Then euery thing includes it selfe in Power,
 Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
 And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,
 So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
 Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
 And last, eate vp himselfe.
 Great *Agamemnon*:

This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,
Followes the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: so euery step
Exampled by the first pace that is sicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Vlysses* heere discover'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is sicke.

Aga. The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Vlysses*)
What is the remedie?

Vlys. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue-long day
Breakes scurrill Iests,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy toplesse deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the wooden Dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pittied, and ore-rested seeming
He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnsquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fusty stuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed lolling)
From his deepe Chest, laughes out a lowd applause,

Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iust.
 Now play me *Nestor*; hum, and stroke thy Beard
 As he, being drest to some Oration:
 That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends
 Of paralels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
 Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent,
 'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
 Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,
 And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age
 Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,
 And with a palsie fumbling on his Gorget,
 Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this sport
 Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
 Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all
 In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Seuerals and generals of grace exact,
 Atchieuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues
 As stufte for these two, to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twaine,
 Who (as *Vlysses* sayes) Opinion crownes
 With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Ajax is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head
 In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
 As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him;
 Makes factious Feasts, railles on our state of Warre
 Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*
 A slaue, whose Gall coines slanders like a Mint,
 To match vs in comparisons with durt,
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How ranke soeuer rounded in with danger.

Vlys. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
 Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,
 Fore-stall prescience, and esteeme no acte
 But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,
 That do contriue how many hands shall strike
 When fitnessse call them on, and know by measure

[Page YY2]

Of their obseruant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Closset-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the finenesse of their soules,
By Reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse
Makes many *Thetis* sonnes.

Tucket

Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus*.

Men. From Troy.

Enter Aeneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?

Aene. Is this great *Agamemnon's* Tent, I pray you?

Aga. Euen this.

Aene. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?

Aga. With surety stronger then *Achilles* arme,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.

Aene. Faire leaue, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?

Aga. How?

Aene. I: I aske, that I might waken reuerence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthfull Phoebus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This Troyan scornes vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.

Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their Fame, in peace;
But when they would seeme Souldiers, they haue galles,
Good armes, strong ioynts, true swords, & *Ioues* accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace *Aeneas*,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure transce[n]ds.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe *Aeneas*?

Aene. I Greeke, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?

Aene. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.

Aga. He heares nought priuatly
That comes from Troy.

Aene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To set his sence on the attentiu bent,
And then to speake.

Aga. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping houre;
That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,
He tels thee so himselfe.

Aene. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke aloud.

The Trumpets sound.

We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among'st the fayr'st of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his ease,

That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Mistris more then in confession,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did compasse in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.
If any come, *Hector* shal honour him:
If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retyres,
The Grecian Dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much.

Aga. This shall be told our Louers Lord *Aeneas*,
If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, Ile be he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* Grandsire suckt: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now heauens forbid such scarsitie of youth.

Vlys. Amen.

Aga. Faire Lord *Aeneas*,
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pauillion shal I leade you first:
Achilles shall haue word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.

Exeunt.

Manet Vlysses, and Nestor.

Vlys. *Nestor.*

Nest. What sayes *Vlysses*?

Vlys. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Vlysses. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp
In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil
To ouer-bulke vs all.

[Page YY2v]

Nest. Wel, and how?

Vlys. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
How euer it is spred in general name,
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous euen as substance,
Whose grossnesse little charracters summe vp,
And in the publication make no straine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lybia, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of iudgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpose
Pointing on him.

Vlys. And wake him to the answer, thinke you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose
 That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
 If not *Achilles*; though't be a sportfull Combate,
 Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
 For heere the Troyans taste our deer'st repute
 With their fin'st Pallate: and trust to me *Vlysses*,
 Our imputation shall be oddely poiz'd
 In this wilde action. For the successe
 (Although particular) shall giue a scantling
 Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:
 And in such Indexes, although small prickes
 To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene
 The baby figure of the Gyant-masse
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
 He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choyse;
 And choise being mutuall acte of all our soules,
 Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
 As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man distill'd
 Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,
 What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part
 To steele a strong opinion to themselues,
 Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,
 In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes
 Directiue by the Limbes.

Vlys. Giue pardon to my speech:
 Therefore 'tis meet *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
 Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,
 And thinke perchance they'l sell: If not,
 The luster of the better yet to shew,
 Shall shew the better. Do not consent,
 That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
 For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
 Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eies: what are they?

Vlys. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
 (Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:
 But he already is too insolent,
 And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
 Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes

Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by deuce let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector*: Among our selues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off,
Wee'l dresse him vp in voyces: if he faile,
Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we haue better men. But hit or misse,
Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,
Ajax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.

Nest. Now *Vlysses*, I begin to rellish thy aduice,
And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight:
Two Curses shal tame each other, Pride alone
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone.

Exeunt

Enter Ajax, and Thersites.

Aia. *Thersites*?

Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer
generally.

Aia. *Thersites*?

Ther. And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the
General run, were not that a botchy core?

Aia. Dogge.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him:
I see none now.

Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst thou not heare?
Feele then.

Strikes him.

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel

beefe-witted Lord.

Aia. Speake then you whinid'st leauen speake, I will beate thee into handsomnesse.

Ther. I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse: but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then y learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red Murren o'thy Iades trickes.

Aia. Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doest thou thinke I haue no sence thou strik'st me thus?

Aia. The Proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.

Aia. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-som'st scab in Greece.

Aia. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumblest & railest euery houre on *A-chilles*, and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cer-berus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.

Aia. Mistresse *Thersites*.

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Aia. Coblofe.

Ther. He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.

Aia. You horson Curre.

Ther. Do, do.

Aia. Thou stoole for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hast no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An *Asinico* may tutor thee. Thou scuruy valiant *Asse*, thou art heere but to thresh Troyans, and thou art bought and solde among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vse to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art

by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

Aia. You dogge.

Ther. You scuruy Lord.

Aia. You Curre.

Ther. *Mars* his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Aiax*? wherefore do you this?
How now *Thersites*? what's the matter man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke vpon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

[Page YY3]

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who
some euer you take him to be, he is *Aiax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Aiax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters: his
euasions haue eares thus long. I haue bobb'd his Braine
more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Spar-
rowes for a peny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth
part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax* who wears
his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you
what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say this *Aiax*— —

Achil. Nay good *Aiax*.

Ther. Has not so much wit.

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace foole.

Ther. I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Aiax. O thou damn'd Curre, I shall — —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a Fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.

Pat. Good words *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Aiax. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.

Ther. I serue thee not.

Aiax. Well, go too, go too.

Ther. I serue heere voluntary.

Achil. Your last seruice was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Aiax* was heere the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.

Ther. E'ne so, a great deale of your wit too lies in your sinnewes, or else there be Liars. *Hector* shall haue a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Vlysses*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the warre.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to — —

Aiax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words *Thersites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leaue the faction of fooles.

Exit.

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host,
That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne,
Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy
To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,
That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Aiax. Farewell? who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwise
He knew his man.

Aiax. O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it.

Exit.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,
Thus once againe sayes *Nestor* from the Greekes,
Deliuier *Helen*, and all damage else
(As honour, losse of time, trauaile, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this comorant Warre)
Shall be stroke off. *Hector*, what say you too't.

Hect. Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I,
As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*,
There is no Lady of more softer bowels,
More spungie, to sucke in the sense of Feare,
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surety.
Surety secure: but modest Doubt is cal'd
The Beacon of the wise: the tent that searches

To'th' bottome of the worst. Let *Helen* go,
Since the first sword was drawne about this question,
Euery tythe soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath bin as deere as *Helen*: I meane of ours:
If we haue lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yeelding of her vp,

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters summe
The past proportion of his infinite,
And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,
With spannes and inches so diminutiue,
As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?

Hel. No maruel though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them, should not our Father
Beare the great sway of his affayres with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tels him so.

Troy. You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest
You furre your gloues with reason: here are your reasons
You know an enemy intends you harme,
You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,
And reason flyes the obiect of all harme.
Who maruels then when *Helenus* beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heeles:
Or like a Starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason,
And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue,
Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor
Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect,
Makes Liuers pale, and lustyhood deiect.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth
What she doth cost the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

Hect. But value dwels not in particular will,
It holds his estimate and dignitie
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,
As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,
To make the seruice greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is inclineable
To what infectiously it selfe affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;
My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will distaste what it elected)
The Wife I chose, there can be no euasion
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnrespectiue same,
Because we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him seruice; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes stale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd aboue a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l auouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)
If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride inestimable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wisedomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!

[Page YY3v]

That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Natiue place.

*Enter Cassandra with her haire about
her eares.*

Cas. Cry *Troyans*, cry.

Priam. What noyse? what shreeke is this?

Troy. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.

Cas. Cry *Troyans*.

Hect. It is *Cassandra*.

Cas. Cry *Troyans* cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.

Hect. Peace sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A moiety of that masse of moane to come.
Cry *Troyans* cry, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly *Illion* stand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.
Cry *Troyans* cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burnes, or else let *Helen* goe.

Exit.

Hect. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not these hie strains
Of diuination in our Sister, worke
Some touches of remorse? Or is your bloud
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?

Troy. Why Brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes;
Because *Cassandra*'s mad, her brainsicke raptures

Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,
Which hath our seuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* sonnes,
And Ioue forbid there should be done among'st vs
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Else might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gauē wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris should ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite.

Pri. Paris, you speake
Like one be-sotted on your sweet delights;
You haue the Hony still, but these the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerely to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the soyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her possession vp
On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then (I say)

Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

Hect. Paris and Troylus, you haue both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue gloz'd, but superficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie.
The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemp'ed blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What neerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benumbed wills resist the same,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refracturie.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, speake alowd
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe *Helen* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.

[Page YY4]

Tro. Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,

A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I presume braue *Hector* would not loose
So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roisting challenge sent among'st
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,
Whil'st emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him.

Exeunt.

Enter Thersites solus.

How now *Thersites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy
furie? shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates
me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it
were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd
at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but
Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's
Achilles, a rare Enginer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two
vndermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of them-
selues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget
that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loose
all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not
that little little lesse then little wit from them that they
haue, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so
abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a
Flye from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and
cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole
Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the
curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue
said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho?
my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites.* Good *Thersites* come in and raile.

Ther. If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'st not haue slipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common curse of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great reuenuew; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if she that laies thee out sayes thou art a faire coarse, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't she neuer shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou deuout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Thersites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not seru'd thy selfe into my Table, so many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Thersites*: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou maist tell that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile declin the whole question: *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patr. You rascall.

Ther. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede *Thersites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Ther-sites* is a foole, and as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *A-chilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Thersites* is a foole to serue such a foole: and *Patroclus* is a foole positie.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

*Enter Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Diomedes,
Ajax, and Chalcas.*

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it suffises me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile speake with no body: come in with me *Thersites*.

Exit.

Ther. Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He sent our Messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke
We dare not moue the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him.

Vlis. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
he is not sicke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my

head, it is pride; but why, why, let him show vs the cause?
A word my Lord.

Nes. What moues *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Vlis. *Achilles* hath inueigled his Foole from him.

Nes. Who, *Thersites*?

Vlis. He.

Nes. Then will *Ajax* lacke matter, if he haue lost his
Argument.

Vlis. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-
ment *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their fraction is more our wish
then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a
Foole could disunite.

Vlis. The amitie that wisdoms knits, not folly may
easily vntie.

Enter Patroclus.

[Page YY4v]

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nes. No *Achilles* with him?

Vlis. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for curtesie:
His legges are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry:
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,
Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,
To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digestion sake;
An after Dinnings breath.

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot but flye our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,

Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glosse;
Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,
Are like to rot vntasted: goe and tell him,
We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,
If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,
And vnder honest; in selfe-assumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himselfe
Here tends the sauage strangenesse he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command:
And vnder write in an obseruing kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouerhold his price so much,
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A stirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue,
Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Aga. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him, *Vlisses* enter you.

Exit Vlisses.

Aiax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aia. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes
himselfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No question.

Aiax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Ag. No, Noble *Aiax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as
wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more tractable.

Aiax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the cleerer *Aiax*, and your vertues the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe; Pride is his owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praises it selfe but in the deede, deuoures the deede in the praise.

Enter Vlysses.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

Nest. Yet he loues himselfe: is't not strange?

Vlis. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuse?

Vlis. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without oberuance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Aga. Why, will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs?

Vlis. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely
He makes important; possest he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recouery.

Ag. Let *Aiax* goe to him.
Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himselfe.

Vlis. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
Weele consecrate the steps that *Aiax* makes,
When they goe from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,
And neuer suffers matter of the world,

Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue
And ruminat himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will assubiugate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes
With entertaining great *Hiperion*.
This L[ord]. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Nest. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinkes vp this applause.

Aia. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him
ore the face.

Ag. O no, you shall not goe.

Aia. And a be proud with me, ile phese his pride: let
me goe to him.

Vlis. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aia. A paultry insolent fellow.

Nest. How he describes himselfe.

Aia. Can he not be sociable?

Vlis. The Rauen chides blacknesse.

Aia. He let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Physitian that should be the pa-
tient.

Aia. And all men were a my minde.

Vlis. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aia. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.

Vlis. A would haue ten shares.

Aia. I will kneede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not yet through warme.

Nest. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his ambition is dry.

Vlis. My L[ord]. you feede too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Diom. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Vlis. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

[Page YY5]

Vlis. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horson dog, that shal palter thus with vs, would he were a *Troian*.

Nest. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now — —

Vlis. If he were proud.

Dio. Or couetous of praise.

Vlis. I, or surley borne.

Dio. Or strange, or selfe affected.

Vl. Thank the heauens L[ord]. thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gaue thee sucke:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,
Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing *Milo*: his addition yeelde
To sinnowie *Ajax*: I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's *Nestor*
Instructed by the Antiquary times:
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.
But pardon Father *Nestor*, were your dayes

As greene as *Ajax*, and your braine so temper'd,
You should not haue the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Vlis. I my good Sonne.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Ajax*.

Vlis. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keepes thicket: please it our Generall,
To call together all his state of warre,
Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow
We must with all our maine of power stand fast:
And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,
And cull their flowre, *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Ag. Goe we to Counsaile, let *Achilles* sleepe;
Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw
deepe.

Exeunt. Musicke sounds within.

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol-
low the yong Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must
needes praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith sir, superficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Musique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Musicians.

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers sir.

Pa. At whose pleasure friend?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderstand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request of *Paris* my L[ord]. who's there in person; with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible soule.

Pa. Who? my Cosin *Cressida*.

Ser. No sir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady *Cressida*. I come to speake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troylus*: I will make a complementall assault vpon him, for my businesse seethes.

Ser. Soddan businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire desires in all faire measure fairely guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L[ord]. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene:
faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you
shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a
peece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my
Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, weele heare you
sing certainly.

Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me,
but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most esteem-
ed friend your brother *Troylus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony sweete Lord.

Pan. Go too sweete Queene, goe to.
Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody:
If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete
Queene Ifaith— —

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serue your turne, that shall it
not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no.
And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him
at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very
sweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What saies my sweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. With my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your disposer is sicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuse.

Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say *Cressida*? no, your poore disposer's sicke.

Par. I spie.

[Page YY5v]

Pan. You spie, what doe you spie: come, giue me an Instrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindly done?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue sweete Queene.

Hel. She shall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord
Paris.

Pand. Hee? no, sheele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs al.
Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

Par. I, good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.
Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more:
For O loues Bow,

Shootes Bucke and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore:
These Louers cry, oh ho they dye;
Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:
So dying loue liues still,
Oh ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O he grones out for ha ha ha — — hey ho.

Hel. In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?
Sweete Lord, whose a field to day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphoebus, Helenus, Anthenor,* and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it so.
How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at something; you know all Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:
Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will sweete Queene.

Sound a retreat.

Par. They're come from felde: let vs to *Priams* Hall To greete the Warriars. Sweet *Hellen*, I must woe you, To helpe vnarme our *Hector*: his stubborne Buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,

Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall doe more
Then all the Iland Kings, disarme great *Hector*.

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris*:
Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duetie,
Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:
Yea ouershines our selfe.
Sweete aboute thought I loue thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen
Cressidas?

Man. No sir, he stayes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Haue you seene my Cousin?

Troy. No *Pandarus*: I stalke about her doore
Like a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And giue me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Cressid*.

Pan. Walke here ith 'Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th' imaginary relish is so sweete,
That it inchants my sence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeede
Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding distruction, or some ioy too fine,
Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,

For the capacitie of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,
That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight; you must be witty now, she does so blush, & fetches her winde so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a new tane Sparrow.

Exit Pand.

Troy. Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome:
My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulse,
And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,
Like vassalage at vnawares encountring
The eye of Maiestie.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you blush?
Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the oathes now to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gone againe, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th filis: why doe you not speak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture. Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere darke you'ld close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith Riuer: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but sheele bereaue you o'th' deeds too, if shee call your actiuity in question: what billing againe? here's in witnessse whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go

get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Cressida*, how often haue I wisht me thus?

Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue?

[Page YY6]

Cres. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truely.

Cres. Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Not nothing monstrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Mistresse to deuise imposition inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed. This is the monstrositie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to limit.

Cres. They say all Louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monsters?

Troy. Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuersion shall haue a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as

what enuie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth;
and what truth can speake truest, not truer then *Troy-lus*.

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing still? haue you not done talking yet?

Cres. Wel! Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le sticke where they are throwne.

Cres. Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince *Troylus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord
With the first glance; that euer pardon me,
If I confesse much you will play the tyrant:
I loue you now, but not till now so much
But I might maister it; infaith I lye:
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow
Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles,
Why haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs
When we are so vnsecret to our selues?
But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speake
The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence

Comming in dumbnesse, from my weaknesse drawes
My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Cres. My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse:
I am asham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

Troy. Your leaue sweete *Cressid*?

Pan. Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

Cres. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offends you Lady?

Cres. Sir, mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot shun your selfe.

Cres. Let me goe and try:
I haue a kinde of selfe recides with you:
But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speakes
so wisely.

Cre. Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loue,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,
Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,
Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:
As if it can, I will presume in you,
To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,
Out-liuing beauties outward, with a minde
That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:
Or that perswasion could but thus conuince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waight
Of such a winnowed puritie in loue:
How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truths simplicitie,
And simpler then the infancie of truth.

Cres. In that Ile warre with you.

Troy. O vertuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right:
True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come
Approoue their truths by *Troylus*, when their times,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare;
Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as steele, as plantage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th 'Center:
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As truths authenticke author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, shall crowne vp the Verse,
And sanctifie the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be:
If I be false, or swerue a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:
When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy*;
And blinde obliuion swallow'd Cities vp;
And mightie States characterlesse are grated
To dustie nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false Maids in loue,
Vpbraid my falsehood, when they'aue said as false,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as sandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood,
As false as *Cressid*.

[Page YY6v]

Pand. Go too, a bargaine made: seale it, seale it, Ile
be the wisse here I hold your hand: here my Cousins,
if euer you proue false one to another, since I haue taken
such paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers
betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call
them all Panders; let all constant men be *Troylusses*, all

false women *Cressids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders:
say, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, presse it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tong-tide Maidens heere,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geere.

Exeunt.

*Enter Vlysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon,
Menelaus and Calcas. Florish.*

Cal. Now Princes for the service I haue done you,
Th' aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde,
That through the sight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incur'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe,
From certaine and possest conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custome and condition,
Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you service am become,
As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted.
I doe beseech you, as in way of taste,
To giue me now a little benefit:
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which you say, liue to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'st thou of vs Troian? make
demand?

Cal. You haue a Troian prisoner, cal'd *Anthenor*,
Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you, thanks therefore)
Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath still deni'd: but this *Anthenor*,

I know is such a wrest in their affaires;
That their negotiations all must slacke,
Wanting his mannage: and they will almost,
Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,
And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence,
Shall quite strike off all seruice I haue done,
In most accepted paine.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Cressid* hither: *Calcas* shall haue
What he requests of vs: good *Diomed*
Furnish you fairely for this enterchange;
Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare.

Exit.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Vlis. *Achilles* stands i'th entrance of his Tent;
Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him;
I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,
Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If so, I haue derision medicinable,
To vse betweene your strangenesse and his pride,
Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke;
It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse
To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees,
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. Weele execute your purpose, and put on
A forme of strangenesse as we passe along,
So doe each Lord, and either greeete him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to speake with me?
You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What saies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?

Nes. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Nes. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achi. What, do's the Cuckold scorne me?

Aiax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow *Aiax*?

Aiax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiax. I, and good next day too.

Exeunt.

Achil. What meane these fellowes? know they not
Achilles?

Patr. They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?
'Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others,
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:
And not a man for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours
That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers;
The loue that leand on them as slippery too,
Doth one plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;

Fortune and I are friends, I doe enjoy
At ample point, all that I did possesse,
Saue these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vlisses*,
He interrupt his reading: how now *Vlisses*?

Vlis. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vlis. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,
How much in hauing, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to haue that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues shining vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the first giuer.

Achil. This is not strange *Vlisses*:
The beautie that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe,
Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,
Salutes each other with each others forme.
For speculation turnes not to it selfe,
Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there
Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

[Page YYY1]

Vlis. I doe not straine it at the position,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumstance, expresly proues
That no man is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th 'applause,
Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voyce againe; or like a gate of steele,
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately:
The vnknowne *Aiax*;

Heuens what a man is there? a very Horse,
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there are.
Most abiect in regard, and deare in vse.
What things againe most deere in the esteeme,
And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?
*Ai*ax renown'd? O heuens, what some men doe,
While some men leaue to doe!
How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse
To see these Grecian Lords; why, euen already,
They clap the lubber *Ai*ax on the shoulder,
As if his foote were on braue *Hectors* brest,
And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. I doe beleeeue it:

For they past by me, as mysers doe by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forgot?

Vlis. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great siz'd monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deedes past,
Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soone as done: perseuerance, deere my Lord,
Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,
In monumentall mockrie: take the instant way,
For honour trauels in a straight so narrow,
Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the paths
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one pursue; if you giue way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,
And leaue you hindmost:
Or like gallant Horse falne in first ranke,
Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,

Though lesse then yours in past, must ore-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable Hoste,
That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th' hand;
And with his armes out-stretcht, as he would flye,
Graspes in the commer: the welcome euer smiles,
And farewels goes out sighing: O let not vertue seeke
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice,
Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all
To enuious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt oredusted.
The present eye praises the present obiect:
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greekes begin to worship *Ai*ax;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not stirs: the cry went out on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe aliue,
And case thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue strong reasons.

Vlis. But 'gainst your priuacie
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:
'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.

Achil. Ha? knowne?

Vlis. Is that a wonder?
The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almost euery graine of Plutoes gold;
Findes bottome in th' vncomprehensiue deepes;
Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:

There is a mysterie (with whom relation
durst neuer meddle) in the soule of State;
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can giue expresse to:
All the commerse that you haue had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it must grieue yong *Pirhus* now at home,
When fame shall in her Iland sound her trumpe;
And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing,
Great *Hectors* sister did *Achilles* winne;
But our great *Aiix* brauely beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your loue speake;
The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.

Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you;
A woman impudent and mannish growne,
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;
They thinke my little stomacke to the warre,
And your great loue to me, restraines you thus:
Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be shooke to ayrie ayre.

Achil. Shall *Aiix* fight with *Hector*?

Patr. I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrowdly gored.

Patr. O then beware:
Those wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themselues:
Omission to doe what is necessary,
Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague subtly taints
Euen then when we sit idely in the sunne.

Achil. Goe call *Thersites* hither sweet *Patroclus*,
Ile send the foole to *Aiix*, and desire him
T' inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat

[Page YYY1v]

To see vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sicke withall,
To see great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; *Enter Thersi.*
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes vp and downe the field, asking for
himselpe.

Achil. How so?

Ther. Hee must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*,
and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,
that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he stalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a
stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostesse, that hath no
Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her recko-
ning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should
say, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and so
there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not shew without knocking. The mans vn-
done for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th' com-
bat, heele break't himselpe in vaine-glory. He knowes
not mee: I said, good morrow *Ajax*; And he replyes,
thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man,
that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very
land-fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of o-
pinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather
Ierkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Thersites*.

Ther. Who, I: why, heele answer no body: he pro-
fesses notanswering; speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in's armes: I will put on his presence; let *Pa-troclus*
make his demands to me, you shall see the Page-
ant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*; tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ai*ax, to inuite the most valorous *Hector*, to come vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimious and most illustrious, sixe or seauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patro. Ioue blesse great *Ai*ax.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What say you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke it will goe one way or other; howsoeuer, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his sinewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine stir'd,
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Asse at it: I had rather be a Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Aeneas with a Torch, at another Paris, Diophobus, Anthenor, Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.

Par. See hoa, who is that there?

Dioph. It is the Lord *Aeneas*.

Aene. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lye long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly businesse,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord *Aeneas*.

Par. A valiant Greeke *Aeneas*, take his hand,
Witnesse the processe of your speech within;
You told how *Diomed*, in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Aene. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health:
But when contention, and occasion meetes,
By *Ioue*, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humaine gentlenesse:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchises* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I sweare,

No man aliue can loue in such a sort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We simpathize. *Ioue* let *Aeneas* liue
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Aene. We know each other well.

Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most, despightful'st gentle greeting;
The noblest hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.
What businesse Lord so early?

Aene. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To *Calcha's* house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the faire *Cressid*:
Lets haue your company; or if you please,
Haste there before vs. I constantly doe thinke,
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.
Rouse him, and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We shall be much vnwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you:
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then *Cressid* borne from Troy.

[Page YYY2]

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so.
On Lord, weele follow you.

Aene. Good morrow all.

Exit Aeneas

Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*: faith tell me true,
Euen in the soule of sound good fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* most?
My selfe, or *Menelaus*?

Diom. Both alike.

He merits well to haue her, that doth seeke her,
Not making any scruple of her soylure,
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes,
Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,
But he as he, which heauier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. Shee's bitter to her countrey: heare me *Paris*,
For euery false drop in her baudy veines,
A Grecians life hath sunke: for euery scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troian hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,
She hath not giuen so many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.

Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this vertue well;
Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way.

Exeunt.

Enter Troylus and Cressida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.

Cres. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;
He shall vnbolt the Gates.

Troy. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And giue as soft attachment to thy sences,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Troy. I prithee now to bed.

Cres. Are you a weary of me?

Troy. O *Cressida*! but that the busie day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath beene too briefe.

Troy. Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she stayes,
As hidiously as hell; but flies the graspes of loue,
With wings more momentary, swift then thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;
O foolish *Cressid*, I might haue still held off,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?

Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?

Troy. It is your Vnckle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall haue such a life.

Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin *Cressid*?

Cres. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vnckle:
You bring me to doo — — and then you floute me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What haue I brought you to doe?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be
good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chipochia*, hast
not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it
sleepe: a bug-beare take him.

One knocks.

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and see. My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber: You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troy. Ha, ha.

Cre. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no such thing. How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in.

Knocke.

I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you seene here.

Exeunt

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

Aene. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there my Lord *Aeneas*? by my troth I knew you not: what newes with you so early?

Aene. Is not Prince *Troylus* here?

Pan. Here? what should he doe here?

Aene. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him: It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should he doe here?

Aene. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?

Aene. My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: there is at hand, *Paris* your brother, and *Deiphoebus*, The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor* Deliu'er'd to vs, and for him forth-with,

Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must giue vp to *Diomedes* hand
The Lady *Cressida*.

Troy. Is it concluded so?

Aene. By *Priam*, and the generall state of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troy. How my atchieuements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Aeneas*,
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

Aen. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Haue not more gift in taciturnitie.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell
take *Anthenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague
vpon *Anthenor*; I would they had brok's necke.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ha!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord?
gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am
aboue.

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prythee get thee in: would thou had'st nere been
borne; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poore Gen-
tleman: a plague vpon *Anthenor*.

[Page YYY2v]

Cres. Good Vnckle I beseech you, on my knees, I be-
seech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone;
thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou must to thy Father,
and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be
his baine, he cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father:
I know no touch of consanguinitie:
No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me,
As the sweet *Troylus*: O you gods diuine!
Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falshood!
If euer she leaue *Troylus*: time, force and death,
Do to this body what extremitie you can;
But the strong base and building of my loue,
Is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Cres. Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised
cheekes,
Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart
With sounding *Troylus*. I will not goe from *Troy*.

Exeunt.

*Enter Paris, Troylus, Aeneas, Deiphebus, An-
thenor and Diomedes.*

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt
Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troylus*,
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And hast her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house.
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand, when I deliuer her,
Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
A Priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to loue,
And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.
Please you walke in, my Lords.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grieffe is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no lesse in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I giue my grieffe:
My loue admits no qualifying crosse; *Enter Troylus.*
No more my grieffe, in such a precious losse.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.

Cres. O *Troylus*, *Troylus*!

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, hea-
uie heart, why sighest thou without breaking? where he
answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by
friendship, not by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime;
let vs cast away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede
of such a Verse: we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

Troy. Cressid: I loue thee in so strange a puritie;
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,
More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Cres. Haue the gods enuie?

Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?

Troy. A hatefull truth.

Cres. What, and from *Troylus* too?

Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus*.

Cres. Ist possible?

Troy. And sodainely, where iniurie of chance
Puts backe leaue-taking, iustles roughly by
All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.

We two, that with so many thousand sighes
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues,
With the rude breuitie and discharge of our
Iniurious time; now with a robbers haste
Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how.
As many farwels as be stars in heauen,
With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles vp into a loose adiew;
And scants vs with a single famisht kisse,
Distasting with the salt of broken teares.

Enter Aeneas.

Aeneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius so
Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.
Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde,
Or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Troy. No remedy.

Cres. A wofull *Cressid* 'mong'st the merry Greekes.

Troy. When shall we see againe?

Troy. Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

Troy. Nay, we must vse expostulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs:
I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Gloue to death himselfe,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation: be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger;
Weare this Sleeue.

Cres. And you this Gloue.
When shall I see you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To giue thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cres. O heauens: be true againe?

Troy. Heare why I speake it; Loue:
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature,
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:
How nouelties may moue, and parts with person.
Alas, a kinde of godly iealousie;
Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:
Makes me affraid.

Cres. O heauens, you loue me not!

Troy. Dye I a villaine then:
In this I doe not call your faith in question
So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor sweeten talke;
Nor play at subtill games; faire vertues all;
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these,
There lurkes a still and dumb-discoursiue diuell,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

[Page YYY3]

Cres. Doe you thinke I will:

Troy. No, but something may be done that we wil not:
And sometimes we are diuels to our selues,
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Presuming on their changefull potencie.

Aeneas within. Nay, good my Lord?

Troy. Come kisse, and let vs part.

Paris within. Brother *Troylus*?

Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Aeneas* and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My Lord, will you be true?

Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie;
Whil'st some with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome sir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way possesse thee what she is.
Entreate her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke,
If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in Illion?

Diom. Faire Lady *Cressid*,
So please you saue the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire visage, and to *Diomed*
You shall be mistresse, and command him wholly.

Troy. Grecian, thou do'st not vse me curteously,
To shame the seale of my petition towards,
I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:
Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praises,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her seruant:
I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou do'st not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy throate.

Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troilus*;
Let me be priuiledg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free? when I am hence,
Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;
Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,
This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:
Lady, giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne selues bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.

Aene. How haue we spent this morning
The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus* fault: come, come, to field with him.

Exeunt.

Dio. Let vs make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie
Let vs addresse to tend on *Hectors* heeles:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and single Chiuallrie.

*Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,
Menelaus, Vlisses, Nester, Calcas, &c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With starring courage,
Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadfull *Ajax*, that the appauled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Aia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse;
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheek
Out-swell the collicke of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud:
Thou blowest for *Hector*.

Vlis. No Trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.

Aga. Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?

Vlis. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressid*?

Dio. Euen she.

Aga. Most deerely welcome to the Greekes, sweete
Lady.

Nest. Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.

Vlis. Yet is the kindenesse but particular; 'twere better she were kist in generall.

Nest. And very courtly counsell: Ile begin. So much for *Nestor*.

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady
Achilles bids you welcome.

Mene. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patro. But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.

Vlis. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,
For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes.

Patro. The first was *Menelaus* kisse, this mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

Mene. Oh this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kisse euermore for him.

Mene. Ile haue my kisse sir: Lady by your leaue.

Cres. In kissing doe you render, or receiue.

Patr. Both take and giue.

Cres. Ile make my match to liue,
The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no
kisse.

Mene. Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.

Cres. You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.

Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.

Cres. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is euen with you.

Mene. You fillip me a'th' head.

Cres. No, Ile be sworne.

Vlis. It were no match, your naile against his horne:
May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?

Cres. You may.

Vlis. I doe desire it.

Cres. Why begge then?

Vlis. Why then for *Venus* sake, giue me a kisse:
When *Hellen* is a maide againe, and his — —

Cres. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

[Page YYY3v]

Vlis. Neuer's my day, and then a kisse of you.

Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.

Nest. A woman of quicke sence.

Vlis. Fie, fie, vpon her:

Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out
At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:
Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,
That giue a coasting welcome ere it comes;
And wide vnclaspe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery tickling reader: set them downe,
For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie:
And daughters of the game.

Exeunt.

*Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aeneas, Helenus
and Attendants. Florish.*

All. The Troians Trumpet.

Aga. Yonder comes the troope.

Aene. Haile all you state of Greece: what shalbe done
To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,
A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights

Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Pursue each other; or shall be diuided
By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?

Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?

Aene. He cares not, heele obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deale disprising
The Knight oppos'd.

Aene. If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Aene. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themselues in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curtesie:
This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud;
In loue wherof, halfe *Hector* staies at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.

Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.

Aga. Here is sir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Aeneas*
Consent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it: either to the vttermost,
Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.

Vlis. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Troian is that same that lookes so heauy?

Vlis. The yongest Sonne of *Priam*;
A true Knight; they call him *Troylus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and dedelesse in his tongue;
Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he giues; what thinkes, he shewes;

Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,
Is more vindecatiue then iealous loue.
They call him *Troylus*; and on him erect,
A second hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.
Thus saies *Aeneas*, one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his inches: and with priuate soule,
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me.

Alarum.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now *Aiax* hold thine owne.

Troy. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blowes are wel dispos'd there *Aiax*.

tru[m]pets cease

Diom. You must no more.

Aene. Princes enough, so please you.

Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.

Diom. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then will I no more:

Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne;
A cousen german to great *Priams* seede:
The obligation of our bloud forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian so,
That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the sinewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud
Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioue* multipotent,
Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impresse made
Of our ranke feud: but the iust gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrowd'st from thy mother,
My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax*:
By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes;
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
Cozen, all honor to thee.

Aia. I thanke thee *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* so mirable,
On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (*Oyes*)
Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will doe?

Hect. Weele answere it:
The issue is embracement: *Aiax*, farewell.

Aia. If I might in entreaties finde successe,
As seld I haue the chance; I would desire
My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.

Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troylus* to me:
And signifie this louing enterview
To the expecters of our Troian part:
Desire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Cousin:
I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the rest.

Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.

Hect. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine owne serching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such anemie.
But that's no welcome: vnderstand more cleere
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes
And formelesse ruine of obliuion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
Bids thee with most diuine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.

Hect. I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.

[Page YYY4]

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.

Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Aene. The Noble *Menelaus*.

Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mocke not, that I affect th' vntraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife sweares still by *Venus* Gloue
Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theame.

Hect. O pardon, I offend.

Nest. I haue (thou gallant Troyan) seene thee oft
Labouring for destiny, make cruell way
Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I haue seen thee
As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,
And seene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy aduanced sword i'th' ayre,
Not letting it decline, on the declined:
That I haue said vnto my standers by,
Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.
And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I seene,
But this thy countenance (still lockt in steele)
I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,

Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.

Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to
morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I haue seen the time.

Vlys. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.

Hect. I know your fauour Lord *Vlysses* well.
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*
In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.

Vlys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet;
For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feet.

Hect. I must not beleeeue you:
There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Vlys. So to him we leaue it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee Lord *Vlysses*, thou:
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee,
I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted ioynt by ioynt.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I haue done already.

Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.

Hect. O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou vnderstand'st.
Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether three, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hectors great spirit flew. Answer me heauens.

Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand againe;
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not beleeeue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, not there, nor there,
But by the forge that stythied Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,
But Ile endeuour deeds to match these words,
Or may I neuer— —

Aiax. Do not chafe thee Cosin:
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone
Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.
You may euery day enough of *Hector*
If you haue stomacke. The generall state I feare,
Can scarce intreat you to be odde with him.

Hect. I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres since you refus'd
The Grecians cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me *Hector*?
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.

Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.

Aga. First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,
As *Hectors* leysure, and your bounties shall
Concurre together, seuerally intreat him.
Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know.

Exeunt

Troy. My Lord *Vlysses*, tell me I beseech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keepe?

Vlys. At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troylus*,
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire *Cressid*.

Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
After we part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
To bring me thither?

Vlys. You shall command me sir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Cressida* in Troy, had she no Louer there
That wailes her absence?

Troy. O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was belou'd, she lou'd; she is, and dooth;
But still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth.

Exeunt.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,

[Page YYY4v]

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:
Patroclus, let vs Feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes *Thersites*.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of Enuy?
Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll
of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Patr. Well said aduersity, and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke,
thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres,
Loades a grauell i'th' backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and
the like, take and take againe, such prepostrous discou-
eries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what
mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indi-
stinguishable Curre.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle,
immateriall skiene of Sleyd silke; thou greene Sarcenet
flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou:
Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water-flies,
diminutiues of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obey:
Come, come *Thersites*, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting must all be spent.
Away *Patroclus*.

Exit.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little Brain, these
two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too
little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's
Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues
Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as eare-wax; and
the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother,
the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of
Cuckolds, a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine, hanging
at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold
wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne
him too: to an Asse were nothing; hee is both Asse and
Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Asse:
to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Li-
zard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe,
I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire
against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were
not *Thersites*: for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar,
so I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

*Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Vlysses, Ne-
stor, Diomed, with Lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vlys. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,
*Ai*ax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hect. Goodnight sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet sinke,
sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those
that go, or tarry.

Aga. Goodnight.

Achil. Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*,
Keep *Hector* company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,
The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

Hect. Giue me your hand.

Vlys. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,
Hee keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent.

Exeunt.

Ther. That same *Diomed*'s a false-hearted Rogue, a
most vniust Knaue; I will no more trust him when hee
leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend
his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when
he performes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigi-
ous, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes
of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word. I will ra-
ther leaue to see *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they say,
he keepes a Troyan Drab, and vses the Traitour *Chalcas*

his Tent. Ile after — — Nothing but Letcherie? All
incontinent Varlets.

Exeunt

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?

Chal. Who cal's?

Dio. *Diomed, Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's your Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Vlisses.

Vlis. Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.

Enter Cressid.

Troy. *Cressid* comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Cres. Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea, so familiar?

Vlis. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her
life: she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be cou-
pled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember?

Vlis. List?

Cres. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cres. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne. — —

Cres. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?

Ther. A iugling tricke, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

[Page YYY5]

Dio. Good night.

Troy. Hold, patience.

Vlis. How now Troian?

Cres. *Diomed.*

Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.

Troy. Thy better must.

Cres. Harke one word in your eare.

Troy. O plague and madnesse!

Vlis. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge it selfe
To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.

Vlis. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?

Troy. I pray thee stay?

Vlis. You haue not patience, come.

Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,
I will not speake a word.

Dio. And so good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troy. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!

Vlis. Why, how now Lord?

Troy. By *Ioue* I will be patient.

Cres. Gardian? why Greeke?

Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

Cres. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

Vlis. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?
you will breake out.

Troy. She stroakes his cheeke.

Vlis. Come, come.

Troy. Nay stay, by *Ioue* I will not speake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience; stay a little while.

Ther. How the diuell *Luxury* with his fat rumpe and
potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith I will lo; neuer trust me else.

Dio. Giue me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. Ile fetch you one.

Exit.

Vlis. You haue sworne patience.

Troy. Feare me not sweete Lord.
I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele: I am all patience.

Enter Cressid.

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.

Cres. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue.

Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?

Vlis. My Lord.

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cres. You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:
He lou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. It is no matter now I haue't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prythee *Diomed* visite me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.

Dio. I shall haue it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. I that.

Cres. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,
And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it;
As I kisse thee.

Dio. Nay, doe not snatch it from me.

Cres. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.

Troy. I did sweare patience.

Cres. You shall not haue it *Diomed*; faith you shall not:
Ile giue you something else.

Dio. I will haue this: whose was it?

Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whose it was?

Cres. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.
But now you haue it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all *Dianas* waiting women yond:
And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:
I will not keepe my word.

Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed* againe.

Cres. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,
But it strait starts you.

Dio. I doe not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, pleases me best.

Dio. What shall I come? the houre.

Cres. I, come: O *Ioue*! doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Exit.

Cres. Good night: I prythee come:
Troylus farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.
Ah poore our sexe; this fault in vs I finde:
The error of our eye, directs our minde.
What error leads, must erre: O then conclude,
Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

Exit.

Ther. A prooffe of strength she could not publish more;
Vnlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.

Vlis. Al's done my Lord.

Troy. It is.

Vlis. Why stay we then?

Troy. To make a recordation to my soule
Of euery syllable that here was spoke:
But if I tell how these two did coact;
Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created onely to calumniate.
Was *Cressed* here?

Vlis. I cannot coniure Troian.

Troy. She was not sure.

Vlis. Most sure she was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?

Vlis. Nor mine my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troy. Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood:
Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage
To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame
For deprauation, to square the generall sex
By *Cressids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cressid*.

Vlis. What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our
mothers?

Troy. Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?

Troy. This she? no, this is *Diomedes Cressida*:
If beautie haue a soule, this is not she:
If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;
If sanctimonie be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vnitie it selfe,
This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!
That cause sets vp, with, and against thy selfe
By foule authoritie: where reason can reuolt
Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,
Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*:
Within my soule, there doth conduce a sight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,
Admits no Orifex for a point as subtile,
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:
Instance, O instance! strong as *Plutoes* gates:
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;
Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe:
The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissolu'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot fiew finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue:
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,

[Page YYY5v]

Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*

Vlis. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which here his passion doth expresse?

Troy. I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy
With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.
Harke Greeke: as much I doe *Cressida* loue;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,
That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare
In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,
Falling on *Diomed*.

Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.

Troy. O *Cressid!* O false *Cressid!* false, false, false:
Let all vntruths stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.

Vlis. O containe your selfe:
Your passion drawes eares hither.

Enter Aeneas.

Aene. I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.

Ajax your Guard, staies to conduct you home.

Troy. Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:
Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*,
Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.

Vli. Ile bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept distracted thankes.

Exeunt Troylus, Aeneas, and Vlisses.

Ther. Would I could meete that roague *Diomed*, I
would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode:
Patroclus will giue me any thing for the intelligence of
his whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,
then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still
warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning
diuell take them.

Enter Hecter and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,
To stop his eares against admonishment?
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.

Hect. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.
By the euerlasting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreames will sure proue ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cassa. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and deere petition:
Pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreampt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.

Cass. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.

Cass. No notes of sallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.

Cass. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish vowes;
They are polluted offrings, more abhord
Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.

And. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

Cass. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;

But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:
Vnarme sweete *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to perswade.

Exit Cassandra.

Hect. No faith yong *Troylus*; doffe thy harnesse youth:
I am to day ith' vaine of Chiualrie:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troylus* chide me for it.

Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian fals,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:
You bid them rise, and liue.

Hect. O 'tis faire play.

Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troy. For th' loue of all the gods
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers,
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, sauage, fie.

Troy. *Hector*, then 'tis warres.

Hect. *Troylus*, I would not haue you fight to day.

Troy. Who should with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire;
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:
But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cass. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

[Page YYY6]

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my selfe,
Am like a Prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe,

Hect. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,
Let me not shame respect; but giue me leaue
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*.

Cass. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.

And. Doe not deere father.

Hect. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,
Makes all these bodements.

Cass. O farewell, deere *Hector*:
Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* shrils her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector, Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!

Troy. Away, away.

Cas. Farewell: yes, soft: *Hector* I take my leaue;
Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our Troy deceiue.

Exit.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about
thee.

Alarum.

Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, beleeeue
I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorson tisticke, a whorson rascally tisticke,
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one
o'th's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and
such an ache in my bones; that vnlesse a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee
there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from
the heart;
Th' effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors still she feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

A Larum.

Exeunt.

Enter Thersites in excursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile
goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet *Dio-mede*,
has got that same scuruie, doting, foolish yong
knaues Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine
see them meet; that, that same yong Troian asse, that loues
the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-mai-
sterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the dissembling
luxurious drabbe, of a sleeuelesse errant. O'th' tother side,
the pollicie of those craftie swearing rascals; that stole
old Mouse-eaten dry cheese, *Nestor*: and that same dog-
foxe

Vlisses, is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They set
me vp in pollicy, that mungrill curre *Aiax* against that
dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curre
Aiax prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme
to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime
barbarisme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th' other.

Troy. Flye not: for should'st thou take the Riuer Stix,
I would swim after.

Diom. Thou do'st miscall retire:
I doe not flye, but aduantageous care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore
Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match?
Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascall: a scuruie railing knaue:
a very filthy roague.

Hect. I doe beleue thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me; but a
plague breake thy necke — — for frightening me: what's be-
come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue
swallowed one another. I would laugh at that mira-
cle — — yet in a sort, lecherie eates it selfe: Ile seeke them.

Exit.

Enter Diomed and Seruants.

Dio. Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou *Troylus* Horse;
Present the faire Steede to my Lady *Cressid*:
Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I haue chastis'd the amorous Troyan,
And am her Knight by prooffe.

Ser. I goe my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beate downe *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* prisoner.
And stands Calossus-wise wauing his beame,
Vpon the pashed courses of the Kings:
Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is slaine;
Amphimacus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*

Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary
Appauls our numbers, haste we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snaile-pac'd *Ajax* arme for shame;
There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horse,
And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,
Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;
Dexteritie so obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does so much,
That prooffe is call'd impossibility.

[Page YYY6v]

Enter Vlisses.

Vlis. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noselesse, handlesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fanasticke execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe.
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*.

Exit.

Dio. I, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Exit.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.
Hector, wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*.

Exit.

Enter Aiax.

Aia. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*, shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. *Troylus*, I say, wher's *Troylus*?

Aia. What would'st thou?

Diom. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,
Thou should'st haue my office,
Ere that correction: *Troylus* I say, what *Troylus*?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed*!
Turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. Ile fight with him alone, stand *Diomed*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you
both.

Exit Troylus.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troylus*? O well fought my yongest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I see thee; haue at thee *Hector*.

Hect. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I doe disdain thy curtesie, proud Troian;
Be happy that my armes are out of vse:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:
Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.

Exit.

Hect. Fare thee well:
I would haue beene much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. *Ajax* hath tane *Aeneas*; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,
He shall not carry him: Ile be tane too,
Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;
I wreake not, though thou end my life to day.

Exit.

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greeke,
Thou art a goodly marke:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
Ile frush it, and vnlocke the riuets all,
But Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not beast abide?
Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*:
Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a stroake, but keepe your selues in breath;
And when I haue the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In fellest manner execute your arme.
Follow me sirs, and my proceedings eye;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great must dye.

Exit.

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:
now bull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my dou-
ble hen'd sparrow; lowe *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the
game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turne slaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard Sonne of *Priams*.

Ther. I am a Bastard too, I loue Bastards, I am a Ba-
stard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard
in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not
bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take
heede, the quarrel's most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a
whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell
Bastard.

Bast. The diuell take thee coward.

Exeunt.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faire without:
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:
Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set;
How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,
Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.
To close the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.
So Illion fall thou: now Troy sinke downe;
Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine.
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slaine.

Retreat.

Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.

Gree. The Troian Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-spreads the earth
And stickler-like the Armies seperates
My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horses tayle;
Along the field, I will the Troian traile.

Exeunt.

Sound Retreat. Shout.

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor,
Diomed, and the rest marching.*

Aga. Harke, harke, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace Drums.

[Page YYYY1]

Sold. *Achilles*, *Achilles*, *Hector's* slaine, *Achilles*.

Dio. The bruite is, *Hector's* slaine, and by *Achilles*.

Aia. If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along: let one be sent
To pray *Achilles* see vs at our Tent.
If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

Exeunt.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphoebus.

Aene. Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field,
Neuer goe home; here starue we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. *Hector* is slaine.

All. *Hector?* the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horses taile,
In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field.
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:
Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at Troy.
I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

Aene. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.

Troy. You vnderstand me not, that tell me so:
I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Adresse their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba*?
Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and say there, *Hector's* dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turne to stone;
Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues;
Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it selfe. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to say.
Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great siz'd coward:
No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?

Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

Exeunt.

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine akingbones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and how ill requited? why should our indeuour be so desir'd, and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what instance for it? let me see.

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.
And being once subdu'd in armed taile,
Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes;
As many as be here of Panders hall,
Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pandar's* fall:
Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue some grones;
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my feare is this:
Some galled Goose of Winchester would hisse:
Till then, Ile sweate, and seeke about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

*Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staues,
Clubs, and other weapons.*

1. Citizen. Before we proceed any further, heare me speake.

All. Speake, speake.

1.Cit. You are all resolu'd rather to dy then
to famish?

All. Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1.Cit. First you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy
to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1.Cit. Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own
price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2.Cit. One word, good Citizens.

1.Cit. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patri-
cians good: what Authority surfets one, would releue
vs. If they would yeelde vs but the superfluitie while it
were wholesome, wee might guesse they releued vs hu-
manely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse
that afflicts vs, the object of our misery, is as an inuento-
ry to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a
gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere
we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in
hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge.

2.Cit. Would you proceede especially against *Caius
Martius*.

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Com-
monalty.

2.*Cit.* Consider you what Seruices he ha's done for his Country?

1.*Cit.* Very well, and could bee content to giue him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with bee-
ing proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1.*Cit.* I say vnto you, what he hath done Famouslie, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his vertue.

2.*Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is co-
uetous.

1.*Cit.* If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusa-
tions he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

Shows within.

What showts are these? The other side a'th City is risen: why stay we prating heere? To th' Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath al-
wayes lou'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough, wold al the rest wer so.

Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand?
Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter
Speake I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our busines is not vnknowne to th' Senat, they haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now wee'l shew em in deeds: they say poore Suters haue strong breaths, they shal know we haue strong arms too.

Menen. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you vndo your selues?

2 *Cit.* We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care
Haue the Patricians of you for your wants.
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heauen with your stauces, as lift them
Against the Roman State, whose course will on
The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes
Of more strong linke assunder, then can euer
Apppeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke,
You are transported by Calamity
Thether, where more attends you, and you slander
The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
When you curse them, as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs
yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd
with Graine: Make Edicts for Vsurie, to support Vsu-
rers; repeale daily any wholsome Act established against
the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to
chaine vp and restraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs
not vppe, they will; and there's all the loue they beare
vs.

Menen. Either you must
Confesse your selues wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it,
But since it serues my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

2 *Citizen.* Well,
Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke
To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale:
But and't please you deliuer.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine
I'th midd'st a th' body, idle and vnactiue,
Still cubbording the Viand, neuer bearing

[Page aa1v]

Like labour with the rest, where th' other Instruments
Did see, and heare, deuise, instruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did minister
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.

2.Cit. Well sir, what answer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as speake, it taintingly replyed
To'th' discontented Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his receite: euen so most fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2.Cit. Your Bellies answer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counsailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helps
In this our Fabricke, if that they — —

Men. What then? Fore me, this Fellow speakes.
What then? What then?

2.Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sinke a th' body.

Men. Well, what then?

2.Cit. The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'l bestow a small (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'st heare the Bellies answer.

2.Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your most graue Belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at first

Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the Riuers of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th' seate o'th' Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerues, and small inferiour Veines
From me receiue that naturall competencie
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) marke me.

2.Cit. I sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliuer out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,
And leaue me but the Bran. What say you too't?

2.Cit. It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsailes, and their Cares; disgest things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you shall finde
No publique benefit which you receiue
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

2.Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formost:
Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one side must haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius*.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your selues Scabs.

2.Cit. We haue euer your good word.

Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, wil flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curses,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Iustice did it. Who deserues Greatnes,
Deserues your Hate: and your Affections are
A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that
Which would encrease his euill. He that depends
Vpon your fauours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye?
With euery Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these seuerall places of the Citie,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else
Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they say
The Citie is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They say?
They'l sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to rise,
Who thriues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
Coniecturall Marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They say ther's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me vse my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie
With thousands of these quarter'd slaues, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Menen. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:
For though abundantly they lacke discretion
Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,
What sayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are dissolu'd: Hang em;
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Prouerbes
That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With these shreds
They vented their Complaining, which being answer'd
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To breake the heart of generosity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Menen. What is graunted them?

Mar. Fiue Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
Of their owne choice. One's *Iunius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,
The rabble should haue first vnroo'st the City
Ere so preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Insurrections arguing.

[Page aa2]

Menen. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mess. Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mar. Heere: what's the matter!

Mes. The newes is sir, the Volcies are in Armes.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha meanes to vent
Our mustie superfluity. See our best Elders.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus
Lartius, with other Senatours.*

I.Sen. Martius 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes.

Mar. They haue a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't:
I sinne in enuying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me onely he.

Com. You haue fought together?

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th' eares, & he
vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

I.Sen. Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend vpon *Cominius* to these Warres.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir it is,
And I am constant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou stiffe? Stand'st out?

Tit. No *Caius Martius*,
Ile leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere stay behinde this Businesse.

Men. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your Company to'th' Capitoll, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius*, we must followe
you, right worthy your Priority.

Com. Noble *Martius*.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces haue much Corne: take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow.

Exeunt.

Citizens steale away. Manet Sicin. & Brutus.

Sicin. Was euer man so proud as is this *Martius*?

Bru. He has no equall.

Sicin. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mou'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sicin. Bemocke the modest Moone.

Bru. The present Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, dis-
daines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do
wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded vn-
der *Cominius*?

Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th' vtmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had borne the businesse.

Sicin. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so stickes on *Martius*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come: halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sicin. Let's hence, and heare
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularity, he goes
Vpon this present Action.

Bru. Let's along.

Exeunt

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

I.Sen. So, your opinion is *Auffidius*,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes,
And know how we proceede,

Auf. Is it not yours?
What euer haue bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They haue prest a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, *Martius* your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,
These three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

I.Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer vs.

Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs must shew themselues, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discouery,
We shalbe shortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.

2.Sen. Noble *Auffidius*,
Take your Commission, hye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard *Corioles*
If they set downe before's: for the remoue
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde
Th'haue not prepar'd for vs.

Auf. O doubt not that,
I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.

If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
'Tis sworne betweene vs, we shall euer strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

Auf. And keepe your Honors safe.

1.Sen. Farewell.

2.Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

[Page aa2v]

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius:
They set them downe on two lowe stooles and sowe.*

Volum. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freelier reioyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sel him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renowne made it not stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in ioy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had pro-ued himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then?

Volum. Then his good report should haue beene my Sonne, I therein would haue found issue. Heare me professe sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously surfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe.

Volum. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinks, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:
See him plucke *Auffidius* downe by th' haire:
(As children from a Beare) the *Volces* shunning him:
Me thinks I see him stampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Haruest man, that task'd to mowe
Or all, or loose his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man
Then gilt his Trophe. The brests of *Hecuba*
When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not louelier
Then *Hectors* forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gent.

Vir. Heauens blesse my Lord from fell *Auffidius*.

Vol. Hee'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And treade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vsher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Lady-ship: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum,
then looke vpon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wens-day halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammoct it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must haue you play the idle Huswife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volum. She shall, she shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not ouer the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most vnreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wish her speedy strength, and visite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you.

Vlug. 'Tis not to saue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they say, all the yearne she spun in *Vlisses* absence, did but fill *Athica* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for pitie. Come you shall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not iest with you: there came newes from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus it is: the Volcies haue an Army forth, against who[m] *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down before their Citie *Carioles*, they nothing doubt preuailling, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg. Giue me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in euery thing heereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now:
She will but disease our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke she would:
Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.
Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy solemnesse out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Virgil. No
At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,
I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

Exeunt Ladies.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Corialus: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:
A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?

Mess. They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good Horse is mine.

Mart. Ile buy him of you.

Lart. No, Ile nor sel, nor giue him: Lend you him I will
For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.

Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?

Mess. Within this mile and halfe.

Mar. Then shall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blast.

*They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on
the Walles of Corialus.*

Tullus Auffidious, is he within your Walles?

I.Senat. No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he,
That's lesser then a little: *Drum a farre off.*

Hearke, our Drummes

Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles
Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates,
Which yet seeme shut, we haue but pin'd with Rushes,
They'le open of themselues. Harke you, farre off

Alarum farre off.

There is *Auffidious.* List what worke he makes
Among'st your clouen Army.

Mart. Oh they are at it.

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare vs not, but issue forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more prooffe then Shields.

Aduance braue *Titus*,
They do disdain vs much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volce*,
And he shall feele mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches
Enter Martius Cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaister you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther then seene, and one infect another
Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese,
That beare the shapes of men, how haue you run
From Slaues, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
If you'l stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to
gates, and is shut in.

So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Gati.

1.Sol. Foole-hardinesse, not I.

2.Sol. Nor I.

1.Sol. See they haue shut him in.

Alarum continues

All. To th' pot I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius

Tit. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse.

I.Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles,
With them he enters: who vpon the sodaine
Clapt to their Gates, he is himselfe alone,
To answer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who sensibly out-dares his sencelesse Sword,
And when it bowes, stand'st vp: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
Weare not so rich a Iewell. Thou was't a Souldier
Euen to *Calues* wish, not fierce and terrible
Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World
Were Feauorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

I.Sol. Looke Sir.

Lar. O 'tis *Martius*.
Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romanes with spoiles.

I.Rom. This will I carry to *Rome*.

2.Rom. And I this.

3.Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer.

Exeunt.

Alarum continues still a-farre off.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See heere these mouers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spoons,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them. These base slaues,
Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.
And harke, what noyse the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my soules hate, *Auffidious*,

Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'st I with those that haue the spirit, wil haste
To helpe *Cominius*.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,
Thy exercise hath bin too violent,
For a second course of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Physicall
Then dangerous to me: To *Auffidious* thus, I will appear and fight.

Lar. Now the faire Goddessse Fortune,
Fall deepe in loue with thee, and her great charmes
Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman:
Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no lesse,
Then those she placeth highest: So farewell.

Lar. Thou worthiest *Martius*,
Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th' Towne,
Where they shall know our minde. Away.

Exeunt

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come off,
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs,
We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue strooke
By Interims and conueying gusts, we haue heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their successes, as we wish our owne,
That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountring,
May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Cittizens of *Corioles* haue yssued,
 And giuen to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:
 I saw our party to their Trenches driuen,
 And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest truth,
 Me thinkes thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Aboue an houre, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drummes.
 How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre,
 And bring thy Newes so late?

Mes. Spies of the *Volces*
 Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
 Three or foure miles about, else had I sir
 Halfe an houre since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder,
 That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
 He has the stampe of *Martius*, and I haue
 Before time seene him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder fro[m] a Taber,
 More then I know the sound of *Martius* Tongue
 From euery meaner man.

Martius. Come I too late?

Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
 But mantled in your owne.

Mart. Oh! let me clip ye
 In Armes as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;
 As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
 And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees:
 Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
 Ransoming him, or pittying, threatning th' other;
 Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,

Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouse ne're shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse then they.

Com. But how preuail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Martius*, we haue at disaduantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on which side
They haue plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guesse *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their best trust: O're them *Auffidious*,
Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the Battailes wherein we haue fought,
By th' Blood we haue shed together,
By th' Vowes we haue made
To endure Friends, that you directly set me
Against *Affidious*, and his *Antiats*,
And that you not delay the present (but
Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre.

Com. Though I could wish,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can ayde your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing; if any such be heere,
(As it were sinne to doubt) that loue this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd, if any feare
Lessen his person, then an ill report:
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or so many so minded,
Waue thus to expresse his disposition,
And follow *Martius*.

*They all shout and waue their swords, take him vp in their
Armes, and cast vp their Caps.*

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure *Volces*? None of you, but is
Able to beare against the great *Auffidious*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Diuide in all, with vs.

Exeunt

*Titus Lartius, hauing set a guard vpon Carioles, going with
Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Mar-
tius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a
Scout.*

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I haue set them downe. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serue
For a short holding, if we loose the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.

Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.

Lart. Hence; and shut your gates vpon's:
Our Guider come, to th' Roman Campe conduct vs.

Exit

Alarum, as in Battaile.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at seueral doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse then a Promise-breaker.

Auffid. We hate alike:
Not Affricke owes a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first Budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after.

Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Corioles* walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vp thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me heere.

*Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde
of Auffi. Martius fights til they be driuen in breathles.*

Officious and not valiant, you haue sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

[Page aa4]

*Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at
one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At
another Doore Martius, with his
Arme in a Scarfe.*

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou't not beleeeue thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles,
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'th' end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted,

And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fustie Plebeans, hate thine Honors,
Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath such a Souldier.
Yet cam'st thou to a Morsell of this Feast,
Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:
Hadst thou beheld— —

Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When she do's prayse me, grieues me:
I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath ouerta'ne mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Graue of your deseruing,
Rome must know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft,
No lesse then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire, and top of prayses vouch'd,
Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,
In signe of what you are, not to reward
What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.

Martius. I haue some Wounds vpon me, and they smart
To heare themselues remembred.

Com. Should they not:
Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,
And tent themselues with death: of all the Horses,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all,
The Treasure in this field atchieued, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your onely choyse.

Martius. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,
And stand vpon my common part with those,
That haue beheld the doing.

*A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius,
cast vp their Caps and Launces: Cominius
and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane,
Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th' field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing:
When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,
Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Warres:
No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd
My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many else haue done,
You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lou'd my little should be dieted
In prayses, sawc'st with Lyes.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,
With all th' applause and Clamor of the Hoast,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th' addition Nobly euer?

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.

Martius. I will goe wash:
And when my Face is faire, you shall perceiue
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times
To vnder-crest your good Addition,
To th' fairenesse of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repose vs, we will write
To Rome of our successe: you *Titus Lartius*
Must to *Corioles* backe, send vs to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.

Lartius. I shall, my Lord.

Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Martius. I sometime lay here in *Corioles*,
At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you
To giue my poore Host freedome.

Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, *Titus*.

Lartius. *Martius*, his Name.

Martius. By *Iupiter* forgot:
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The blood vpon your Visage dryes, 'tis time
It should be lookt too: come.

Exeunt.

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius
bloudie, with two or three Souldiors.*

Auffi. The Towne is ta'ne.

Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.

Auffid. Condition?

I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a *Volce*, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th' part that is at mercy? five times, *Martius*,
I haue fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter
As often as we eate. By th' Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

[Page aa4v]

Sol. He's the diuell.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
With onely suffring staine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Custome 'gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my iourney.

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall haue Newes to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.

Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th' right hand File, do you?

Both. Why? how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience: Giue your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would growe wondrous single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for dooing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour suruey of your good selues. Oh that you could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discouer a brace of vnmeriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicin. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in fauouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like vppon, to triuiall motion: One, that conuerses more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I vtter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Licurgusses*;) if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat aduersly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Asse in compound, with the Maior part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you haue good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beesome Conspectuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well e-

nough too.

Bru. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither mee, your selues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forfet-seller, and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chauce to bee pinch'd with the Collike, you make faces like Mummers, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controuersie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so honourable a graue, as to stuffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worships, more of your conuersation would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of the Beastly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Bru. and Scic. Aside.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were shee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes so fast?

[Page aa5]

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approaches: for the love of *Iuno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* coming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* coming home?

2.Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very house reele to night: A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it giues me an Estate of seven yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The most soueraigne Prescription in *Galen*, is but Emperickcutique; and to this Preseruatue, of no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd *Auffidius* soundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not haue been so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? Ile be sworne they are true: where is hee wounded, God saue your good Worships? *Martius* is comming home: hee ha's more cause to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith' Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: he receiued in the repulse of *Tarquin* seuen hurts ith' Body.

Mene. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie fiue Wounds vpon him.

Mene. Now it's twentie seuen; euery gash was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A showt, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Vshers of *Martius*:
Before him, hee carryes Noyse;
And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:
Death, that darke Spirit, in's neruie Arme doth lye,
Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound.

Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius: betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*:
These in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus*.
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray
now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods
for my prosperitie.

Kneeles.

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (*Coriolanus*) must I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious silence, hayle:
Would'st thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And liue you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,
And y'are welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thousand Welcomes:
I could weepe, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heauie; welcome:
A Curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.
You are three, that Rome should dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we haue

Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Rallish.
Yet welcome Warriors:
Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. Menenius, euer, euer.

Herauld. Giue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Head,
The good Patricians must be visited,
From whom I haue receiu'd not onely greetings,
But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I haue liued,
To see inherited my very Wishes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will cast vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their seruant in my way,
Then sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall.

Flourish. Cornets.

Exeunt in State, as before.

[Page aa5v]

Enter Brutus and Scicinius.

Bru. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacted to see him. Your pratling Nurse
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While she chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing

In earnestnesse to see him: seld-showne Flamins
Doe presse among the popular Throngs, and puffe
To winne a vulgar station: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton spoyle
Of *Phoebus* burning Kisses: such a poother,
As if that whatsoeuer God, who leades him,
Were slyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him gracefull posture.

Scicin. On the suddaine, I warrant him Consull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe
sleepe.

Scicin. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors,
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Lose those he hath wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Scici. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the least cause, these his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them, make I as little question,
As he is proud to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him sweare,
Were he to stand for Consull, neuer would he
Appare i'th' Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Vesture of Humilitie,
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' People, begge their stinking Breaths.

Scicin. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
And the desire of the Nobles.

Scicin. I wish no better, then haue him hold that pur-
pose, and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis most like he will.

Scicin. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure destruction.

Brutus. So it must fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the People, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders,
And dispropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fitnessse for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthens, and sore blowes
For sinking vnder them.

Scicin. This (as you say) suggested,
At some time, when his soaring Insolence
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,
If he be put vpon't, and that's as easie,
As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer.

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* shall be Consull:
I haue seene the dumbe men throng to see him,
And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons flong Gloues,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Ioues* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I neuer saw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the euent.

Scicin. Haue with you.

Exeunt.

*Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were,
in the Capitoll.*

1.Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Consulships?

2.Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of euery one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1.Off. That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance prou'd, and loues not the common people.

2.Off. 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore: so that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to care whether they loue, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Noble carelesnesse lets them plainly see't.

1.Off. If he did not care whether he had their loue, or no, hee waued indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate with greater deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing vndone, that may fully discouer him their opposite. Now to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their loue.

2.Off. Hee hath deserued worthily of his Countrey, and his assent is not by such easie degrees as those, who hauing beene supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much, were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that giuing it selfe the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.

1.Off. No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Scicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves: Coriolanus stands.

Menen. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for *Titus Lartius*: it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,
To gratifie his Noble seruice, that hath
Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,
Most reuerend and graue Elders, to desire
The present Consull, and last Generall,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

[Page aa6]

I.Sen. Speake, good *Cominius*:
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our states defectiue for requitall,
Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th' People,
We doe request your kindest eares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what passes here.

Scicin. We are conuented vpon a pleasing Treatie, and
haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame
of our Assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be blest to doe, if
he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath
hereto priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had
been silent: Please you to heare *Cominius* speake?

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was
more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* speake.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus*: neuer shame to heare
What you haue Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare say how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes haue made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh— —

Menen. Pray now sit downe.

Corio. I had rather haue one scratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were strucke, then idly sit
To heare my Nothings monster'd.

Exit Coriolanus

Menen. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
That's thousand to one good one, when you now see
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefest Vertue,
And most dignifies the hauer: if it be,
The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be singly counter-poys'd. At sixteene yeeres,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue
The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid
An o're-prest Roman, and i'th' Consuls view
Slew three Opposers: *Tarquins* selfe he met,
And strucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,

He prou'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
 Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age
 Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
 And in the brunt of seuateene Battailes since,
 He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last,
 Before, and in Corioles, let me say
 I cannot speake him home: he stopt the flyers,
 And by his rare example made the Coward
 Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before
 A Vessell vnder sayle, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe,
 Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:
 He was a thing of Blood, whose euery motion
 Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
 The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted
 With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement strucke
 Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
 When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
 His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit
 Requickned what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the Battaile came he, where he did
 Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere
 A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd
 Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer stood
 To ease his Brest with panting.

Menen. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors
 which we deuise him.

Com. Our spoyles he kickt at,
 And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
 The common Muck of the World: he couets lesse
 Then Miserie it selfe would giue, rewards his deeds
 With doing them, and is content
 To spend the time, to end it.

Menen. Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make thee Consull.

Corio. I doe owe them still my Life, and Seruices.

Menen. It then remaines, that you doe speake to the People.

Corio. I doe beseech you,
Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds sake, to giue their sufferage:
Please you that I may passe this doing.

Scicin. Sir, the People must haue their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th' vnaking Skarres, which I should hide,
As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely.

Menen. Doe not stand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consull
Wish we all Ioy, and Honor.

[Page aa6v]

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all ioy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to vse the people.

Scicin. May they perceiue's intent: he wil require them
As if he did contemne what he requested,
Should be in them to giue.

Bru. Come, wee'l informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th' Market place,
I know they do attend vs.

Enter seuen or eight Citizens.

1.Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought
not to deny him.

2.Cit. We may Sir if we will.

3.Cit. We haue power in our selues to do it, but it is
a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee shew vs
his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our ton-
gues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel
vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble ac-
ceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the
multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monster of
the multitude; of the which, we being members, should
bring our selues to be monstrous members.

1.Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little
helpe will serue: for once we stood vp about the Corne,
he himselfe stucke not to call vs the many-headed Multi-
tude.

3.Cit. We haue beene call'd so of many, not that our
heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some
bald; but that our wits are so diuersly Coulord; and true-
ly I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull,
they would flye East, West, North, South, and their con-
sent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points
a'th Compasse.

2.Cit. Thinke you so? Which way do you iudge my
wit would flye.

3.Cit. Nay your wit will not so soone out as another
mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head: but
if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward.

2 Cit. Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are neuer without your trickes, you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behauiour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein euerie one of vs ha's a single Honor, in giuing him our own voyces with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne The worthiest men haue done't?

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Seruice, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th' noise of our owne Drummes.

Menen. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,
You must desire them to thinke vpon you.

Coriol. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines lose by em.

Men. You'l marre all,
Ile leaue you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you
In wholsome manner.

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere.

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne desert.

2 Cit. Your owne desert.

Corio. I, but mine owne desire.

3 Cit. How not your owne desire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas neuer my desire yet to trouble the
poore with begging.

3 Cit. You must thinke if we giue you any thing, we
hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th' Consulship.

1 Cit. The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio. Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to
shew you, which shall bee yours in priuate: your good
voice sir, what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces
begg'd: I haue your Almes, Adieu.

3 Cit. But this is something odde.

2 Cit. And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may bee Consull, I haue heere the
Customarie Gowne.

1. You haue deserued Nobly of your Countrey, and
you haue not deserued Nobly.

Coriol. Your Aenigma.

1. You haue bin a scourge to her enemies, you haue bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the Common people.

Coriol. You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Loue, I will sir flatter my sworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since the wisdom of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfetly, that is sir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it bountifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may be Consull.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily.

1. You haue receyued many wounds for your Country.

Coriol. I wil not Seale your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Most sweet Voyces:

Better it is to dye, better to sterue,
Then craue the higher, which first we do deserue.
Why in this Wooluish tongue should I stand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere
Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't.
What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?
The Dust on antique Time would lye vnswept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part suffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

[Page bb1]

Here come moe Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue sought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice six
I haue seene, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Haue done many things, some lesse, some more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consull.

1.Cit. Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without
any honest mans Voyce.

2.Cit. Therefore let him be Consull: the Gods giue him
ioy, and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen. God saue thee, Noble Consull.

Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

Mene. You haue stood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines, that in th' Officiall Markes inuested,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Scicin. The Custome of Request you haue discharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, vpon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-house?

Scicin. There, *Coriolanus.*

Corio. May I change these Garments?

Scicin. You may, Sir.

Cori. That Ile straight do: and knowing my selfe again,
Repayre toth' Senate-
house.

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the People.

Scicin. Fare you well.

Exeunt Coriol. and Mene.

He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart.

Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismisse the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Scici. How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man?

1.Cit. He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserue your loues.

2.Cit. Amen, Sir: to my poore vnworthy notice,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3.Cit. Certainly, he flowted vs downe-right.

1.Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.

2.Cit. Not one amongst vs, saue your selfe, but sayes
He vs'd vs scornefully: he should haue shew'd vs
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiu'd for's Countrey.

Scicin. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no: no man saw 'em.

3.Cit. Hee said hee had Wounds,
Which he could shew in priuate:
And with his Hat, thus wauing it in scorne,
I would be Consull, sayes he: aged Custome,
But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you
Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces,
I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to see't?
Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,
To yeeld your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not haue told him,
As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power,
But was a pettie seruant to the State,
He was your Enemie, euer spake against

Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriuing
A place of Potencie, and sway o'th' State,
If he should still malignantly remaine
Fast Foe toth' *Plebeij*, your Voyces might
Be Curses to your selues. You should haue said,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse
Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature
Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,
And translate his Mallice towards you, into Loue,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Scicin. Thus to haue said,
As you were fore-aduis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might
As cause had call'd you vp, haue held him to;
Or else it would haue gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,
You should haue ta'ne th' aduantage of his Choller,
And pass'd him vnelected.

Brut. Did you perceiue,
He did sollicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt shall not be brusing to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Against the Rectorship of Iudgement?

Scicin. Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,
Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?

3.Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2.Cit. And will deny him:
He haue fise hundred Voyces of that sound.

1.Cit. I twice fise hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They haue chose a Consull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe so.

Scici. Let them assemble: and on a safer Iudgement,
All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate vnto you: besides, forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loues,
Thinking vpon his Seruices, tooke from you
Th' apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, vngrauely, he did fashion
After the inueterate Hate he beares you.

Brut. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you must cast your Election on him.

Scici. Say you chose him, more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Then what you should, made you against the graine
To Voyce him Consull. Lay the fault on vs.

[Page bb1v]

Brut. I, spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th'*Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numaes* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hostilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Scicin. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Skaling his present bearing with his past,
That hee's your fixedemie; and reuoke

Your suddaine approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.

Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusall, both obserue and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Scicin. Toth' Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the streame o'th' People:
And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

*Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry,
Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.*

Corio. *Tullus Auffidius* then had made new head.

Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter Composition.

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first,
Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Consull) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners waue againe.

Corio. Saw you *Auffidius*?

Latius. On safegard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vildly
Yeilded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Latius. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopelesse restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio. At Antium liues he?

Latius. At Antium.

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despise them:
For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance.

Scicin. Passe no further.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on— — No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Menen. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. *Cominius*, no.

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes giue way, he shall toth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd against him.

Scicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are these your Heard?
Must these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And straight disclaim their tounge? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not set them on?

Mene. Be calme, be calme.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and liue with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Haue you inform'd them sithence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe such businesse.

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Consull? by yond Clouds
Let me deserue so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Scicin. You shew too much of that,
For which the People stirre: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or neuer be so Noble as a Consull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.

Mene. Let's be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Deseru'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speak't againe.

Mene. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I liue, I will.
My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-sented Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themselues: I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Seditiō,
Which we our selues haue plowed for, sow'd, & scatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggars.

Mene. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beseech you.

Corio. How? no more?
As for my Country, I haue shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdain should Tetter vs, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

[Page bb2]

Bru. You speake a'th' people, as if you were a God,
To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmitie.

Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Mene. What, what? His Choller?

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.

Sicin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not poyson any further.

Corio. Shall remaine?
Heare you this Triton of the *Minnoues*? Marke you
His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians: why
You graue, but wreaklesse Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hidra heere to choose an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noise o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe,
It makes the Consuls base; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supream; How soone Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well, on to'th' Market place.

Corio. Who euer gaue that Counsell, to giue forth
The Corne a'th' Store-house gratis, as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece.

Mene. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Thogh there the people had more absolute powre
I say they norisht disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.

Bru. Why shall the people giue
One that speakes thus, their voyce?

Corio. Ile giue my Reasons,
More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne're did seruice for't; being prest to'th' Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Seruice
Did not deserue Corne gratis. Being i'th' Warre,

There Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd
Most Valour spoke not for them. Th' Accusation
Which they haue often made against the Senate,
All cause vnborne, could neuer be the Natiue
Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?
How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest
The Senates Courtesie? Let deeds expresse
What's like to be their words, We did request it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debase
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th' Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.

Bru. Enough, with ouer measure.

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it must omit
Reall Necessities, and giue way the while
To vnstable Slightnesse. Purpose so barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be lesse fearefull, then discreet,
That loue the Fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,
To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke,
That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The sweet which is their poyson. Your dishonor
Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State
Of that Integrity which should becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th' ill which doth controul't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sicin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.

Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be saide it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th' dust.

Bru. Manifest Treason.

Sicin. This a Consull? No.

Enter an Aedile.

Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:

Sicin. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:
A Foe to'th' publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Corio. Hence old Goat.

All. Wee'l Surety him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sicin. Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Aediles.

Mene. On both sides more respect.

Sicin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your
power.

Bru. Seize him *Aediles.*

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes
To'th' people: *Coriolanus*, patience: Speak good *Sicinius*.

[Page bb2v]

Scici. Heare me, People peace.

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake,
speake.

Scici. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Martius would haue all from you; *Martius*,
Whom late you haue nam'd for Consull.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to
quench.

Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.

Scici. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie.

Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the
Peoples Magistrates.

All. You so remaine.

Mene. And so are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat,
To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges
In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Scici. This deserues Death.

Brut. Or let vs stand to our Authoritie,
Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce,
Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of present Death.

Scici. Therefore lay hold of him:
Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Brut. Aediles seize him.

All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.

Mene. Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes,
heare me but a word.

Aediles. Peace, peace.

Mene. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redresse.

Brut. Sir, those cold wayes,
That seeme like prudent helps, are very poysonous,
Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him,
And beare him to the Rock.

Corio. drawes his Sword.

Corio. No, Ile die here:
There's some among you haue beheld me fighting,
Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue seene me.

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
a while.

Brut. Lay hands vpon him.

Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe
him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

Exeunt.

*In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Aediles, and the
People are beat in.*

Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away.
All will be naught else.

2.Sena. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.

Mene. Shall it be put to that?

Sena. The Gods forbid:
I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,
Leaue vs to cure this Cause.

Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,
You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.

Corio. Come Sir, along with vs.

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calued i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.

Mene. I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th' best of
them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-bear
What they are vs'd to beare.

Mene. Pray you be gone:
Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request
With those that haue but little: this must be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

*Exeunt Coriolanus and
Cominius.*

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:
What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent,
And being angry, does forget that euer
He heard the Name of Death.

A Noise within.

Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Mene. I would they were in Tyber.

What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.

Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himself

Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall
Then the seuerity of the publike Power,
Which he so sets at naught.

I Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall sure ont.

Mene. Sir, sir.

Sicin. Peace.

Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you haue holpe
To make this rescue?

Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know
The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Consull? what Consull?

Mene. The Consull *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Consull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,
The which shall turne you to no further harme,
Then so much losse of time.

Sic. Speake breefely then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This Viporous Traitor: to eiect him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night.

Menen. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd
In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam
Should now eate vp her owne.

[Page bb3]

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away.

Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease
Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey,
Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it
A brand to th' end a'th World.

Sicin. This is cleane kamme.

Brut. Meerely awry:
When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.

Menen. The seruice of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. Wee'l heare no more:
Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence,
Least his infection being of catching nature,
Spred further.

Menen. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
The harme of vnscan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Processe,
Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
And sacke great Rome with Romanes.

Brut. If it were so?

Sicin. What do ye talke?

Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?
Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come.

Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th' Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulded Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue,
Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his vtmost perill.

I.Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,
Vnknowne to the Beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Masters, lay downe your Weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede
In our first way.

Menen. Ile bring him to you.
Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

Sena. Pray you let's to him.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles,
Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe stretch
Below the beame of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.

Corio. I muse my Mother
Do's not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vassailes, things created
To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood vp
To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you wish me milder? Would you haue me
False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Volum. Oh sir, sir, sir,
I would haue had you put your power well on
Before you had worne it out.

Corio. Let go.

Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are,
With striuing lesse to be so: Lesser had bin
The things of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.

Corio. Let them hang.

Volum. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, something
too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnlesse by not so doing, our good Citie
Cleau in the midd'st, and perish.

Volum. Pray be counsail'd;
I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leades my vse of Anger
To better vantage.

Mene. Well said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus stoope to'th' heart, but that
The violent fit a'th' time craues it as Physicke

For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarsely beare.

Corio. What must I do?

Mene. Returne to th' Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then?

Mene. Repent, what you haue spoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then doo't to them?

Volum. You are too absolute,
Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,
But when extremities speake. I haue heard you say,
Honor and Policy, like vnseuer'd Friends,
I'th' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th' other loose,
That they combine not there?

Corio. Tush, tush.

Mene. A good demand.

Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse
That it shall hold Companionship in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like request.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volum. Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th' people:
Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th' matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my Nature, where

My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd
 I should do so in Honor. I am in this
 Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
 And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
 How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em,
 For the inheritance of their loues, and safegard
 Of what that want might ruine.

Menen. Noble Lady,
 Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may salue so,
 Not what is dangerous present, but the losse
 Of what is past.

Volum. I prythee now, my Sonne,
 Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
 And thus farre hauing stretcht it (here be with them)
 Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
 More learned then the eares, wauing thy head,
 Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
 Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
 That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
 Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
 Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse
 Were fit for thee to vse, as they to clayme,
 In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
 Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,
 As thou hast power and person.

Menen. This but done,
 Euen as she speakes, why their hearts were yours:
 For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
 As words to little purpose.

Volum. Prythee now,
 Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
 Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,
 Then flatter him in a Bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I haue beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong partie, or defend your selfe
By calmnesse, or by absence: all's in anger.

Menen. Onely faire speech.

Com. I thinke 'twill serue, if he can thereto frame his
spirit.

Volum. He must, and will:
Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.

Corio. Must I goe shew them my vnbarb'd Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:
Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose
This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grinde it,
And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to such a part, which neuer
I shall discharge toth' Life.

Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you.

Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier; so
To haue my praise for this, performe a part
Thou hast not done before.

Corio. Well, I must doo't:
Away my disposition, and possesse me
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth,
And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Basenesse.

Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull,
Or neuer trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do your will.

Exit Volumnia

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self
To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are vpon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by inuention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.

Menen. I, but mildely.

Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely.

Exeunt.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antiats*
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Edile. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.

Sicin. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, set downe by'th Pole?

Edile. I haue: 'tis ready.

Sicin. Haue you collected them by Tribes?

Edile. I haue.

Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th' right and strength a'th' Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the olde prerogatiue
And power i'th Truth a'th Cause.

Edile. I shall informe them.

Bru. And when such time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edi. Very well.

Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giu't them.

Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Choller strait, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes
What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his necke.

[Page bb4]

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.

Mene. Calmely, I do beseech you.

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece
Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th' honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs
Through our large Temples with the shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.

I Sen. Amen, Amen.

Mene. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people.

Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I say.

Corio. First heare me speake.

Both Tri. Well, say: Peace hoe.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?

Sicin. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prou'd vpon you.

Corio. I am Content.

Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.
The warlike Seruice he ha's done, consider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue
Laughter onely.

Mene. Consider further:
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:

But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then enuy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.

Sicin. Answer to vs.

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sicin. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traytor?

Mene. Nay temperately: your promise.

Corio. The fires i'th' lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clucht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyeest vnto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sicin. Marke you this people?

All. To'th' Rocke, to'th' Rocke with him.

Sicin. Peace:

We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake:
Beating your Officers, cursing your selues,
Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Euen this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde
Deserues th' extreamest death.

Bru. But since he hath seru'd well for Rome.

Corio. What do you prate of Seruice.

Brut. I talke of that, that know it.

Corio. You?

Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. Ile know no further:

Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,
To haue't with saying, Good morrow.

Sicin. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at last,
Giuen Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th' people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(Eu'n from this instant) banish him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th' Peoples name,
I say it shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake:

I haue bene Consull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wiues estimate, her wombes encrease,
And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.

Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th' rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let euery feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with noddling of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,
Making but reseruatiō of your selues,
Still your owne Foes) deliuer you
As most abated Captiues, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere. *Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalijs.*
They all shout, and throw vp their Caps.

[Page bb4v]

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight
Giue him deseru'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend vs through the City.

All. Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come:
The Gods preserue our Noble Tribunes, come.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,
with the yong Nobility of Rome.*

Corio. Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits,
That common chances. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make inuincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens!

Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:

I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'd haue done, and sau'd
Your Husband so much swet. *Cominius*,
Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy teares are salter then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall,
I haue seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
Tis fond to waile ineuitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards still haue beene your solace, and
Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Volum. My first sonne,
Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee awhile: Determine on some course

More then a wilde exposture, to each chance
That starts i'th' way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods!

Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to seeke a single man,
And loose aduantage, which doth euer coole
Ith' absence of the needer.

Corio. Fare ye well:

Thou hast yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warres surfets, to go roue with one
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my dearest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
While I remaine aboue the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthily

As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could shake off but one seuen yeeres
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'd with thee, euery foot.

Corio. Giue me thy hand, come.

Exeunt

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,
with the Edile.*

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see haue sided
In his behalfe.

Brut. Now we haue shewne our power,
Let vs seeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sicin. They say she's mad.

Brut. They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way.

Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th' hoorded plague a'th' Gods requit your loue.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare,
Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankinde?

Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou hast spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blessed Heauens!

Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer thou wise words.
And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?

Virg. When then? Hee'ld make an end of thy posterity

Volum. Bastards, and all.
Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnknit himselfe
The Noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Volum. I would he had? Twas thou incenst the rable.
Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heauen
Will not haue earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.
You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll excede
The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne
This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)
Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all.

[Page bb5]

Bru. Well, well, wee'l leaue you.

Sicin. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits.

Exit Tribunes.

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirme my Cursses. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would vnclogge my heart
Of what lyes heauy too't.

Mene. You haue told them home,
And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me.

Volum. Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,
And so shall sterue with Feeding: come, let's go,
Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Iuno*-like: Come, come, come.

Exeunt

Mene. Fie, fie, fie.

Exit.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your name I thinke is *Adrian*.

Volce. It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet.

Volce. Nicanor: no.

Rom. The same sir.

Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean state to finde you out there. You haue well saued mee a dayes iourney.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrecti-
ons: The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com
upon them, in the heate of their diuision

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue so to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus Banisht?

Rom. Banish'd sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Ni-canor*.

Rom. The day serues well for them now. I haue heard it saide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when shee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Auffidius* will appeare well in these Warres, his great Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his coun-
tre.

Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Bu-
sinesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Aduersaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?

Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billeted already in th' entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning.

Rom. I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

Volce. You take my part from me sir, I haue the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let vs go together.

Exeunt.

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, disguised, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium*. Citty,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre
Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres
Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,
Least that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with stones
In puny Battell slay me. Saue you sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auf-fidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

Corio. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This heere before you.

Corio. Thanke you sir, farewell.

Exit Citizen

Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,
Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue,
Vnseparable, shall within this houre,
On a dissention of a Doit, breake out
To bitterest Enmity: So fellest Foes,
Whose Passions, and whose Plots haue broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends
And inter-ioyne their yssues. So with me,
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon
This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me
He does faire Iustice: if he giue me way,
Ile do his Country Service.

Exit.

Musicke playes. Enter a Seruingman.

1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere? I
thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.

Enter another Seruingman.

2 Ser. Where's *Cotus*: my M[aster]. calls for him: *Cotus*.

Exit

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House:
The Feast smels well: but I appeare not like a Guest.

Enter the first Seruingman.

1 Ser. What would you haue Friend? whence are you?
Here's no place for you: pray go to the doore?

Exit

Corio. I haue deseru'd no better entertainment, in be-
ing *Coriolanus*.

Enter second Seruant.

2 *Ser.* Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in his head, that he giues entrance to such Companions? Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 *Ser.* Away? Get you away.

Corio. Now th'art troublesome.

2 *Ser.* Are you so braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this?

1 A strange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'thhouse: Prythee call my Master to him.

3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid the house.

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth.

3 What are you?

Corio. A Gentleman.

3 A maru'llous poore one.

Corio. True, so I am.

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other sta-tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you auoid: Come.

[Page bb5v]

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits.

Pushes him away from him.

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister what a strange Guest he ha's heere.

2 And I shall.

Exit second Seruingman.

3 Where dwel'st thou?

Corio. Vnder the Canopy.

3 Vnder the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and crowes.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Asse it is,
then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I serue not thy Master.

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio. I, tis an honest seruice, then to meddle with
thy Mistris: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serue with thy trencher:
Hence.

Beats him away

Enter Auffidius with the Seruingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here sir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for
disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What wouldst y? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing
me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie com-
mands me name my selfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vnmusicall to the Volcians eares,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face
Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne,
Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowst thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name:

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witnesse may

My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Seruice,
 The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
 Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requitted:
 But with that Surname, a good memorie
 And witnesse of the Malice and Displeasure
 Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains.
 The Cruelty and Enuy of the people,
 Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
 Haue all forsooke me, hath deuour'd the rest:
 And suffer'd me by th' voyce of Slaues to be
 Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
 Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope
 (Mistake me not) to saue my life: for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th' World
 I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight
 To be full quit of those my Banishers,
 Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge
 Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes
 Of shame seene through thy Country, speed thee straight
 And make my misery serue thy turne: So vse it,
 That my reuengefull Seruices may proue
 As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
 Against my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene
 Of all the vnder Fiends. But if so be,
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes
 Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am
 Longer to liue most wearie: and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole,
 Since I haue euer followed thee with hate,
 Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries brest,
 And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse
 It be to do thee seruice.

Auf. Oh *Martius*, *Martius*;

Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter
 Should from yond clowd speake diuine things,
 And say 'tis true; I'de not beleue them more
 Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine

Mine armes about that body, where against
 My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I cleep
 The Anuile of my Sword, and do contest
 As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,
 As euer in Ambitious strength, I did
 Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
 I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man
 Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere
 Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
 Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw
 Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
 We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
 Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out
 Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me:
 We haue beene downe together in my sleepe,
 Vnbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,
 And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
 Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelue, to seuentie: and powring Warre
 Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome,
 Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
 And take our friendly Senators by'th' hands
 Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee,
 Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
 Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You blesse me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue
 The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
 Th' one halfe of my Commission, and set downe
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies
 Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,
 Let me commend thee first, to those that shall

Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,
Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Exeunt

Enter two of the Seruingmen.

I Heere's a strange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thoght to haue stroken him with
a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his cloathes made
a false report of him.

I What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his
finger and his thumbe, as one would set vp a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing
in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot
tell how to tearme it.

I He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd
but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, Ile be sworne: He is simply the rarest man
i'th' world.

I I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he,
You wot one.

2 Who my Master?

I Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth six on him.

I Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater
Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for
the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

I I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Seruingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

[Page bb6]

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as
liue be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Ge-
nerall, *Caius Martius*.

I Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was al-
wayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too
hard for him, I haue heard him say so himselfe.

I He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth
on't before *Corioles*, he scotcht him, and notcht him like a
Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue
boyld and eaten him too.

I But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were
Son and Heire to Mars, set at vpper end o'th' Table: No
question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand
bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistris
of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes vp the
white o'th' eye to his Discourse. But the bottome of the
Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th' middle, & but one halfe
of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by
the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he
sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th' eares. He
will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his passage
poul'd.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you sir, he has as ma-
ny Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst
not (looke you sir) shew themselues (as we terme it) his
Friends, whilst he's in Directitude.

I Directitude? What's that?

3 But when they shall see sir, his Crest vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

I But when goes this forward:

3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall haue the Drum strooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee shall haue a stirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

I Let me haue Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard Children, then warres a destroyer of men.

2 'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to be a Rauisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

I I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reason, because they then lesse neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

Exeunt

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him,
His remedies are tame, the present peace,
And quietnesse of the people, which before
Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends
Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had,
Though they themselues did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestring streets, then see
Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late:
Haile Sir.

Mene. Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much mist, but with his
Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would
do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might haue bene much better,
if he could haue temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing:
His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preserue you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

I Our selues, our wiues, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Liue, and thriue.

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours:
We wisht *Coriolanus* had lou'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Citizens

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time,
Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets,
Crying Confusion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was
A worthy Officer i'th' Warre, but Insolent,
O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking
Selfe-louing.

Sicin. And affecting one sole Throne, without assista[n]ce

Mene. I thinke not so.

Sicin. We should by this, to all our Lamention,
If he had gone forth Consull, found it so.

Bru. The Gods haue well preuented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Aedile.

Aedile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slaue whom we haue put in prison,
Reports the Volces with two seuerall Powers
Are entred in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepest malice of the Warre,
Destroy, what lies before' em.

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius* Banishment,
Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world
Which were In-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for Rome,
And durst not once peepe out.

[Page bb6v]

Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius*.

Bru. Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with vs.

Mene. Cannot be?
We haue Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Least you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going
All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming
That turnes their Countenances.

Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report.

Mes. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaues report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuer'd.

Sicin. What more fearefull?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioyn'd with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as spacious, as betweene
The yong'st and oldest thing.

Sicin. This is most likely.

Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Martius* home againe.

Sicin. The very tricke on't.

Mene. This is vnlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone
Then violent'st Contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Auffidius*, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you haue made good worke.

Mene. What newes? What newes?

Com. You haue help to rauish your owne daughters, &
To melt the Citty Leades vpon your pates,
To see your Wiues dishonour'd to your Noses.

Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?

Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.

Mene. Pray now, your Newes:
You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* should be ioyn'd with Volceans.

Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shapes man Better: and they follow him
Against vs Brats, with no lesse Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.

Mene. You haue made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and
The breath of Garlicke-eaters.

Com. Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares.

Mene. As *Hercules* did shake downe Mellow Fruite:
You haue made faire worke.

Brut. But is this true sir?

Com. I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly Reuolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.

Mene. We are all vndone, vnlesse
The Noble man haue mercy.

Com. Who shall aske it?
The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people
Deserue such pittie of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they

Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen
As those should do that had deseru'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I haue not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.

Com. You haue brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was neuer
S' incapeable of helpe.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gauē way vnto your Clusters, who did hoot
Him out o'th' Citty.

Com. But I feare
They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Affidius*,
The second name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Clusters.
And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into one coale,
We haue deseru'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.

I Cit. For mine owne part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty.

2 And so did I.

3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many of vs, that we did we did for the best, and though we willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.

Mene. You haue made good worke
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

Com. Oh I, what else?

Exeunt both.

Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismaid,
These are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true, which they so seeme to feare. Go home,
And shew no signe of Feare.

[Page cc1]

1 Cit. The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's
home, I euer said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd
him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

Exit Cit.

Bru. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth
Would buy this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go.

Exeunt Tribunes.

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flye to'th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but
Your Soldiers vse him as the Grace 'fore meate,
Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end,
And you are darkned in this action Sir,
Euen by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now,
Vnlesse by vsing meanes I lame the foote
Of our designe. He beares himselfe more proudlier,
Euen to my person, then I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish Sir,
(I meane for your particular) you had not
Ioyn'd in Commission with him: but either haue borne
The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly.

Auf. I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure
When he shall come to his account, he knowes not
What I can vrge against him, although it seemes
And so he thinkes, and is no lesse apparant
To th' vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely:
And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeue as soone
As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone
That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine,
When ere we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians loue him too:
The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people
Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty
To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome
As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it
By Soueraignty of Nature. First, he was
A Noble seruant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honors eeuen: whether 'twas Pride
Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints
The happy man; whether defect of iudgement,
To faile in the disposing of those chances
Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,
Not to be other then one thing, not moouing
From th' Caske to th' Cushion: but commanding peace
Euen with the same austerity and garbe,

As he controll'd the warre. But one of these
(As he hath spices of them all) not all,
For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit
To choake it in the vtt'rance: So our Vertue,
Lie in th' interpretation of the time,
And power vnto it selfe most commendable,
Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire
T' extoll what it hath done.
One fire driues out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.
Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
the two Tribunes, with others.*

Menen. No, ile not go: you heare what he hath said
Which was sometime his Generall: who loued him
In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him
A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To heare *Cominius* speake, Ile keepe at home.

Com. He would not seeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we haue bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not answer too: Forbad all Names,
He was a kinde of Nothing, Titlelesse,
Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th' fire
Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so: you haue made good worke:
A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome,
To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon
When it was lesse expected. He replied
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd.

Menen. Very well, could he say lesse.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For's priuate Friends. His answer to me was
He could not stay to picke them, in a pile
Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly
For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt
And still to nose th' offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two?
I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,
And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines,
You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt
Aboue the Moone. We must be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde
In this so neuer-needed helpe, yet do not
Vpbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you
Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue
More then the instant Armie we can make
Might stop our Countryman.

Mene. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Mene. What should I do?

Bru. Onely make triall what your Loue can do,
For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Mene. Well, and say that *Martius* returne mee,
As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheard: what then?
But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot
With his vnkindnesse. Say't be so?

Sicin. Yet your good will
Must haue that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Mene. Ile vndertak't:
I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,
And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue stufft
These Pipes, and these Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue suppler Soules
Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then Ile set vpon him.

[Page cc1v]

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindnesse,
And cannot lose your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long, haue knowledge
Of my successe.

Exit.

Com. Hee'l neuer heare him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismiss me
Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vnlesse his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to solícite him
For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties hast them on.

Exeunt

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

I. Wat. Stay: whence are you.

2. Wat. Stand, and go backe.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with *Coriolanus*

I From whence?

Mene. From Rome.

I You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall
will no more heare from thence.

2 You'l see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l speake with *Coriolanus*.

Mene. Good my Friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius*.

I Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere passable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparalell'd, happely amplified:
For I haue euer verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a subtile ground
I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Haue (almost) stampt the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
I must haue leaue to passe.

I Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you haue vttered words in your owne, you should not
passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
liue chastly. Therefore go backe.

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,
always factionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howsoever you haue bin his Lier, as you say you haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, must say you cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can'st thou tell? For I would not speake with him, till after dinner.

I You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

I Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you haue pusht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a de-cay'd Dotant as you seeme to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therefore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of repreeue and pardon.

Mene. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere, He would vse me with estimation.

I Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

I My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: least I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vt-most of your hauing, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall perceiue, that a lacke gardant cannot office me from my Son *Coriolanus*, guesse but my entertainment with him: if thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, be-

hold now presently, and swoond for what's to come vpon thee. The glorious Gods sit in houely Synod about thy particular prosperity, and loue thee no worse then thy old Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it. I was hardly moued to come to thee: but beeing assured none but my selfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne out of your Gates with sighes: and coniure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods asswage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denied my accesse to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe My Reuenge properly, my remission lies In Volcean brests. That we haue beene familiar, Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall poison rather Then pittie: Note how much, therefore be gone. Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee, Take this along, I writ it for thy sake, And would haue sent it. Another word *Menenius*, I will not heare thee speake. This man *Auffidius* Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auffid. You keepe a constant temper.

Exeunt

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

I Now sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 'Tis a spell you see of much power:
You know the way home againe.

I Do you heare how wee are shent for keeping your
greatnesse backe?

2 What cause do you thinke I haue to swoond?

Menen. I neither care for th' world, nor your General:
for such things as you. I can scarce thinke ther's any, y'are
so slight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it
not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For
you, bee that you are, long; and your misery encrease
with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away.

[Page cc2]

Exit

I A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock,
The Oake not to be winde-shaken.

Exit Watch.

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set downe our Hoast. My partner in this Action,
You must report to th' Volcian Lords, how plainly
I haue borne this Businesse.

Auf. Onely their ends you haue respected,
Stopt your eares against the generall suite of Rome:
Neuer admitted a priuat whisper, no not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Corio. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I haue sent to Rome,
Lou'd me, aboue the measure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old Loue I haue
(Though I shew'd sowrely to him) once more offer'd
The first Conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I haue yeelded too. Fresh Embasses, and Suites,
Nor from the State, nor priuate friends heereafter
Will I lend eare to. Ha? what shout is this? *Shout within*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius,
with Attendants.*

My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection,
All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake;
Let it be Vertuous to be Obstinate.
What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doues eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
In supplication Nod: and my yong Boy
Hath an Aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer
Be such a Gosling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that deliuers vs thus chang'd,
Makes you thinke so.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I haue forgot my part,
And I am out, euen to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh,
Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not say,
For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kisse
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Reuenge!
Now by the iealous Queene of Heauen, that kisse
I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray,
And the most noble Mother of the world
Leaue vnsaluted: Sinke my knee i'th' earth, *Kneeles*
Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew
Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum. Oh stand vp blest!
Whil'st with no softer Cushion then the Flint
I kneele before thee, and vnproperly
Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,
Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me?
To your Corrected Sonne?
Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring Impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight worke.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Sister of *Publicola*;
The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Isicle
That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow,
And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Deere *Valeria*.

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours,
Which by th' interpretation of full time,
May shew like all your selfe.

Corio. The God of Souldiers:
With the consent of supreame Ioue, informe
Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst proue
To shame vnvulnerable, and sticke i'th Warres
Like a great Sea-marke standing euery flaw,
And sauing those that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my braue Boy.

Volum. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe,
Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I beseech you peace:
Or if you'ld aske, remember this before;
The thing I haue forsworne to graunt, may neuer
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my Soldiers, or capitulate
Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not
Wherein I seeme vnnaturall: Desire not t' allay
My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reasons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more:
You haue said you will not grant vs any thing:
For we haue nothing else to aske, but that

Which you deny already: yet we will aske,
That if you faile in our request, the blame
May hang vpon your hardnesse, therefore heare vs.

Corio. Auffidius, and you Volces marke, for wee'l
Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your request?

Volum. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment
And state of Bodies would bewray what life
We haue led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe,
How more vnfortunate then all liuing women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts,
Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we
Thine enmities most capitall: Thou barr'st vs
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enioy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory:
Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loose
The Countrie our deere Nurse, or else thy person
Our comfort in the Country. We must finde
An euident Calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
Must as a Forraine Recreant be led
With Manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,
And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy Country, then to treade
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

[Page cc2v]

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name liuing to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tendernesse to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to see:
I haue sate too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs
As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiu'd, and each in either side
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
To th' insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou hast affected the fiue straines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th' Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boul
That should but riue an Oake. Why do'st not speake?
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
When she (poor Hen) fond of no second brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,

And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
 That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which
 To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
 Down Ladies: let vs shame him with him with our knees
 To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
 Then pittie to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
 This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
 And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
 This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
 But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
 Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
 Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:
 This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
 His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
 Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:
 I am husht vntill our City be afire, & then Ile speak a litle

Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!

What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
 The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
 They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
 You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
 But for your Sonne, beleeeue it: Oh beleeeue it,
 Most dangerously you haue with him preuail'd,
 If not most mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
 Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
 Were you in my steed, would you haue heard
 A Mother lesse? or granted lesse *Auffidius*?

Auf. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be sworne you were:

And sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir)
 What peace you'l make, aduise me: For my part,
 Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
 Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My selfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you shall beare
A better witnesse backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-seal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deserue
To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not haue made this peace.

Exeunt.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner stone?

Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, espe-
cially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I say, there
is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay vpon
execution.

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man.

Mene. There is differency between a Grub & a But-
terfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is
growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more
then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deerely.

Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his
Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tartnesse
of his face, sowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues
like an Engine, and the ground shrinkes before his Trea-
ding. He is able to pierce a Corslet with his eye: Talkes
like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State,
as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done, is
finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good vnto vs. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not vs.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'ld saue your life, flye to your House,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe; all swearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home
They'l giue him death by Inches.

[Page cc3]

Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes?

Mess. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue preuayl'd.
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't most certaine.

Mes. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-butts, Psalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the showing Romans,
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you.

A shout within

Mene. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes such as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates,
I'de not haue giuen a doit. Harke, how they ioy.

Sound still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods blesse you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankfulnessse.

Mess. Sir, we haue all great cause to giue great thanks.

Sicin. They are neere the City.

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy.

Exeunt.

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing ouer
the Stage, with other Lords.*

Sena. Behold our Patronnesse, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them:
Vnshoot the noise that Banish'd *Martius*;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th' City, I am heere:
Deliuier them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repayre to th' Market place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.

Most Welcome.

1.Con. How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen so, as with a man by his owne Almes im-poyson'd,
and with his Charity slaine.

2.Con. Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wisht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We must proceed as we do finde the People.

3.Con. The People will remaine vncertaine, whil'st
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Suruiuor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing so my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,
But to be rough, vnswayable, and free.

3.Consp. Sir, his stoutnesse
When he did stand for Consull, which he lost
By lacke of stooping.

Auf. That I would haue spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came vnto my Harth,
Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him ioynt-seruant with me: Gaue him way
In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose
Out of my Files, his proiects, to accomplish
My best and freshest men, seru'd his designements
In mine owne person: holpe to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride
To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last
I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.

I.Con. So he did my Lord:
The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no lesse Spoile, then Glory.

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinewes shall be stretcht vpon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,
And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.

*Drummes and Trumpets sounds, with great
showts of the people.*

I.Con. Your Natiue Towne you enter'd like a Poste,
And had no welcomes home, but he returnes
Splitting the Ayre with noyse.

2.Con. And patient Fooles,
Whose children he hath slaine, their base throats teare
With giuing him glory.

3.Con. Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expresse himselfe, or moue the people
With what he would say, let him feele your Sword:
Which we will second, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reasons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auff. I haue not deseru'd it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heede perused
What I haue written to you?

All. We haue.

I.Lord. And greeue to heare't:
What faults he made before the last, I thinke
Might haue found easie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and giue away

The benefit of our Leuies, answering vs
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse.

[Page cc3v]

Auf. He approaches, you shall heare him.

*Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The
Commoners being with him.*

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I haue attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Warres, euen to
The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no lesse Honor to the *Antiates*
Then shame to th' Romaines. And we heere deliuer
Subscrib'd by'th' Consuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what
We haue compounded on.

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, *Martius*.

Corio. *Martius*?

Auf. I *Martius*, *Caius Martius*: Do'st thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*?
You Lords and Heads a'th' State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your businesse, and giuen vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I say your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counsaile a'th' warre: But at his Nurses teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,

That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'st thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more.

Corio. Measurelesse Lyar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slaue,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that euer
I was forc'd to scoul'd. Your iudgments my graue Lords
Must giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my stripes imprest vpon him, that
Must beare my beating to his Graue, shall ioyne
To thrust the Lye vnto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I
Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles*.
Alone I did it, Boy.

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this vnholly Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Consp. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it presently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cosine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 Lord. Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th' earth: His last offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with six *Auffidiusses*, or more:
His Tribe, to vse my lawfull Sword.

Auf. Insolent Villaine.

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

*Draw both the Conspirators, and kils Martius, who
falles, Auffidius stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Masters, heare me speake.

1.Lord. O *Tullus*.

2.Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.

3.Lord. Tread not vpon him Masters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,
When you shall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My selfe your loyall Seruant, or endure
Your heauiest Censure.

1.Lord. Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarse, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2.Lord. His owne impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Best of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am strucke with sorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a'th' cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:
Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,

Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. Assist.

*Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March
Sounded.*

FINIS.

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS. ↩

[Page 31]

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

*Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then
enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore,
and Bassianus and his Followers at the
other, with Drum & Colours.*

Saturninus. Noble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my louing Followers,
Pleade my Successiue Title with your Swords.
I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right:
If euer *Bassianus*, *Caesars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th' Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Desert in pure Election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that striue by Factions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pious*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour,

Liues not this day within the City Walles.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would haue now succede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismisse your Followers, and as Suters should,
Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes,
To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie
In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:
And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiours.

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismisse you all,
And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,

As I am confident and kinde to thee.

Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. They go vp into the Senat house.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

*Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus
Sonne; After them, two men bearing a Coffin couered
with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus
Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, &
her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the
Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the
Coffin, and Titus speakes.*

Andronicus. Haile Rome:

Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,

Returns with precious lading to the Bay,

From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage:

Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,

To resalute his Country with his teares,

Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,

Thou great defender of this Capitoll,

Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.

Romaines, of fieve and twenty Valiant Sonnes,

Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had,

Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!

These that Suruiue, let Rome reward with Loue:

These that I bring vnto their latest home,

With buriall amongst their Auncestors.

Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:

Titus vnkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,

Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,

[Page cc4v]

To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greeete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

Luc. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I giue him you, the Noblest that Suruiues,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.

Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, staine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.

Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:

To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning lookes.
Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,
Whole smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to their Soules.

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe,

In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

Laii. In peace and Honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd.

Ti. Kind Rome,
That hast thus louingly reseru'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marc. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome Nephews from succesfull wars,
You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.
But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aspir'd to *Solons* Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chance in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse:
What should I don this Robe and trouble you,

[Page cc5]

Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new businesse for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries strength successefully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vp right he held it Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. Romaines do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:

Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say: Long liue our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeans we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And say, *Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.*

A long Flourish till they come downe.

Satu. Titus Andronicus, for thy Fauours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:
And for an Onset *Titus* to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart
And in the Sacred *Pathan* her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

Satu. Thankes 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 vnspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Tit. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your Honour and your State,

Will vse you Nobly and your followers.

Satu. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make you Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lauinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lau. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.

Sat. Thankes sweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe:
Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Bass. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this Maid is mine.

Tit. How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bass. I Noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuiquam*, is our Romane Iustice,
This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.

Tit. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guard?
Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Bass. By him that iustly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Muti. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Mut. My Lord you passe not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kils him.*

Luc. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue slaine your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.
Traytor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist Loue.

*Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two
sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.*

Empe. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.
Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:
A Valliant sonne in-law thou shalt enioy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

[Page cc5v]

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Thebe* mong'st her Nimphs
Dost ouer-shine the Gallant'st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths dost thou applau'd my choyse?
And heere I swear by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,
And Tapers burne so bright, and euery thing

In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade espous'd my Bride along with me.

Tamo. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Satur. Ascend Faire Queene,
Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confedrates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
This Monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I haue Sumptuously re-edified.
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes speakes. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Ti. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes. He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1.Sonne. He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2.Sonne. Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.

The Brother and the sonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2.Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in Honour and *Lauinia's* cause.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aiax*
That slew himselfe: And *Laertes* sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends.
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe.

They all kneele and say.

No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,
He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause.

Exit.

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?

Ti. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

*Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore
at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and
Lauinia with others.*

Sat. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy sir of your Gallant Bride.

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possest of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good sir: you are very short with vs,
But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you.

Bass. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
Answere I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:
Receiue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expre'st himselfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus* leaue to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,
Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.

Satu. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge?

Tam. Not so my Lord,
The Gods of Rome fore-fend,
I should be Authour to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust suruey take *Titus* part,
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,

[Page cc6]

To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

King. Rise *Titus*, rise,
My Empresse hath preuail'd.

Titus. I thanke your Maiestie,
And her my Lord.
These words, these lookes,
Infuse new life in me.

Tamo. *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus*, I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:
And you *Lauinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.

Son. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.

Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.

King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

King. Marcus,
For thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamora's* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a Loue-day *Tamora*.

Tit. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele giue your Grace *Bon iour*.

Satur. Be it so *Titus*, and Gramercy to.

Exeunt.

Actus Secunda.

Flourish. Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatning reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piercing hills:
So *Tamora*
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucasus*.
Away with slauish weedes, and idle thoughts,

I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empresse.
To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddess, this *Semirimis*, this Queene.
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'st affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou doo'st ouer-weene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for *Lauinia's* loue.

Aron. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduised)
Gaued you a daunsing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.

Deme. I Boy, grow ye so braue?

They drawe.

Aron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more

[Page cc6v]

Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:

For shame put vp.

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.

Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.

Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world.

Demet. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.

Chi. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whom I do loue.

Aron. To atcheiue her, how?

Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,

Shee is *Lauinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

Aron. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality:
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.

Chi. I so the turne were serued.

Deme. *Aaron* thou hast hit it.

Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Deme. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:
'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolute,
That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Then this *Lauinia*, *Bassianus* loue,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
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 Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainie and vengance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinia's* Treasurie.

Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.

Deme. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manes Vehor.

Exeunt.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse
with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winde Hornes.

*Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron, De-
metrius, and their Attendants.*

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.

Bass. Lauinia, how say you?

Lau. I say no:
I haue bene awake two houres and more.

Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.

Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Promontary top.

Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine

[Page dd1]

Deme. Chiron we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground.

Exeunt

Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this Gold must coine a Stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany;
And so repose sweet Gold for their vnrest,
That haue their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My louely *Aaron,*
Wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boast?
The Birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,

The greene leaues quiuer, with the cooling winde,
 And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:
 Vnder their sweete shade, *Aaron* let vs sit,
 And whil'st the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let vs sit downe, and marke their yelping noyse:
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd.
 The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd,
 When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
 And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Caue,
 We may each wreathed in the others armes,
 (Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,
 Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds
 Be vnto vs, as is a Nurses Song
 Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe.

Aron. Madame,
 Though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
 Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:
 What signifies my deadly standing eye,
 My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
 My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,
 Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
 To do some fatall execution?
 No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
 Harke *Tamora*, the Empresse of my Soule,
 Which neuer hopes more heauen, then rests in thee,
 This is the day of Doome for *Bassianus*;
 His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
 Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
 Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
 And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
 Now question me no more, we are espied,
 Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
 Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lauinia.

Tamo. Ah my sweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life.

Aron. No more great *Empresse*, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.

Bassi. Whom haue we heere?
Romes Royall *Empresse*,
Vnfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?

Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps:
Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
Thy Temples should be planted presently.
With Hornes, as was *Acteons*, and the Hounds
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lau. Vnder your patience gentle *Empresse*,
'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ioue sheild your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.

Bassi. Beleeue me *Queene*, your swarth *Cymerion*,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lau. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Saucinesse, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauens coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bassi. The King my Brother shall haue notice of this.

Lau. I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?

Tamo. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale.
These two haue tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is.
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Mosse, and balefull Misselto.
Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen:
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,
Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vrchins,
Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a dismall yew,
And leaue me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,
Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witnessse that I am thy Sonne.

stab him.

Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to shew my strength.

Laui. I come *Semeramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*.
For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tam. Giue me thy poyniard, you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
This Minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?

Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust.

Tamo. But when ye haue the hony we desire,
Let not this Waspe out-liue vs both to sting.

Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice-preserued honesty of yours.

Lau. Oh *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman face.

Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lau. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them,
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.

Lau. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pittie.

Chiro. What,
Would'st thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?

Laui. 'Tis true,
The Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pittie, did indure
To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some say, that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whil'st their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.

Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.

Lauin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.

Tamo. Had'st thou in person nere offended me.
Euen for his sake am I pittillesse:
Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.

Laui. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?

Laui. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Deme. Away,
For thou hast staid vs heere too long.

Lauinia. No Grace,

No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall— —

Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid vs hide him.

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,
And let my spleenfull Sonnes this Trull defloure.

Exit.

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

Quin. What art thou fallen?
What subtile Hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new-shed-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me:
Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Martius. Oh Brother,
With the dismal'st obiect
That euer eye with sight made heart lament.

Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his Brother.

Exit Aaron.

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhalow'd and blood-stained Hole?

Quintus. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.

Marti. To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,

Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child to feare I know not what.

Marti. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailles of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocitus* mistie mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.

Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee.

[Page dd2]

Both fall in.

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'st descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The vnhappie sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
'Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Marti. We know not where you left him all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere *Tamora*, though grieu'd with killing grieffe.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

*Saturninus reads the Letter. And if we misse to meete him hansomely,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit:
Where we decreed to bury Bassianuss
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.*

King. Oh *Tamora*, was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke sirs, if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murdered *Bassianus* heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuis'd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.

Tamo. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discouered?

Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them.

King. If it be prou'd? you see it is apparant,
Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?

Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.

Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To answeere their suspition with their liues.

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murdered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed.

Tamo. *Andronicus* I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
Stay not to talke with them.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Empresse Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and
her tongue cut out, and rauisht.*

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the Scribe.

Dem. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.

Chi. Goe home,
Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.
And so let's leaue her to her silent walkes.

Chi. And t'were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Dem. If thou had'st hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lauinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments
Whose circkling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleep in
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy Loue: Why doost not speake to me?
Alas, a Crimson riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And least thou should'st detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,

As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I speake for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast
That I might raile at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt.
Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela* she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withall,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery.

[Page dd2v]

Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

*Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound,
passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going
before pleading.*

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,

For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
 And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
 Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
 Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
 For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
 Because they died in honours lofty bed.
Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
 For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
 Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
 My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
 O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine
 That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
 Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
 In summers drought: Ile drop vpon thee still,
 In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
 And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Exeunt

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
 Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
 And let me say (that neuer wept before)
 My teares are now preualing Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
 The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
 Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.

Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
 They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
 They would not pittie me.
 Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.
 Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
 Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale;
 When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete

Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc't
My euerlasting doome of banishment.

Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Ti. Why *Marcus* so she is.

Luc. Aye me this obiect kills me.

Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grieffe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nur'st this woe,

In feeding life:

In bootlesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.
Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well *Lauinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.

Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodius bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.

Luci. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?

Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receiude some vnrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wildernesse of Sea.
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me. What shall I doe?
Now I behold thy liuely body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death

[Page dd3]

Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered.

Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her
husband,
Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes
How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With miery slime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuse of further miseries
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your grieffe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine
eyes.

Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.

Lu. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

Ti. Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe 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 sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
Did euer Rauens sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue
To ransome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall goe.

Lu. By heauen it shall not goe.

Ti. Sirs striue no more, such withered hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee.

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Mar. But I will vse the Axe.

Exeunt

Ti. Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,

Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,
And neuer whil'st I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that you'l say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now stay your strife, what shall be, is dispatch:
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie 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 haue.
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face.

Exit.

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the Sun with fogge as sometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.

Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames.

Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?
Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

[Page dd3v]

Mar. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
Then giue me leaue, for losers will haue leaue,
To ease their stomackes 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 sentst the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death.

Exit.

Marc. Now let hot Aetna coole in Cicilie,
And be my heart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?

Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha,

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.

Ti. Why I haue not another teare to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue?
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,

And swear vnto my soule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be employd in these things:
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The woful'st man that euer liu'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
But in obliuion and hateful griefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,
To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius

A Banket.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more
Then will preserue iust so much strength in vs
As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus vnknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold grieffe,
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirranize vppon my breast.

Who when my hart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,
When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?
Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:
Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.

Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands vppon her tender life.

An. How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?
Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I:
What violent hands can she lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands,
To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Least we remember still that we haue none,
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
As if we should forget we had no hands:
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what she saies,
I can interpret all her martir'd signes,
She saies, she drinckes no other drinke but teares
Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd vppon her cheekes,
Speechlesse complayner, I will learne thy thought:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sighe nor hold thy stumps to heauen,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe;
But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,
And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire leaue these bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

[Page dd4]

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,
Doth weepe to see his grandsires heauinesse.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.

What doest thou strike at *Marcus* with knife.

Mar. At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Fly

An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,
Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not *Titus* brother: get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.

An. But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmelesse Fly,
That with his pretty buzing melody,
Came heere to make vs merry,
And thou hast kil'd him.

Mar. Pardon me sir,
It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.

An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable deed:
Giue me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my selfe, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to poyson me.
There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamora*: Ah sirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, grieffe ha's so wrought on him,
He takes false shadowes, for true substances.

An. Come, take away: *Lauinia*, goe with me,
Ile to thy closset, and goe read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus.

*Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and
the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.*

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Gransier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncler *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme

Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes?

Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane:
See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
For I haue heard my Gransier say full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue read that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie
Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucius I will.

Ti. How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see,
Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.
What booke?
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them to reuenge.

Ti. Lucius what booke is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsier 'tis Ouids *Metamorphosis*,
My mother gaue it me.

Mar. For loue of her that's gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

Ti. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lauinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*?
And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues

Ti. Lauinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,
Rauisht and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?
Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Giue signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends
What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?
Or slunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercury*,
Inspire me that I may this treason finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*.

*He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it
with feete and mouth.*

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc'st vs to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

[Page dd4v]

*She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
stumps and writes.*

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ?
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclames.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lauinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,

Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good aduise)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Ti. Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league.
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a Gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.

Boy. And Vncle so will I, and if I liue.

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:

Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we sir, and wee be waited on.

Exeunt.

Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus attend him in his extasie,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*.

Exit

*Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another
dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*

Chi. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
I greeete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsire well aduis'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I do and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines.

Exit

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?
Let's see.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus, non egit maury iaculis nec ar-cus.

Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I iust, a verse in *Horace*: right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
Heer's no sound iest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:

But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, was't not a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of loue.

Moore. Heere lack's but your mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone.
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron. To whom?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God giue her good rest,
What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A deuill.

Aron. Why then she is the Deuils Dam: a ioyfull issue.

Nurse. A ioylesse, dismall, blacke &, sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Among'st the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Aron. Out you whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beautious blossome sure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.

Chi. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur'st the off-spring of so foule a fiend.

Chi. It shall not liue.

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aaron* it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. What, must it *Nurse*? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:

Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this Boy was got,

[Page dd5]

He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.
I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although she laue them hourelly in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?

Aron. My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for euer sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Chi. I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie.

Aron. Why ther's the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the hart:
Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father;
As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were
He is infranchised and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. Aaron what shall I say vnto the Empresse?

Dem. Aduise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

Deme. How many women saw this childe of his?

Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swells not so as *Aaron* stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the childe?

Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my selfe,
And none else but the deliuered Empresse.

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell, when the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said, *He kils her*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th' spit.

Deme. What mean'st thou *Aron*?
Wherefore did'st thou this?

Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?
Shall she liue to betray this guilt of our's:
A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with them, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their Childe shall be aduaunc'd,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne,
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physicke,
And you must needs bestow her funerall,

The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
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 ayre with secrets.

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee.

Exeunt.

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greeete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and command a Campe.

Exit

*Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen
with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with
Letters on the end of them.*

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
She's gone, she's fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean:
And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,

[Page dd5v]

Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie case
To see thy Noble Vnckle thus distract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t' attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius* how now? how now my Maisters?
What haue you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
Marrie for iustice she is so imploy'd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else:
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus* steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my selfe,
Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoote against the winde.
Too it Boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid:
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now Maisters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Mar. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose
But giue them to his Maister for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heauen,
Marcus the poast is come.
Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters?
Shall I haue Iustice, what sayes *Iupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Iibbetmaker, he sayes that he hath ta-
ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd
till the next weeke.

Tit. But what sayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir I know not *Iupiter*:
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my Pigiions sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, did'st thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen? Alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heauen in my
young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the
Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt
my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your
Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigiions to the Emperour
from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Em-
perour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truely sir, I could neuer say grace in all
my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt haue Iustice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele,
then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and
then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, see you do
it brauely.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrha hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.

Exit.

Tit. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

*Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the
Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand
that Titus shot at him.*

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these? was euer seene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, vs'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
But euen with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.
See, heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Iniustice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were.
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Iustice liues
In *Saturninus* health; whom if he sleepe,
Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that liues.

Tamo. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'st him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become

[Page dd6]

High witted *Tamora* to glose with all: *Aside*.
But *Titus*, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with vs?

Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall.

Tam. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pignons heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.

Clowne. How much money must I haue?

Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end.

Exit.

Satu. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same deuse procedes:
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuiledge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius*?

Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle

They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in course of this reuenge to do
As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?

King. I, but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. *King*, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.

Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet should both eare and heart, obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embassadour,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

King. Emillius do this message Honourably,
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.

Emill. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.

Satu. Then goe successantly and plead for him.

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

*Flourish. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes,
with Drum and Souldiers.*

Luci. Approued Warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witnessse,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Braue slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aueng'd on cursed *Tamora*:
And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a lusty *Goth*?

*Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child
in his armes.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troupes I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace Tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake.
With this, my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse, as you thinke needefull of the man.

[Page dd6v]

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
And heere's the Base Fruit of his burning lust.
Say wall-ey'd slaue, whether would'st thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speake? what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, saue the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,

That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it Nourisht.

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously perform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I say thy Childe shall liue.

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who should I sweare by,
Thou beleeuest no God,
That graunted, how can'st thou beleue an oath?

Aron. 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 trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue:
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Ore else I will discouer nought to thee.

Luci. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.

Aron. First know thou,
I begot him on the Empresse.

Luci. Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rausht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Lucius. Oh detestable villaine!
Call'st thou that Trimming?

Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!

Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them
That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,
As sure a Card as euer wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be wnesse of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of Mischeife in it.
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pried me through the Creuice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kisses.

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?

Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is.

Luci. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?

Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more:
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death,
Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my selfe,
Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpright at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing grieues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.

Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

[Page ee1]

Luci. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emillius*, what the newes from Rome?

Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your Fathers house

Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliuered.

Goth. What saies our Generall?

Luc. Emillius, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus,*

Flourish.

And we will come: march away.

Exeunt.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus,*
And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminare strange plots of dire Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his study dore.

Tit. Who doth mollest my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe:
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue it action,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me,
Thou would'st talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnesse this wretched stump,
Witnesse these crimson lines,

Witnesse these Trenches made by grieffe and care,
Witnesse the tyring day, and heauie night,
Witnesse all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tamo. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale,
Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee:
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Eptons* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are,
And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:
Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Reuenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him sure,
Ile find some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.

Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What would'st thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am sent to be reueng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And Ile be reuenged on them all.

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a Rauisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine.

[Page ee1v]

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we do.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:
What saies *Andronicus* to this deuise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
This do thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I do, and soone returne againe.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,

Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined iest?
Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuises,
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou doo'st, and sweet reuenge farewell.

Chi. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imploy'd?

Tit. Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empresse Sonnes
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Titus. Fie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them sure,

Chi. Villaines forbear, we are the Empresse Sonnes.

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Exeunt.

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia
with a Bason.*

Tit. Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
 Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
 But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
 Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
 Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud,
 This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
 You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
 Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
 My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
 Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
 Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,
 Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for'st.
 What would you say, if I should let you speake?
 Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
 Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
 This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
 Whil'st that *Lauinia* tweene her stumps doth hold:
 The Bason that receiues your guilty blood.
 You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
 And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
 Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paste,
 And of the Paste a Coffen I will reare,
 And make two Pasties of your shamefull Heads,
 And bid that strumpet your vnhalloved Dam,
 Like to the earth swallow her increase.
 This is the Feast, that I haue bid her to,
 And this the Banquet she shall surfet on,
 For worse then *Philomel* you vsd my Daughter,
 And worse then *Progne*, I will be reueng'd,
 And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come.
 Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
 Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
 And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
 And in that Paste let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
 Come, come, be euery one officious,
 To make this Banket, which I wish might proue,
 More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast.

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receiue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Aron. Some deuill whisper curses in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,
Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in, *Flourish.*
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?

Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne?

Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therfore draw nie and take your places.

Satur. *Marcus* we will.

Hoboyes.

[Page ee2]

A Table brought in.

*Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on
the Table, and Lauinia with a vail ouer her face.*

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*?

Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolute me this,
Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand.
Because she was enforced, stained, and deflowred?

Satur. It was *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the Girle, should not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectually,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me (most wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die, *Lauinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kills her.

Sat. What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?

Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginus* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he.

Sat. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deed,

Tit. Wilt please you eat,
Wilt please your Highnesse feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?

Titus. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Satu. Go fetch them hither to vs presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witsesse my kniues sharpe point.

He stabs the Empresse.

Satu. Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed.

Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By vprores seuer'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This scattered Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
And shee whom mightie kingdomes cursie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as er'st our Auncestor,
When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke *Didoes* sad attending eare,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
Tell vs what *Sinon* hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter grieffe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,

And breake my very vttrance, euen in the time
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that rauished our Sister,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely cousen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly, my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That haue preseru'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,
That my report is iust and full of truth:
But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,
Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, men praise themselues,

Marc. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an Irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
And as he is, to witnesse this is true.
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge
These wrongs, vnspeakeable past patience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amisse? shew vs wherein,

And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronici*,
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emilli. Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouverneur.

[Page ee2v]

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-slaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in showres: thy Grandsire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,

Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnesse, and take leaue of him.

Boy. O Grandsire, Grandsire: euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Liue againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You sad *Andronici*, haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire euent.

Luc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one releeues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thousand worse, then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp[erour]. hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and *Lauinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Housholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her foorth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and deuoid of pittie,
And being so, shall haue like want of pittie.
See Iustice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euent, may ne're it Ruinate.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO AND IVLIET ↩

[Page 53]

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers,
of the House of Capulet.*

Sampson. Gregory: A my word wee'l not carry coales.

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers.

Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.

Greg. I, While you liue, draw your necke out
o'th Collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.

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

Samp. A dog of the house of *Mountague*, moues me.

Greg. To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.

Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues*.

Greg. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the wea-
kest goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker
Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to
the wall.

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs their men.

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when
I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the
Maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Sam. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what sence thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it sence, that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou
had'st beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of
the House of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Seruingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee

Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run.

Sam. Feare me not.

Gre. No marry: I feare thee.

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

Gr. I wil frown as I passe by, & let the[m] take it as they list

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

Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs sir?

Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, sir.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?

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

Gre. No.

Sam. No sir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you sir: but
I bite my Thumbe sir.

Greg. Do you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir? no sir.

Sam. If you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man as you

Abra. No better?

Samp. Well sir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes, better.

Abra. You Lye.

Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy washing blow.

They Fight.

Ben. Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse Hindes? Turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee: Haue at thee Coward.

Fight.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bils, and Partisons, strike, beat them down Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

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

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

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

Enter old Mountague, & his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*. Hold me not, let me go

2.*Wife.* Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your mooued Prince.
Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Verona's* ancient Citizens
Cast by their Graue beseeming Ornaments,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

[Page ee3v]

Exeunt.

Moun. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

Ben. Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side:
So earely walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

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

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many other Friends,
But he his owne affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greuance, or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away.

Exeunt.

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Rom. Aye me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadnes lengthens *Romeo's* houres?

Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

Rom. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-wayes to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing, of nothing first created:
O heaue lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.
Doest thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loues transgression.

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will goe along.

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

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.

Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aym'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong prooffe of chastity well arm'd:
From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
Nor bid th' encounter of assailing eyes.
Nor open her lap to Sainct-seducing Gold:
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chast?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?
For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.
She is too faire, too wise: wisely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

[Page ee4]

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

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

Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,

Ro. 'Tis the way to cal hers (exquisit) in question more,
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire.
Farewell thou can'st not teach me to forget,

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace.

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Pari. Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mar'd are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And shee agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: heare all, all see:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Heere it is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his Pensill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are writ, & can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lesned by anothers anguish:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:

One desparate greefe, cures with anothers languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old wil die.

Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?

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

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

*Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County An-selme
and his beautious sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtru-uio,
Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neeces: Mercutio and
22256. his brother Valentine: mine vncler Capulet his wife and daugh- 22257.
ters my faire Neece Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, & his
Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena.
A faire assembly, whither should they come?*

Ser. Vp.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Rom. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues* I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Exit.

Ben. At this same auncient Feast of *Capulets* Sups the faire *Rosaline*, whom thou so loues: With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*, Go thither and with vnattainted eye, Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire: And these who often drown'd could neuer die, Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers. One fairer then my loue: the all-seeing Sun Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by, Herselfe poys'd with herselfe in either eye: But in that Christall scales, let there be waid, Your Ladies loue against some other Maid That I will show you, shining at this Feast, And she shew scant shell, well, that now shewes best.

Rom. Ile goe along, no such sight to be showne, But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid, Where's this Girle? what *Iuliet*?

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now, who calls?

Nur. Your Mother.

Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurse giue me leaue awhile, we must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be it spoken,
I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.
How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* Eue at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *La-mas* Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge, and since that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could haue runne, & wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Iule*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not *Iule* quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'st vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not *Iule*? It stinted: and said I.

Iule. And stint thou too, I pray thee *Nurse*, say I.

Nur. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*, How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nur. An houre, were I not thine onely Nurse, I would say thou had'st suckt wisdom from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme, Are made already Mothers. By my count I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe: The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. *Veronas* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast, Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face, And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen: Examine euery seuerall liniament, And see how one another lends content: And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies, Find written in the Margent of his eyes. This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,

To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Seruing man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you
cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'st in the Pan-
tery, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I
beseech you follow straight.

Exit.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet*, the Countie staies.

Nurse. Goe Gyrle, seeke happie nights to happy daies.

Exeunt.

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fiue or sixe
other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What shall this spech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them with a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heauy I will beare the light.

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

Rom. Not I beleeeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And soare with them aboue a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.

Hora. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,
Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a Case to put my visage in,
A Visor for a Visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the sencelesse rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerb'd with a Grandsier Phrase,
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

[Page ee5]

Mer. Tut, duns the Mouse, the Constables owne word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.
Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not so.

Mer. I meane sir I delay,
We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fiue wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aske?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Ro. In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger
then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as
they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spin-
ners legs: the Couer of the wings of Grashoppers, her
Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the
Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,
the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated
Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt
from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie
Haselnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time
out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this state she
gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then
they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on
Cursies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on
Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which
oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their
breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gal-
lops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling
out a sute: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tick-
ling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of
another Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers
necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of
Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fiue
Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which
he startes and wakes; and being thus frightened, swears a
prayer or two & sleepes againe: this is that very Mab that
plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elk-

locks in foule sluttish haire, which once vntangled, much
misfortune bodes,

This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she.

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

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme
Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute: on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth
with their napkins.*

Enter Seruant.

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

I. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens
hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Ioynstooles, remoue the Court-cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & sought for, in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes, Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play:

Musicke plaies: and they dance.

A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dauncing daies:
How long 'ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir:
His Sonne is thirty.

3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not sir.

Rom. O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Aethiops eare:
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes;
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forswear it sight,
For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.

[Page ee5v]

Tib. This by his voice, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To fleere and scorne at our Solemnie?
Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now kinsman,
Wherefore storme you so?

Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our Solemnie this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?

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

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a Feast

Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

Exit.

Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

Iul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Iul. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:
Giue me my sin againe.

Iul. You kisse by'th' booke.

Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you.

Rom. What is her Mother?

Nurs. Marrie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,
I Nur'st her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.

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

Rom. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.

Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.

Iuli. Come hither Nurse,
What is yond Gentleman:

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.

Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

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

Nur. I know not.

Iul. Go aske his name: if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.

Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemye.

Iul. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I must loue a loathed Enemye.

Nur. What's this? whats this?

Iul. A rime, I learne euen now
Of one I dan'st withall.

One cal's within, Iuliet.

Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus. Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,

And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Merc. He is wise,
And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay, Ile coniure too.

[Page ee6]

Mer. *Romeo*, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one time, and I am satisfied:
Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, I must coniure him,
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it stand
Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name,

I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees
To be consorted with the Humerous night:
Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides cal Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found.

Exeunt.

Rom. He ieasts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with grieffe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:
Be not her Maid since she is enuious,
Her Vestal liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,
She speakes, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the Heauen,
Hauing some businesse do entreat her eyes,
To twinkle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,
That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.

O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iul. Ay me.

Rom. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne to my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What? in a names that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,

Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.

Iul. How cam'st thou hither.
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here,

Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I ore-perch these Walls,
For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iul. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmity.

Iul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.

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

Rom. By Loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast-shore-washet with the farthest Sea,
I should aduenture for such Marchandise.

Iul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
Doest thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries
They say *Ioue* laught, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behaiour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouer heard'st ere I was ware
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.

Iul. O sweare not by the Moone, th' inconstant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by?

Iul. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleue thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare loue.

Iuli. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Rom. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?

Iuli. What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?

Ro. Th' exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.

Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it,
For what purpose Loue?

Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,
My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are Infinite:
I heare some noyse within deare Loue adue:

Cals within.

Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Rom. O blessed blessed night, I am afear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.

Iul. Three words deare *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Within: Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee

Within: Madam.
(By and by I come)
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my grieffe,
To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thriue my soule.

Iu. A thousand times goodnight.

Rome. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward Loue as school-boyes fro[m] their books
But Loue fro[m] Loue, towards schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet againe.

Iul. Hist *Romeo* hist: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.

Iul. *Romeo*.

Rom. My Neece.

Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine.

Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Iul. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I Loue thy company.

Rom. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iul. 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

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

Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

Iul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.

Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpsill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious luiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

[Page ff1]

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weake flower,
Poysen hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being tasted staves all sences with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedecite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keeps his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.
Our *Romeo* hath not beene 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 haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S[aint]. *Francis*, what a change is heere?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst Loue so deare
So soone forsaken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season Loue that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.

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

Fri. O she knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
In one respect, Ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy proue,

To turne your houshold rancor to pure Loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.

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

Exeunt

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule should this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-harted wench, that *Ro-saline* torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answeare it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answeare a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answeare the Letters Maister how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead stab'd with a white wench's blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Courageous Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a Dualist, a Dualist: a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lispng affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu 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 par-don-mee's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

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

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie she had a better Loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and Harlots: *Thisbie* a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *Bon iour*, there's a French salutation to your French slop: you gaue vs the counterfait fairely last night.

[Page ff1v]

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

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

Rom. Meaning to cursie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

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

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole-singular.

Rom. O single sol'd ieast,
Soly singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and spurs,
Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Rom. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,
It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of *Cheuerell*, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's a goodly geare.

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. *Peter?*

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter?*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the
Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

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

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar qua-
tha: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find
the young *Romeo*?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older
when you haue found him, then he was when you sought
him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well,
Very well tooke: Ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir,
I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie,

that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, z a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw assoone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruy knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behaiour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not marke me?

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

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this afternoone, And there she shall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell Be shriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

[Page ff2]

Nur. This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.

Ro. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall, Within this houre my man shall be with thee, And bring thee Cords made like a tackled staire, Which to the high top gallant of my ioy, Must be my conuoy in the secret night. Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines: Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur. Now God in heauen blesse thee: harke you sir,

Rom. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two may keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my man is true as steele.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard: but she good soule had as leeu see a Toade, a very Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world. Doth not *Rosemarie* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

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

Nur. A mocker that's the dogs name. *R.* is for the 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 heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace.

Exit Nurse and Peter.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate.

Iul. Now good sweet Nurse:
O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.

If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Iul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know
not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face
be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and
for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to
be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy
waies wench, serue God. What haue you din'd at home?

Iul. No no: but all this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother side: o my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

Iul. Ifaith: I am sorrie that thou art so well.
Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Iul. Where is my Mother?
Why she is within, where should she be?
How odly thou repli'st:
Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:
Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Iul. Heere's such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shift to day?

Iul. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Iul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words.
Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough. I may call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

[Page ff2v]

Iul. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. *Romeo* shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.

Iul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Fri. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.

Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these
hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood, as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and as-soone moodie to be mou'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quar-rel'd with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Did'st thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you will giue me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

Tib. Mercutio thou consort'st with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort? what dost thou make vs Minstrels? & thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but discords: heere's my fiddlesticke, heere's that shall make you daunce. Come consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men,
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd sir if he weare your Liuary.
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense, may call him man.

Tib. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Rom. Tibalt, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;
Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou can'st devise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

Alla stucatho carries it away.

Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldst thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

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

Mer. Come sir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons:

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,

Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath

Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streetes.

Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both the Houses, I am sped:

Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,
Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,
Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.
They haue made wormesmeat of me,
I haue it, and soundly to your Houses.

[Page ff3]

Exit.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper softned Valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio's* is dead,
That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Rom. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* slaine?
Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'st me, for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

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

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falles.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?

Tibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Vp sir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

*Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their
Wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all
The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*.

Cap. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinsman. Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, shed bloud of *Mountague*.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this Fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here slaine, whom *Romeo*'s hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high displeasure: all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene
Of *Tybalts* deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
With Peircing steele at bold *Mercutio*'s breast,

Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
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 then his tongue,
His aged arme, beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie:
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence his body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steedes,
 Towards *Phoebus* lodging, such a Wagoner
 As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
 And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
 Spred thy close Curtaine Loue-performing night,
 That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
 Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
 Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights,
 And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,
 It best agrees with night: come ciuill night,
 Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,
 And learne me how to loose a winning match,
 Plaid for a paire of stainlesse Maidenhoods,
 Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
 With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,
 Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:
 Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
 For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night
 Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
 Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night.
 Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little starres,
 And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,
 That all the world will be in Loue with night,
 And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
 O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,
 But not possest it, and though I am sold,
 Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some Festiuall,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes
 And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

[Page ff3v]

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks
 But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence:
 Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
 The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the Cords.

Iuli. Ay me, what newes?

Why dost thou wring thy hands.

Nur. A weladay, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.

Iul. Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo.*
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo.*

Iuli. What diuell art thou,
That dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,
A pitteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood I sounded at the sight.

Iul. O breake my heart,
Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beere.

Nur. O *Tybalt, Tybalt*, the best Friend I had:
O curteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,
That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

Iul. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,

For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

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

Iul. O God!
Did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tybalts* blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart hid with a flowring face.

Iul. Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen,
Woluish-rauening Lambe,
Dispised substance of Diuine show:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine:
O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitae?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old:
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?

Iul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin?

That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband:
 Backe foolish teares, backe to your natiue spring,
 Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
 Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy:
 My husband liues that *Tibalt* would haue slaine,
 And *Tibalt* dead that would haue slaine my husband:
 All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
 Some words there was worser then *Tybalts* death
 That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
 But oh, it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:
 That banished, that one word banished,
 Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
 Was woe inough if it had ended there:
 Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
 Why followed not when she said *Tibalts* dead,
 Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
 Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.
 But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
 Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
 All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarse,
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Iu. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent
 When theirs are drie for *Romeo*'s banishment.
 Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
 He made you for a high-way to my bed,
 But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.
 Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
 And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Iul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts
And thou art wedded to calamitie,

Rom. Father what newes?
What is the Princes Doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

[Page ff4]

Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Company
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rom. What lesse then Doomesday,
Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death: do not say banishment.

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

Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistearm'd, calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankfulness!
Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.
This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery Cat and Dog,
And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable state, more Courtship liues
In carrion Flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliet*s hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.
Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me? Banished?
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howlings attends it, how hast then the hart
Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Absoluer, and my Friend profest:
To mangle me with that word, banished?

Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie:
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I see, that Mad men haue no eares.

Rom. How should they,
When wisemen haue no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,

Rom. Thou can'st not speake of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as *Iuliet* my Loue:
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Frier. Arise one knockes,
Good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.

Rom. Not I,
Vnlesse the breath of Hartsicke groanes
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocke

Fri. Harke how they knocke:
(Who's there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp:

Knocke.

Run to my study: by and by, Gods will
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in,
And you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?

Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is euen in my Mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pittious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O.

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?

Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.

Ro. As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull Mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vnreasonable Furie of a beast.
Vnseemely woman, in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:
And vsest none in that true vse indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skillesse Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend.
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,
Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishaped and sullen wench,
Thou puttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,

[Page ff4v]

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,
To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

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

Nur. Heere sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,
It were a grieffe, so briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.
'Tis very late, she'l not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. These times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, she is mew'd vp to her heauinesse.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendsday is too soone,
A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this hast?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,
I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pier'st the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the seuering Cloudes in yonder East:

Nights Candles are burnt out, and Iocond day
Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iul. Yond 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 be gone,

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate
The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.
How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Iuli. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision;
This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.
Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunts-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and it light growes.

Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iul. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

[Page ff5]

Iul. Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.

Iul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Iuliet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinckes our blood. Aduē, aduē.

Exit.

Iul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Iul. Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now *Iuliet*?

Iul. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some grieffe shewes much of Loue,

But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Iul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

Lad. So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.

Iul. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.

La. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.

Iul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine *Romeo*.

Iul. Villaine and he, be many miles assunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.

Iul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Iul. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should vpon receipt thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.

Iul. And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

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

Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.

Iul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*. These are newes indeed.

Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle deaw
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.
How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares?
Euermore showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

Lady. I sir;
But she will none, she giues you thanks,
I would the foole were married to her graue.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome

Iul. Not proud you haue,
But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.

Cap. How now?
How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouids,
But fettle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

[Page ff5v]

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Iul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heauen blesse her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.

Nur. I speak no treason,
Father, O Godigoden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grautie ore a Gossips bowles
For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, die in the streets,
For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne.

Exit.

Iuli. Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Iul. O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that Husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? Comfort me, counsaile me:
Alacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagemes
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What saist thou? hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hee's a Louely Gentleman:
Romeos a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,
I thinke 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 liuing here and you no vse of him.

Iul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

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

Iul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Iul. Well, thou hast comforted me marue'lous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Iul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!
It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,

Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir? the time is very short.

Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his hast.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisdom, hasts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe you know the reason of this hast?

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

Enter Iuliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Iul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.

Iul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Iul. To answere that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.

Iul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

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

Iul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

[Page ff6]

Iul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:
For it was bad inough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.

Iul. That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it.

Iul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now.
My Lord you must intreat the time alone.

Par. Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Iul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

Fri. O *Iuliet*, I alreadie know thy grieffe,
It streames me past the compasse of my wits:
I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wisdom, thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife, Ile helpe it presently.
God ioyn'd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd:

Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien'st time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedy.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coap'st with death himselfe, to scape fro it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.

Iul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Orecovered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes and yellow chappels skulls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue.

Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shut vp the day of life:
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best Robes vncover'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iul. Giue me, giue me, O tell me not of care.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:
In this resolute, Ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.

Iu. Loue giue me strength,
And the strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father.

Exit

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Seruing men, two or three.*

Cap. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can licke their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou trie them so?

Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her, A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift
With merrie looke.

Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?

Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition:
To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,
This is as't should be, let me see the County:
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reueren'd holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.

Iul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

[Page ff6v]

Mo. No not till Thursday, there's time inough.

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt Iuliet and Nurse.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
'Tis now neere night.

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare him vp
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

Iul. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many Orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou know'st, is crosse and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my help?

Iul. No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessaries
As are behouefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Iul. Farewell:

God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?
My dismall Sceane, I needs must act alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it should not,
For he hath still beene tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, Spirits resort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,

As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,
Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.

La. I you haue bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A ieaious hood, a ieaious hood,
Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.

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

Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.

Play Musicke

The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere,
Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make hast,
Make hast, the Bridegroom, he is come already:
Make hast I say.

Nur. Mistris, what Mistris? *Iuliet*? Fast I warrant her she.
Why Lambe, why Lady? fie you sluggabed,
Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?
What not a word? You take your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me:
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitae ho, my Lord, my Lady?

[Page gg1]

Mo. What noise is heere?

Enter Mother.

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shee's dead: deceast, shee's dead: alacke the day.

M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.

Fa. Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,
Her blood is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene seperated:
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the swetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

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

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

Pa. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accur'st, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre, that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Pa. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:
O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,
Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O Child, O Child; my soule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions: Care liues not
In these confusions, heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduan'st,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduan'st
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe?
O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
Shee's not well married, that liues married long,
But shee's best married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Festiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast:
Our solemne Hymnes, to sullen Dyriges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,
And go sir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:

The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill:
Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.

Exeunt

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Mu. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, oh Musitions,
Hearts ease, hearts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.

Mu. Why hearts ease;

Pet. O Musitions,
Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full.

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

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then giue it you soundly.

Mu. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.

Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger
on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa
you, do you note me?

Mu. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2.M. Pray you put vp your Dagger,
And put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,
And put vp my yron Dagger.
Answere me like men:

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Musicke with her siluer sound.

Why siluer sound? why Musicke with her siluer sound?
what say you *Simon Catling*?

Mu. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.

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

2.M. I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer

Pet. Pratest to, what say you *Iames Sound-Post*?

3.Mu. Faith I know not what to say.

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

I will say for you; it is Musicke with her siluer sound,
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her siluer sound, with speedy helpe
doth lend redresse.

[Page gg1v]

Exit.

Mu. What a pestilent knaue is this same?

M. 2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for
the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Exit.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand:
My bosomes L[ord]. sits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccustom'd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke.)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, is she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liue,
I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it euen so?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some misaduenture.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight,
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes, O mischief thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharp miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung,
An Allegater stuft, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelues,

A beggerly account of emptie boxes ,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho? Appothecarie?

Enter Appothecarie.

App. Who call's so low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App. My pouerty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of Frier *Iohn*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

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

Iohn. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice; but full of charge,
Of deare import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Exit.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,

[Page gg2]

Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduventure.

Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares destil'd by mones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What cursed foot wanders this wayes to night,
To crosse my obsequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,

What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring, a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous dost returne to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are sauage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Them emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

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

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this same, Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in despight, Ile cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loues Cozin; with which grieffe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, 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,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,

By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

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

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.

Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Pa. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face:
Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*.
Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:
Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties ensigne yet
Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thyemie?
Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Iuliet*:

Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue,
Shall I beleue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monster keeps
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaidens: O here
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this world-wearied flesh: Eyes looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauory guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke wearie Barke:
Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

[Page gg2v]

Enter Frier with a Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir,
And there's my Master, one that you loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. *Romeo.*

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maister and another fought,
And that my Maister slew him.

Fri. Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else? what *Paris* too?
And steept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here, A cup clos'd in my true loues hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end

O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noise?

Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

Kils herselfe.

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

Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead
Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3.Wat. Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.

Con. A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misadventure is so earely vp,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

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

Wife. O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*.
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.

Pri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.

Prin. Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedeth!
This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.

Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prin. Looke: and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then I will be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death? meane time forbear,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Prin. Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them; and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomesday: whose vntimely death
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroom from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Iuliet* pinde.
You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)
A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *John*,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.

[Page Gg1]

But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:
But then, a noyse did scarre me from the Tombe,
And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?

Boy. I brought my Master newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poste he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Master in this place?

Page. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these Enemies? *Capulet, Mountague*,
See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can giue thee more:
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that Rate be set,
As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS. ↩

[Page 80]

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at seuerall doores.*

Poet. Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I haue not seene you long, how goes
the World?

Pain. It weares sir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniu'r'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th' others a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Iew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continue goodnesse:
He passes.

Iew. I haue a Iewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, sir?

Iewel. If he will touch the estimate. But for that— —

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It staines the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedicacion to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idley from me.
Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which vses
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th' Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flyes
Each bound it chases. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.
Let's see your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th' dumbnesse of the gesture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Liues in these touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke moe.

Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe

In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnboult to you.
You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their seruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Most rich in *Timons* nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Base o'th' Mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among'st them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants
Translates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis conceyu'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes
With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the sleepy Mount
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valed; on the moment

[Page Gg2]

Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his eare,
Make Sacred euen his styrrop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. Tis common:
A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes haue seene
The foot about the head.

Trumpets sound.

*Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curteously
to euery Sutor.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mes. I my good Lord, fiue Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those haue shut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius*, well:
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserues a helpe,
Which he shall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your Lordship euer bindes him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mes. All happinesse to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord *Timon*, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? *Lucillius*.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L[ord]. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first haue beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th' youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deerest cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbid him her resort,
My selfe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honesty rewards him in it selfe,
It must not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does she loue him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs
What leuties in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose
Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,
And dispossesse her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equall Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath seru'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordship, neuer may
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long liue your Lordship.

Tim. I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Naturall man:
For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: These Pensil'd Figures are
Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserue ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We must needs dine together: sir your Iewell
Hath suffered vnder praise.

Iewel. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meere sacity of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vnclaw me quite.

Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Masters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apermantus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speakes the common toong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Iewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordship.

Mer. Hee'l spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apermantus*.

[Page Gg2v]

Ape. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timons* dogge, and these Knaues honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaues, thou know'st
them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Iewel. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?

Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou't dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.

Pain. Y'are a Dogge.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be a Dogge?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No: I eate not Lords.

Tim. And thou should'st, thoud'st anger Ladies.

Ape. O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lasciuious apprehension.

Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it,
Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which wil not cast a man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.
How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philosopher?

Ape. Thou lyeest.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lyeest:

Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast feign'd him a
worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy
labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flat-
terer. Heauens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldst do then *Apemantus*?

Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with
my heart.

Tim. What thy selfe?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I *Apemantus*.

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.

Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horse
All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I haue thankt you: when dinners done
Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

Ape. So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your
supple ioynts: that there should bee small loue amongst
these sweet Knaues, and all this Curtesie. The straine of
mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. Sir, you haue sau'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir:
Ere we depart, wee'l share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.
Pray you let vs in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1.Lord What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

Ape. Time to be honest.

1 That time serues still.

Ape. The most accursed thou that still omitst it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feast.

Ape. I, to see meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.

2 Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why *Apemantus*?

Ape. Should'st haue kept one to thy selfe, for I meane
to giue thee none.

1 Hang thy selfe.

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile spurne thee hence.

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th' Asse.

I Hee's opposite to humanity.
Come shall we in,
And taste Lord *Timons* bountie: he out-goes
The verie heart of kindnesse.

2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
Seuen-fold aboute it selfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
All vse of quittance.

I The Noblest minde he carries,
That euer gouern'd man.

2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

Hoboyes Playing lowd Musicke.

*A great Banquet seru'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the
States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon re-deem'd
from prison. Then comes dropping after all Ape-
mantus discontentedly like himselfe.*

Ventig. Most honoured *Timon*,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne those Talents
Doubled with thankes and seruice, from whose helpe
I deriu'd libertie.

Tim. O by no meanes,
Honest *Ventigius*: You mistake my loue,
I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none
Can truely say he giues, if he receiues:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Vint. A Noble spirit.

[Page Gg3]

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at first
To set a glosse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere 'tis showne:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

I.Lord. My Lord, we alwaies haue confest it.

Aper. Ho ho, confest it? Handg'd it? Haue you not?

Timo. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

Aper. No: You shall not make me welcome:
I come to haue thee thrust me out of doores.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
They say my Lords, *Ira furor breuis est*,
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe:
For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Aper. Let me stay at thine apperill *Timon*,
I come to obserue, I giue thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*,
therefore welcome: I my selfe would haue no power,
prythee let my meate make thee silent.

Aper. I scorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I
should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number
of men eats *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It greeues me
to see so many dip there meate in one mans blood, and
all the madnesse is, he cheeres them vp too.
I wonder men dare trust themselues with men.
Me thinks they should enuite them without kniues,
Good for there meate, and safer for their liues.
There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him,
now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in
a diuided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas
beene proued, if I were a huge man I should feare to
drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes
dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harnesse

on their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2.Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes his tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state looke ill, *Timon.*

Heere's that which is too weake to be a sinner,
Honest water, which nere left man i'th' mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Feasts are to proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.

*Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my selfe,
Graunt I may neuer proue so fond,
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that seemes asleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I should need 'em.*

Amen. So fall too't:

Richmen sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*

Tim. Captaine,
Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakefast of Enemies,
then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no
meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a Feast.

Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies
then, that then thou might'st kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1.Lord. Might we but haue that happinesse my Lord,
that you would once vse our hearts, whereby we might
expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our
selues for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themselves haue provided that I shall haue much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends else. Why haue you that charitable title from thousands? Did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I haue told more of you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if we should nere haue need of 'em? They were the most needlesse Creatures liuing; should we nere haue vse for 'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments hung vp in Cases, that keepes there sounds to themselves. Why I haue often wisht my selfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfort 'tis, to haue so many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out water me thinks to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Aper. Thou weep'st to make them drinke, *Timon.*

2.Lord. Ioy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

Aper. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.

3.Lord. I promise you my Lord you mou'd me much.

Aper. Much.

*Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with
Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.*

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of
his Bounties taste: the fiue best Sences acknowledge thee
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious
bosome.

There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:
They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

Timo. They'r welcome all, let 'em haue kind admit-
tance. Musicke make their welcome.

Luc. You see my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Aper. Hoyday,

What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.
They daunce? They are madwomen,
Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen
With poysonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraues;
Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues
Of their Friends guift:
I should feare, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

[Page Gg3v]

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and
to shew their loues, each single out an Amazon, and all
Dance, men with women, a loftie straine or two to the
Hoboyes, and cease.*

Tim. You haue done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kinde:
You haue added worth vntoo't, and luster,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuce.
I am to thanke you for't.

I Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the best.

Aper. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dispose your selues.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim. Flauius.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?
There is no crossing him in's humor,
Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;
When all's spent, hee'ld be crost then, and he could:
'Tis pittie Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde.

Exit.

I Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readinesse.

2 Lord. Our Horses.

Tim. O my Friends:

I haue one word to say to you: Looke you, my good L[ord].
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

I Lord. I am so farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flavius.

Fla. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord *Lucius*
(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you
Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Siluer.

Tim. I shall accept them fairely: let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3.Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your companie to morrow,
to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and
all out of an empty Coffe:
Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,
To shew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises flye so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for eu'ry word:
He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then such that do e'ne Enemies exceede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Exit

Tim. You do your selues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2.Lord. With more then common thankes
I will receyue it.

3.Lord. O he's the very soule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good
words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. Tis yours
because you lik'd it.

1.L. Oh, I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no
man can iustly praise, but what he does affect. I weighe
my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,
Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your seuerall visitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong'st the dead: and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1.Lord. We are so vertuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2.Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1.Lord. The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord *Timon.*

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords

Aper. What a coiles heere, seruing of beckes, and iutting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.
Friendships full of dregges,
Me thinks false hearts, should neuer haue sound legges.
Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtsies.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not sullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou wouldst sinne the faster. Thou giu'st so long *Timon* (I feare me) thou wilt giue away thy selfe in paper shortly. What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

[Page Gg4]

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I am sworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Musicke.

Exit

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie.

Exit

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late fiue thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it fiue and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty moe
Better then he; why giue my Horse to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me straight
And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still inuites
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis* hoa,

Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & hast you to Lord *Timon*,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast
With slight deniall; nor then silenc'd, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vses cry to me; I must serue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Haue smit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand: for I do feare
When eury Feather stickes in his owne wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go sir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor resume no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be so vnwise, to be so kinde.

What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen *Varro*: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your businesse too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So soone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new dayes this moneth:
My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite,
In giuing him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good Friend.

Var. One *Varroes* seruant, my good Lord.

Isid. From *Isidore*, he humbly prayes your speedy pay-
ment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, sixe weekes,
and past.

Isi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Giue me breath:
I do beseech you good my Lords keepe on,
Ile waite vpon you instantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long since due debts
Against my Honor?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this businesse:
Your importunacie cease, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordship vnderstand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere.

Exit.

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus*,
let's ha some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuse vs.

Isid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How dost Foole?

Ape. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.

Isi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape. No thou stand'st single, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and
Vsurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

Al. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Asses.

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know
your selues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:
How does your Mistris?

[Page Gg4v]

Foole. She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chic-
kens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this
wise Company.

How dost thou *Apermantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might
answer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee *Apemantus* reade me the superscripti-
on of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will litle Learning dye then that day thou
art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go
thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou shalt
famish a Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone.

Exit

Ape. E'ne so thou out-runst Grace,
Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Foole. Will you leaue me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home.
You three serue three Vsurers?

All. I would they seru'd vs.

Ape. So would I:
As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.

Foole. Are you three Vsurers men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Ser-
uant. My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men
come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly,
and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house
merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-
master, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt
be no lesse esteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and something like
thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t' appeares like a Lord, som-
time like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with
two stones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often
like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes
vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit
walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wise man,
As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might haue become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.

Foole. I do not alwayes follow Louer, elder Brother,
and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walke neere,
Ile speake with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my state before me,
That I might so haue rated my expence
As I had leaue of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:
At many leysures I propose.

Tim. Go too:
Perchance some single vantages you tooke,
When my indisposition put you backe,
And that vnaptnesse made your minister
Thus to excuse your selfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you sound them in mine honestie,
When for some trifling present you haue bid me
Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainst th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did indure
Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe,
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeyed and gone,
And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length

How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before th' exactest Auditors,
And set me on the prooffe. So the Gods blesse me,
When all our Offices haue beene opprest
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when euery roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
I haue retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens, haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants
This night engluttet: who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is L[ord]. *Timons*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,
These flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.

No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,
To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankely vse
As I can bid thee speake.

Ste. Assurance blesse your thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings. For by these

Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue
How you mistake my Fortunes:
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, *Flaius, Seruius?*

[Page Gg5]

Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you seuerally.
You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted
with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me
to their loues; and I am proud say, that my occasions
haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let
the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue said, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim. Go you sir to the Senators;
Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue
Deseru'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th' instant
A thousand Talents to me.

Ste. I haue beene bold
(For that I knew it the most generall way)
To them, to vse your Signet, and your Name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot
Do what they would, are sorrie: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wisht, they know not,
Something hath beene amisse; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pittie,
And so intending other serious matters,
After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flowes,
'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go to *Ventiddius* (prythee be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventiddius* lately
Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd
Into a great estate: When he was poore,
Imprison'd, and in scarsitie of Friends,
I cleer'd him with fiae Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred
With those fiae Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes
To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe;
Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.

Exeunt

*Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master,
enters a seruant to him.*

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down
to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Guift I warrant.
Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Siluer Bason & Ewre
to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are verie re-
spectiuey welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how
does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentle-
man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-

ster?

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir: and what hast thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to supply: who hauing great and instant occasion to vse fiftie Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to haue him spend lesse, and yet he wold embrace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, eue-ry man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminius*, I haue noted thee alwayes wise. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc. I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time wel, if the time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sirrah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendshippe without securitie. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we aliue that liued? Fly damned basenesse To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Master.

Exit L[ucullus].

Flam. May these adde to the number that may scald thee:
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe:
Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in lesse then two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Masters passion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why should it thriue, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyson?
O may Diseases onely worke vpon't:
And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower.

Exit.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

I We know him for no lesse, thogh we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinkes from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleeeue it: hee cannot want for money.

2 But beleeeue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay vrg'd extreamply for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

[Page Gg5v]

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne part, I must needes confesse, I haue receyued some small kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee mistooke him, and sent to me, I should ne're haue denied his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Seruilius.

Seruil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue swet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Lucil. *Seruilius?* You are kindly met sir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my verie exquisite Friend.

Seruil. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent — —

Luci. Ha? what ha's he sent? I am so much endeered to that Lord; hee's euer sending: how shall I thank him think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Seruil. Has onely sent his present Occasion now my Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant vse with so many Talents.

Lucil. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty fiue hundred Talents.

Seruil. But in the mean time he wants lesse my Lord. If his occasion were not vertuous, I should not vrge it halfe so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speake seriously *Seruilius?*

Seruil. Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my selfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I shold Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? *Seruilius*, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to vse

Lord *Timon* my selfe, these Gentlemen can witnesse; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the fairest of mee, because I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruili-us*, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Seruil[ius].

Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne *Seruilius*. True as you said, *Timon* is shrunke indeede, And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.

Exit.

I Do you obserue this *Hostilius*?

2 I, to well.

I Why this is the worlds soule,
And iust of the same peece
Is euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his estate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But *Timons* Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh see the monstrousnesse of man,
When he lookes out in an vngratefull shape;
He does deny him (in respect of his)
What charitable men affoord to Beggers.

3 Religion grones at it.

I For mine owne part, I neuer tasted *Timon* in my life
Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest,
For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,

Had his necessity made vse of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the best halfe should haue return'd to him,
So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
Men must learne now with pittie to dispence,
For Policy sits aboue Conscience.

Exeunt.

*Enter a third seruant with Sempronius, another
of Timons Friends.*

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Boue all others?
He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
Owes their estates vnto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,
For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?
Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he send to me? Three? Humh?
It shewes but little loue, or iudgement in him.
Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physitians)
Thriue, giue him ouer: Must I take th' Cure vpon me?
Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might haue knowne my place. I see no sense for't,
But his Occasions might haue wooed me first:
For in my conscience, I was the first man
That ere receiued guift from him.
And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it last? No:
So it may proue an Argument of Laughter
To th' rest, and 'mong'st Lords be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,
Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:
I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this answer ioyne;
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne.

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will set him cleere. How fairely this Lord striues to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like those, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a nature is his politike loue.

This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, must be imploy'd
Now to guard sure their Master:
And this is all a liberall course allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his house.

Exit.

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Var.man. Well met, goodmorrow *Titus & Hortensius*

[Page Gg6]

Tit. The like to you kinde *Varro*.

Hort. *Lucius*, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all.
For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And sir *Philotus* too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord seene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seauen.

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:
You must consider, that a Prodigall course
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable, I feare:
'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timons* purse, that is: One
may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. Ile shew you how t' obserue a strange euent:
Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hort. Most true, he doe's.

Tit. And he weares Iewels now of *Timons* guift,
For which I waite for money.

Hort. It is against my heart.

Luci. Marke how strange it showes,
Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Iewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witnesse:
I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:
What's yours?

Luci. Fiue thousand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th' sum
Your Masters confidence was aboue mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luc. *Flaminius*? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie
to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, sir?

2.Varro. By your leaue, sir.

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your summes and Billes
When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they could smile, and fawne vpon his debts.
And take downe th' Intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your selues but wrong, to stirre me vp,
Let me passe quietly:
Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
I haue no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. I, but this answer will not serue.

Stew. If't 'twill not serue, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serue Knaues.

1.Varro. How? What does his casheer'd Worship
mutter?

2.Varro. No matter what, hee's poore, and that's re-
uenge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that
has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against
great buildings.

Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee shall know some
answere.

Seru. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre
some other houre, I should deriue much from't. For tak't
of my soule, my Lord leanes wondrously to discontent:
His comfortable temper has forsooke him, he's much out
of health, and keepes his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke:
And if it be so farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods.

Seruil. Good Gods.

Titus. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flaminius within. *Seruilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?
Hauē I bin euer free, and must my house
Be my retentiue Enemy? My Gaole?
The place which I haue Feasted, does it now
(Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1.Var. And mine, my Lord.

2.Var. And ours, my Lord.

Philo. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the
Girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in summes.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Fiue thousand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Fiue thousand drops payes that.
What yours? and yours?

1.Var. My Lord.

2.Var. My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceiue our Masters may throwe their caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Exeunt.

Enter Timon.

Timon. They haue e'ene put my breath from mee the slaues. Creditors? Diuels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile haue it so. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe, *Lucius, Lucullus,* and *Sempronius Vllorxa:* All, Ile once more feast the Rascals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely speake from your distracted soule; there's not so much left to furnish out a moderate Table.

[Page Gg6v]

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide.

Exeunt

*Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them,
with Attendants.*

I.Sen. My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody:
'Tis necessary he should dye:
Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.

2 Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

I Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pittie is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heaue
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.
He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice.
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe:
And with such sober and vnnoted passion
He did behoooue his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

I.Sen. You vndergo too strict a Paradox,
Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-sides,
To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alci. My Lord.

I.Sen. You cannot make grosse sinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alci. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expose themselues to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?
If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.

2.Sen. You breath in vaine.

Alci. In vaine?
His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

I What's that?

Alc. Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,
And slaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himselfe
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with him:
He's a sworne Riotor, he has a sinne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To ouercome him. In that Beastly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,

And cherrish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

I He dyes.

Alci. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
Take my deserts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returnes.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

I We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not bee:
My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2 How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 What.

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should proue so bace,
To sue and be deny'de such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

I Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for euer.

Alc. Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish vsurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.

I If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Iudgement.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods.

Exit.

[Page hh1]

Enter diuers Friends at seuerall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, sir.

2 I also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord
did but try vs this other day.

1 Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when wee en-
countred. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it
seeme in the triall of his seuerall Friends.

2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Fea-
sting.

1 I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest in-
uiting, which many my neere occasions did vrge mee to
put off: but he hath coniu'd mee beyond them, and I
must needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat bu-
sinesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorrie,
when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was
out.

1 I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all
things go.

2 Euery man heares so: what would hee haue borrowed of you?

I A thousand Peeces.

2 A thousand Peeces?

I What of you?

2 He sent to me sir — — Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

I Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: Feast your eares with the Musicke awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th' Trumpets sound: we shall too't presently.

I I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

The Banket brought in.

2 My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame, that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was so vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, sir.

2 If you had sent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

2 All couer'd Dishes.

1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 *Alcibiades* is banish'd: heare you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* banish'd?

3 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 How? How?

2 I pray you vpon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward

2 This is the old man still.

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It do's: but time will, and so.

3 I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as hee would to the lip of his Mistris: your dyet shall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Danke-fulnesse.

For your owne giufts, make your selues prais'd: But

reserue still to giue, least your Deities be despised. Lend to each

man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your

Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make

the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let

no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there

sit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they

are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens,

together with the common legge of People, what is amisse in

them, you Gods, make suteable for destruction. For these my

present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse

them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncouer Dogges, and lap.

Some speake. What do's his Lordship meane?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feast neuer behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* last,
Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries,
Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
Crust you quite o're. What do'st thou go?
Soft, take thy Physicke first; thou too, and thou:
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.
Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon* Man, and all Humanity.

Exit

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3 Push, did you see my Cap?

4 I haue lost my Gowne.

1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors swaies
him. He gaue me a Iewell th' other day, and now hee has
beate it out of my hat.

Did you see my Iewell?

2 Did you see my Cap.

3 Heere 'tis.

4 Heere lyes my Gowne.

1 Let's make no stay.

2 Lord *Timons* mad.

3 I feel't vpon my bones.

4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in those Wolues, diue in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles
Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.
Conuert o'th' Instant greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render backe; out with your Kniues,
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistris is o'th' Brothell. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-
hood, Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may striue,
And drowne themselues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
So we all th' Athenian bosomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meerey poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towe,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:

[Page hh1 v]

Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th' vnkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th' Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen.

Exit.

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

I Heare you M[aster]. Steward, where's our Master?
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.

I Such a House broke?
So Noble a Master falne, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him
Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his disease, of all shunn'd pouerty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Liuary,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Seruing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good Fellowes all,
 The latest of my wealth Ile share among'st you.
 Where euer we shall meete, for *Timons* sake,
 Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
 As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
 We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:
 Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore. *Embrace and part seuerall wayes.*
 Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
 Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
 But in a Dreame of Friendship,
 To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
 But onely painted like his varnisht Friends:
 Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
 Vndone by Goodnesse: Strange vnvsuall blood,
 When mans worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.
 Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?
 For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.
 My deerest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
 Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
 Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
 Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
 Of monstrous Friends:
 Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
 Or that which can command it:
 Ile follow and enquire him out.
 Ile euer serue his minde, with my best will,
 Whilst I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward still.

Exit.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
 Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarse is diuidant; touch them with seuerall fortunes,
 The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature
 (To whom all sores lay siege) can beare great Fortune

But by contempt of Nature.
 Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
 The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
 The Begger Natiue Honor.
 It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
 The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
 In puritie of Manhood stand vpright
 And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
 So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
 Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:
 There's nothing leuell in our cursed Natures
 But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
 All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
 His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* disdaines,
 Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
 Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate
 With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
 Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
 No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
 Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
 Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
 Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
 Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
 Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
 Plucke stout mens pillowes from below their heads.
 This yellow Slaue,
 Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th' accurst,
 Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,
 And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
 With Senators on the Bench: This is it
 That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
 Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vlcereous sores,
 Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
 To'th' Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
 Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
 Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right Nature.

[Page hh2]

March afarre off.

Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (strong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay stay thou out for earnest.

*Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner,
and Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alc. What art thou there? speake.

Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.

Phrin. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man.

Alc. I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timan. Is this th' Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still, they loue thee not that vse thee,
giue them diseases, leauing with thee their Lust. Make
vse of thy salt houres, season the slaues for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring downe Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubfast,
and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee Monster.

Alc. Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.
I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
How cursed Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pittie thee deere *Timon*.

Tim. How doest thou pittie him whom thou dost trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Heere is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.

Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens.

Alc. I *Timon*, and haue cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson
In the sicke ayre: let not thy sword skip one:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honest,
Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pittie writ,
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;
Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Sweare against Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose prooffe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou gi-
uest me, not all thy Counsell.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heauens curse vpon
thee.

Both. Giue vs some Gold good *Timon*, hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,

Although I know you'l sweare, terribly sweare
Into strong shudders, and to heauenly Agues
Th' immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seekes to conuert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines six months
Be quite contrary, And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,
Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?
Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

[Page hh2v]

Tim. Consumptions sowe
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more false Title pleade,
Nor sound his Quillets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That scold'st against the quality of flesh,
And not beleeues himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee
Smels from the generall weale. Make curl'd pate Ruffians bald
And let the vnscarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Actiuity may defeate and quell
The source of all Ereccion. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.

Both. More counsell with more Money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue gi-
uen you earnest.

Alc. Strike vp the Drum towardes Athens, farewell
Timon: if I thriue well, Ile visit thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer see thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike.

Exeunt.

Tim. That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite brest
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,
With all th' abhorred Births below Crispe Heauen,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine:
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From foorth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote:
Enseare thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpper face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all aboute
Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
And Morsels Vnctious, greases his pure minde,
That from it all Consideration slippes — —

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thriue
By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gau'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,
Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likenesse.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.

Ape. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy self
A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st
That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
To cure thy o're-nights surfet? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnoused Trunkes,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.

Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Ape. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'st thou seeke me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
Dost please thy selfe in't?

Ape. I.

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Ape. If thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Out-liues: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse then the worst, Content.
Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer claspt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'st thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To such as may the passiue drugges of it
Freely command'st: thou would'st haue plung'd thy self
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brush
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe
To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,
Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,
I'd giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by'th' lacke of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'st thou haue to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.

Ape. Heere is no vse for Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:
For heere it sleepes, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lye'st a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's aboue me.
Where feed'st thou a-dayes *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather
where I eate it.

Tim. Would poyson were obedient, & knew my mind

Ape. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiositie: in thy Raggess thou know'st none, but art de-spis'd
for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Do'st hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, thou should'st
haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou
euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes!

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst
thou euer know belou'd?

Ape. My selfe.

Tim. I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meanes to
keepe a Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou neerest
compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neerest, but men: men are the things
themselues. What would'st thou do with the world *A-pemantus*,
if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Ape. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt
thee t' attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee. if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Asse:
If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee;
and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,
& oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound

thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse:
wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the Leo-
pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
Lion, and the spotted of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-
sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub-
iect to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that
seest not thy losse in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Haue hit vpon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
out of the Citie.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light vpon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and giue way.
When I know not what else to do,
Ile see thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles alieue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit vpon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leprosie,
But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I should infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art aliue, I swoond to see thee.

Ape. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee.

Ape. Beast.

Tim. Slaue.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought
But euen the meere necessities vpon't:
Then *Timon* presently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others liues may laugh.
O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
Of *Himens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow
That lyes on Dians lap.
Thou visible God,
That souldrest close Impossibilities,
And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tongue
To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy slaue-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
May haue the world in Empire.

Ape. Would 'twere so,
But not till I am dead. Ile say th'hast Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

[Page hh3v]

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee.

Ape. Liue, and loue thy misery.

Tim. Long liue so, and so dye. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men,
Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then.

Exit Apeman[tus].

Enter the Bandetti.

I Where should he haue this Gold? It is some poore
Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the meere
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue
him into this Melancholly.

2 It is nois'd
He hath a masse of Treasure.

3 Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't,
he will supply vs easily: if he couetously reserue it, how
shall's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:
'Tis hid.

I Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He? I know him.

All. Saue thee *Timon*.

Tim. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeues, but men
That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?

I We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselues, the Birds & Fishes,
You must eate men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not
In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft
In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues
Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th' Grape,
Till the high Feauor seeth your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,
His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.
Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolues
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your selues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
But Theeues do loose it: steale lesse, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen.

3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by per-
swading me to it.

I 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduises
vs not to haue vs thriue in our mystery.

2 Ile beleeeue him as an Enemy,
And giue ouer my Trade.

I Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
miserable, but a man may be true.

Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
Is yon'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, euilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends.
How rarely does it meete with this times guise,
When man was wisht to loue his Enemies:
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo.
Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest grieffe
vnto him; and as my Lord, still serue him with my life.
My deerest Master.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'st, th'art a man.
I haue forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poore seruant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I neuer had honest man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witsnesse,
Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greeffe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weepe?
Come neerer, then I loue thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,
But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:
Strange times that weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T' accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,
To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?
It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.
Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse
You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime
One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all saue thee,
I fell with Curses.
Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wise:
For, by oppressing and betraying mee,
Thou might'st haue sooner got another Seruice:
For many so arriue at second Masters,
Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure)
Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,
If not a Vsuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?

[Page hh4]

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest
Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;
Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleeeue it,
My most Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie
Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy,
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou releuee the Begger. Giue to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases licke vp their false bloods,
And so farewell, and thriue.

Stew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses
Stay not: flye, whil'st thou art blest and free:
Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee.

Exit

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's so full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinica* and *Timandylo*
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis saide, he gaue vnto his Steward
A mighty summe.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing else:
You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flourish with the highest:
Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues
To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:
It will shew honestly in vs,

And is very likely, to loade our purposes
With what they trauaile for,
If it be a iust and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.

Poet. What haue you now
To present vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Visitation: onely I will promise him
An excellent Peece.

Poet. I must serue him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best.
Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th' Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vse.
To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sicknesse in his iudgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Caue.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man so badde
As is thy selfe.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I haue prouided for him:
It must be a personating of himselfe:
A Satyre against the softnesse of Prosperity,
With a Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon. Must thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do so, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seeke him.

Then do we sinne against our owne estate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.

Painter. True:

When the day serues before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:

What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,
Setlest admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Haue I once liu'd

To see two honest men?

Poet. Sir:

Hauing often of your open Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whose thankelesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couet
The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any size of words.

Timon. Let it go,

Naked men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my selfe

Haue trauail'd in the great showre of your guifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honest man.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our seruice.

Timon. Most honest men:
Why how shall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

[Page hh4v]

Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you seruice.

Tim. Y'are honest men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.

Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'st most liuely.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'ne so sir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swels with stufte so fine and smooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much paines to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.

Tim. You'l take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiues you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,
Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd
That he's a made-*vp*-Villaine.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me these Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company:
Each man a part, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaues:
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:
Out Rascall dogges.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with *Timon*:
For he is set so onely to himselfe,
That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.

1.Sen. Bring vs to his Caue.
It is our part and promise to th' Athenians
To speake with *Timon*.

2.*Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefes
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chanc'd it as it may.

Stew. Heere is his Caue:
Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon, Timon,*
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th' Athenians
By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon.*

Enter Timon out of his Caue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th' Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.

I Worthy *Timon.*

Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon.*

I The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon.*

Tim. I thanke them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

I O forget
What we are sorry for our selues in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best vse and wearing.

2 They confesse
Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath since withall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon,*

And send forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

I Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Lieve with Authoritie: so soone we shall driue backe
Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.

2 And shakes his threatning Sword
Against the walles of *Athens*.

I Therefore *Timon*.

Tim. Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he sacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th' Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speakes it,
In pittie of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Kniues care not,
While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whittle, in th' vnruely Campe,
But I do prize it at my loue, before
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,

[Page hh5]

As Theeues to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seene to morrow. My long sicknesse
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

I We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common wracke,
As common brute doth put it.

I That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my louing Countreymen.

I These words become your lippes as they passe thro-
row them.

2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to preuent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

I I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Close,
That mine owne vse inuites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his euerlasting Mansion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,
And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

I His discontents are vnremoueably coupled to Na-
ture.

2 Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.

I It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

I Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?

Mes. I haue spoke the least.
Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old loue made a particular force,
And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Caue,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th' cause against your City,
In part for his sake mou'd.

Enter the other Senators.

I Heere come our Brothers.

3 No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring
Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare.

Exeunt

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Charracter Ile take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in euery Figure skill;
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is.

Exit.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers
before Athens.*

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lasciuious Towne,
Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Parly.

The Senators appeare vpon the wals.

Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious measure, making your willes
The scope of Iustice. Till now, my selfe and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Haue wander'd with our trauerst Armes, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,

And pursie Insolence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

1.Sen. Noble, and young;
When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,
We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
Aboue their quantitie.

2 So did we wooe
Transformed *Timon*, to our Citties loue
By humble Message, and by promist meanes:
We were not all vnkinde, nor all deserue
The common stroke of warre.

1 These walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You haue receyu'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophées, & Schools shold fall
For priuate faults in them.

2 Nor are they liuing
Who were the motiues that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.

[Page hh5v]

1 All haue not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that haue offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou't enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt vse the warres as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,
Those Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
Whom you your selues shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame
Of Regular Iustice in your Citties bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heauiest answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th' Sea,
And on his Grauestone, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.

*Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Caitifs left:
Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.*

These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrd'st in vs our humane griefes,
Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whose Memorie
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vse the Oliue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

[Page hh6]

*THE
ACTORS
NAMES.*

TYMON of Athens.

Lucius, And

Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.

Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.

Sempronius another flattering Lord.

Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.

Poet.

Painter.

Ieweller.

Merchant.

Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.

Seruilius, another.

Caphis.

Varro.

Philo.

Titus.

Lucius.

Hortensis

Seuerall Seruants to Vsurers.

Ventigius. one of Tymons false Friends.

Cupid.

Sempronius.
With diuers other Seruants,
And Attendants.

THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CAESAR.↵

[Page 109]

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

*Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners
ouer the Stage.*

Flavius. Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobl.

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

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue,
what Trade?

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

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

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobl, art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I
meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens mat-
ters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes:
when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As pro-

per men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vp-
on my handy-worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my
selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy-
day to see *Caesar*, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheelles?
You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,
To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate
The liue-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concaue Shores?
And do you now put on your best attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer *Pompeyes* blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.
See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,
They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:

Exeunt all the Commoners.

Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Caesars* Trophees: Ile about,
And driue away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Caesars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soare aboue the view of men,
And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnessse.

Exeunt

Enter Caesar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flaius.

Caes. Calphurnia.

Cask. Peace ho, *Caesar* speakes.

Caes. Calphurnia.

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Caes. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant. Caesar, my Lord.

Caes. Forget not in your speed *Antonio,*
To touch *Calphurnia:* for our Elders say,
The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterrile curse.

[Page kk1v]

Ant. I shall remember,
When *Caesar* sayes, Do this; it is perform'd.

Caes. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.

Sooth. Caesar.

Caes. Ha? Who calles?

Cask. Bid euery noyse be still: peace yet againe.

Caes. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?
I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke
Cry, *Caesar*: Speake, *Caesar* is turn'd to heare.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Caes. What man is that?

Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

Caes. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Caesar*.

Caes. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againe,

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Caes. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Passe.

Sennet.

Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.

Cassi. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Cassi. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;
Ile leaue you.

Cassi. *Brutus*, I do obserue you now of late:
I haue not from your eyes, that gentlenesse
And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue:
You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand
Ouer your Friend, that loues you.

Bru. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Meerely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,
Which giue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaiours:

But let not therefore my good Friends be greu'd
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,
Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men.

Cassi. Then *Brutus*, I haue much mistook your passion,
By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face?

Brutus. No *Cassius*:
For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,
By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis iust,
And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:
I haue heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortall *Caesar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,
Haue wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Leade me *Cassius*?
That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:
And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,
Will modestly discouer to your selfe
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not ieaalous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common Laughter, or did vse
To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue
To euery new Protester: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandall them: Or if you know,
That I professe my selfe in Banquetting

To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What meanes this Showting?
I do feare, the People choose *Caesar*
For their King.

Cassi. I, do you feare it?
Then must I thinke you would not haue it so.

Bru. I would not *Cassius*, yet I loue him well:
But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward fauour.
Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,
I had as lief not be, as liue to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.
I was borne free as *Caesar*, so were you,
We both haue fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Caesar saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.
But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,
Caesar cride, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.
I (as *Aeneas*, our great Ancestor,

Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder
 The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waues of Tyber
 Did I the tyred *Caesar*: And this Man,
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Caesar* carelesly but nod on him.
 He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,
 And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
 How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake,
 His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
 Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:
 I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
 Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
 Alas, it cried, Giue me some drinke *Titinius*,
 As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the Maiesticke world,
 And beare the Palme alone.

[Page kk2]

Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another generall shout?

I do beleue, that these applauses are
 For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Caesar*.

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about
 To finde our selues dishonourable Graues.
 Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.
 The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
 But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.
Brutus and *Caesar*: What should be in that *Caesar*?
 Why should that name be sounded more then yours
 Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell:
 Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as *Caesar*.
 Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Vpon what meate doth this our *Caesar* feede,
 That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompast but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.
O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd
Th' eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing ieaalous:
What you would worke me too, I haue some ayme:
How I haue thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount heereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)
Be any further moou'd: What you haue said,
I will consider: what you haue to say
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.

Cassi. I am glad that my weake words
Haue strucke but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*,

Enter Caesar and his Traine.

Bru. The Games are done,
And *Caesar* is returning.

Cassi. As they passe by,
Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeue,
And he will (after his sowre fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so: but looke you *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth glow on *Caesars* brow,
And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*

Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we haue seene him in the Capitoll
Being crosst in Conference, by some Senators.

Cassi. *Caska* will tell vs what the matter is.

Caes. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Caesar.*

Caes. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not *Caesar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.

Caes. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I should auoyd
So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He reades much,
He is a great Obseruer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,
As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musicke;
Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at hearts ease,
Whiles they behold a greater then themselues,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Caesar*.
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
And tell me truely, what thou think'st of him.

Sennit.

Exeunt Caesar and his Trainee.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake
with me?

Bru. I *Caska*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That *Caesar* lookes so sad.

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

Bru. I should not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noyse for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine honest Neighbors showed.

Cassi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cask. Why *Antony*.

Bru. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their sweatie Night-cappes, and vttered such a deale of stinking breath, because *Caesar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) choaked *Caesar*: for hee swooned, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre.

[Page kk2v]

Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did *Caesar* swound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

Cassi. No, *Caesar* hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest *Caska*, we haue the Falling sicknesse.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am
sure *Caesar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not
clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and dis-pleas'd
them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Thea-
tre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

Cask. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd
the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he
pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat
to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I
would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might
goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When
he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or
said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke
it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I
stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgaue him with
all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them;
if *Caesar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done
no lesse.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cask. I.

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greeke.

Cassi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you
i'th' face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd
at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine
owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more
newes too: *Murrellus* and *Flauius*, for pulling Scarffes
off *Caesars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well.
There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remem-
ber it.

Cassi. Will you suppe with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Doe so: farewell both.

Exit.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cassi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How-euer he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which giues men stomacke to disgest his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:
For this time I will leaue you:
To morrow, if you please to speake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassi. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.
Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:
For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?
Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In seuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from seuerall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Caesars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Caesar* seat him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit Brutus.

*Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska,
and Cicero.*

Cic. Good euen, *Caska*: brought you *Caesar* home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?

Cask. Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirme? O *Cicero*,
I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue seene
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common slaue, you know him well by sight,
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.
Besides, I ha' not since put vp my Sword,
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd vpon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Vpon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,
Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies
Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:
For I beleue, they are portentous things
Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Cleane from the purpose of the things themselues.

Comes *Caesar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*:
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane.

Cassi. *Caska*, by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good.
Cassius, what Night is this?

Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Cask. Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

Cassi. Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Brest of Heauen, I did present my selfe
Euen in the ayme, and very flash of it.

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-uens?
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heralds, to astonish vs.

Cassi. You are dull, *Caska*:
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you vse not.
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:

[Page kk3]

But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,
That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto some monstrous State.
Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis *Caesar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are gouern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoake, and sufferance, shew vs Womanish.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish *Caesar* as a King:
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In euery place, saue here in Italy.

Cassi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliuer *Cassius*:
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentiu to the strength of spirit:
But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,

I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

Cask. So can I:

So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captiuitie.

Cassi. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?

Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?
What Rubbish, and what Offfall? when it serues
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answere must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You speake to *Caska*, and to such a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest.

Cassi. There's a Bargaine made.

Now know you, *Caska*, I haue mou'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompeyes* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in
haste.

Cassi. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cymber*?

Cassi. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?

Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights.

Cassi. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party — —

Cassi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you shall finde vs.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

Cassi. That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater. *Exit Cinna.*
Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Cassi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, hoe?

I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Giue guesse how neere to day — — *Lucius*, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, I say: what *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

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

Luc. I will, my Lord.

Exit.

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th' abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-ioynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of *Caesar*,
I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so *Caesar* may;
Then least he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,

Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to these, and these extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischieuous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

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

Giues him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

Exit.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reades.

*Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy selfe:
Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.
Such instigations haue beene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome
The Tarquin driue, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated
To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest
Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteene dayes.

Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Caesar*,
I haue not slept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dreame:
The *Genius*, and the mortall Instruments
Are then in councell; and the state of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

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

Brut. Is he alone?

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

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may discover them,
By any marke of fauour.

Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When euills are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy natiue semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.

*Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius,
Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.*

Cass. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?

Brut. I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, euery man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and euery one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus*
Cyber.

Brut. They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselues
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word?

They whisper.

Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake
heere?

Cask. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cask. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiu'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Bru. Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.

Cas. And let vs sweare our Resolution.

[Page kk4]

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
 The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
 If these be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,
 And euery man hence, to his idle bed:
 So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on,
 Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
 (As I am sure they do) beare fire enough
 To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour
 The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
 What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause
 To picke vs to redresse? What other Bond,
 Then secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,
 And will not palter? And what other Oath,
 Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
 Swear Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous
 Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules
 That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, swear
 Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine
 The euen vertue of our Enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressiue Mettle of our Spirits,
 To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance
 Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood
 That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares
 Is guilty of a seuerall Bastardie,
 If he do breake the smallest Particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?
 I thinke he will stand very strong with vs.

Cask. Let vs not leaue him out.

Cyn. No, by no meanes.

Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haire
 Will purchase vs a good opinion:
 And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
 It shall be sayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,
 Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,
 But all be buried in his Grauity.

Bru. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will neuer follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leaue him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely *Caesar*?

Cas. Decius well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony, so well belou'd of *Caesar*,
Should out-liue *Caesar*, we shall finde of him
A shrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes
If he improue them, may well stretch so farre
As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,
Let *Antony* and *Caesar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seeme too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:
For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Caesar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:
We all stand vp against the spirit of *Caesar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Caesars* Spirit,
And not dismember *Caesar*! But (alas)
Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carue him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkasse fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,
And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuious.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then *Caesars* Arme,
When *Caesars* head is off.

Cas. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted loue he beares to *Caesar*.

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not thinke of him:
If he loue *Caesar*, all that he can do
Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for *Caesar*,
And that were much he should: for he is giuen
To sports, to wildenesse, and much company.

Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the *Clocke*.

Cas. The *Clocke* hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cass. But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether *Caesar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be so resolu'd,
I can ore-sway him: For he loues to heare,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can giue his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Cas. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eight houre, is that the vttermost?

Cin. Be that the vttermost, and faile not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth beare *Caesar* hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you haue thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes vpon's:
Wee'l leaue you *Brutus*,
And Friends disperse your selues; but all remember
What you haue said, and shew your selues true Romans.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purposes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With vntyr'd Spirits, and formall Constancie,
And so good morrow to you euery one.

Exeunt.

Manet Brutus.

Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,
Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

[Page kk4v]

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord.

Bru. Portia: What meane you? wherfore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vngently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-
crosse And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.
I vrg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gave signe for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his houre with euery man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much vpon your shape,
As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,
I should not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.

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

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

Bru. Why so I do: good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sicke? And is it Physicall
To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is *Brutus* sicke?
And will he steale out of his wholsome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To adde vnto his sicknesse? No my *Brutus*,
You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe
Why you are heauy: and what men to night
Haue had resort to you: for heere haue beene
Some sixe or seuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darknesse.

Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets

That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I haue made strong prooffe of my Constancie,
Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Knocke.

Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy bosome shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will construe to thee,
All the Charractery of my sad browes:
Leaue me with hast.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time haue you chose out braue *Caius*
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

Cai. I am not sicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniu'r'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will striue with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A peece of worke,
That will make sicke men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?

Bru. That must we also. What it is my *Caius*,
I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Thunder

Bru. Follow me then.

Exeunt

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Iulius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,
Haue beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho: They murther *Caesar*. Who's within?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord.

Caes. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Caesar*? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stirre out of your house to day.

Caes. *Caesar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see
The face of *Caesar*, they are vanished.

[Page kk5]

Calp. *Caesar*, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.
A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horsses do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.
O *Caesar*, these things are beyond all vse,
And I do feare them.

Caes. What can be auoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Caesar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Caesar*.

Calp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,
The Heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes

Caes. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant neuer taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Seruant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Caes. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Caesar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for feare:
No *Caesar* shall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Caesar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Caesar* shall go foorth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keeps you in the house, and not your owne.
Wee'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.

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

Enter Decius.

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

Deci. *Caesar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Caesar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Caes. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sicke.

Caes. Shall *Caesar* send a Lye?
Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,
To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Caesar* will not come.

Deci. Most mighty *Caesar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

Caes. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your priuate satisfaction,
Because I loue you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:
She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And euils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke
Reuiuing blood, and that great men shall presse
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is signified.

Caes. And this way haue you well expounded it.

Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *Caesar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Breake vp the Senate, till another time:
When *Caesars* wife shall meete with better Dreames.
If *Caesar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper
Loe *Caesar* is affraid?
Pardon me *Caesar*, for my deere deere loue
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reason to my loue is liable.

Caes. How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calphurnia*?
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.

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

Pub. Good morrow *Caesar*.

Caes. Welcome *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so earely too?
Good morrow *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you leane.
What is't a Clocke?

Bru. *Caesar*, 'tis strucken eight.

Caes. I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Reuels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant. So to most Noble *Caesar*.

Caes. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
I haue an houres talke in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar I will: and so neere will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further.

Caes. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me.
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Bru. That euery like is not the same, O *Caesar*,
The heart of *Brutus* eames to thinke vpon.

Exeunt

Enter Artemidorus.

*Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Cassius; come not
neere Caska, haue an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonius, marke
well Metellus Cymbber, Decius Brutus loues thee not: Thou
hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all
these men, and it is bent against Caesar: If thou beest not Im-mortall,
looke about you: Security giues way to Conspiracie.
The mighty Gods defend thee.*

[Page kk5v]

Thy Louer, *Artemidorus*.

Heere will I stand, till *Caesar* passe along,
And as a Sutor will I giue him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O *Caesar*, thou mayest liue;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue.

Exit.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

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

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would haue had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue:
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?

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

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What *Caesar* doth, what Sutors presse to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

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

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is *Caesar* yet gone to the Capitoll?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to *Caesar*, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I haue Lady, if it will please *Caesar*
To be so good to *Caesar*, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended to-
wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:
The throng that followes *Caesar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Praetors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great *Caesar* as he comes along.

Por. I must go in:
Aye me! How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
The Heauens speede thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suite
That *Caesar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Caes. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I *Caesar*, but not gone.

Art. Haile *Caesar*: Read this Scedule.

Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leysure) this his humble suite.

Art. O *Caesar*, reade mine first: for mine's a suite
That touches *Caesar* neerer. Read it great *Caesar*.

Caes. What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.

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

Caes. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, giue place.

Cassi. What, vrge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitoll.

Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thriue.

Cassi. What enterprize *Popillius*?

Popil. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popillius Lena*?

Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprize might thriue:
I feare our purpose is discouered.

Bru. Looke how he makes to *Caesar*: marke him.

Cassi. *Caska* be sodaine, for we feare preuention.
Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius or *Caesar* neuer shall turne backe,
For I will slay my selfe.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant:
Popillius Lena speakes not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and *Caesar* doth not change.

Cassi. *Trebonius* knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Deci. Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
And presently preferre his suite to *Caesar*.

Bru. He is adrest: presse neere, and second him.

Cin. *Caska*, you are the first that reares your hand.

Caes. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
That *Caesar* and his Senate must redresse?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puisant *Caesar*
Metellus Cymber throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.

Caes. I must preuent thee *Cymber*:
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To thinke that *Caesar* beares such Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:

Know, *Caesar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,
To sound more sweetly in great *Caesars* eare,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

[Page kk6]

Bru. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Caesar*:
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.

Caes. What *Brutus*?

Cassi. Pardon *Caesar*: *Caesar* pardon:
As lowe as to thy foote doth *Cassius* fall,
To begge infranchisement for *Publius Cymber*.

Caes. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue me:
But I am constant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with vnnumbred sparkes,
They are all Fire, and euery one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensiuē;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, euen in this:
That I was constant *Cymber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

Cinna. O *Caesar*.

Caes. Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?

Decius. Great *Caesar*.

Caes. Doth not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele?

Cask. Speake hands for me.

They stab Caesar.

Caes. *Et Tu Brute?* — — Then fall *Caesar*.

Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

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

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, least some Friend of *Caesars*
Should chance— —

Bru. Talke not of standing. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them *Publius*.

Cassi. And leaue vs *Publius*, least that the people
Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cassi. Where is *Antony*?

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:
Men, Wiues, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomesday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon.

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we *Caesars* Friends, that haue abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,

And let vs bathe our hands in *Caesars* blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:
Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,
And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

Cassi. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?

Bru. How many times shall *Caesar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompeyes* Basis lye along,
No worthier then the dust?

Cassi. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gaue their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cassi. I, euery man away.
Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Seruant.

Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies*.

Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me kneelee;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;
Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing:
Say, I loue *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Caesar*, honour'd him, and lou'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolu'd
How *Caesar* hath deseru'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not loue *Caesar* dead
So well as *Brutus* liuing; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this vntrod State,
With all true Faith. So says my Master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,
I neuer thought him worse:
Tell him, so please him come vnto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor
Depart vntouch'd.

Ser. Ile fetch him presently.

Exit Seruant.

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

Cassi. I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde
That feares him much: and my misgiuing still
Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But heere comes *Antony*:
Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Caesar*! Dost thou lye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke:
If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit
As *Caesars* deaths houre; nor no Instrument
Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,
Fulfill your pleasure. Liue a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.
No place will please me so, no meane of death,
As heere by *Caesar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony*! Begge not your death of vs:
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our present Acte
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:

[Page kk6v]

And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire driues out fire, so pittie, pittie
Hath done this deed on *Caesar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony*:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.

Cassi. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselues with feare,
And then, we will deliuer you the cause,
Why I, that did loue *Caesar* when I strooke him,
Haue thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though last, not least in loue, yours good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did loue thee *Caesar*, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,
Shall it not greeue thee deerer then thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*, heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart,
Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,

And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,
Dost thou heere lye?

Cassi. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Caesar*, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.

Cassi. I blame you not for praising *Caesar* so.
But what compact meane you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Caesar*.
Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Caesar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a sauage Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Caesar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seeke,
And am moreouer sutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall Marke *Antony*.

Cassi. *Brutus*, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That *Antony* speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter.

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Caesars* death.
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leaue, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Caesar* shall

Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.

Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, heere take you *Caesars* body:
You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs,
But speake all good you can deuise of *Caesar*,
And say you doo't by our permission:
Else shall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

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

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow vs.

Exeunt.

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in vse,
And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And *Caesars* Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, shall smell aboue the earth

With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octauio's Seruant.

You serue *Octaius Caesar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.

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

Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth— —
O *Caesar*!

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master comming?

Ser. He lies to night within seuen Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post backe with speede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for *Octaius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,
Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To yong *Octaius*, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[Page 111]

Exeunt

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

Ple. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other streete,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendred

Of *Caesars* death.

1. *Ple.* I will heare *Brutus* speake.

2. I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When seuerally we heare them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Caesars*, to him I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Caesar*, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Caesar*, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Caesar* lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Caesar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues; then that *Caesar* were dead, to liue all Free-men? As *Caesar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to *Caesar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-forc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the benefit of his dying, a place in the Co[m]monwealth, as which

of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dagger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.

2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3. Let him be *Caesar*.

4. *Caesars* better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'l bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes.

1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Caesars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Caesars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Saue I alone, till *Antony* haue spoke.

Exit

1 Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.

3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,
Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.

4 What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 He sayes, for *Brutus* sake
He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.

4 'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus* heere?

1 This *Caesar* was a Tyrant.

3 Nay that's certaine:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace hoe, let vs heare him.

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to bury *Caesar*, not to praise him:

The euill that men do, liues after them,

The good is oft enterred with their bones,

So let it be with *Caesar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Caesar* was Ambitious:

If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,

And greeuously hath *Caesar* answer'd it.

Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest

(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,

So are they all; all Honourable men)

Come I to speake in *Caesars* Funerall.

He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;

But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,

Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:

Did this in *Caesar* seeme Ambitious?

When that the poore haue cry'de, *Caesar* hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And sure he is an Honourable man.

I speake not to disprooue what *Brutus* spoke,

But heere I am, to speake what I do know;

You all did loue him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?

O Iudgement! thou are fled to brutish Beasts,

And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,

My heart is in the Coffin there with *Caesar*,

And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.

1 Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.

2 If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar ha's had great wrong.

3 Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in his place.

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

[Page 111v]

1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.

2. Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.

4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Caesar* might
Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none so poore to do him reuerence.
O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Caesar*,
I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kisse dead *Caesars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their issue.

4 Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Caesars* Will.

Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not meete you know how *Caesar* lou'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Caesar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you should, O what would come of it?

4 Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*:
You shall reade vs the Will, *Caesars* Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Caesar*: I do feare it.

4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Testament.

2 They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the
Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Caesar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?

All. Come downe.

2 Descend.

3 You shall haue leaue.

4 A Ring, stand round.

1 Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2 Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay presse not so vpon me, stand farre off.

All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.

Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time euer *Caesar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
That day he ouercame the *Neruij*.

Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:
 See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:
 Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd,
 And as he pluck'd his cursed *Steele* away:
 Marke how the blood of *Caesar* followed it,
 As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd
 If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:
 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Caesars* Angel.
 Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Caesar* lou'd him:
 This was the most vnkindest cut of all.
 For when the Noble *Caesar* saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,
 And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
 Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue
 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Caesar* fell.
 O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
 Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
 Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.
 O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
 The dint of pittie: These are gracious droppes.
 Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
 Our *Caesars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,
 Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1. O pitteous spectacle!

2. O Noble *Caesar*!

3. O wofull day!

4. O Traitors, Villaines!

1. O most bloody sight!

2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge
 About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,
 Let not a Traitor liue.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*.

2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with
 him.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp
To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is:
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:
For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:
I tell you that, which you your selues do know,
Shew you sweet *Caesars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths
And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of *Caesar*, that should moue
The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1 Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus*.

3 Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake

All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Caesar* thus deseru'd your loues?
Alas you know not, I must tell you then:
You haue forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Wil.

Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder *Caesars* Seale:
To euery Roman Citizen he giues,
To euery seuerall man, seenty fiew Drachmaes.

2 Ple. Most Noble *Caesar*, wee'l reuenge his death.

3 Ple. O Royall *Caesar*.

[Page 112]

Ant. Heare me with patience.

All. Peace hoe

Ant. Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for euer: common pleasures
To walke abroad, and recreate your selues.
Heere was a *Caesar*: when comes such another?

1.Ple. Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.
Take vp the body.

2.Ple. Go fetch fire.

3.Ple. Plucke downe Benches.

4.Ple. Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.

Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke: Mischeefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Seruant.

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

Ant. Where is hee?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Caesars* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes vpon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.

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

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moued them. Bring me to *Octavius*.

Exeunt

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Caesar*,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie:
I haue no will to wander foorth of doores,
Yet something leads me foorth.

1. What is your name?

2. Whether are you going?

3. Where do you dwell?

4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

2. Answer euery man directly.

1. I, and breefely.

4. I, and wisely.

3. I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to answer euery man, directly and breefely, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.

2 That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marrie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to *Caesars* Funerall.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling: breefely.

Cinna. Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3. Your name sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.

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

4. Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.

3. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* House, and some to *Caska's*; some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prickt

Octa. Your Brother too must dye: consent you *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Pricke him downe *Antony*.

Lep. Vpon condition *Publius* shall not liue,
Who is your Sisters sonne, Marke *Antony*.

Ant. He shall not liue; looke, with a spot I dam him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Caesars* house:
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I finde you heere?

Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll.

Exit Lepidus

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

Octa. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I haue seene more dayes then you,
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To ease our selues of diuers sland'rous loads,
He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,
To groane and swet vnder the Businesse,
Either led or driuen, as we point the way:
And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares,
And graze in Commons.

Octa. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

Ant. So is my Horse *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Prouender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of vse, and stal'de by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Octavius*,
Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are leuying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,
And let vs presently go sit in Councill,
How couert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.

Octa. Let vs do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes.

[Page II2v]

Exeunt

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius
and Pindarus meete them.*

Bru. Stand ho.

Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand.

Bru. What now *Lucillius*, is *Cassius* neere?

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

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

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

Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd.

Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucillius*,
When Loue begins to sicken and decay
It vseth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Bru. Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him.

Cassi. Stand ho.

Bru. Stand ho, speake the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.

Cassi. Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.

Bru. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cassi. *Brutus*, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them — —

Brut. *Cassius*, be content,
Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Greefes,
And I will giue you Audience.

Cassi. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. *Lucillius*, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.

Exeunt

Manet Brutus and Cassius.

Cassi. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

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

Cassi. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That euery nice offence should beare his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeseruers.

Cassi. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassi. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March reme[m]ber:
Did not great *Iulius* bleede for Iustice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That stricke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman.

Cassi. *Brutus*, baite not me,
Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Bru. Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cassi. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cassi. Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away slight man.

Cassi. Is't possible?

Bru. Heare me, for I will speake.
Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaues how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch
Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
Ile vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.

Cassi. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.

Cass. You wrong me euery way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When *Caesar* liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd me.

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him.

[Page 113]

Cassi. I durst not.

Bru. No.

Cassi. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cassi. Do not presume too much vpon my Loue,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You haue done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,

That they passe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile meanes:
By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I haue answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes so Couetous,
To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces.

Cassi. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cassi. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart:
A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassi. You loue me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cassi. A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.

Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassi. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,
Reuenge your selues alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate
To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine, Richer then Gold:

If that thou bee'st a Roman, take it foorth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:
Strike as thou did'st at *Caesar*: For I know,
When thou did'st hate him worst, thou loued'st him better
Then euer thou loued'st *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:
Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoaked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,
And straite is cold agen.

Cassi. Hath *Cassius* liu'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

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

Cassi. Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cassi. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cassi. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull.

Bru. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are ouer-earnest with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you so.

Enter a Poet.

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

Lucil. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you meane?
Loue, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,
For I haue seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.

Cas. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?

Bru. Get you hence sirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence.

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

Brut. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What should the Warres do with these Iigging Fooles?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away be gone.

Exit Poet

Bru. *Lucillius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cas. And come your selues, & bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to vs.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.

Cas. I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many greefes.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no vse,
If you giue place to accidentall euils.

Bru. No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha? *Portia*?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching losse!
Vpon what sicknesse?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And greefe, that yong *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Haue made themselues so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Euen so.

Cas. O ye immortall Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all vnkindnesse *Cassius*.

Drinckes

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Messala*:
Now sit we close about this Taper heere,
And call in question our necessities.

Cass. *Portia*, art thou gone?

Bru. No more I pray you.
Messala, I haue heere receiued Letters,
That yong *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

[Page 113v]

Mess. My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

Bru. With what Addition.

Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine speake of seenty Senators, that dy'de
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cassi. *Cicero* one?

Messa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No *Messala*.

Messa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing *Messala*.

Messa. That me thinkes is strange.

Bru. Why aske you?

Heare you ought of her, in yours?

Messa. No my Lord.

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

Messa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why farewell *Portia*: We must die *Messala*:
With meditating that she must dye once,
I haue the patience to endure it now.

Messa. Euen so great men, great losses shold indure.

Cassi. I haue as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

Bru. Well, to our worke aliue. What do you thinke
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cassi. I do not thinke it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cassi. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemie seeke vs,
So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.

Bru. Good reasons must of force giue place to better:
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
For they haue grug'd vs Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number vp,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd:
From which aduantage shall we cut him off.
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our backe.

Cassi. Heare me good Brother.

Bru. Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,
That we haue tride the vtmost of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth euery day,
We at the height, are readie to decline.
There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we must take the current when it serues,
Or loose our Ventures.

Cassi. Then with your will go on: wee'l along
Our selues, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,
And Nature must obey Necessitie,
Which we will niggard with a little rest:
There is no more to say.

Cassi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Messala*,
Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cassi. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Neuer come such diuision 'twene our soules:
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Euery thing is well.

Cassi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farwell euery one.

Exeunt.

Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.

Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,

Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. Varrus, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord?

Bru. I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will it not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,

It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

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

Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Canst thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,

And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

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

Bru. It does my Boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Brut. I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

Luc. I haue slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:

I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,

I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O Murd'rous slumber!
Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,
That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knaue good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?
I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?
Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?

Bru. Why com'st thou?

[Page 114]

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

Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe?

Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.

Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:

Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:
Claudio.

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord.

Bru. Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst
out?

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

Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing my Lord.

Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius:* Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow,
Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Clau. My Lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?

Both. Did we my Lord?

Bru. I: saw you any thing?

Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I my Lord.

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

Both. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:
It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Ant. Octavius, leade your Battaile softly on
Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.

Octa. Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.

Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.

Octa. I do not crosse you: but I will do so.

March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would haue parley.

Cassi. Stand fast *Titinius,* we must out and talke.

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we giue signe of Battaile?

Ant. No *Caesar,* we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.

Oct. Stirre not vntill the Signall.

Bru. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we loue words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octavius.*

An. In your bad strokes *Brutus,* you giue good words
Witnesse the hole you made in *Caesars* heart,
Crying long liue, Haile *Caesar.*

Cassi. Antony,
The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leaue them Hony-lesse.

Ant. Not stinglesse too.

Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too:
For you haue stolne their buzzing *Antony,*
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the sides of *Caesar*:
You shew'd your teethes like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Caesars* feete;
Whil'st damned *Caska*, like a Curre, behinde
Strooke *Caesar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.

Cassi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day.
If *Cassius* might haue rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs swet,
The prooffe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Neuer till *Caesars* three and thirtie wounds
Be well aueng'd; or till another *Caesar*
Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Brut. *Caesar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands.
Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.

Cassi. A peeuish School-boy, worthles of such Honor
Ioyn'd with a Masker, and a Reueller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Octa. Come *Antony*: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you haue stomackes.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army

Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,
And swimme Barke:
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho *Lucillius*, hearke, a word with you.

Luc. My Lord.

Cassi. Messala.

Messa. What sayes my Generall?

Cassi. Messala, this is my Birth-day: at this very day
Was *Cassius* borne. Giue me thy hand *Messala*:
Be thou my witnesse, that against my will
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* heere consorted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steeds, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatall, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.

[Page II4v]

Messa. Beleeue not so.

Cassi. I but beleeue it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Euen so *Lucillius*.

Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battaile, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death

Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to preuent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlasting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell *Cassius*,
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus*:
If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and giue these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Lowd Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in *Octauio*'s wing:
And sodaine push giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,
Who hauing some aduantage on *Octavius*,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.

Cassi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou louest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thought.

Exit.

Cassi. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?

Pind. Aboue. O my Lord.

Cassi. What newes?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titinius*. Now some light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane.

Showt.

And hearke, they shout for ioy.

Cassi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to liue so long,
To see my best Friend tane before my face

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, sauing of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Caesars* bowels, search this bosome.
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword— — *Caesar*, thou art reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not so haue beene
Durst I haue done my will. O *Cassius*,
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Messa. Where did you leaue him.

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

Messa. Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?

Titin. He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!

Messa. Is not that hee?

Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night;
So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

[Page 115]

Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error soone concey'd,
Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth,
But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.

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

Messa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts inuenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this sight.

Tit. Hye you *Messala*,
And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why did'st thou send me forth braue *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me giue it thee? Did'st thou not heare their showts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued euery thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart.

Dies

*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, yong Cato,
Strato, Volumnius, and Lucillius.*

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

Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* face is vpward.

Cato. He is slaine.

Bru. O *Iulius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*

Cato. Braue *Titinius*,
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

Bru. Are yet two Romans liuing such as these?
The last of all the Romans, far thee well:
It is impossible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares
To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.
I shall finde time, *Cassius*: I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Least it discomfort vs. *Lucillius* come,
And come yong *Cato*, let vs to the Field,
Labio and *Flauio* set our Battailes on:
'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt.

*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucillius,
and Flauius.*

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.

Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

Enter Souldiers, and fight.

And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyest, as brauely as *Titinius*,
And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.

Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyest.

Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2.Sold. Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.

1.Sold. Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is hee?

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

Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,
A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe,
Giue him all kindnesse. I had rather haue
Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* be aliue or dead,
And bring vs word, vnto *Octavius* Tent:
How euery thing is chanc'd.

Exeunt.

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

Brut. Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this
Rocke.

Clit. *Statillius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.

Brut. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*.

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

Brut. Peace then, no words.

Clit. Ile rather kill my selfe.

Brut. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.

Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?

Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.

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

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessell full of grieffe,
That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.

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

Volum. What sayes my Lord?

Brut. Why this, *Volumnius*:

The Ghost of *Caesar* hath appear'd to me
Two seuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come.

Volum. Not so, my Lord.

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

Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit: *Low Alarums*.
It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,
Then tarry till they push vs. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:
Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilest I runne on it.

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

Alarum still.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and *Volumnius*.

Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:
Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall haue glory by this loosing day
More then *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*,
By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almost ended his liues History:
Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.

Bru. Hence: I will follow:

I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

Stra. Giue me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.

Bru. Farewell good *Strato*. — — *Caesar*, now be still,
I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will.

Dyes.

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

Octa. What man is that?

Messa. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* onely ouercame himselfe,
And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*
That thou hast prou'd *Lucillius* saying true,

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

Stra. I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Messa. How dyed my Master *Strato*?

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

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

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators saue onely hee,
Did that they did, in enuy of great *Caesar*:
He, onely in a generall honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,
And say to all the world; This was a man.

Octa. According to his Vertue, let vs vse him
Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,
Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH. ↩

[Page 131]

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?

2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaile's lost, and wonne.

3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.

1. Where the place?

2. Vpon the Heath.

3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.

1. I come, *Gray-Malkin*.

All. Paddock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serieant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didst leaue it.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserues that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surueying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and
Banquoh?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Rosse.

Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Rosse. God saue the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in prooffe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great happinesse.

Rosse. That now *Sweno*, the Norways King,
Craues composition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes* ynch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

[Page 116v]

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceiue
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. Ile see it done.

King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:

Giue me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:
But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile giue thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.
Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not seene.

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th' Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.

2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.

3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.

2. Hayle.

3. Hayle.

1. Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd.

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banq. Toth' selfe-same tune and words: who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reades
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels sight,
His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,

In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and euery one did beare
Thy prayes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent,
To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:
In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.

[Page mm1]

Banq. What, can the Deuill speake true?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deserues to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebelle with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,

Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This supernaturall solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of successe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vse of Nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my stirre.

Banq. New Honors come vpon him
Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vse.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay vpon your ley-
sure.

Macb. Giue me your fauour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where euery day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.
Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,

The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs speake
Our free Hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme,
Donalbaine, and Attendants.*

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And set forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes construction in the Face.
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heaue on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deseru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it selfe.
Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,
By doing euery thing safe toward your Loue
And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That hast no lesse deseru'd, nor must be knowne
No lesse to haue done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There if I grow,
The Haruest is your owne.

King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselues
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate vpon
Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
On all deseruers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
Ile be my selfe the Herbeneger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,
For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand: yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see.

[Page mm1v]

King. True worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peerelesse Kinsman.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I haue
learn'd by the perfect'st report, they haue more in them, then
mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them
further, they made themselues Ayre, into which they vanish'd.
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missiues from
the King, who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title
before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to
the comming on of time, with haile King that shalt be. This
haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my dearest Partner of
Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of reioycing
by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay
it to thy heart and farewell.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.
Thould'st haue, great Glamys, that which cries,
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be vndone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,

Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To haue thee crown'd withall.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming:
One of my fellowes had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make vp his Message.

Lady. Giue him tending,
He brings great newes,
The Rauens himsele is hoarse,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th' accesse, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-euer, in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold.

Exit Messenger.

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now

The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th' innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,
Must be prouided for: and you shall put
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue solely soueraigne sway, and Masterdome.

Macb. We will speake further,

Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:
To alter fauor, euer is to feare:
Leaue all the rest to me.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

*Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme,
Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.*

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle sences.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Mansonry, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,

Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd
The ayre is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, see our honor'd Hostesse:
The Loue that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our seruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.

[Page mm2]

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We court him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.

La. Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themselues, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.

King. Giue me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hostesse.

Exeunt

Scena Septima.

Ho-boyes. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes and Seruice
ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
 It were done quickly: If th' Assassination
 Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch
 With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
 Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
 But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
 Wee'ld iumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
 We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
 Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
 To plague th' Inuenter, this euen-handed Iustice
 Commends th' Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice
 To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
 First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,
 Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
 Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
 Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
 Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
 So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
 Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deepe damnation of his taking off:
 And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
 Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
 Vpon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
 That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
 To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
 Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
 And falles on th' other.

Enter Lady.

How now? What Newes?

La. He has almost supt: why haue you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
 He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
 Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
 Not cast aside so soone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th' Addage.

Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.

La. What Beast was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themselues, and that their fitnessse now
Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,
And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you haue done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?

Lady. We faile?
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is asleepe,
(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so conuince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,

What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th' vnguarded *Duncan*? What not put vpon
His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood those sleepe two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?

Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his Death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
before him.*

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the
Clock.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelue.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.
A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repose.

[Page mm2v]

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Hostesse,
And shut vp in measurelesse content.

Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the seruant to defect,
Which else should free haue wrought.

Banq. All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:
To you they haue shew'd some truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,
If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'st leysure.

Macb. If you shall cleaue to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare,
I shall be counsail'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you.

Exit Banquo.

Macb. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed.
Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible

Exit.

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vse.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th' other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Heccats* Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* rauishing sides, towards his designe
Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the[m] drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the stern'st good-night.

He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?

Macb. I haue done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?

Lady. *Donalbaine.*

Mac. This is a sorry sight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,

When they did say God blesse vs.

Lady. Consider it not so deepely.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rael'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbend your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,
And wash this filthie Witnessse from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare
The sleepe Groomes with blood.

Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Infirme of purpose:
Giue me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-
hood, That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt.

Exit.

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white.

Knocke.

I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Constancie
Hath left you vnattended.

Knocke.

Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the
Key.*Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there
i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd

himselſe on th' expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue Napkins enow about you, here you'le ſweat for't.

Knock.

Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Deuils Name? Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could ſweare in both the Scales againſt eyther Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods ſake, yet could not equiuocate to Heauen: oh come in, Equiuocator.

Knock.

Knock,
Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French Hoſe: Come in Taylor, here you may roſt your Goole.

Knock.

Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further: I had thought to haue let in ſome of all Professions, that goe the Primroſe way to th' euerlaſting Bonfire.

Knock.

Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye ſo late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowing till the ſecond Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke eſpecially prouoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Noſe-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.
Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be ſaid to be an Equiuocator with Lecherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſwades him, and diſ-heartens him; makes him ſtand too, and not ſtand too: in conclu-

sion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye,
leaues him.

Macd. I beleeeue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I
requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong
for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I
made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I haue almost slipt the houre.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
seruice.

Exit Macduffe.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruely:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecyng, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Euent,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.

The obscure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was Feuorous,
And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie?

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me speake: [Page mm3v]
See, and then speake your selues: awake, awake,
Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason, *Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*
Banquo, and *Donalbaine*: *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see
The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,
As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Businesse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo*, Our Royall Master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas:
What, in our House?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.
Deare *Duff*, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th' expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Siluer skinne, lac'd with His Golden Blood,

And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa.

Macd. Looke to the Lady.

Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may clayme this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion.

Banq. Looke to the Lady:
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
And meet i'th' Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Exeunt.

Malc. What will you doe?
Let's not consort with them:
To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie.
Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:
Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue seene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this sore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light should kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon tousing in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowsing Owle hawked at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncans* Horses,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.

Rosse. They did so:
To th' amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.
How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

Ross. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were subborned,
Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauen vp
Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be inuested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu
Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyward Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

*Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,
Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing vnbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,
And Ile request your presence.

Banq. Let your Highnesse
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For euer knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should haue else desir'd your good aduice
(Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous)
In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,
Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horse:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell.

Exit Banquo.

Let euery man be master of his time,
Till seuen at Night, to make societie
The sweeter welcome:
We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you.
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Exeunt Lords.

Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
Gate.

Macb. Bring them before vs.
To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus
Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safetie. There is none but he,
Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said

Exit Seruant.

Mark Antonies was by *Caesar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,
For *Banquo's* Issue haue I fil'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,
And champion me to th' vtterance.
Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Exit Seruant.

Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,

Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:
Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how crost:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

[Page mm4v]

1. Murth. You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did so:

And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,

In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

1. Murth. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you haue a station in the file,
Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. Murth. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To spight the World.

1. Murth. And I another,
So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That euery minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer'st of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,

And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make loue,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2.Murth. We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.

1.Murth. Though our Liues— —

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this houre, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:

Fleans , his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolute your selues apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. Ile call vpon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Seruant. Madame, I will.

Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent.
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull ioy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-ioynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restlesse extasie.

Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepes well,
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:

Vnsafe the while, that wee must laue
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leaue this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleas* liues.

[Page mm5]

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Heccats* summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselues by ill:
So prythee goe with me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?

3. *Macbeth.*

2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iust.

1. Then stand with vs:
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traueller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approaches
The subiect of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horses.

Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, hoa.

2. Then 'tis hee:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th' Court.

1. His Horses goe about.

3. Almost a mile: but he does vsually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis hee.

1. Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Trecherie!
Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.

2. We haue lost
Best halfe of our Affaire.

1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Scaena Quarta.

*Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox,
Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thankes to your Maiesty.

Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostesse keeps her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th' mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Mac. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.

Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?

Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selues againe.

Exit Murderer.

Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both.

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,
Then pittie for Mischance.

Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?

[Page mm5v]

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Heere is a place reseru'd Sir.

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
What is't that moues your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you haue done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake
Thy goary lockes at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.

La. O proper stufte:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flawes and starts
(Impostors to true feare) would well become
A womans story, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You looke but on a stoole.

Macb. Prythee see there:
Behold, looke, loe, how say you:
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.
If Charnell houses, and our Graues must send
Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.

La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th' olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they rise againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange

Then such a murther is.

La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget:
Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,
I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

I drinke to th' generall ioy o'th' whole Table,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we misse:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Mac. Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

La. Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it spoyles the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

La. You haue displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange

Euen to the disposition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold such sights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse
Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not vpon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Maiesty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all.

Exit Lords.

Macb. It will haue blood they say:
Blood will haue Blood:
Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:
Augures, and vnderstood Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding.

La. Did you send to him Sir?

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,
All causes shall giue way. I am in blood
Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:
We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
Hecat.*

I. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?

Hec. Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;
And I the Mistris of your Charmes,
The close contriuer of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you haue done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie.
Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend
Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.
Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magicke slights,
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.

[Page mm6]

He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

I Come, let's make hast, shee'l soone be
Backe againe.

Exeunt.

Scaena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleans* kill'd,
For *Fleans* fled: Men must not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did greeue *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue
To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his Key,
(As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleans*.
But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fayl'd

His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macduffe liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Liues in the English Court, and is receyu'd
Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,
And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
Aduise him to a Caution, t' hold what distance
His wisdom can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.

3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Round about the Caldron go:

In the poysond Entrailes throw
Toad, that vnder cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,

In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,

Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the rauin'd salt Sea sharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke:
Liuer of Blaspheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Eclipse:
Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliuer'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th' Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,

[Page mm6v]

Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And euery one shall share i'th' gaines:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who euer knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waues
Confound and swallow Nauigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till destruction sicken: Answer me
To what I aske you.

1 Speake.

2 Demand.

3 Wee'l answer.

1 Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

I Powre in Soves blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show.

Thunder.

1. Apparation, an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power.

I He knowes thy thought:
Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

I Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:
Beware *Macduffe*,
Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.

He Descends.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

I He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the first.

Thunder.

2 Apparition, a Bloody Childe.

2 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macb. Had I three eares, Il'd heare thee.

Appar. Be bloody, bold, & resolute:
Laugh to scorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth*.

Descends.

Mac. Then liue *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not liue,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

What is this, that *Thunder*
rises like the issue³ *Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*
of a King,
And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't.

3 Appar. Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill
Shall come against him.

Descend.

Macb. That will neuer bee:
Who can impresse the Forrest, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood
Of Byrnan rise, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall liue the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall *Banquo's* issue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.
Why sinkes that Caldron? & what noise is this?

Hoboyes

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like shadowes, so depart.

*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse
in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crowne do's seare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggas,
Why do you shew me this? — — A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to'th' cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A seauenth? Ile see no more:
And yet the eighth appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this so?

I I Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay.

Musicke.

The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious houre,
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

[Page nn1]

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. I, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose neuer is o're-tooke
Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And euen now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:
The Castle of *Macduff*, I will surprize.
Seize vpon Fife; giue to th' edge o'th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must haue patience Madam.

Wife. He had none:

His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.

Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisdome, or his feare.

Wife. Wisdom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminitue of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;

As little is the Wisedome, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.

Rosse. My deerest Cooz,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing vpon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-lesse.

Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leaue at once.

Exit Rosse.

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you liue?

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?

Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.

Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.

Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that swears, and lyes.

Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.

Wife. Euery one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Euery one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there
are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,
and hang vp them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you
would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly
haue a new Father.

Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too sauage:
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserue you,

I dare abide no longer.

Exit Messenger

Wife. Whether should I flye?
I haue done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I haue done no harme?
What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

Wife. I hope in no place so vnsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.

Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?

Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you.

Exit crying Murther.

[Page nnlv]

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, & there
Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let vs rather
Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleue, Ile waile;
What know, beleue; and what I can redresse,
As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something
You may discerne of him through me, and wisdom
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Malc. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace must still looke so.

Macd. I haue lost my Hopes.

Malc. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe?
Those precious Motiues, those strong knots of Loue,
Without leaue-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Iealousies, be your Dishonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust,
What euer I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speake not as in absolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country sinkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash

Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall treade vpon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall haue more vices then it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry wayes then euer,
By him that shall succede.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confinesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd
In euils, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Auaricious, False, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne
That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would ore-bear
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th' vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many

As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselues,
Finding it so inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes
In my most ill-composd Affection, such
A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Iewels, and this others House,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Auarice
stickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin
The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no relish of them, but abound
In the diuision of each seuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should
Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the vniuersall peace, confound
All vnity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:
I am as I haue spoken.

Mac. Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natio[n] miserable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands accust,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,

Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
 Dy'de euey day she liu'd. Fare thee well,
 These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe,
 Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
 Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion
 Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
 Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish *Macbeth*,
 By many of these traines, hath sought to win me
 Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me
 From ouer-credulous hast: but God aboute
 Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
 I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
 Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
 The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe,
 For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
 Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,
 Scarsely haue coueted what was mine owne.
 At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
 The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
 No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
 Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly
 Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
 Whither indeed, before they heere approach
 Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
 Already at a point, was setting foorth:
 Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse
 Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
 I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
 That stay his Cure: their malady conuinces
 The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,

They presently amend.

Exit.

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. Tis call'd the Euill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often since my heere remaine in England,
I haue seene him do: How he solicates heauen
Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
All swolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heauenly guift of Prophesie,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him not.

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poore Countrey,
Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:
Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,

Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Malc. What's the newest griefe?

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How gos't?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses.

Malc. Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome giues out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to some single brest?

Rosse. No minde that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Rosse. Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer,
Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound
that euer yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I guesse at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Malc. Mercifull Heauen:
What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

Rosse. I haue said.

Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?

Malc. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:
But I must also feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me: Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,

[Page nn2v]

Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heauen rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let grieffe
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe
Within my Swords length set him, if he scape
Heauen forgiue him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wayting
Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can
perceiue no truth in your report. When was it shee last
walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue
seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vp-
pon her, vnlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it,
write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-
turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.
In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other
actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard
her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witsse to confirme my speech.

Enter Lady, with a Taper.

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vp-on my life fast asleepe: obserue her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I, but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?
Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a spot.

Doct. Hearn, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this starting.

Doct. Go too, go too:
You haue knowne what you should not.

Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure
of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowne.

La. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the per-
fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not haue such a heart in my bosome,
for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I haue
knowne those which haue walkt in their sleep, who haue
dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,
looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried;
he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen so?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's
done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whisp'rings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:
More needs she the Diuine, then the Physitian:
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,
Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.*

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,
And many vnruffe youths, that euen now
Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies:
Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

[Page nn3]

Ang. Now do's he feele
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:
Those he commands, moue onely in command,
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a dwarfish Theefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It selfe, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.

Lenox. Or so much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan.

Exeunt marching.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall neuer sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Seruant.

The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'st thou that Goose-looke.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geese Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counsailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sick at hart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I say, this push
Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now.
I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life
Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to haue: but in their steed,
Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What Newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.
Giue me my Armor.

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. Ile put it on:
Send out moe Horses, skirre the Country round,
Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sicke my Lord,
As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her rest.

Macb. Cure of that:
Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Obliuious Antidote
Cleanse the stufft bosome, of that perillous stuffe
Which weighes vpon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister to himselfe.

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge
Would scowre these English hence: hear'st thou of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare something.

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe should hardly draw me heere.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,
and Soldiers Marching.*

Malc. Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What wood is this before vs?

Ment. The wood of Birnane.

Malc. Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discouery
Erre in report of vs.

Sold. It shall be done.

Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will indure
Our setting downe befor't.

Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be giuen,
Both more and lesse haue giuen him the Reuolt,
And none serue with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our iust Censures
Attend the true euent, and put we on
Industrious Souldiership.

[Page nn3v]

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make vs know
What we shall say we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculatiue, their vnsure hopes relate,
But certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre.

Exeunt marching

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with
Drum and Colours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siedge to scorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyse?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I haue almost forgot the taste of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my sences would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-shrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre

As life were in't. I haue supt full with horrors,
Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should haue dy'de heereafter;
There would haue beene a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That struts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to vse thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to doo't.

Macb. Well, say sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.

Macb. Lyar, and Slaue.

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three Mile may you see it comming.
I say, a mouing Groue.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th' Equiuocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood

Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wish th' estate o'th' world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.

*Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,
with Boughes.*

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our first Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee
Shall take vpon's what else remaines to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, giue the[m] all breath
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death.

Exeunt

Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one

Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Y.Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.

Y.Sey. No: though thou call'st thy selfe a hoter name
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Y.Sey. The diuell himselfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

Y.Sey. Thou lyeest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou speak'st.

Fight, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,
Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne.

Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face,
If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or else my Sword with an vnbattered edge
I sheath againe vndeeded. There thou should'st be,
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seemes bruided. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not.

[Page nn4]

Exit. Alarums.

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to do.

Malc. We haue met with Foes
That strike beside vs.

Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle.

Exeunt. Alarum

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see liues, the gashes
Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men else I haue auoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can giue thee out.

Fight: Alarum

Macb. Thou loosest labour
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.

Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with vs in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriu'd.

Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.

Mal. *Macduffe* is missing, and your Noble Sonne.

Rosse. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,
He onely liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the vnshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Rosse. I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haire,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
and that Ile spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th' Vsurpers cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland.

Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your seuerall loues,
And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland
In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what need full else

That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE. ↩

[Page 152]

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. *Barnardo?*

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t' illumine that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghost.*
Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeeue
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th' Ambitious Norway combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast

Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

[Page nn5]

Hor. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(There to prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land. *Enter Ghost againe.*
But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,
Speake 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 priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast vp-hoarded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,

(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th' extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This present Obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Sauious Birch is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,

As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O-
phelia, Lords Attendant.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queene,
Th' imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
He hath not fayl'd to pester vs with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarsely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow:
Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.
And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with *Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.*
you? [Page nn5v]

You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,
The Hand more instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
What sayes *Pollonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lord:
I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;
Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
Nor the deiected hauiour of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which passeth show;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound
In filiall Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer
In obstinate Condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,

An Vnderstanding simple, and vnschool'd:
 For, what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
 Why should we in our peeuish Opposition
 Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
 A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
 As of a Father; For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,
 Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent
 In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
 Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
 I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best
 Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
 Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
 This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
 No iocond health that Denmarke drinks to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rouse, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away.

Exeunt

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
 Thaw, and resolue it selfe into a Dew:
 Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
 Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
 Possesse it meerely. That it should come to this:
 But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
 So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
 That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
 Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne
 By what is fed on; and yet within a month?
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she.
 (O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
 Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
 Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
 And your poore Seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?
Marcellus.

[Page nn6]

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge*?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not haue your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elsenour*?
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds 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 vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke 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 eare; till I may deliuer
Vpon the witsse of these Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.

Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd
Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;
But answere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,
And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundred.

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisly? no.

Hor. It was, as I haue seene it in his life,
A Sable Siluer'd.

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake againe.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person,
Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight;
Let it bee treble in your silence still:

And whatsoever els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues; so fare ye well:
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloude;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more:
For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare
His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;

[Page nn6v]

For hee himselfe is subject to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the whole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
It fits your wisdom so farre to beleuee it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weight what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chast Treasure open
To his vnmasred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thoughts his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnatch't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but reserue thy iudgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne selfe 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 doe I take my leaue, my Lord.

Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Polon. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, somthing touching the L[ord]. *Hamlet.*

Polon. Marry, well bethought:

Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene 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 doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.
Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,

Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inuestments show:
But meere implorators of vnholy Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Haue you so slander any moment leisure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.
What does this meane my Lord?

[Page 001]

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouse,
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist;
And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy euent wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,
Haue burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
Reuisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reason,
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

Ham. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no further.

Gho. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Gho. My hower is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;
I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and blood; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Gho. Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.

Ham. Hast, hast me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May sweepe to my Reuenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged processe of my death

Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to seduce? Won to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will sate it selfe in a Cestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
That swift as Quick-siluer, it courses through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the body;
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatch;
Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account

[Page 001v]

With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible Oh horrible, most horrible:
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoeuer thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme showes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
Aduē, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me.

Exit.

Ham. Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
That youth and obseruation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes yes, by Heauen:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Aduē, Aduē, Remember me: I haue sworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Heauen secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How ist my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reueale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'l be secret?

Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
For euery man ha's businesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:

For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Marcell. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.

Gho. Swear.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene.
Swear by my sword.

Gho. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & vbique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:
Swear by my Sword.

Gho. Swear.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so fast?
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)
That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,
That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:
Swear.

[Page 002]

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t' expresse his loue and friending to you,
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh cursed spight,
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come let's goe together.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Giue him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo*.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe maruels wisely: good *Reynoldo*,
Before you visite him you make inquiry
Of his behaiour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said;
Very well said. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo*?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
Addicted so and so; and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so ranke,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are Companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A sauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working:
Marke you your party in conuerse; him you would sound,
Hauing euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to say?
I was about say something: where did I leaue?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence:
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of saile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wisdome and of reach
With windlesses, and with assaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynol. My Lord I haue.

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him plye his Musicke.

Reynol. Well, my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:

How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to such perusall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out a dores he went without their helpe;
And to the last, bended their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of Loue,
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,
And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

[Page 002v]

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His accesse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my iealousie:
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger sort
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
This must be knowne, being kept close might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guilden-
sterne Cum alijs.*

King. Welcome deere *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne*.
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' vnderstanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,

That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Guil. We both obey,
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks *Rosincrance*, and gentle *Guildensterne*.

Qu. Thanks *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosincrance*.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heauens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Exit.

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the father of good Newes.

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Giue first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppressse
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th' assay of Armes against your Maiestie.
Whereon old Norway, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers
So leuied as before, against the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,

On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.
Most welcome home.

Exit Ambass.

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I vse no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.
Mad let vs grant him then: and now remains
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defectiue, comes by cause,
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil'st she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.

[Page 003]

The Letter.

To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautifed O-phelia.

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautifed is a vilde

Phrase: but you shall heere these in her excellent white
bosome, these.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,

Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:

Doubt Truth to be a Lier,

But neuer Doubt, I loue.

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to
reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-
leeue it. Adieu.*

*Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
And more about hath his soliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine proue so. But what might you thinke?

When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me what might you
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, thinke,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,

Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently.
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Exit King & Queen.

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing Carrion — —
Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'thSunne: Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremitie for loue: very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slaue saies here, that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently beleeeue; yet I holde it not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre:
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,
And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaue of you.

[Page oo3v]

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
will more willingly part withall, except my life, my
life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there
hee is.

Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne.

Rosin. God saue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'st thou
Guildensterne? Oh, *Rosincrane*; good Lads: How doe ye
both?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on For-
tunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waste, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rosin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.

Rosin. We thinke 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.

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meerey the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Rosin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretched Heroes the Beggers Shadows: shall we to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. Wee'l wait vpon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at *Elsonower*?

Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thanks; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deale iustly with me: come, come; nay speake.

Guil. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modesties haue not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preserued loue, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery of your secrie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of ex-

ercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my disposition; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster-rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon 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 seeme to say so.

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight shal vse his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' sere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players are they?

Rosin. Euen those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanches it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarce come thither.

[Page 004]

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escorted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselues to common Players (as it is most like if their meanes are not better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Rosin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Con-
trouersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argu-
ment, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in
the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of
Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rosin. I that they do my Lord. *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of
Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him
while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred
Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is some-
thing in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could
finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildensterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Rosin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome — —

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse — —

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuidible: or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are

the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right old *Iephta*?

Polon. If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fiue Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. Oh my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast 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 neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauiarie* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scoenes, set downe

with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sa- uory; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Aeneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrceanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
 Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
 When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
 Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
 With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
 Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
 With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
 That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
 To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
 And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
 Olde Grandsire *Priam* seekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good ac- cent, and good discretion.

I.Player. Anon he findes him,
 Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
 Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
 Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide:
 But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
 Th' vnnerued Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
 Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
 Stoopest to his Bace, and with a hideous crash
 Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
 Which was declining on the Milkie head
 Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Ayre to sticke:
 So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
 And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
 But as we often see against some storme,

[Page 004v]

A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowsed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Pry-
thee say on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

I.Play. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

I.Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th' Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest, soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-stow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euerie man after his desart, and who should scape whipping: vse them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Exit Polon.

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night you are welcome to *Elsonower*?

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slaue am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,

But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,
 Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
 That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
 Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
 A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
 With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
 For *Hecuba*?
 What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
 Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion
 That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
 And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:
 Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
 The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake
 Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
 Vpon whose property, and most deere life,
 A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
 Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
 Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
 Tweakes me by'th' Nose? giues me the Lye i'th' Throate,
 As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
 But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
 To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
 I should haue fatted all the Region Kites
 With this Slaues Offfall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,
 Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
 Oh Vengeance!
 Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most braue,
 That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
 Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
 Must (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
 And fall a Cursing like a very Drab.
 A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
 I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
 Haue by the very cunning of the Scoene,
 Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently

They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile rent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King.

Exit

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosin-
sincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

[Page 005]

Rosin. He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receiue you well?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
To these delights.

Rosin. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt.

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene
We may of their encounter frankely iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th' affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're

The diuell himselfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:

How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:

Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,

And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you now, receiue them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce
then your Honestie?

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honestie from what is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
prooffe. I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleued me. For vertue cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish of it. I loued you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe 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, reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

[Page 005v]

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, 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.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lisper, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go.

Exit Hamlet.

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectansie and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th' obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.
Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me,
T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so:
Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempest, and (as I say) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done, is fro[m] the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so ab-

hominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go make you readie.

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast.
Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Exit Polonius.

Both. We will my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as iust a man
As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennew hast, but thy good spirits
To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,

[Page 006]

Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger.
To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man,
That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core. I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night to before the King.
One Scoene of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.

If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,
Guildesterne, and other Lords attendant with
his Guard carrying Torches. Danish
March. Sound a Flourish.*

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cosin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish: I eate
the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these

words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th' Vniuersity, you say?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Rosin. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly betweene Maids legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke,
for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two mo-
neths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a
great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare:
But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall
he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsse, whose
Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

*Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embrac-
ing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto
him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck.
Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him
a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his
Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and
Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and
makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or
three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her.
The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the
Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and vnwilling awhile,
but in the end, accepts his loue.*

Exeunt

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes
Mischeefe.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the
Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players
cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not
you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it
meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the
Play.

Enter Prologue.

*For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie.*

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phoebus Cart gon round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in most sacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,
In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.

[Page 006v]

King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou — —

Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,

When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleue you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe stickes on the Tree,
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne enactors with themselues destroy:
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
Each opposite that blankes the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wise.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.

Exit

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-
fence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of-
fence i'th' 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: Gon-zago*
is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see
anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that?
Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches
vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrunng.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue:
if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my
edge.

Ophe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.
Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come, the croaking Rauens doth bellow for Re-

uenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholesome life, vsurpe immediately.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th' Garden for's estate: His
name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce
Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the
loue of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue o're the Play.

King. Giue me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall
Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
of Players sir.

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,
And now reignes heere.

A verie verie Paiocke.

Hora. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosinocrance and Guildensterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come the Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

[Page pp1]

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment:

if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits dis-eas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal command: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she says: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closset, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmanly.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumb, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myserie; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape like a Camell.

Polon. By'th' Masse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leauē me Friends:
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.

Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourelly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selues prouide:
Most holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Rosin. The single
And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests
The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw

What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount.
To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boystrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,
Which now goes too free-footed.

[Page pp1v]

Both. We will haste vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe
To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,

Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
 My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
 Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
 That cannot be, since I am still possess
 Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
 My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
 May one be pardon'd, and retaine th' offence?
 In the corrupted currants of this world,
 Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
 And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
 Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
 In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
 Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?
 Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
 Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,
 Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
 Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
 Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
 All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
 And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,
 A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
 I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
 To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
 He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
 With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
 And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:
 But in our circumstance and course of thought
 'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his Soule,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
 Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
 When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,

Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That ha's no rellish of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.

Exit.

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go.

Exit.

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranke haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. Whats the matter now?

Qu. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not so:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
boudge:

You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am slaine.

Killes Polonius.

Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stufte;
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
 And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
 As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
 As from the body of Contraction pluckes
 The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
 A rapsidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
 Yea this solidity and compound masse,
 With tristfull visage as against the doome,
 Is thought-sicke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
 The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
 See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curls, the front of Ioue himselfe,
 An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
 A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
 New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
 A Combination, and a forme indeed,
 Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,
 To giue the world assurance of a man.
 This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
 Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
 Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
 Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
 And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
 You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
 Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
 That thus hath cousend you at hoodman-blinde?
 O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe.
 And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
 When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,
 Since Frost it selfe, as actiuely doth burne,
 As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O *Hamlet*, speake no more.

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to liue

In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty Sty.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,

These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:

A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelve, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.

Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would your gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,

That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th' Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Least with this pitteous action you conuert
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our selues.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall.

Exit.

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodillesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extasie?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,

Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not spred the Compost on the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatnesse of this pursie times,
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worsser part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gaue him: so againe, good night.
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins and worse remaines behinde.

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to rauell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,
No in despite of Sense and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape

[Page pp2v]

To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall set me packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes.
These profound heaues
You must translate; 'Tis fit we vnderstand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension killes
The vnseene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed:
It had bin so with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Maiesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse.

Enter Ros. & Guild.

Ho *Guildenstern*:
Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this.
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wisest friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Exit Gent.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet*.

Ham. What noise? Who cal's on *Hamlet*?
Oh heere they come.

Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeeue it.

Rosin. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-
plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
best seruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in
the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed,
when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squee-
zing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rosin. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepes in a
foolish eare.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King, is a thing— —

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
after.

Exeunt

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th' Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme

Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releued,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrane.

How now? What hath befallne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rosin. Hoa, *Guildesterne*? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildesterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-
taine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm
is your onely Emperour for diet. We fat all creatures else
to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King,
and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes,
but to one Table that's the end.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messen-
ger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your
selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you
shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

[Page pp3]

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th' Associates tend, and euey thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,
for England.

Exit

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euey thing is Seal'd and done
That else leanes on th' Affaire, pray you make hast.
And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set
Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun.

Exit

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on.

Exit.

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode
will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would she haue?

Hor. She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares
There's trickes i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,
So full of Artlesse ieaousie is guilt,
It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia*?

Ophe. How should I your true loue know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Ophe. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. Larded with sweet Flowers:
Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue showres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when
they aske you what it meanes, say you this:
To morrow is S[aint]. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then vp he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Ophe. Indeed I? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S[aint]. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for shame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed:

*So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she bin thus?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,
but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should
lay him i'th' cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it,
and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my
Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:
Goodnight, goodnight.

Exit.

King. Follow her close,
Giue her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battalians. First, her Father slaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement,
Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude,* this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me superfluous death.

[Page pp3v]

A Noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mes. Saue your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

Al. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,

Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.

Speake man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:
If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.

Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-
uenge, it could not moue thus.

Ophe. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call
him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.
Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for
Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-
brance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew
with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed: They say, he made a good end;
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.

Ophe. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-
bed, He neuer wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.
And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye.

Exeunt Ophelia

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

[Page pp4]

Laer. Let this be so:
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:
And where th' offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

Exeunt

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Ser. Saylor's sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God blesse you Sir.

Hor. Let him blesse thee too.

Say. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
for you Sir: It comes from th' Ambassadors that was
bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

*Horatio, When thou shalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue these
Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters
for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues too
slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I
boorded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so
I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like
Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe
a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue
sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest
flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee
dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.
These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosinrance
and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them
I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine,

Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exit.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,

That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnsinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so coniunctiue to my life, and soule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine— —

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mes. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*, This to your
Maiesty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mes. Saylor my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them:

Leaue vs.

Exit Messenger

*High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leaue to see your Kingly
Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) re-
count th' Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.*
Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

Kin. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an employt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I'ue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,

[Page pp4v]

As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamound*.

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't.
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

Kin. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Aduie my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it.

Exit.

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue straight, the Crouner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

[Page pp5]

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how doth thou vnderstand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe— —

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

*In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very sweete:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.*

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that

he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Employment hath the daintier sense.

*Clowne sings. But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene such.*

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

*Clowne sings. A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a shrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's

time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeest.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shее's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne so pickt, that the toe of the Pesant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

[Page pp5v]

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was; Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Iester.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ene that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Ho-ratio*, a fellow of infinite Iest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft. Where be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own leering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry-thee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'ene so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E'ene so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *A-lexander*, till he find it stopping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether
with modestie enough, & likelielihood to lead it; as thus.
Alexander died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* re-
turneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make
Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuer-
ted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall *Caesar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t' expell the winters flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.*

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done:
We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou prai'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme.
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Esile*, eate a Crocodile?
Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

[Page pp6]

Kin. This is meere Madnesse:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her Golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day.

Exit.

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrude* set some watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarfte about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reason;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Ist possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans seriuce: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
And many such like Assis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau't th' impression, plac't it safely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guiltensterne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But sure the brauery of his grieffe did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Osricke.

Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmarke.

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?

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 his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the pos-
session of dirt.

Osr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of spirit; put
your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is very soultry, and hot for my Complexion.

[Page pp6v]

Osr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Osr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Osr. The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Osr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Osr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Osr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselve, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauty that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it

be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be-times?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht
With sore distraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th' darkest night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,
Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th' weaker side.

King. I do not feare it,
I haue seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles haue all a length.

Prepare to play.

Osricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw
Richer then that, which foure successiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.
Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King dringes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come on sir.

[Page qq1]

They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well: againe.

King. Stay, giue me drinke.

Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

King. Our Sonne shall win.

Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowes to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrude,* do not drinke.

Qu. I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Play.

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come, againe.

Osr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Osr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Osricke*,
I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleede.

Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyson'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.
Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.

Hurts the King.

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother.

King Dyes.

Laer. He is iustly seru'd.
It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:
Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Dyes.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right
To the vnsatisfied.

Hor. Neuer beleeeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.

March afarre off, and shout within.

What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Osricke.

Osr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come fro[m] Poland
To th' Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:

The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o.

Dyes

Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme,
Colours, and Attendants.*

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see;
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne* are dead:
Where should we haue our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,

[Page qq1v]

You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th' yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inuentors head. All this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,

Hor. Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
Ordenance are shot off.*

FINIS.



Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent. I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, then *Cornwall*.

Glou. It did alwayes seeme so to vs: But now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it appeares not which of the Dukes hee valewes most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choise of eithers moity.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; where-vpon she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault vndone, the issue of it, being so proper.

Glou. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my account, though this Knaue came something sawcily to the world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother fayre, there was good sport at his making, and the horson must be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:
Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My seruices to your Lordship.

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

Edm. Sir, I shall study deseruing.

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall againe. The King is comming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster.

Glou. I shall, my Lord.

Exit.

Lear. Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.
Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we
Vnburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of *Cornwal*,
And you our no lesse louing Sonne of *Albany*,
We haue this houre a constant will to publish
Our daughters seuerall Dowes, that future strife
May be preuented now. The Princes, *France & Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our yongest daughters loue,
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous soiourne,
And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diuest vs both of Rule,
Interest of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,
That we, our largest bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gon. Sir, I loue you more then word can weild the matter,
Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.
A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* speake? Loue, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds euen from this Line, to this,
With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* issues
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?
Our deerest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde she names my very deede of loue:
Onely she comes too short, that I professe
My selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the most precious square of sense professes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highnesse loue.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*,
And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's
More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure
Then that conferr'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Ioy,
Although our last and least; to whose yong loue,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw
A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.

Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue
My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maiesty
According to my bond, no more nor lesse.

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

[Page qq2v]

Cor. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Loue you, and most Honour you.
Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say
They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so vtender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the sacred radience of the Sunne,
The misteries of *Heccat* and the night:
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releeu'd,
As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace *Kent*,
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lou'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
Let pride, which she cals plainnesse, marry her:
I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,

Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maiesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,
With reseruatiō of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine
The name, and all th' addition to a King: the Sway,
Reuennew, Execution of the rest,
Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.

Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
As my great Patron thought on in my praier.

Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* vnmanly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldest thou do old man?
Think'st thou that dutie shall haue dread to speake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainnesse honour's bound,
When Maiesty falls to folly, reserue thy state,
And in thy best consideration checke
This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my iudgement:
Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
Reuerbe no hollownesse.

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

Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,
Thy safety being motiue.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*,

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vassall! Miscreant.

Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbear.

Kent. Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow
Vpon the foule disease, reuoke thy guift,
Or whil'st I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou dost euill.

Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegeance heare me;
That thou hast sought to make vs breake our vowes,
Which we durst neuer yet; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world,
And on the sixt to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome: if on the tenth day following,
Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Iupiter*,
This shall not be reuok'd,

Kent. Fare thee well King, sith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome liues hence, and banishment is here;
The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,
That iustly think'st, and hast most rightly said:
And your large speeches, may your deeds approue,
That good effects may spring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l shape his old course, in a Country new.

Exit.

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

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundie*,
We first addresse toward you, who with this King
Hath riuall'd for our Daughter; what in the least
Will you require in present Dower with her,
Or cease your quest of Loue?

Bur. Most Royall Maiesty,
I craue no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,
Nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,
If ought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or, leaue her.

[Page qq3]

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not vp in such conditions.

Le. Then leaue her sir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
T' auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange,
That she whom euen but now, was your obiect,
The argument of your praise, balme of your age,
The best, the deerest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of fauour: sure her offence
Must be of such vnnaturall degree,
That monsters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into taint, which to beleue of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should neuer plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Maiesty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,
Ile do't before I speake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulennesse,
No vnchaste action or dishonoured step
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou had'st
Not beene borne, then not t'haue pleas'd me better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,
Which often leaues the history vnspoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is mingled with regards, that stands
Aloofe from th' intire point, will you haue her?
She is herselfe a Dowrie.

Bur. Royall King,
Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutchesse of *Burgundie*.

Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme.

Bur. I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father,
That you must loose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,
Since that respect and Fortunes are his loue,
I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My Loue should kindle to enflam'd respect.
Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,

Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watrish *Burgundy*,
Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,
Thou loolest here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:
Come Noble *Burgundie*.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Fra. Bid farwell to your Sisters.

Cor. The Iewels of our Father, with wash'd eies
Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a Sister am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
To your professed bosomes I commit him,
But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.

Regn. Prescribe not vs our dutie.

Gon. Let your study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you
At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.

Cor. Time shall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at last with shame derides:
Well may you prosper.

Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*.

Exit France and Cor.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I haue to say,
Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our Father will hence to night.

Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth with vs.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the observation we haue made of it hath beene little; he alwaies lou'd our Sister most, and with what poore iudgement he hath now cast her off, appeares too grossely.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but slenderly knowne himselfe.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but rash, then must we looke from his age, to receiue not alone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but therewithall the vnruely way-wardnesse, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

Reg. Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* banishment.

Gon. There is further complement of leaue-taking betweene *France* and him, pray you let vs sit together, if our Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares, this last surrender of his will but offend vs.

Reg. We shall further thinke of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'th' heate.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddess, to thy Law
My seruices are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
The curiosity of Nations, to depriue me?
For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my shape as true
As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs
With Base? With basenes Bastardie? Base, Base?
Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take
More composition, and fierce qualitie,

Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
Goe to th' creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got 'twene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land,
Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard *Edmond*,
As to th' legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.
Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter speed,
And my inuention thriue, *Edmond* the base
Shall to'th' Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:
Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards.

[Page qq3v]

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Prescrib'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Vpon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none.

Glo. Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp that Letter?

Bast. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glo. What Paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of
it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not
such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee no-
thing, I shall not neede Spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter
from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for so
much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-loo-
king.

Glo. Giue me the Letter, Sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine, or giue it:
The Contents, as in part I vnderstand them,
Are too blame.

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

Bast. I hope for my Brothers iustification, hee wrote
this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue.

Glou. reads. This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times: keepes our Fortunes from vs, till our oldnesse cannot rellish them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swayes not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd him, you should enioy halfe his Reuennew for euer, and liue the beloued of your Brother. Edgar.

Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should enioy halfe his Reuennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Casement of my Closset.

Glou. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Bast. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he neuer before sounded you in this busines?

Bast. Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuennew.

Glou. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnaturall, detested, brutish Villaine; worse then brutish: Go sirrah, seeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

Bast. I do not well know my L[ord]. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my Brother, til you can deriue from him better testimony of his intent, you shold run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of

his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Thinke you so?

Bast. If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you where you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular assurance haue your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Euening.

Glou. He cannot bee such a Monster. *Edmond* seeke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Businessse after your owne wisdom. I would vnstate my selfe, to be in a due resolution.

Bast. I will seeke him Sir, presently: conuey the businessse as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone portend no good to vs: though the wisdom of Nature can reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd by the sequent effects. Loue cooles, friendship falls off, Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, discord; in Pallaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the prediction; there's Son against Father, the King fals from byas of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We haue seene the best of our time. Machinations, hollownesse, treacherie, and all ruinous disorders follow vs disquietly to our Graues. Find out this Villain, *Edmond*, it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-hearted Kent banish'd; his offence, honesty. 'Tis strange.

Exit

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sicke in fortune, often the surfets of our own behaiour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessitie, Fooles by heauenly compulsion, Knaues, Theeues, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planatary influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thru-

sting on. An admirable euasion of Whore-master-man, to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Starre, My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my Natiuity was vnder *Vrsa Maior*, so that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I should haue bin that I am, had the maidenlest Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie: my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a sighe like *Tom o' Bedlam*. — — O these Eclipses do portend these diuisions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother *Edmond*, what serious contemplation are you in?

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

Edg. Do you busie your selfe with that?

Bast. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succede vn-happily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Bast. Parted you in good termes? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Bast. Bethink your selfe wherein you may haue offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, vntill some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mis-chiefe of your person, it would scarcely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

[Page qq4]

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you haue 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 heare my Lord speake: pray ye goe,
there's my key: if you do stirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I aduise you to the best, I am no honest
man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I haue told
you what I haue seene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing
like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Exit.

Edm. I do serue you in this businesse:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honestie
My practises ride easie: I see the businesse.
Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chi-
ding of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre
He flashes into one grosse crime, or other,
That sets vs all at ods: Ile not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe vpbraides vs
On euery trifle. When he returnes from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,
If you come slacke of former seruices,
You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.

Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to question;
If he distaste it, let him to my Sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I haue said.

Ste. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among
you: what growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes
so, Ile write straight to my Sister to hold my course; pre-
pare for dinner.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through it selfe to that full issue
For which I raiz'd my likenesse. Now banisht *Kent*,
If thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Master whom thou lou'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, go get it re-
dy: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? What would'st thou
with vs?

Kent. I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme; to serue
him truely that will put me in trust, to loue him that is
honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and saies little, to
feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to
eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

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

Lear. If thou be'st as poore for a subiect, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'st thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What seruices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to loue a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Ste. So please you— —

Exit.

Lear. What saies the Fellow there? Call the Clot-pole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's asleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He saies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slaue backe to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kindnesse appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? Saist thou so?

Knigh. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke your Highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Conception, I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curiositie, then as a very pretence and purpose of vnkindnesse; I will looke further intoo't: but where's my Foole? I haue not seene him this two daies.

Knigh. Since my young Ladies going into *France* Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

[Page qq4v]

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whorson dog, you slaue, you curre.

Ste. I am none of these my Lord, I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?

Ste. Ile not be strucken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou seru'st me, and Ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length a-gaine, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wisdom, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fool. If I gaue them all my liuing, I'd keepe my Coxcombes my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by'th' fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nunckle;

Haue more then thou showest,
Speake lesse then thou knowest,
Lend lesse then thou owest,
Ride more then thou goest,
Learne more then thou trowest,
Set lesse then thou throwest;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou shalt haue more,
Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer,
you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of no-
thing Nuncle?

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

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land
comes to, he will not beleeeue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, be-
twene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee
two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th' middle and
eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when
thou clouest thy Crownes i'th' middle, and gau'st away
both parts, thou boar'st thine Asse on thy backe o're the
durt, thou hadst little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou
gau'st thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in
this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.

Fooles had nere lesse grace in a yeere,
For wisemen are growne foppish,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are so apish.

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?

Foole. I haue vsed it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'st them the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, then they For sodaine ioy did weepe,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.
Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, wee'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i'th' middle; heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

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

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keepes nor crust, nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. That's a sheal'd Pescod.

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourelly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,
To haue found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull
By what your selfe too late haue 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 sleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,
Mighty in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessitie
Will call discreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow
fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it
young, so out went the Candle, and we were left dark-
ling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. I would you would make vse of your good wisdom
(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

[Page qq5]

Foole. May not an Asse know, when the Cart drawes
the Horse?
Whoop Iugge I loue thee.

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

This is not *Lear*:

Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?
Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings
Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole. *Lears* shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th' sauour
Of other your new prankes. I do beseech you
To vnderstand my purposes aright:
As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise.
Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our Court infected with their manners,
Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust
Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begges,

A little to disquantity your Traine,
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your Age,
Which know themselues, and you.

Lear. Darknesse, and Diuels.

Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;
Yet haue I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,
make Seruants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:

Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Detested Kite, thou lvest.

My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,
That all particulars of dutie know,
And in the most exact regard, support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How vgly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moued you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord.

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddess, heare:
Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend
To make this Creature fruitfull:
Into her Wombe conuey stirrility,
Drie vp in her the Organs of increase,
And from her derogate body, neuer spring

A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,
Create her childe of Spleene, that it may liue
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.
Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,
How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
To haue a thanklesse Childe. Away, away.

Exit.

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

Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:
But let his disposition haue that scope
As dotage giues it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee:
Life and death, I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce
Should make thee worth them.
Blastes and Fogges vpon thee:
Th' vntented woundings of a Fathers curse
Pierce euerie sense about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,
And cast you with the waters that you loose
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.
I haue another daughter,
Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:
When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes
Shee'l flea thy Woluish visage. Thou shalt finde,
That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke
I haue cast off for euer.

Gon. Do you marke that?

Alb. I cannot be so partiall *Gonerill*,
To the great loue I beare you.

Gon. Pray you content. What *Oswald*, hoa?
You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Master.

Foole. Nunkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*,
Tarry, take the Foole 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 Foole followes after.

Exit

Gon. This man hath had good Counsell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our liues in mercy. *Oswald*, I say.

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.

Gon. Safer then trust too farre;
Let me still take away the harmes I feare,
Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Sister:
If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I haue shew'd th' vnfitnesse.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oswald*?
What haue you writ that Letter to my Sister?

Stew. I Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,

As may compact it more. Get you gone,
 And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,
 This milky gentlesse, and course of yours
 Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon
 You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
 Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.

Alb. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;
 Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.

Gon. Nay then— —

Alb. Well, well, th' euent.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

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

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered
 your Letter.

Exit.

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in
 danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go
 slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-
 ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an
 Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'st tell Boy?

Foole. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canst, tell why ones nose stands i'th' middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can'st tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a house.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his daughters, and leaue his hornes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be my Horsses ready?

Foole. Thy Asses are gone about 'em; the reason why the seuen Starres are no mo then seuen, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd haue thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadst bin wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen: keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horses ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, seuerally.

Bast. Saue thee *Curan*.

Cur. And you Sir, I haue bin
With your Father, and giuen him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse
Will be here with him this night.

Bast. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-
broad, I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
ear-kissing arguments.

Bast. Not I: pray you what are they?

Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

Bast. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir.

Exit.

Bast. The Duke be here to night? The better best,
This weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse,
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queazie question
Which I must act, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, discend; Brother I say,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?

Hee's comming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,
And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said
Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?
Aduise your selfe.

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

Bast. I heare my Father comming, pardon me:
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.
Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoa, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.
Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeauour. I haue seene drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe?

Exit Edgar.

Enter Gloster, and Seruants with Torches.

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

Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone
To stand auspicious Mistris.

Glo. But where is he?

Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

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

Glo. Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?

Bast. Perswade me to the murther of your Lordship,
But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his vnnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;
And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits

[Page qq6]

Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noyse I made,
Full sodainely he fled.

Glost. Let him fly farre:

Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall deserue our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceales him death.

Bast. When I disswaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discouer him; he replied,
Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposall
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits
To make thee seeke it.

Tucket within.

Glo. O strange and fastned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, said he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,
The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May haue due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
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 haue heard strangenesse.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender; how dost my Lord?

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

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

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

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?

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

Bast. Yes Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue th' expence and wast of his Reuenues:
I haue this present euening from my Sister
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to soiourne at my house,
Ile not be there.

Cor. Nor I, assure thee *Regan*;
Edmund, I heare that you haue shewne your Father
A Child-like Office.

Bast. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practise, and receiu'd
This hurt you see, striuing to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he pursued?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he shall neuer more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you please: for you *Edmund*,
Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Bast. I shall serue you Sir truely, how euer else.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to visit you?

Reg. Thus out of season, thredding darke ey'd night,
Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,
Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answeere from our home: the seuerall Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow
Your needfull counsaile to our businesses,
Which craues the instant vse.

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

Exeunt. Flourish.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward seuerally.

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

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th' myre.

Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Ste. Why then I care not for thee.

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

Ste. Why do'st thou vse me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Ste. What do'st thou know me for?

Kent. A Knaue, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited-hundred pound, filthy woosted-stocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered, action-taking, whoreson glasse-gazing super-seruiceable finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slaue, one that would'st be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art nothing but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'st the least sillable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript vp thy heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a sop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly Barber-monger, draw.

[Page qq6v]

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

Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, against the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or Ile so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come your waies.

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slaue: stand rogue, stand you neat slaue, strike.

Stew. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Bast. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes
agaïne, what is the matter?

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

Cor. What is your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour,
you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor
made thee.

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could
not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two
yeares oth' trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I haue spar'd
at sute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnecessary letter:
my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vn-
boulded villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a
Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace sirrah,
You beastly knaue, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That such a slaue as this should weare a Sword,
Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
Which are t' intrince, t' vnloose: smooth euery passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
With euery gall, and varry of their Masters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague vpon your Epilepticke visage,
Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?
Goose, if I had you vpon *Sarum* Plaine,

I'd driue ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Glost. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and such a knaue.

Corn. Why do'st thou call him Knaue?
What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue seene better faces in my Time,
Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant.

Corn. This is some Fellow,
Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect
A saucy roughnes, and constraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,
And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.
These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainnesse
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty silly-ducking obseruants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Vnder th' allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickring *Phoebus* front.

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
mend so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-
guild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which
for my part I will not be, though I should win your
displeasure to entreat me too't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gaue him?

Ste. I neuer gaue him any:
It pleas'd the King his Master very late
To strike at me vpon his misconstruction,
When he compact, and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd,
And put vpon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards
But *Ajax* is there Foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You stubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King.
On whose imployment I was sent to you,
You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not vse me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will.

Stocks brought out.

Cor. This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,
Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

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

Cor. Ile answere that.

Reg. My Sister may recieue it much more worsse,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

Corn. Come my Lord, away.

Exit.

Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Dukes pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,
Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:
Giue you good morrow.

[Page rr1]

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken.

Exit.

Kent. Good King, that must approue the common saw,
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'st
To the warme Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But miserie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to giue
Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most vnusall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preserue myselfe: and am bethought
To take the basest, and most poorest shape

That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, else all my haire in knots,
And with presented nakednesse out-face
The Windes, and persecutions of the skie;
The Country giues me prooffe, and president
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes.
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Praiers
Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod* poore *Tom*,
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am.

Exit.

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

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

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

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master.

Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horses are
tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by'th' necke,
Monkies by'th' loynes, and Men by'th' legs: when a man
ouerlustie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he,
That hath so much thy place mistooke
To set thee heere?

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

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I sweare no.

Kent. By *Iuno*, I sweare I.

Lear. They durst not do't:

They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther,
To do vpon respect such violent outrage:
Resolue me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserue, or they impose this vsage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, painting forth
From *Gonerill* his Mistris, salutations;
Deliu'er'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on those contents
They summon'd vp their meiney, straight tooke Horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespasse worth
The shame which heere it suffers.

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that way,
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.
But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolors for thy
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.

Lear. Oh how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!
Historica passio, downe thou climing sorrow,
Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay here.

Exit.

Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you speake of?

Kent. None:
How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Foole. And thou hadst beene set i'th' Stockes for that
question, thoud'st well deseru'd it.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach
thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their
noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's
not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stink-
ing; let go thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a
hill, least it breake thy necke with following. But the
great one that goes vpward, let him draw thee after:
when a wiseman giues thee better counsell giue me mine
againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a
Foole giues it.

That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the storme,
But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,
And let the wiseman flie:
The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Gloster.

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?

Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

[Page rr1v]

Lear. Deny to speake with me?
They are sicke, they are weary,
They haue trauail'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of reuolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremoueable and fixt he is
In his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloster, Gloster*,
I'd speake with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

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

Lear. Inform'd them? Do'st thou vnderstand me man.

Glo. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with *Cornwall*,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, seruice,
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood:
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that — —
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our selues,
When Nature being opprest, commands the mind
To suffer with the body; Ile forbear,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the sound man. Death on my state: wherefore
Should he sit heere? This act perswades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practise only. Giue me my Seruant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd speake with them:
Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it crie sleepe to death.

Glo. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Exit.

Lear. Oh me my heart! My rising heart! But downe.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles, when she put 'em i'th' Paste aliue, she knapt 'em o'th' coxcombs with a sticke, and cryed downe wantons, downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his Horse buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Haile to your Grace.

Kent here set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are. I know what reason I haue to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad, I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe, Sepulchring an Adultresse. O are you free? Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*, Thy Sisters naught: oh *Regan*, she hath tied Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture heere, I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleue With how depraud a quality. Oh *Regan*.

Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope You lesse know how to value her desert, Then she to scant her dutie.

Lear. Say? How is that?

Reg. I cannot thinke my Sister in the least Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance She haue restrained the Riots of your Followres, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As cleeres her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old, Nature in you stands on the very Verge Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that discernes your state Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,

That to our Sister, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her.

Lear. Aske her forgiueneſſe?
Do you but marke how this becomes the houſe?
Deere daughter, I confeſſe that I am old;
Age is vnneceſſary: on my knees I begge,
That you'l vouchſafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more: theſe are vnſightly trickes:
Returne you to my Siſter.

Lear. Neuer *Regan*:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke vpon me, ſtrooke me with her Tongue
Moſt Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.
All the ſtor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingratefull top: ſtrike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lameneſſe.

Corn. Fye ſir, fie.

Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-ſuck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
To fall, and bliſter.

Reg. O the bleſt Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh moode is on.

Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature ſhall not giue
Thee o're to harſhneſſe: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in. Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curteſie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th' Kingdome haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to'th' purpoſe.

Tucket within.

Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stockes?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my Sisters: this approves her Letter,
That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a Slaue, whose easie borrowed pride
Dwels in the sickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who stockt my Seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou did'st not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do loue old men; if your sweet sway
Allow Obedience; if you your selues are old,
Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not asham'd to looke vpon this Beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by'th' hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion findes,
And dotage termes so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th' Stockes?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders
Deseru'd much lesse aduancement.

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme so.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and soiourne with my Sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

[Page 112]

Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity oth' ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*, that dowerlesse tooke
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter
To this detested groome.

Gon. At your choice Sir.

Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child; farewell:
Wee'l no more meete, 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 Byle,
A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and so,
But she knowes what she doe's.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare auouch 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,
Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people, vnder two commands

Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From those that she cal's Seruants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,
We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,
But kept a reseruatiō to be followed
With such a number? What, must I come to you
With fiue and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

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

Lea. Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,
And thou art twice her Loue.

Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you fiue and twenty? Ten? Or fiue?
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Haue a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason not the need: our basest Beggers
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for true need:
You Heauens, giue me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of grieffe as age, wretched in both,

If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not so much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags,
I will haue such reuenges on you both,
That all the world shall— — I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,
No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping.

Storme and Tempest.

But this heart shal break into a hundred thousand flawes
Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad.

Exeunt.

Corn. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.

Reg. This house is little, the old man and's people,
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd,
Where is my Lord of *Gloster*?

Enter Gloster.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whether is he going?

Glo. He cals to Horse, but will I know not whether.

Corn. 'Tis best to giue him way, he leads himselfe.

Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.

Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's scarce a Bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themselues procure,
Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him too, being apt,
To haue his eare abus'd, wisdom bids feare.

Cor. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My *Regan* counsels well: come out oth' storme.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, seuerally.

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather?

Gen. One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.

[Page 112v]

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

Gen. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,
That things might change, or cease.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gen. None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest
His heart-strooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuision
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and set high; Seruants, who seeme no lesse,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.

Gent. I will talke further with you.

Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take
What it containes. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
(As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will go seeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand,
Haue you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,
Holla the other.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Storme still. Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriours of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germanes spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is
better then this Rain-water out o' doore. Good Nunkle,
in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties
neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;

You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:
But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battails, 'gainst a head
So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.

Foole. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good
Head-peece:
The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggers marry many.
The man that makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.
For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made
mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a
Wiseman, and a Foole.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,
Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That hast within thee vndivulged Crimes
Vnwhipt of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Incestuous. Caytiffe, to peeces shake
That vnder couert, and conuenient seeming

Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent-vp guilts,
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More sinn'd against, then sinning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?

Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their scanted curtesie.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.

Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Must make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth euery day.

Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell.

Exit.

Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:
Ile speake a Prophetie ere I go:
When Priests are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;
When euery Case in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;
When Vsurers tell their Gold i'th' Field,
And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
Then shal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confusion:

[Page rr3]

Then comes the time, who liues to see't,
That going shalbe vs'd with feet.
This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I liue before his time.

Exit.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall dealing; when I desired their leaue that I might pity him, they tooke from me the vse of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall.

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is diuision betweene the Dukes, and a worsse matter then that: I haue receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closset, these iniuries the King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull.

Exit.

Bast. This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that Letter too;
This seemes a faire deseruing, and must draw me
That which my Father looses: no lesse then all,
The yonger rises, when the old doth fall.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tirrany of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure.

Storme still

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storme
Inuades vs to the skin so: 'tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,
Doth from my sences take all feeling else,
Sae what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;
No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,
To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill,*
Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all,
O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
In Boy, go first. You houselesse pouertie,
Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittillesse storme,
How shall your House-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,

Exit.

Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these? O I haue tane
Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heauens more iust.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore *Tom*.

Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe
me, helpe me.

Kent. Giue my thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'
straw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the
sharpe Hawthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy
bed and warme thee.

Lear. Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art
thou come to this?

Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom
the foule fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame,
through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quag-
mire, that hath laid Kniues vnder his Pillow, and Halters
in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him
Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, ouer foure
incht Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor.
Blisse thy fiue Wits, *Toms* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de,
blisse thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blasting, and ta-
king, do poore *Tom* some charitie, whom the foule Fiend
vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there
again, and there.

Storme still.

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe?
Could'st thou saue nothing? Would'st thou giue 'em all?

Foole. Nay, he reseru'd a Blanket, else we had bin all sham'd.

Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdu'd Nature To such a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters. Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers, Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh: Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot Those Pelicane Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th' foule Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words Iustice, sweare not, commit not, with mans sworne Spouse: set not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a cold.

[Page rr3v]

Lear. What hast thou bin?

Edg. A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; seru'd the Lust of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of darkenesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the contriuing of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Sesey*: let him trot by.

Storme still.

Lear. Thou wert better in a Graue, then to answere with thy vncover'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke; the Beast, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wooll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; vnaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vnbutton heere.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Foole. Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke: Hee giues the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old,
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eats the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinke the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, sixe shirts to his body: Horse to ride, and weapon to weare: But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,

Haue bin Toms food, for seuen long yeare:
Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

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

Glou. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so
vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
T' obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,
Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher,
What is the cause of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th' house.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this same lerned Theban:
What is your study?

Edg. How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin t' vnsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him? *Storm still*
His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:
Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he sought my life
But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beseech your grace.

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

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th' Houel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him:
Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Childe *Rowland* to the darke Tower came,
His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,
I smell the blood of a Britttish man.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his house.

Bast. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature
thus giues way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to
thinke of.

Cornw. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your
Brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death: but
a prouoking merit set a-worke by a reprouable badnesse
in himselfe.

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must re-
pent to be iust? This is the Letter which hee spoake of;
which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduanta-

ges of France. O Heauens! that this Treason were not;
or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchesse.

Bast. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue
mighty businesse in hand.

[Page rr4]

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Glou-
cester: seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee
ready for our apprehension.

Bast. If I finde him comforting the King, it will stufte
his suspition more fully. I will perseuer in my course of
Loyalty, though the conflict be sore betweene that, and
my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust vpon thee: and thou shalt finde
a deere Father in my loue.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thank-
fully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I
can: I will not be long from you.

Exit

Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his
impatience: the Gods reward your kindness.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. *Fraterretto* cals me, and tells me *Nero* is an Ang-
ler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware
the foule Fiend.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be
a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To haue a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in vpon 'em.

Edg. Blesse thy fiue wits.

Kent. O pittie: Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft haue boasted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much,
They marre my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all;
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Auaunt you
Curses, be thy mouth or blacke or white:
Tooth that poysons if it bite:
Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,
Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:
Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,
Tom will make him weepe and waile,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: sese: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,
And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what
breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that
make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of
my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your gar-
ments. You will say they are Persian; but let them bee
chang'd.

Enter Gloster.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Cur-
taines: so, so, wee'l go to Supper i'th' morning.

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend:
Where is the King my Master?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes;
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And driue toward Douer friend, where thou shalt meete
Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Master,
If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured losse. Take vp, take vp,
And follow me, that will to some prouision
Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away.

Exeunt

Scena Septima.

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

Corn. Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew
him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out
the Traitor Glouster.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leaue him to my displeasure. *Edmond*, keepe
you our Sister company: the reuenges wee are bound to
take vppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your
beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a
most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our
Postes shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Fare-
well deere Sister, farewell my Lord of Glouster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glouster hath conuey'd him hence
Some fiue or six and thirty of his Knights
Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate,
Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants,
Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boast
To haue well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Mistris.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister.

Exit

Corn. Edmund farewell: go seek the Traitor Gloster,
Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs:
Though well we may not passe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iustice: yet our power
Shall do a curt'sie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Gloucester, and Seruants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde fast his corky armes.

Glou. What meanes your Graces?

Good my Friends consider you are my Ghests:
Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I say.

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

Glou. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,
Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Ladie,
These haire which thou dost rauish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host,

With Robbers hands, my hospitable fauours
 You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

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

Corn. And what confederacie haue you with the Trai-
 tors, late footed in the Kingdome?

Reg. To whose hands
 You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

Glou. I haue a Letter guessingly set downe
 Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
 And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glou. To Douer.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?
 Was't thou not charg'd at perill.

Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.

Glou. I am tyed to'th' Stake,
 And I must stand the Course.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes
 Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,
 In his Annointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.
 The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,
 In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp
 And quench'd the Stelled fires:
 Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.
 If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,
 Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the Key:
 All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see
 The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.

Corn. See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold the Chaire,
Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.

Glou. He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,
Giue me some helpe. — — O cruell! O you Gods.

Reg. One side will mocke another: Th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.

Seru. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I haue seru'd you euer since I was a Childe:
But better seruice haue I neuer done you,
Then now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge?

Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?

Corn. My Villaine?

Seru. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Giue me thy Sword. A pezant stand vp thus?

Killes him.

Ser. Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left
To see some mischefe on him. Oh.

Corn. Lest it see more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy luster now?

Glou. All darke and comfortlesse?
Where's my Sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.

Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the ouerture of thy Treasons to vs:
Who is too good to pittie thee.

Glou. O my Follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Douer.
How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Exit with Glouster.

Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
The lowest, and most dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glouster, and an Oldman.

But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.

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

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Glou. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene,
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects
Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,

The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:
Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes againe.

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?
I am worse then ere I was.

Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.

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

Oldm. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'th' last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarce Friends with him.
I haue heard more since:
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th' Gods,
They kill vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

Glou. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. I, my Lord.

Glou. Get thee away: If for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I'th' way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring some couering for this naked Soule,
Which Ile intreate to leade me.

Old. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:

[Page rr5]

About the rest, be gone.

Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue
Come on't what will.

Exit

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glou. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I must:
Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both style, and gate; Horseway, and foot-path:
poore Tom hath bin scarr'd out of his good wits. Blesse
thee good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend.

Glou. Here take this purse, thou whom the heau'ns plagues
Haue humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heuens deale so still:
Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,
That slaues your ordinance, that will not see
Because he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly:
So distribution should vndoo excesse,
And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?

Edg. I Master.

Glou. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head
Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And Ile repayre the misery thou do'st beare
With something rich about me: from that place,
I shall no leading neede.

Edg. Giue me thy arme;
Poore Tom shall leade thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He smil'd at it. I told him you were comming,
His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,
And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;
What like, offensiue.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way
May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,
Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.
I must change names at home, and giue the Distaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant
Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake
Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:
Conceiue, and fare thee well.

Bast. Yours in the rankes of death.

Exit.

Gon. My most deere Gloster.
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans seruices are due,
My Foole vsurpes my body.

Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I haue beene worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,
You are not worth the dust which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.

Gon. Milke-Liuer'd man,
That bear'st a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning
Thine Honor, from thy suffering.

Alb. See thy selfe diuell:
Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. Oh vaine Foole.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwals* dead,
Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out
The other eye of *Glouster*.

Alb. *Glousters* eyes.

Mes. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword
To his great Master, who, threat-enrag'd
Flew on him, and among'st them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since
Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are aboue
You Iustices, that these our neather crimes
So speedily can venge. But (O poore *Glouster*)
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.
This Leter Madam, craues a speedy answer:
'Tis from your Sister.

Gon. One way I like this well.
But being widdow, and my *Glouster* with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer.

Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not heere.

Mes. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Mes. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might haue the freer course.

Alb. Glouster, I liue
To thanke thee for the loue thou shew'dst the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen,
and Souldiours.*

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now
As mad as the vext Sea, singing alowd.
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,
Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our sustaining Corne. A Centery send forth;
Search euery Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom
In the restoring his bereaued Sense; he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is meanes Madam:
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operatiue, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.

[Page rr5v]

Cor. All blest Secrets,
All you vnpublish'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,
Least his vngouern'd rage, dissolue the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Newes Madam,
The Brittish Powres are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy businesse that I go about: Therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and see him.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres set forth?

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. Himselfe in person there?

Stew. Madam with much ado:
Your Sister is the better Souldier.

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

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my Sisters Letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poasted hence on serious matter:
It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out
To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues
All hearts against vs: *Edmund*, I thinke is gone

In pittie of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life: Moreouer to descry
The strength o'th' Enemy.

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

Reg. Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with vs:
The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund*?
Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much
Let me vnseale the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather — —

Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,
She gaue strange Eliads, and most speaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her bosome.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speake in vnderstanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do aduise you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmond*, and I haue talk'd,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;
And when your Mistris heares thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdome to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.

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

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glou. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.

Glou. Me thinkes the ground is eeuen.

Edg. Horrible steepe.

Hearke, do you heare the Sea?

Glou. No truly.

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

Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.

Edg. Y'are much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.

Glou. Me thinkes y'are better spoken.

Edg. Come on Sir,
Heere's the place: stand still: how fearefull
And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.
The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach
Appare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th' vnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight
Topple downe headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Giue me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th' extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.

Glou. Let go my hand:
Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Jewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,
Is done to cure it.

Glou. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposelesse willes,
My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If *Edgar* liue, O blesse him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.

[Page rr6]

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life it selfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Aliue, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he reuiues.
What are you Sir?

Glou. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Had'st thou beene ought
But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dst shiuer'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:
Hast heauy 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 Myracle. Speake yet againe.

Glou. But haue I falne, or no?

Edg. From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so farre

Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke vp.

Glou. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchednesse depriu'd that benefit
To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Giue me your arme.
Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is aboue all strangenesse,
Vpon the crowne o'th' Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poore vnfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,
Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:
It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cleerest Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impossibilities, haue preserued thee.

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould say
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes heere?
The safer sense will ne're accommodate
His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the
King himselfe.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's aboue Art, in that respect. Ther's your
Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-
keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a

Mouse: peace, peace, this peece of toasted Cheese will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th' clout, i'th' clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.

Edg. Sweet Mariorum.

Lear. Passe.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and no, to euey thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was euey thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-prooffe.

Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. I, euey inch a King.

When I do stare, see how the Subiect quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?
Adultery? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly
Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thriue:
For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'twene the lawfull sheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her
Forkes presages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's shake
the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor
the soyled Horse goes too't with a more riotous appe-
tite: Downe from the waste they are Centaures, though
Women all aboue: but to the Girdle do the Gods inhe-
rit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darke-
nes, there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench,
consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce
of Ciuet; good Apothecary sweeten my immagination:
There's money for thee.

Glou. O let me kisse that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first,
It smelles of Mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall so weare out to naught.
Do'st thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou
squiny at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not
loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning
of it.

Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with the Case of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your
head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a hea-
uy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world
goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world
goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how
yond Iustice railles vpon yond simple theefe. Hearke in
thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is
the Iustice, which is the theefe: Thou hast seene a Far-
mers dogge barke at a Beggar?

Glou. I Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou
might'st behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's
obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody
hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne
backe, thou hotly lusts to vse her in that kind, for which
thou whip'st her. The Vsurer hangs the Cozener. Tho-rough
tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes,
and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place sinnes with Gold, and

[Page 116v]

the strong Lance of Iustice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in
ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend,
none, I say none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend,
who haue the power to seale th' accusers lips. Get thee
glasse-eyes, and like a scuruy Politician, seeme to see the
things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my
Bootes: harder, harder, so.

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

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke:
It were a delicate stratagem to shoo
A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put't in prooffe,
And when I haue stolne vpon these Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir.
Your most deere Daughter— —

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am euen
The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vse me well,
You shall haue ransome. Let me haue Surgeons,
I am cut to'th' Braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my selfe?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt
To vse his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die brauely,
Like a smugge Bridegroom. What? I will be Iouiall:
Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?

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

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

Exit.

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse
Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

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

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:
Euery one heares that, which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your fauour:
How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine descry
Stands on the hourelly thought.

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

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here
Her Army is mou'd on.

Exit.

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glou. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worser Spirit tempt me againe
To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes,
Am pregnant to good pittie. Giue me your hand,
Ile leade you to some biding.

Glou. Heartie thanks:
The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happie
That eyesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,
Breefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence,
Least that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

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

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

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore
volke passe: and 'chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life,
'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay,
come not neere th' old man: keepe out che vor' ye, or Ile
try whither your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder;
chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor
your foynes.

Stew. Slaue thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse;
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie,
And giue the Letters which thou find'st about me,
To *Edmund* Earle of Glouster: seeke him out
Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A seruiceable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistris,
As badnesse would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: rest you.
Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes of
May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry
He had no other Deathsman. Let vs see:
Leaue gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You haue manie opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed, my Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and supply the place for your Labour.

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

Oh indistinguish'd space of Womans will,
A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the sands
Thee Ile rake vp, the poste vnsanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this vngracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:
How stiffe is my vilde sense
That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be seuer'd from my greefes,

Drum afarre off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loose
The knowledge of themselues.

[Page ss1]

Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend.

Exeunt.

Scaena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How shall I liue and worke
To match thy goodnesse?
My life will be too short,
And euery measure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,
These weedes are memories of those worsen houres:
I prythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.

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

Gent. Madam sleepes still.

Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th' vntun'd and iarring senses, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father.

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

Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th' sway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants

Gent. I Madam: in the heuiness of sleepe,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, restauratian hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse
Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters
Haue in thy Reuerence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pittie of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the iarring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should haue stood that night against my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,
In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Gen. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maiesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' graue,
Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scal'd, like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

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

Lear. Where haue I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with pittie
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O looke vpon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourescore and vpward,
Not an houre more, nor lesse:
And to deale plainely,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinks I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainely ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I haue
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 thinke this Lady
To be my childe *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am: I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray weepe not,
If you haue poyson for me, I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your Sisters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You haue some cause, they haue not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

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

Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke?

Lear. You must beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgiue,
I am old and foolish.

Exeunt

*Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan.
Gentlemen, and Souldiers.*

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought
To change the course, he's full of alteration,
And selfereprouing, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our Sisters man is certainly miscarried.

Bast. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,
You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you:
Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
Do you not loue my Sister?

[Page ss1v]

Bast. In honour'd Loue.

Reg. But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?

Bast. No by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.

Bast. Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Sister, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.

Regan. Why is this reasond?

Gone. Combine together 'gainst the Enemie:
For these domesticke and particular broiles,
Are not the question heere.

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

Reg. Sister you'le go with vs?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most conuenient, pray go with vs.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. Ile ouertake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter:
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is auouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loues you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it:
When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe.

Exit.

Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,
By dilligent discouerie, but your hast
Is now vrg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Exit.

Bast. To both these Sisters haue I sworne my loue:
Each ieaalous of the other, as the stung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd

If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vse
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaile done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

*Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear,
Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.*

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good hoast: pray that the right may thriue:
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir.

Exit.

Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?
Men must endure
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear,
and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.*

Bast. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning haue incurr'd the worst:
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like Birds i'th' Cage:
When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiuenesse: So wee'l liue,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take vpon's the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th' Moone.

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themselues throw Incense.
Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make vs weepe?
Weele see 'em staru'd first: come.

[Page ss2]

Exit.

Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thriue by other meanes.

Capt. Ile do't my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'hast done,
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
As I haue set it downe.

Exit Captaine.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I do require them of you so to vse them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our imprest Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t' appeare
Where you shall hold your Session.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure might haue bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,

Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me inuested, he compeeres the best.

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

Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Rega. Lady I am not well, else I should answere
From a full flowing stomack. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:
Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Master.

Gon. Meane you to enioy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,
This gilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is bespoke.

Gon. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed *Gloster*,
Let the Trumpet sound:
If none appeare to proue vpon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gon. If not, Ile nere trust medicine.

Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world hes
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Regan. My sicknesse growes vpon me.

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,
And read out this.

A Trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

*If any man of qualitie or degree, within the lists of the Ar-my,
will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle of Gloster,
that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third
sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence.*

1 Trumpet.

Her. Againe.

2 Trumpet.

Her. Againe.

3 Trumpet.

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Vpon this Call o'th' Trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?

Edg. Know my name is lost
By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Aduersary?

Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Glo-ster?

Bast. Himselfe, what saist thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Iustice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my priuiledge,
The priuiledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despise 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 th' extremest vpward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foote,
A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent
To proue vpon thy heart, where to I speake,
Thou lvest.

[Page ss2v]

Bast. In wisdom I should aske thy name,
But since thy out-side lookes so faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,

By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurne:
Backe do I tesse these Treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This Sword of mine shall giue them instant way,
Where they shall rest for euer. Trumpets speake.

Alb. Saue him, saue him.

Alarums. Fights.

Gon. This is practise *Gloster*,
By th' law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer
An vnknowne opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozend, and beguild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir,
Thou worse then any name, reade thine owne euill:
No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.

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

Exit.

Alb. Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper?

Bast. Aske me not what I know.

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

Bast. What you haue charg'd me with,
That haue 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'rt Noble,
I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmond*,
If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague vs:
The darke and vitious place where thee he got,

Cost him his eyes.

Bast. Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A Royall Noblenesse: I must embrace thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if euer I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your Father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord. List a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so neere, (O our liues sweetnesse,
That we the paine of death would hourelly dye,
Rather then die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-mans rags, t' assume a semblance
That very Dogges disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new lost: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sau'd him from dispaire.
Neuer (O fault) reueal'd my selfe vnto him,
Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)
Twixt two extremes of passion, ioy and greefe,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mou'd me,
And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say.

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

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: O helpe.

Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smoakes, it came euen from the heart
of— — O she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? Speake man.

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister
By her is poyson'd: she confesses it.

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

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they aliue or dead;

Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.

This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.
Touches vs not with pittie: O, is this he?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seest thou this obiect *Kent*?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

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

Alb. Euen so: couer their faces.

Bast. I pant for life: some good I meane to do
Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,
(Be briefe in it) to'th' Castle, for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?
Send thy token of reprecue.

Bast. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Giue it the Captaine.

Edg. Hast thee for thy life.

Bast. He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame vpon her owne dispaire,
That she for-did her selfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vse them so,
That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,
If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she liues.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes
That euer I haue felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

[Page ss3]

Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:
What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow?
I haue seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would haue made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th' best, Ile tell you straight.

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

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

Kent. The same: your Seruant *Kent*,
Where is your Seruant *Caius*?

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

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

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Haue follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else:
All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselues,
And desperately are dead

Lear. I so I thinke.

Alb. He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it
That we present vs to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Mess. Edmund is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle heere:

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For vs we will resigne,
During the life of this old Maiesty
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and such addition as your Honours
Haue more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deseruings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

He dies.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

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

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.

Kent. I haue a iourney Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no.

Edg. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:
The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,
Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.

**THE TRAGEDIE OF OTHELLO, THE
MOORE OF VENICE.** ↩

[Page 310]

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo. Neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

Ia. But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rodo. Thou told'st me,
Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worsse a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)
Euades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,
I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,
One *Michaell Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)
That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuision of a Battaile knowes
More then a Spinster. Vnlesse the Bookish Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As Masterly as he. Meere pratle (without practise)
Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th' election;
And I (of whom his eies had seene the prooffe
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,

He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.

Rod. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedie.
'Tis the cursse of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heire to'th' first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,
Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd
To loue the *Moore*?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him, to serue my turne vpon him.
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
Cannot be truely follow'd. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Casheer'd.
Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselues,
And throwing but showes of Seruice on their Lords
Doe well thriue by them.
And when they haue lin'd their Coates
Doe themselues Homage.
These Fellowes haue some soule,
And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The natiue act, and figure of my heart
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call vp her Father:
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.

Rodo. Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Iago. Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populus Citties.

Rodo. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.

Iago. Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues.
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeues, Theeues.

Bra. Aboue. What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?

Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tuppung your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Cittizens with the Bell,
Or else the deuill will make a Grand-sire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.

[Page ss4]

Bra. The worsser welcome:

I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainnesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and distempring draughtes)
Vpon malicious knauerie, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rodo. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

Rodo. Most graue *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Ia. Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,
if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,
and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daugh-
ter couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'le haue your Ne-
phewes neigh to you, you'le haue Coursers for Cozens:
and Gennets for Germanes.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-
ter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th' night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious Moore:

If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and saucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleue
That from the sence of all Ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euey where: straight satisfie your selfe.
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me alreadie.
Light, I say, light.

Exit.

Iag. Farewell: for I must leaue you.
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place
To be producted, (as if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with some checke)
Cannot with safetie cast-him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which euen now stands in Act) that for their soules
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Businesse. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell paines,
Yet, for necessitie of present life,
I must show out a Flag, and signe of Loue,
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitternesse. Now *Rodorigo*,
Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers.
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Rodo. Truely I thinke they are.

Bra. Oh Heauen: how got she out?
Oh treason of the blood.
Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds
By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes Sir: I haue indeed.

Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, some another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,
(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)
And raise some speciall Officers of might:
On good *Rodorigo*, I will deserue your paines.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,
Yet do I hold it very stuffe o'th' conscience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times

I had thought t'haue yerk'd him here vnder the Ribbes.

Othello. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay but he prated,
And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what restraint or greuance,
The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable.

[Page ss4v]

Othel. Let him do his spight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my vnoused free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Othel. Not I: I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Ianus*, I thinke no.

Othel. The Seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?

Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Euen on the instant.

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three seuerall Quests,
To search you out.

Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.

Cassio. Aunciant, what makes he heere?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,
If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer.

Cassio. I do not vnderstand.

Iago. He's married.

Cassio. To who?

Iago. Marry to— — Come Captaine, will you go?

Othel. Haue with you.

Cassio. Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othello. Holla, stand there.

Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.

Iago. You, *Rodorigo*? Come Sir, I am for you.

Othe. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will

rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeares, then with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her
For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would euer haue (t' encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the sootie bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't 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 vpon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill.

Othe. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answeere this your charge?

Bra. To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Othe. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may haue passage free,
Bond-slaues, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.

Exeunt

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite.

1.Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies.

Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.

2.Sena. And mine two Hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,
(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull sense.

Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.

Enter Saylor.

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now? What's the businesse?

[Page ss5]

Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.

Duke. How say you by this change?

I.Sen. This cannot be
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider
Th' importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;
And let our selues againe but vnderstand,
That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,
But altogether lackes th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,
To leaue that latest, which concernes him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The *Ottamites*, Reueren'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleete.

I.Sen. I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?

Mess. Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,
Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeeue him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:
Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne?

I.Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from vs,
To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

I.Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.
I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular grieffe
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engluts, and swallowes other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, so prepostrously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witch-craft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,
And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are verie sorry for't.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Othe. Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I haue married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seuen yeares pith,
Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd
Their deerest action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience)
I will a round vn-varnish'd Tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of Loue.
What Drugges, what Charmes,
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.

Bra. A Maiden, neuer bold:
Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euey thing
To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (coniur'd to this effect)
He wrought vpon her.
To vouch this, is no prooffe,
Without more wider, and more ouer Test
Then these thin habits, and poore likely-hoods

Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him.

Sen. But *Othello*, speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soule, to soule affordeth?

Othel. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Othe. Aunciant, conduct them:
You best know the place.
And tell she come, as truely as to heauen,
I do confesse the vices of my blood,
So iustly to your Graue eares, Ile present
How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it *Othello*.

Othe. Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue past.
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,
Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
And sold to slauery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours historie.
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,

[Page ss5v]

The *Antropophage*, and men whose heads
 Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:
 But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:
 Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
 Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,
 Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
 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 instinctiuely: I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her teares,
 When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
 That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
 She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:
 She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
 And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
 And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
 And I lou'd her, that she did pittie them.
 This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.
 Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best:
 Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,
 Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake?
 If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
 Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
 Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)
I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child,
For thy escape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Louers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preseru'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We loose it not so long as we can smile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.

But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparation
makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is
best knowne to you. And though we haue there a Substi-
tute of most allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, a more
soueraigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safer
voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber
the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stub-
borne, and boystrous expedition.

Othe. The Tirant Custome, most Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alacratie,
I finde in hardnesse: and do vndertake
This present Warres against the *Ottamites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accomodation and besort
As leuels with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?

Bra. I will not haue it so.

Othe. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke,
To my vnfolding, lend your prosperous eare,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T' assist my simplenesse.

Duke. What would you *Desdemona*?

Des. That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,

[Page ss6]

And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
And I a heauie interim shall support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Othe. Let her haue your voice.
Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thinke
I will your serious and great businesse scant
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd *Cupid*, seele with wanton dulnesse
My speculatiue, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
Let House-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and base aduersities,
Make head against my Estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall priuately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: th' Affaire cries hast:
And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away to night.

Othe. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Othello, leaue some Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of qualitie and respect
As doth import you.

Othe. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so:
Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast eies to see:
She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee.

Exit.

Othe. My life vpon her faith. Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best aduantage.
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

Exit.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What saist thou Noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iago. If thou do'st, I shall neuer loue thee after. Why
thou silly Gentleman?

Rod. It is sillynesse to liue, when to liue is torment:
and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is
our Physition.

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world
for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish
betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that
knew how to loue himselfe. Ere I would say, I would
drowne my selfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would
change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame
to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our selues that we are thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettels, or sowe Lettice: Set Hisope, and weede vp Time: Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with many: either to haue it sterrill with idlenesse, or manured with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable authoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensualitie, the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would conduct vs to most prepostrous Conclusions. But we haue Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall Stings, or vnbitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profest me thy Friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with Cables of perdurable toughnesse. I could neuer better steed thee then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vsurp'd Beard. I say put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona* should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequestration, put but Money in thy purse. These Moores are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money. The Food that to him now is as lushious as Locusts, shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian, and super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou shalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drowning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou ra-

ther to be hang'd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be
drown'd, and go without her.

Rodo. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on
the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I haue
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I
hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no lesse
reason. Let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge, against
him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a
pleasure, me a sport. There are many Euent in the
Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerse, go,
prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to mor-
row. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th' morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Rodorigo*?

Rod. Ile sell all my Land.

Exit.

Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such Snipe,
But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere suspition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse *Othello*'s eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,

[Page ss6v]

That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th' Nose
As Asses are:
I hau't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discerne at Sea?

1.Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Descry a Saile.

Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffiand so vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?

2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clouds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th' euer-fixed Pole:
I neuer did like mollestation view
On the enchafed Flood.

Men. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a greeuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How? Is this true?

3 The Ship is heere put in: A *Verennessa*, *Michael Cassio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Gouvernour.

3 But this same *Cassio*, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And praye the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heauens he be:
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoa)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th' Eriall blew,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For euery Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Cassio.

Cassi. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd?

Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Cassio. What noise?

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th' Sea
Stand rankes of People and they cry, a Saile.

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Gouvernour.

Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie,
Our Friends, at least.

Cassio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.

Gent. I shall.

Exit.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?

Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath atchieu'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th' essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Auncient to the Generall.

Cassio. Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselues, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclogge the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cassio. She that I spake of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great Ioue, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in *Desdemonaes* Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Aemilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
Enwheelee thee round.

Des. I thanke you, Valiant *Cassio*,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

[Page tt1]

Cas. He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.

Des. Oh, but I feare:
How lost you company?

Cassio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile.

Within. A Saile, a Saile.

Gent. They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewise is a Friend.

Cassio. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:
Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of Curtesie.

Iago. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,
You would haue enough.

Des. Alas: she ha's no speech.

Iago. Infaith too much:
I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe.
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Aemil. You haue little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of
doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kit-
chens: Saints in your Iniuries: Diuels being offended:

Players in your Huswiferie, and Huswiues in your
Beds.

Des. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,
You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.

Aemil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Desde. What would'st write of me, if thou should'st
praise me?

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Des. Come on, assay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?

Iago. I Madam.

Des. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes
from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes
out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she
is deliuer'd.

*If she be faire, and wise: fairenesse, and wit,
The ones for vse, the other vseth it.*

Des. Well prais'd:
How if she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago. *If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
She'le find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.*

Des. Worse, and worse.

Aemil. How if Faire, and Foolish?

Iago. *She neuer yet was foolish that was faire,
For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.*

Desde. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
laugh i'th' Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's Foule, and Foolish.

*Iago. There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones do.*

*Desde. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deser-
uing woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her
merit, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it
selfe.*

*Iago. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud:
Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.
She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie:
She that in wisdom neuer was so fraile,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and neu'r disclose her mind,
See Suitors following, and not looke behind:
She was a wight, (if euer such wightes were)*

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.

*Desde. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do
not learne of him Aemillia, though he be thy husband.
How say you (Cassio) is he not a most prophane, and li-
berall Counsailor?*

*Cassio. He speakes home (Madam) you may rellish
him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.*

*Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whis-
per. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great
a Fly as Cassio. I smile vpon her, do: I will giue thee
in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.
If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenan-
trie, it had beene better you had not kiss'd your three fin-
gers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play
the Sir, in. Very good: well kiss'd, and excellent Curt-
sie: 'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your
lippes? Would they were Cluster-pipes for your
sake.*

The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Cassio. 'Tis truely so.

Des. Let's meete him, and recieue him.

Cassio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour.

Des. My deere *Othello.*

Othe. It giues me wonder great, as my content
To see you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Ioy:
If after euey Tempest, come such Calmes,
May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.

Des. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues
And Comforts should encrease
Euen as our dayes do grow.

Othe. Amen to that (sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.
And this, and this the greatest discords be
That ere our hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile set downe
the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

Othe. Come: let vs to the Castle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?
(Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,

[Page tt1v]

I haue found great loue among'st them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Cooffers:
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthynesse
Do's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.
Come thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men
being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
more then is natiue to them) list-me; the Lieutenant to
night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell
thee this: *Desdemona*, is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be in-
structed. Marke me with what violence she first lou'd
the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discreet
heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight
shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood
is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a
game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite.
Louelinesse in fauour, simpathy in yeares, Manners,
and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now
for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate
tendernesse wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the,
gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil
instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice.
Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vn-forc'd
position) who stands so eminent in the degree of
this Fortune, as *Cassio* do's: a knaue very voluble: no
further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme
of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse
of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none,
why none: A slipper, and subtle knaue, a finder of occa-
sion: that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Ad-

uantages, though true Aduantage neuer present it selfe.
A diuelish knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young:
and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene
mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the
woman hath found him already.

Rodo. I cannot beleeeue that in her, she's full of most
bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd figges-end. The Wine she drinkes is
made of grapes. If shee had beene bless'd, shee would
neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bless'd pudding. Didst thou
not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not
marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure
prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts.
They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes
embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Rodorigo*, when
these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand
comes the Master, and maine exercise, th' incorporate
conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue
brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for
the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Cassio* knowes you
not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-
casion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or
tainting his discipline, or from what other course
you please, which the time shall more fauorably mi-
nister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and
happely may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for
euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny.
Whose qualification shall come into no true taste a-
gaine, but by the displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you
haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I
shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment
most profitably remoued, without the which there were
no expectation of our prosperitie.

Rodo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Farewell.

Rodo. Adieu.

Exit.

Iago. That *Cassio* loues her, I do well beleeu't:
That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to *Desdemona*
A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure
I stand accomptant for as great a sin)
But partely led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do suspect the lustie Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
Till I am eeu'en'd with him, wife, for wife.
Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least into a Ielouzie so strong
That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Asse,
And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd, importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete: euery man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this present houre of fiue, till the Bell haue told eleuen. Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello*.

[Page tt2]

Exit.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Othe. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night.
Let's teach our selues that Honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago, hath direction what to do.
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looke to't.

Othe. Iago, is most honest:
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue,
The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come 'twene me, and you.
Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*: we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th' clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus earely for the loue of his *Desdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for *Ioue*.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Cas. Indeed shes a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she ha's?

Me thinks it sounds a parley to prouocation.

Cas. An inuiting eye:

And yet me thinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speakes,

Is it not an Alarum to Loue?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a measure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore, and vnhappy Braines for drinking. I could well wish Curtesie would inuent some other Custome of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.

Cassio. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

Cas. Ile do't, but it dislikes me.

Exit.

Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him
With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,
He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Mistris dogge.
Now my sicke Foole *Rodorigo*,

Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd.
Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.
Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,
(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle)
Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.
Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our *Cassio* in some Action
That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approue my dreame,
My Boate sailes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Cas. 'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowse already.

Mon. Good-faith a litle one: not past a pint, as I am a
Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.

And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:

And let me the Cannakin clinke.

A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a span,

Why then let a Souldier drinke.

Some Wine Boyes.

Cas. 'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are
most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine,
and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are
nothing to your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drin-
king?

Iago. Why, he drinckes you with facillitie, your Dane
dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Al-
maine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next
Pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iustice.

Iago. Oh sweet England.

*King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,
His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.
Some Wine hoa.*

Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other.

Iago. Will you heare't againe?

Cas. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place, that do's those things. Well: heau'ns aboue all: and there be soules must be saued, and there be soules must not be saued.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saued.

Iago. And so do I too Lieutenant.

Cassio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not thinke then, that I am drunke.

Exit.

Monta. To th' Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the Watch.

Iago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before,
He's a Souldier, fit to stand by *Caesar*,
And giue direction. And do but see his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a iust Equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I feare the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmitie
Will shake this Island.

[Page tt2v]

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'le watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appears in *Cassio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now *Rodorigo*?
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mon. And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do loue *Cassio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this euill, But hearke, what noise?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knaue in to a Twiggen-Bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cassio. Let me go (Sir)
Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.

Mon. Come, come: you're drunke.

Cassio. Drunke?

Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.
Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:
Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:
The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You'le be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death. He dies.

Othe. Hold for your liues.

Iag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:
Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?
Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.

Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that
Which Heauen hath forbid the *Ottamittes*.
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:
He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,
Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with greeuing,
Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Deuesting them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any begining to this peeuish oddes.
And would, in Action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Othe. How comes it (*Michaell*) you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Othe. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be ciuill:
The grauitie, and stillnesse of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago*, can informe you,
While I spare speech which something now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,
Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selues, it be a sinne
When violence assailes vs.

Othe. Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (hauing my best iudgement collid)
Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,
And he that is approu'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Manage priuate, and domesticke Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?
'Tis monstrous: *Iago*, who began't?

Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should do offence to *Michaell Cassio*.
Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword
To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to *Cassio*, and entreats his pause:
My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)
Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might say before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them close together
At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter cannot I 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 beleeeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,
Which patience could not passe.

[Page tt3]

Othe. I know *Iago*
Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (Deere?)

Othe. All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona,* 'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

Exit.

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cas. I, past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of my selfe, and what remains is bestiall. My Reputation, *Iago,* my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had receiued some bodily wound; there is more sence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deseruing. You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in policie, then in malice) euen so as one would beate his offencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And squabble? Swagger? Sweare? And discourse Fustian with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale away their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasance, reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkennesse, to giue place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iago. Come, you are too seuer a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands I could hartily wish this had not befallne: but since it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.

Cas. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnblest'd, and the Ingredient is a diuell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more against it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue you.

Cassio. I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is requested. This broken ioynt betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my

Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of
your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.

Cassio. You aduise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest
kindnesse.

Cassio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the mor-
ning, I will beseech the vertuous *Desdemona* to vndertake
for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I
must to the Watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest *Iago*.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That saies I play the Villaine?
When this aduise is free I giue, and honest,
Probabll to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis most easie
Th' inclyning *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:
His Soule is so enfetter'd to her Loue,
That she may make, vnmake, do what she list,
Euen as her Appetite shall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counsell *Cassio* to this paralell course,
Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,
When diuels will the blackest sinnes put on,
They do suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole
Plies *Desdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:
That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust,
And by how much she striues to do him good,

She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch.
And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
That shall en-mash them all.
How now *Rodorigo*?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not
like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the
Crie. My Money is almost spent; I haue bin to night
exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue
will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines;
And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, re-
turne againe to Venice.

[Page tt3v]

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience?
What wound did euer heale but by degrees?
Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft
And Wit depends on dilatory time:
Dos't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd *Cassio*:
Though other things grow faire against the Sun,
Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe:
Content thy selfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning;
Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short.
Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter:
Nay get thee gone.

Exit Roderigo.

Two things are to be done:
My Wife must moue for *Cassio* to her Mistris:
Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:
Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musitians, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines,
Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

Clo. Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Na-
ples, that they speake i'th' Nose thus?

Mus. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

Mus. I marry are they sir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I
know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the Ge-
nerall so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues
sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard,
too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Ge-
nerall do's not greatly care.

Mus. We haue none such, sir.

Clo. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile
away. Go, vanish into ayre, away.

Exit Mu.

Cassio. Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest Friend:
I heare you.

Cassio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore
peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends
the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* en-
treats her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall
seeme to notifie vnto her.

Exit Clo.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago*.

Iago. You haue not bin a-bed then?

Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted.
I haue made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife:
My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*
Procure me some accesse.

Iago. Ile send her to you presently:
And Ile devise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse
May be more free.

Exit

Cassio. I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew
A Florentine more kinde, and honest.

Enter Aemilia.

Aemil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie
For your displeasure: but all will sure be well.
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wisedome
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you
And needs no other Suitor, but his likings
To bring you in againe.

Cassio. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse
With *Desdemon* alone.

Aemil. Pray you come in:
I will bestow you where you shall haue time
To speake your bosome freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pylot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be walking on the Workes,
Repaire there to mee.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?

Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Aemilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will do
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Aemil. Good Madam do:
I warrant it greeues my Husband,
As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio*
But I will haue my Lord, and you againe
As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous Madam,
What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

Des. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

Cassio. I, but Lady,
That policie may either last so long,
Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.

Des. Do not doubt that: before *Aemilia* here,
 I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
 If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it
 To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest,
 Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
 His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
 Ile intermingle euery thing he do's
 With *Cassio's* suite: Therefore be merry *Cassio*,
 For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
 Then giue thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Aemil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Cassio. Madam, Ile take my leaue.

Des. Why stay, and heare me speake.

Cassio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
 Vnfit for mine owne purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. Hah? I like not that.

Othel. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if— — I know not what.

Othel. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iago. *Cassio* my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it
 That he would steale away so guilty-like,
 Seeing your comming.

Oth. I do beleeeue 'twas he.

Des. How now my Lord?
 I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*: Good my Lord,
 If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
 His present reconciliation take.

For if he be not one, that truly loues you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honest face.
I prythee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. I sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his greefe with mee
To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.

Othel. Not now (sweet *Desdemon*) 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 meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.

Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.
I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason
(Saue that they say the warres must make example)
Out of her best, is not almost a fault
T' encurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?
Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mam'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,
That came a woing with you? and so many a time
(When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)
Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a Boone:
'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues,
Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And fearefull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

Des. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ile come to thee strait.

Des. *Aemilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient.

Exit.

Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*
When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?

Oth. He did, from first to last:
Why dost thou aske?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.

Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I, Honest.

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What do'st thou thinke?

Iago. Thinke, my Lord?

Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me;
As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,
When *Cassio* left my wife. What didd'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeede?
And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadd'st shut vp in thy Braine
Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'st loue me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou do'st:
And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyall Knaue
Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's iust,
They're close dilations, working from the heart,
That Passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.

Oth. I thinke so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seeme,
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iago. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?
I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminare, and giue thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and falce?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure,
Wherein vncleanly Apprehensions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his eare
A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my iealousie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisedome
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his scattering, and vnsure obseruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisedome,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou meane?

Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who steales my purse, steales trash:
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie.

Oth. Ha?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealousie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loues?

Oth. O miserie.

Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he shall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Iealousie.

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of Iealousie;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
To such exufflicate, and blow'd Surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No *Iago*,
Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the prooffe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Iealousie.

Ia. I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason
To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me. I speake not yet of prooffe:
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
I know our Country disposition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen see the pranks

They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their best Conscience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why go too then:
Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming
To seele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits:

Oth. Not a iota, not a iota.

Iago. Trust me, I feare it has:
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do see y'are moou'd:
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suspition.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such vilde successe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.

Cassio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I see y'are mou'd.

Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long liue she so;
And long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selfe.

Iago. I, there's the point:

As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,
Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in position
Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fal to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obserue.
Leaue me *Iago*.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue.

Othel. Why did I marry?

This honest Creature (doubtlesse)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfoldes.

[Page tt5]

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* haue his Place;
For sure he filles it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you please, to him off a-while:
You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.

Oth. Feare not my gouernment.

Iago. I once more take my leaue.

Exit.

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Iesses were my deere heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the Base,
'Tis destiny vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:

Enter Desdemona and Aemilia.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:
Ile not beleue't.

Des. How now, my deere *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you inuited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am too blame.

Des. Why do you speake so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.

Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you.

Exit.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Aemil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,
(For he coniu'r'd her, she should euer keepe it)
That she reserues it euermore about her,
To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?

Aemil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.

Iago. You haue a thing for me?
It is a common thing— —

Aemil. Hah?

Iago. To haue a foolish wife.

Aemil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now
For that same Handkerchiefe.

Iago. What Handkerchiefe?

Aemil. What Handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iago. Hast stolne it from her?

Aemil. No: but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:
Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, giue it me.

Aemil. What will you do with't, that you haue bene
so earnest to haue me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you?

Aemil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad
When she shall lacke it.

Iago. Be not acknowne on't:
I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me.
I will in *Cassio's* Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the ielialous, confirmations strong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poyson:
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste:
But with a little acte vpon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Exit Aemil.

Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrrups of the world
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou owd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.

Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:
I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?
I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to heare this?

Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;

Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th' Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates
Th' immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,
Farewell: *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be sure of it: Giue me the Occular prooffe,
Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

[Page tt5v]

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't: or (at the least) so proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, sith Loue breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay: thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for Honestie's a Foole,
And looses that it workes for.

Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue some prooffe. My name that was as fresh
As *Dians* Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were satisfied.

Iago. I see you are eaten vp with Passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grossely gape on?
Behold her top'd?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do see them bolster
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason she's disloyall.

Iago. I do not like the Office.
But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
(Prick'd too't by foolish Honesty, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Cassio*:

In sleepe I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry cursed Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.

Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?

Oth. I gaue her such a one: 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wiues) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If it be that.

Iago. If it be that, or any, it was here.
It speakes against her with the other proofes.

Othel. O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago*,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspickets tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change.

Oth. Neuer *Iago.* Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course,
Neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:
Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet:
Witnesse you euer-burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witnesse that heere *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Seruice. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse euer.

Oth. I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee too't.
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not aliue.

Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Request.
But let her liue.

Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

[Page tt6]

Enter Desdemona, Aemilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lyes?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go too: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where I lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to de-uisue a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Exit Clo.

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, *Ae-milia*?

Aemil. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse, As iealious Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill-thinking.

Aemil. Is he not iealious?

Des. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him.

Aemil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leaue him now, till *Cassio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!
How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand.
This hand is moist, my Lady.

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart:
Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,
Much Castigation, Exercise deuout,
For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,
A franke one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so:
For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this:
Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, Chucke?

Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I haue a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Des. Heere my Lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an Aegyptian to my Mother giue:
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father
Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,
Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)
To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world
The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,
In her Prophetticke furie sow'd the Worke:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,
And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull
Conseru'd of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Des. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speake so startingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? Is't gon? Speake, is't out o'th' way?

Des. Blesse vs.

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetcht, let me see't.

Des. Why so I can: but I will not now:
This is a tricke to put me from my suite,
Pray you let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
My minde mis-giues.

Des. Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more suffici-
ent man.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. Insooth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away.

Exit Othello.

Aemil. Is not this man iealous?

Des. I neu'r saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe,
I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Aemil. 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man:
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, *Cassio* and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis she must doo't:
And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her.

[Page tt6v]

Des. How now (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with
you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.
If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,
That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransome me into his loue againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my selfe vp in some other course
To Fortunes Almes.

Des. Alas (thrice-gentle *Cassio*)
My Aduocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Aemil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iago. Can he be angry? I haue seen the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Diuell from his very Arme
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Exit

Des. I prythee do so. Something sure of State,
Either from Venice, or some vnatch'd practise
Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,

Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so.
For let our finger ache, and it endure
Our other healthfull members, even to a sense
Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruancie
As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, *Aemilia*,
I was (vnhandsome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule:
But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnessse,
And he's Indited falsely.

Aemil. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Iealous Toy, concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Aemil. But Iealous soules will not be answer'd so;
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous, for they're iealous. It is a Monster
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heauen keepe the Monster from *Othello's* mind.

Aemil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seeke him. *Cassio*, walke heere about:
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost.

Exit

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Saue you (Friend *Cassio*.)

Cassio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my most faire *Bianca*?
Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*.
What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?
Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?
Oh weary reck'ning.

Cassio. Pardon me, *Bianca*:

I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,
But I shall in a more continue time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some Token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-Absence: now I feele a Cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cassio. Go too, woman:
Throw your vilde gesses in the Diuels teeth,
From whence you haue them. You are iealous now,
That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;
No, in good troth *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, who's is it?

Cassio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:
Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you? Wherefore?

Cassio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish
To haue him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I loue you not.

Bian. But that you do not loue me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night?

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?
It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:
They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,
The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:
But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is Protectresse of her honor too:
May she giue that?

[Page vv1]

Iago. Her honor is an Essence that's not seene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe.

Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Rauens o're the infectious house:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.

Iago . I: what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as Knaues be such abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some Mistris,
Conuinc'd or supply'd them, cannot chuse
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,
No more then he'le vn-swear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Othe. What? What?

Iago. Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? On her: what you will.

Othe. Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her,
when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome:
Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To con-
fesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,
and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not
inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some
Instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)
Noses, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Hand-
kerchiefe? O diuell.

Falls in a Traunce.

Iago. Worke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chast Dames euen thus,
(All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I say: *Othello.*

Enter Cassio.

How now *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargie must haue his quyet course:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse. Looke, he stirres:

Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion, speake with you.
How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?

Othe. Dost thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.

Othe. A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.

Iago. Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty,
And many a ciuill Monster.

Othe. Did he confesse it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now alieue,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch;
And to suppose her chast. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shallbe.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient List,
Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your grieffe
(A passion most resulting such a man)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And layd good scuses vpon your Extasie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in euery 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 againe to cope your wife.
I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,
Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Othe. Do'st thou heare, *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
But (do'st thou heare) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amisse,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A Huswife that by selling her desires
Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Cassio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine
From the excesse of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad:
And his vnbookish Ielousie must conserue
Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behaiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you giue me the addition,
Whose want euen killes me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* dowre,
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas poore Caitiffe.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man so.

Cas. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.

Iago. Do you heare *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too, well said, well said.

Iago. She giues it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry. What? A customer; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Cas. Prythee say true.

Iago. I am a very Villaine else.

Oth. Haue you scoar'd me? Well.

Cas. This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:
She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise.

[Page vv1v]

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was heere euen now: she haunts me in e-
uery place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-
banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the
Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere *Cassio*, as it were: his iesture im-
ports it.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me:
So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Cham-
ber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I
shall throw it to.

Cassio. Well, I must leaue her companie.

Iago. Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one?
What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what
did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gaue
me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take
out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should
finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there.

This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke?
There, giue it your Hobbey-horse, wheresoeuer you had
it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Cassio. How now, my sweete *Bianca*?
How now? How now?

Othe. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you'le come to supper to night you may, if
you will not come when you are next prepar'd for.

Exit

Iago. After her: after her.

Cas. I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would ve-
ry faine speake with you.

Cas. Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go too; say no more.

Oth. How shall I murther him, *Iago*.

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*.

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes
the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him and, he
hath giu'n it his whore.

Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing:
A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Othello. I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to
night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to
stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world
hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lye by an Em-

perours side, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Othe. Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh she will sing the Sauagenesse out of a Beare: of so high and plenteous wit, and inuention?

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Othe. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Othe. Nay that's certaine:
But yet the pittie of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pittie of it
Iago.

Iago. If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her pattennt to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Othe. Get me some poyson, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expostulate with her: least her body and beautie vnprouide my mind againe: this night *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed, Euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The Iustice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his vndertaker:
You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Othe. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant something from Venice,
'Tis *Lodouico*, this, comes from the Duke.

See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall.

Othe. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Othe. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodouico*

Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Liues Sir,

Des. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord,
An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Othe. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord?

Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will— —

Lod. He did not call: he's busie in the paper,
Is there deusion 'twixt my Lord, and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one: I would do much
T' attone, them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire, and brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be the Letter mou'd him.
For as I thinke, they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his Gouernment.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Othe. Indeed?

Des. My Lord?

Othe. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweete *Othello*?

Othe. Diuell.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,
Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends: she weepes.

Othe. Oh diuell, diuell:

If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truely obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.

[Page vv2]

Othe. Mistris.

Des. My Lord.

Othe. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Othe. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:
Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And she's obedient: as you say obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auant:
Cassio shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys.

Exit.

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue
The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What? Strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew
That stroke would proue the worst.

Lod. Is it his vse?
Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
And new create his fault?

Iago. Alas, alas:
It is not honestie in me to speake
What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may saue my speech: do but go after
And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello and Aemilia.

Othe. You haue seene nothing then?

Aemil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.

Othe. Yes, you haue seene *Cassio*, and she together.

Aemi. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.

Othe. What? Did they neuer whisper?

Aemil. Neuer my Lord.

Othe. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Aemil. Neuer.

Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-thing?

Aemil. Neuer my Lord.

Othe. That's strange.

Aemil. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:
Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,
Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
If any wretch haue put this in your head,
Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their Wiues
Is foule as Slander.

Othe. Bid her come hither: go.

Exit Aemilia.

She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:
A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and Aemilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Othe. Pray you Chucke come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.

Des. What horrible Fancie's this?

Othe. Some of your Function Mistris:
Leaue Procreants alone, and shut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:
Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch.

Exit Aemi.

Des. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I vnderstand a Fury in your words.

Othe. Why? What art thou?

Des. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.

Othello. Come swear it: damne thy selfe, least being like one of Heauen, the diuells themselues should feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: swear thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truely know it.

Othe. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?

Othe. Ah *Desdemon*, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?
If happely you my Father do suspect,
An Instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you haue lost him,
I haue lost him too.

Othe. Had it pleas'd Heauen,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes.
Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmost hopes,
I should haue found in some place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his slow, and mouing finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell.

Des. I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Othe. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,

That the Sense akes at thee,
Would thou had'st neuer bin borne.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?

Othe. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpon? What committed,
Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The baudy winde that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?

[Page vv2v]

Des. By Heauen you do me wrong.

Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Othe. What, not a Whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sau'd.

Othe. Is't possible?

Des. Oh Heauen forgiue vs.

Othe. I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You Mistris,

Enter Aemilia.

That haue the office opposite to Saint *Peter*,
And keeps the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile.

Exit.

Aemil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Des. Faith, halfe a sleepe.

Aemi. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With who?

Aemil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Aemil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I haue none: do not talke to me, *Aemilia*,
I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Aemil. Heere's a change indeed.

Exit.

Des. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misvse?

Enter Iago, and Aemilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.
He might haue chid me so; for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter Lady?

Aemil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Aemil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.

Aemil. Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke vpon him?

Des. Nay, Heauen doth know.

Aemi. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,
Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.

Aemil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keepes her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What liklyhood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,
Some base notorious Knaue, some scuruy Fellow.
Oh Heauens, that such companions thou'd'st vnfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip
To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,
Euen from the East to th' West.

Iago. Speake within doore.

Aemil. Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iago. You are a Foole: go too.

Des. Alas *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,
Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,
Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:
The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Aemilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'st iustly with me.

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Rodori. Euery day thou dafts me with some deuisse
Iago, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from
me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least ad-
uantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I

haue foolishly suffred.

Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo*?

[Page vv3]

Rodori. I haue heard too much: and your words and Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most vniustly.

Rodo. With naught but truth: I haue wasted my selfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from me to deliuer *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiu'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

Rod. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor 'tis not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy: and begin to finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodor. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlawfull solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago. You haue said now.

Rodo. I: and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and euen from this instant do build on thee a better opinion then euer before: giue me thy hand *Rodorigo*. Thou hast taken against me a most iust exception: but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeer'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and your suspicion is not without wit and iudgement. But *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to belecue now then euer (I

meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enioy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with Treacherie, and devise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and compasse?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be lingred heere by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you meane remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast. About it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shalbe satisfi'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, Aemilia,
and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodoui. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your
Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh *Desdemona.*

Des. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be re-turn'd
forthwith: dismissee your Attendant there: look't
be done.

Exit.

Des. I will my Lord.

Aem. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismissee you.

Aemi. Dismissee me?

Des. It was his bidding: therefore good *Aemilia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Aemil. I, would you had neuer seene him.

Des. So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Aemi. I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
In one of these same Sheetes.

Aemil. Come, come: you talke.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,
She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it express'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore *Barbarie*: prythee dispatch.

Aemi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Des. No, vn-pin me here,
This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

Aemil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speakes well.

Aemil. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree.*
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, &c.
Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by these)
Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.
(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?)

Aemil. It's the wind.

Des. *I call'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?*
Sing Willough, &c.
If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.
So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boade weeping?

Aemil. 'Tis neyther heere, nor there.

[Page vv3v]

Des. I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Aemilia*)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kinde?

Aemil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Aemil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this Heauenly light.

Aemil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
I might doo't as well i'th' darke.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world?

Aemil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.

Aemil. Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when
I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a
ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-
band a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should ven-
ture Purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Aemil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world;
and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not thinke there is any such woman.

Aemil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th' vantage, as
would store the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;
Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former hauing in despight)

Why we haue galles: and though we haue some Grace,
Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,
And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?
It is so too. And haue not we Affections?
Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so.

Des. Good night, good night:
Heauen me such vses send,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe most firme thy Resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.

Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Euery way makes my gaine. Liue *Rodorigo*,
He calles me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,

As Guifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be: If *Cassio* do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.

Cas. That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:
I will make prooffe of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slaine.

Cassio. I am maym'd for euer:
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of *Cassio*. *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O Villaine that I am.

Oth. It is euen so.

Cas. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.

Oth. 'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honest, and iust,
That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your vnblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood bee spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa? no Watch? No passage?
Murther, Murther.

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.

Cas. Oh helpe.

Lodo. Hearke.

Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.

Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;
These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vnsafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and
Weapons.

Iago. Who's there?
Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?

Lodo. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you heare a cry?

Cas. Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lodo. The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greeuously?

Cas. *Iago*? Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:
Giue me some helpe.

Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!
What Villaines haue done this?

Cas. I thinke that one of them is heereabout.
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe.

Rod. O helpe me there.

Cassio. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!

Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!

[Page vv4]

Iago. Kill men i'th' darke?
Where be these bloody Theeues?
How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

Iago. Signior *Lodouico*?

Lod. He Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villaines.

Gra. *Cassio*?

Iago. How is't Brother?

Cas. My Legge is cut in two.

Iago. Marry heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my deere *Cassio*,
My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to finde you thus;
I haue beene to seeke you.

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So: — — Oh for a Chaire
To beare him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Iniurie.
Patience awhile, good *Cassio*. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Rodorigo? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo*.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you *Cassio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,
Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (*Cassio*)
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you.

Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Iago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th' Ayre.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?
Do you perceiue the gastnesse of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.
Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:
Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake
Though tongues were out of vse.

Aemil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath heere bin set on in the darke
By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are scap'd:
He's almost slaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.

Aemil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio*.

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe *Aemilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to night.
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Aemil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Aemil. As I? Fie vpon thee.

Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poore *Cassio* drest.

Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.

Aemilia, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:

Will you go on afore? This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.

Exeunt

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)

Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,

It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,

Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,

And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster:

Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,

I can againe thy former light restore,

Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,

Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,

I know not where is that *Promethae*an heate

That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,

I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,

It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.

Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade

Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.

So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,

But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,
It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Othel. I *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, *Desdemon*?

Des. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it straight.

Des. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.

Des. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I do.

Des. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.

[Page vv4v]

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humh.

Des. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle so.
Why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.

Des. They are Loues I beare to you.

Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's vnnaturall, that kils for louing.
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 Handkerchiefe

Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to *Cassio*.

Des. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And aske him.

Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I, but not yet to dye.

Oth. Presently.

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.

Des. O Heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.

Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchiefe.

Des. He found it then:
I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He hath confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.

Des. How? vnlawfully?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.

Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?

Oth. Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had stomacke for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.

Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe Strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

Oth. Nay, if you striue.

Des. But halfe an houre.

Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.

Smotheres her.

Aemilia at the doore.

Aemil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
So, so.

Aemil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Who's there?

Aemil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
with you.

Oth. Yes: 'Tis *Aemilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death:
The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?
Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer't good?
I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!
Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th' affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.

Aemil. I do beseech you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Aemilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Aemilia.

Aemil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
done.

Oth. What? now?

Aemil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Aemil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo*.

Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Aemil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

Aemil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? What?

Aemil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speake.

Des. A guiltlesse death, I dye.

Aemil. Oh who hath done this deed?

Des. No body: I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.

Oth. Why, how should she be murdred?

Aemil. Alas: who knowes?

Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.

Aemil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Aemil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-
er Diuell.

Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.

Aemil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.

Oth. She was false as water.

Aemil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her: Ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

[Page vv5]

Aemil. My Husband?

Oth. Thy Husband.

Aemil. That she was false to Wedlocke?

Oth. I, with *Cassio*: had she bin true,
If Heauen would make me such another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not haue sold her for it.

Aemil. My Husband?

Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deeds.

Aemil. My Husband?

Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman?
I say, thy Husband.

Aemil. Oh Mistris,
Villany hath made mockes with loue:
My Husband say she was false?

Oth. He, Woman;
I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest *Iago*.

Aemil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th' heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.

Oth. Hah?

Aemil. Do thy worst:
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou was't worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Aemil. Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?

Aemil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you haue done well,
That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.

Gra. What is the matter?

Aemil. Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:
He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.

Speake, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.

Aemil. But did you euer tell him,
She was false?

Iago. I did.

Aemil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
Shee false with *Cassio*?
Did you say with *Cassio*?

Iago. With *Cassio*, Mistris?
Go too, charme your tongue.

Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to speake,
My Mistris heere lyes murdered in her bed.

All. Oh Heauens, forefend.

Emil. And your reports haue set the Murder on.

Othello. Nay stare not Masters,
It is true indeede.

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.

Mont. O monstrous Acte.

Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smel't: O Villany:
I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!

Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth. Oh she was fowle!
I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:
I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.

Gra. Poore *Desdemon*:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turne:
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobance.

Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes
That she with *Cassio*, hath the Act of shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)

He begg'd of me, to steale't.

Iago. Villanous Whore.

Emil. She giue it *Cassio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband.

Iago. Filth, thou lye'st.

Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole
Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in Heauen,
But what serues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.

Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.

Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue.

Exit.

[Page vv5v]

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But euery Punie whipster gets my Sword.
But why should Honor out-liue Honesty?
Let it go all.

Aemil. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.

Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Othel. Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue seene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.
Do you go backe dismaid? 'Tis a lost feare:
Man but a Rush against *Othello's* brest,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the possession of this Heauenly sight:
Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh *Desdemon!* dead *Desdemon:* dead. Oh, oh!

*Enter Lodouico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago,
with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello:* heere I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

Othel. I am not sorry neither, I'd haue thee liue:
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.

Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once so good,
Falne in the practise of a cursed Slaue,
What shall be saide to thee.

Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death.

Oth. I.

Cas. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cause.

Oth. I do beleeeue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.

Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I neuer will speake word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir,
You shall vnderstand what hath befallne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo*,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be vndertooke
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O Villaine!

Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now, heere's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes
Rodorigo meant t'haue sent this damned villaine:

But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfi'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious Caitiffe;
How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wiues?

Cassio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himselve confest it but euen now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!

Cassio. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was cast: and euen but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
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 knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice.
Then must you speake,
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily Iealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-vsed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees

Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th' throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smoate him, thus.

Lod. Oh bloody period.

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

Dyes

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poysons Sight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Gouvernor,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate.

[Page vv6]

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

Othello, the Moore.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.
Iago, a Villaine.
Rodorigo, a gull'd Gentleman.
Duke of Venice.
Senators.

Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.*

Gentlemen of Cyprus.

Lodouico, *and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.*

Saylors.

Clowne.

Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.*

Aemilia, *Wife to Iago.*

Bianca, *a Curtezan.*

**THE TRAGEDIE OF ANTHONIE, AND
CLEOPATRA.** ↩

[Page 346]

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo. Nay, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-floues the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

*Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the
Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.

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

Ant. There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd

Cleo. Ile set a bourne how farre to be belou'd.

Ant. Then must thou needes finde out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the summe.

Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthony*.

Fuluia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the scarce-bearded *Caesar* haue not sent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:
You must not stay heere longer, your dismissal
Is come from *Caesar*, therefore heare it *Anthony*,
Where's *Fulvias* Processe? (*Caesars* I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Caesars* homager: else so thy cheeke payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fuluia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raining'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand vp Peerelesse.

Cleo. Excellent falshood:
Why did he marry *Fuluia*, and not loue her?
Ile seeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himselfe.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our liues should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who euery passion fully striues
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night

Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is *Caesar* with *Anthonius* priz'd so slight?

Philo. Sir, sometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with *Anthony*.

Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approoves the common
Lyar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy.

Exeunt

*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillus,
Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,
and Alexas.*

Char. L[ord]. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer
that you prais'd so to'th' Queene? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drinke.

[Page xx1]

Char. Good sir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in flesh.

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

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentiuē.

Char. Hush.

Sooth. You shall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Octaius Caesar*, and companion me with my Mistris.

Sooth. You shall out-liue the Lady whom you serue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You haue seene and proued a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall haue no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue.

Sooth. If euery of your wishes had a wombe, & foretell euery wish, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are priuie to your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing els.

Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus presageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oyley Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognostication, I cannot scratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth. I haue said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

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

Iras. Not in my Husbands nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him mary a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee, and let her dye too, and giue him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Isis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight: good *Isis* I beseech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddess, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere *Isis* keep *de-corum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselues Whores, but they'ld doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hush, heere comes *Anthony*.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine
A Romane thought hath strooke him.

Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's *Alexias*?

Alex. Heere at your seruice.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:
Go with vs.

Exeunt.

Messen. *Fuluia* thy Wife,
First came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother *Lucius*?

Messen. I: but soone that Warre had end,
And the times state
Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainst *Caesar*,
Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,
Vpon the first encounter draue them.

Ant. Well, what worst.

Mess. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.
Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd.

Mes. *Labienus* (this is stiffe-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering
Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil'st — —

Ant. *Anthony* thou would'st say.

Mes. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:
Raile thou in *Fuluia's* phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full License, as both Truth and Malice
Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs
Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

Mes. At your Noble pleasure.

Exit Messenger

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there.

1.Mes. The man from *Scicion*,
Is there such an one?

2.Mes. He stayes vpon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:
These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,
Or loose my selfe in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3.Mes. *Fuluia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she.

Mes. In *Scicion*, her length of sicknesse,
With what else more serious,
Importeth thee to know, this beares.

Antho. Forbeare me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:
What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,
We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,
By reuolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know

[Page xxlv]

My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus*.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Anth. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our departure death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die. It were pittie to cast them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyse of this, dies instantly: I haue seene her dye twenty times vpon farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some louing acte vpon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine as well as Ioue.

Ant. Would I had neuer seene her.

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to haue beene blest withall, would haue discredited your Trauaile.

Ant. *Fuluia* is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. *Fuluia* is dead.

Eno. *Fuluia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, giue the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice:
when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man
from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: com-
forting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out,
there are members to make new. If there were no more
Women but *Fuluia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the
case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Conso-
lation, your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate,
and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water
this sorrow.

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you haue broach'd heere can-
not be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which
wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Answeres:
Let our Officers
Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her loue to part. For not alone
The death of *Fuluia*, with more vrgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Haue giuen the dare to *Caesar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,
Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places vnder vs, require
Our quicke remoue from hence.

Enob. I shall doo't.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is,
Whose with him, what he does:
I did not send you. If you finde him sad,
Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report
That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne.

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbeare,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony*.

Cleo. I am sicke, and sullen.

An. I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
Will not sustaine it.

Ant. Now my deerest Queene.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from mee.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye ther's some good news.
What sayes the married woman you may goe?
Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.
Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,
I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene
So mightily betrayed: yet at the first
I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)
Who haue beene false to *Fuluia*?
Riotous madnesse,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,
Which breake themselues in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:
When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,
But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

[Page xx2]

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Heare me Queene:

The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Seruices a-while: but my full heart
Remaines in vse with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domesticke powers,
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength
Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
Into the hearts of such, as haue not thriued
Vpon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,
And quietnesse growne sicke of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,

And that which most with you should save my going,
Is *Fulvias* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not giue me freedom
It does from childishnesse. Can *Fuluia* dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.
Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read
The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best,
See when, and where shee died.

Cleo. O most false Loue!
Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,
In *Fulvias* death, how mine receiu'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,
As you shall giue th' aduice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loues.

Ant. My precious Queene forbear,
And giue true euidence to his Loue, which stands
An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So *Fuluia* told me.
I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'l heat my blood no more?

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

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this Herculean Roman do's become

The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. Ile leaue you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:

Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:

That you know well, something it is I would:

Oh, my Obliuion is a very *Anthony*,

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty

Holds Idlenesse your subiect, I should take you

For Idlenesse it selfe.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,

To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart

As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,

Since my becommings kill me, when they do not

Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,

Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly,

And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword

Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth successe

Be strew'd before your feete.

Ant. Let vs go.

Come: Our separation so abides and flies,

That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;

And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.

Away.

Exeunt.

*Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Traine.*

Caes. You may see *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,

It is not *Caesars* Naturall vice, to hate

One great Competitor. From Alexandria

This is the newes: He fishes, drinckes, and wastes

The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike

Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*

More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience

Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You

Shall finde there a man, who is th' abstracts of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thinke
There are, euils enow to darken all his goodnesse:
His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More fierie by nights Blacknesse; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchaste: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooses.

Caes. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amisse to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
With knaues that smels of sweate: Say this becoms him
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Anthony*
No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare
So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuousnesse,
Full surfets, and the drinesse of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebell to iudgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes.

Mes. Thy biddings haue beene done, & euerie houre
Most Noble *Caesar*, shalt thou haue report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belou'd of those
That only haue feard *Caesar*: to the Ports
The discontents repaire, and mens reports
Giue him much wrong'd.

Caes. I should haue knowne no lesse,
It hath bin taught vs from the primall state
That he which is was wisht, vntill he were:

And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde
To rot it selfe with motion.

[Page xx2v]

Mes. Caesar I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea serue them, which they eare and wound
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,
No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone
Taken as seene: for *Pompeyes* name strikes more
Then could his Warre resisted

Caesar. Anthony,
Leaue thy lasciuious Vassailes. When thou once
Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou slew'st
Hirsius, and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the[n] did daine
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
The barks of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pittie of him.

Caes. Let his shames quickly
Driue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did shew our selues i'th' Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*
Thriues in our Idlenesse.

Lep. To morrow *Caesar*,
I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.

Caes. Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.

Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
To let me be partaker.

Caesar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond.

Exeunt

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. *Charmian.*

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragora.*

Char. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:
My *Anthony* is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,
That being vnseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honest to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh Charmion:

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?
Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony!*
Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou moou'st,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For so he cal's me:) Now I feede my selfe
With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
That am with Phoebus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Caesar*,
When thou was't heere about the ground, I was
A morsell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Caesar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much vnlike art thou Marke Anthony?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthonie?*

Alex. Last thing he did (deere Queene)
He kist the last of many doubled kisses
This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.

Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:
Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote
To mend the petty present, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
(Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,
Was beastly dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' yeare, between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well diuided 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 lookes by his. He was not merrie,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.
Oh heauenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no mans else. Met'st thou my Posts?

Alex. I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.
Why do you send so thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send
to *Anthonie*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Char-mian*.
Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, e-
uer loue *Caesar* so?

Char. Oh that braue *Caesar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Say the braue *Anthony*.

Char. The valiant *Caesar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will giue thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Caesar* Paragon againe:
My man of men.

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

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
To say, as I saide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,
he shall haue eury day a seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeo-
ple Egypt.

[Page xx3]

Exeunt

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in
warlike manner.*

Pom. If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist
The deeds of iustest men.

Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do de-
lay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decays
the thing we sue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our selues,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres
Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit
By loosing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope
Sayes it will come to'th' full. *Marke Anthony*
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. *Caesar* gets money where
He looses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Caesar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Siluius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,
Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,
Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both,
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,
That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Euen till a Lethied dulnesse — —

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:
Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther Trauaile.

Pom. I could haue giuen lesse matter
A better eare. *Menas*, I did not thinke
This amorous Surfetter would haue donn'd his Helme
For such a petty Warre: His Souldiership
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Lust-wearied *Anthony*.

Mene. I cannot hope,
Caesar and *Anthony* shall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Caesar*,
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke
Not mou'd by *Anthony*.

Pom. I know not *Menas*,
How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,
Were't not that we stand vp against them all:
'Twer pregnant they should square between themselues,
For they haue entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs
May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vp
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands
Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands
Come *Menas*.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

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

Enob. I shall intreat him
To answer like himselfe: if *Caesar* moue him,
Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Caesars* head,
And speake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,

Were I the wearer of *Anthonio's* Beard,
I would not shaue't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking.

Eno. Euery time serues for the matter that is then
borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must giue way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre
No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Caesar*.

Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well heere, to Parthia:
Hearke *Ventidius*.

Caesar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble Friends:
That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend vs. What's amisse,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest tearmes,
Nor curstnesse grow to'th' matter.

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

Flourish.

Caes. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Caes. Sit.

Ant. Sit sir.

Caes. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concerne you not.

Caes. I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my selfe offended, and with you
Chiefely i'th' world. More laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately: when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt *Caesar*, what was't to you?

Caes. No more then my reciding heere 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, practis'd?

Caes. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres vpon me, and their contestation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer
Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it.
And haue my Learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my stomacke,
Hauing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters
Before did satisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you haue to make it with,
It must not be with this.

[Page xx3v]

Caes. You praise your selfe, by laying defects of iudge-
ment to me: but you patcht vp your excuses.

Anth. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit, in such another,

The third oth' world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all such wiues, that the men
might go to Warres with the women.

Anth. So much vncurbable, her Garboiles (*Caesar*)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrodenesse of policie to: I greeuing grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not helpe it.

Caesar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Misiue out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day
I told him of my selfe, which was as much
As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Caesar. You haue broken the Article of your oath,
which you shall neuer haue tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Caesar*.

Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it: but on *Caesar*,
The Article of my oath.

Caesar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd
them, the which you both denied.

Anth. Neglected rather:
And then when poysoned houres had bound me vp
From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,
Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fuluia*,
To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do
So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour

To stoope in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Noble spoken.

Mece. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember: that the present neede,
Speakes to attone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken *Mecenas*.

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the
instant, you may when you heare no more words of
Pompey returne it againe: you shall haue time to wrangle
in, when you haue nothing else to do.

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

Enob. That trueth should be silent, I had almost for-
got.

Anth. You wrong this presence, therefore speake no
more.

Enob. Go too then: your Considerate stone.

Caesar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope should hold vs staunch from edge to edge
Ath' world: I would persue it.

Agri. Giue me leaue *Caesar*.

Caesar. Speake *Agrippa*.

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd
Octauia: Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.

Caesar. Say not, say *Agrippa*; if *Cleopater* heard you, your
prooffe were well deserued of rashnesse.

Anth. I am not marryed *Caesar*: let me heere *Agrippa*
further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an vn-slipping knot, take *Anthony*,

Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claimes
No worse a husband then the best of men: whose
Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
That which none else can vtter. By this marriage,
All little Ielousies which now seeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,
Would each to other, and all loues to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke,
For 'tis a studied not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Caesar* speake?

Caesar. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht,
With what is spoke already.

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

Caesar. The power of *Caesar*,
And his power, vnto *Octavia*.

Anth. May I neuer
(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
And sway our great Designes.

Caesar. There's my hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer loue so deerely. Let her liue
To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
Flie off our Loues againe.

Lepi. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey*,
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely,
Least my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him.

Lepi. Time cal's vpon's,
Of vs must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seekes out vs.

Anth. Where lies he?

Caesar. About the Mount-Mesena.

Anth. What is his strength by land?

Caesar. Great, and encreasing:
But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Anth. So is the Fame.
Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it,
Yet ere we put our selues in Armes, dispatch we
The businesse we haue talkt of.

Caesar. With most gladnesse,
And do inuite you to my Sisters view,
Whether straight Ile lead you.

[Page xx4]

Anth. Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not sicknesse should detaine
me.

Flourish. Exit omnes.

Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from Aegypt Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of *Caesar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My
honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mece. We haue cause to be glad, that matters are so
well disgested: you staid well by't in Egypt.

Enob. I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenance:
and made the night light with drinking.

Mece. Eight Wilde-Boares rosted whole at a break-
fast: and but twelue persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much
more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deser-
ued noting.

Mecenas. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Enob. When she first met *Marke Anthony*, she purst vp his heart vpon the Riuer of Sidnis.

Agri. There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter de-uis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-sicke.
With them the Owers were Siluer,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faster;
As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,
It beggerd all discription, she did lye
In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O're-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With diuers colour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,
To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vndid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,
A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast
Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whisling to'th' ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egiptian.

Eno. Vpon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her,
Inuited her to Supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest:
Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;
And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:
She made great *Caesar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete,
And hauing lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathlesse powre breath forth.

Mece. Now *Anthony*, must leaue her vtterly.

Eno. Neuer he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vildest things
Become themselues in her, that the holy Priests
Blesse her, when she is Riggish.

Mece. If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can settle
The heart of *Anthony*: *Octauia* is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your selfe
my guest, whilst you abide heere.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you.

Exeunt

Enter Anthony, Caesar, Octauia betweene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes deuide me from your bosome.

Octa. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall
bowe my prayers to them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Octauia*
Read not my blemishes in the worlds report:
I haue not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done byth' Rule: good night deere Lady:
Good night Sir.

Caesar. Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter Soothsaier.

Anth. Now sirrah: you do wish your selfe in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you
thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt againe.

Antho. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher
Caesars or mine?

Sooth. Caesars. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side
Thy Daemon that thy spirit which keepes thee, is
Noble, Couragious, high vnmatchable,
Where *Caesars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore
Make space enough betweene you.

Anth. Speake 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 loose: And of that Naturall lucke,
He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,
When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit
Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble.

Anth. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventigius* I would speake with him.
He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th' East my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventigius*.

Exit.

[Page xx4v]

Enter Ventigius.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:
Follow me, and recieue't.

Exeunt

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selues no further: pray you
hasten your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, Marke Anthony, will e'ne but kisse *Octauia*,
and weele follow.

Lepi. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse,
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Mece. We shall: as I conceiue the iourney, be at
Mount before you *Lepidus*.

Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you'le win two dayes vpon me.

Both. Sir good successe.

Lepi. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Giue me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode
of vs that trade in Loue.

Omnes. The Musicke, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.

Char. My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Though't come to short
The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Giue me mine Angle, weele to'th' Riuer there
My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimy iawes: and as I draw them vp,
Ile thinke them euery one an *Anthony*,
And say, ah ha; y'are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Ang-
ling, when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke
which he with feruencie drew vp.

Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience: and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.

Mes. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Anthony's* dead.
If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Mistris:
But well and free, if thou so yeild him.
There is Gold, and heere
My blewest vaines to kisse: a hand that Kings
Haue lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.
But sirrah marke, we vse
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill vttering throate.

Mes. Good Madam heare me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will:
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull; so tart a fauour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Mes. Wilt please you heare me?

Cleo. I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet if thou say *Anthony* liues, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Caesar*, or not Captiue to him,
Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles vpon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And Friends with *Caesar*.

Cleo. Th'art an honest man.

Mes. *Caesar*, and he, are greater Friends then euer.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mes. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,
But yet is as a Iaylor to bring foorth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Caesar*,
In state of health thou saist, and thou saist, free.

Mes. Free Madam, no: I made no such report,
He's bound vnto *Octauia*.

Cleo. For what good turne?

Mes. For the best turne i'th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian*.

Mes. Madam, he's married to *Octauia*.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence vpon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Mes. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What say you? *Strikes him.*

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes
Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,

She haies him vp and downe.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,
Smartering in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Prouince I will giue thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guift beside
Thy modestie can begge.

Mes. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liu'd too long.

Draw a knife.

Mes. Nay then Ile runne:
What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault.

Exit.

Char. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:
Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the slaue againe,
Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meaner then my selfe: since I my selfe
Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is neuer good
To bring bad newes: giue to a gracious Message
An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themselues, when they be felt.

[Page xx5]

Mes. I haue done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worsen then I do,
If thou againe say yes.

Mes. He's married Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lye Madame?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:
So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Cesterne for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me,
Thou would'st appeere most vgly: He is married?

Mes. I craue your Highnesse pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punnish me for what you make me do
Seemes much vnequall, he's married to *Octauia*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee,
That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:
Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.

Char. Good your Highnesse patience.

Cleo. In praying *Anthony*, I haue disprais'd *Caesar*.

Char. Many times Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him
Report the feature of *Octauia*: her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leaue out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall she is: pittie me *Charmian*,
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

*Flourish. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trum-
pet" at another Caesar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Me-
cenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching.*

Pom. Your Hostages I haue, so haue you mine:
And we shall talke before we fight.

Caesar. Most meete that first we come to words,
And therefore haue we
Our written purposes before vs sent,
Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,
If 'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That else must perish heere.

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,
Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since *Iulius Caesar*,
Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mou'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine *Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would

Haue one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
Cast on my Noble Father.

Caesar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'st not feare vs *Pompey* with thy sailes.
Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o're-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost orecount me of my Fathers house:
But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,
Remaine in't as thou maist.

Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this is from the present how you take)
The offers we haue sent you.

Caesar. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd

Caesar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You haue made me offer
Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send
Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targes vndinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,
Put me to some impatience: though I loose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When *Caesar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I haue heard it *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberall thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me haue your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,

Ant. The beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That cal'd me timelier then my purpose hither:
For I haue gained by't.

Caesar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change vpon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh Fortune cast's vpon my face,
But in my bosome shall she neuer come,
To make my heart her vassaile.

Lep. Well met heere.

Pom. I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I craue our composition may be written
And seal'd betweene vs,

Caesar. That's the next to do.

Pom. Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I *Pompey*.

Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot: but first or last,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall haue the fame, I haue
heard that *Iulius Caesar*, grew fat with feasting there.

Anth. You haue heard much.

Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir.

Ant. And faire words to them.

Pom. Then so much haue I heard,
And I haue heard *Appolodorus* carried— —

Eno. No more that: he did so.

Pom. What I pray you?

Eno. A certaine Queene to *Caesar* in a *Matris*.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou *Souldier*?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue
Foure Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behaiour.

Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,
As I haue said you did.

Pom. Inioy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

Exeunt. Manet Enob. & Menas

Men. Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're haue made this
Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, thogh
it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne
safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee
your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they
might take two Theeues kissing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands
are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true

Face.

Men. No slander, they steale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for *Marke An-thony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Enob. *Caesars* Sister is call'd *Octauia*.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But she is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.

Men. Pray'ye sir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Caesar* and he, for euer knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Prophesie so.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the very strangler of their Amity: *Octauia* is of a holy, cold, and still conuersation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himselfe is not so: which is *Marke Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall the sighes of *Octauia* blow the fire vp in *Caesar*, and (as I said before) that which is the strength of their Amity, shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *An-thony* will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but his occasion heere.

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

Enob. I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

Musicke playes.

Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.

I Heere they'l be man: some o' their Plants are ill rooted already, the least winde i'th' world wil blow them downe.

2 Lepidus is high Coulord.

I They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himselfe to'th' drinke.

I But it raises the greater warre betweene him & his discretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fellowshipship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

I To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which pittifully disaster the cheekes.

A Sennet sounded.

Enter Caesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nyle By certaine scales i'th' Pyramid: they know By'th' height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swels, The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seedsman Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine, And shortly comes to Haruest.

Lep. Y'haue strange Serpents there?

Anth. I *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 Ile ne're out.

Enob. Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'l bee in
till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyra-
misis are very goodly things: without contradiction I
haue heard that.

Menas. *Pompey*, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Men. Forsake thy seate I do beseech thee Captaine,
And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbeare me till anon.

Whispers in's Eare.

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
hath bredth; It is iust so high as it is, and mooues with it
owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Caes. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, else he
is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,
Rise from thy stoole.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's
else to say? Be iolly Lords.

Anth. These Quicke-sands *Lepidus*,
Keepe off, them for you sinke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What saist thou?

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

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me
poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunke well.

Men. No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Ioue:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good seruice: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,
I should haue found it afterwards well done,
But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke.

Men. For this, Ile neuer follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Beare him ashore,
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.

Eno. Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: seest
not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were
all, that it might go on wheelles.

Eno. Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripen's, towards it: strike the Vessells hoa.
Heere's to *Caesar*.

Caesar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour
when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th' time.

Caesar. Possesse it, Ile make answer: but I had rather
fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke so much in one.

Enob. Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now
the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding euery man shall beate as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

Musicke Playes. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

*Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our haires be Crown'd.
Cup vs till the world go round,
Cup vs till the world go round.*

Caesar. What would you more?
Pompey goodnight. Good Brother
Let me request you of our grauer businesse
Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
You see we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde disguise hath almost
Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.
Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. Ile try you on the shore.

Anth. And shall Sir, giues your hand.

Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father house.
But what, we are Friends?
Come downe into the Boate.

Eno. Take heed you fall not *Menas*: Ile not on shore,
No to my Cabin: these Drummes,
These Trumpets, Flutes: what
Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell
To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Enor. Hoo saies a there's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou stroke, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death
Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
Before our Army, thy *Pacorus Orades*,
Paies this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Romaine. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,
Mesapotamia, and the shelters, whether
The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*
Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Sillius, Sillius*,
I haue done enough. A lower place note well
May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,
Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away.
Caesar and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne
More in their officer, then person. *Sossius*
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiu'd by'th' minute, lost his fauour.
Who does i'th' Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Anthonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,
Should my performance perish.

[Page xx6v]

Rom. Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a
Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou
wilt write to *Anthony*.

Ven. Ile humbly signifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre we haue effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,

The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia,
We haue iaded out o'th' Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast
The waight we must conuay with's, will permit:
We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They haue dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octauia* weepes
To part from Rome: *Caesar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sickness.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Caesar*.

Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.

Eno. *Caesar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.

Ant. What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?

Eno. Spake you of *Caesar*? How, the non-pareill?

Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eno. Would you praise *Caesar*, say *Caesar* go no further.

Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loues *Caesar* best, yet he loues *Anthony*:
Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo,
His loue to *Anthony*. But as for *Caesar*,
Kneelee downe, kneelee downe, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loues.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:
This is to horse: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Caesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octauia.

Antho. No further Sir.

Caesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe:
Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band
Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble *Anthony*,
Let not the peece of Vertue which is set
Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Fortresse of it: for better might we
Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts
This be not cherisht.

Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust.

Caesar. I haue said.

Ant. You shall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the lest cause
For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romaines serue your ends:
We will heere part.

Caesar. 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.

Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,
And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and— —

Caesar. What *Octauia*?

Octa. Ile tell you in your eare.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tongue.
The Swannes downe feather
That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Caesar* weepe?

Agr. He ha's a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.

Agri. Why *Enobarbus*:

When *Anthony* found *Iulius Caesar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at *Phillippi* he found *Brutus* slaine.

Eno. That year indeed, he was trobled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Beleeu't till I weepe too.

Caesar. No sweet *Octauia*,
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wrastle with you in my strength of loue,
Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,
And giue you to the Gods.

Caesar. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres giue light
To thy faire way.

Caesar. Farewell, farewell.

Kisses Octauia.

Ant. Farewell.

Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe afeard to come.

Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Maiestie: *Herod* of Iury dare not looke
vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile haue: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might commaund it: Come thou neere.

Mes. Most gracious Maiestie.

Cleo. Did'st thou behold *Octauia*?

Mes. I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didst heare her speake?
Is she shrill tongu'd or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.

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

Char. Like her? Oh *Isis*: 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I thinke so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish
What Maiestie is in her gate, remember
If ere thou look'st on Maiestie.

Mes. She creepes: her motion, & her station are as one.
She shewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Mes. Or I haue no obseruance.

Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiu't,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow ha's good iudgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.

Mess. Madam, she was a widdow.

Cleo. Widdow? *Charmian*, hearke.

[Page yy1]

Mes. And I do thinke she's thirtie.

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

Mess. Round, euen to faultinesse.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her haire what colour?

Mess. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

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

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seene some Maiesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seene Maiestie? *Isis* else defend: and
seruing you so long.

Cleopa. I haue one thing more to aske him yet good
Charmian: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
where I will write; all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Octauia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octauia*, not onely that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, spoke scantly of me,
When perforce he could not

But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measure: lent me,
When the best hint was giuen him: he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octaui. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,
If this deuision chance, ne're stood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods wil mocke me presently,
When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extreames at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octauiia*,
Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserue it: if I loose mine Honour,
I loose my selfe: better I were not yours
Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested,
Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raise the preparation of a Warre
Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast,
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord,
The Ioue of power make me most weake, most weake,
Your reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world should cleaue, and that slaine men
Should soalder vp the Rift.

Anth. When it appeeres to you where this begins,
Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can neuer be so equall, that your loue
Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
Choose your owne company, and command what cost
Your heart he's mind too.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend *Eros*?

Eros. Ther's strange Newes come Sir.

Eno. What man?

Ero. *Caesar* & *Lepidus* haue made warres vpon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old, what is the successe?

Eros. *Caesar* hauing made vse of him in the warres 'gainst *Pompey*: presently denied him riuality, 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*. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him, so the poore third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.

Eno. Then would thou hadst a paire of chaps no more, and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'le grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*, And threats the throate of that his Officer, That murdred *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Nauies rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and *Caesar*, more *Domitius*, My Lord desires you presently: my Newes I might haue told heereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

Eros. Come Sir,

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Caesar.

Caes. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't: I'th' Market-place on a Tribunall siluer'd, *Cleopatra* and himselfe in Chaires of Gold Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet, sat *Caesarion* whom they call my Fathers Sonne, And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,

He gaue the stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.

Mece. This in the publike eye?

Caesar. I'th' common shew place, where they exercise,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gaue to *Alexander.* To *Ptolomy* he assign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phoenetia: she
In th' abiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,
As 'tis reported so.

Mece. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who queazie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Caesar. The people knowes it,
And haue now receiu'd his accusations.

Agri. Who does he accuse?

Caesar. *Caesar*, and that hauing in *Cicilie*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping vnrestor'd. Lastly, he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd,
And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.

Agri. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Caesar. 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:
I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like

Mec. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

Caes. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octauiia with her Trainee.

Octa. Haile *Caesar*, and my L[ord]. haile most deere *Caesar*.

[Page yy1v]

Caesar. That euer I should call thee Cast-away.

Octa. You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you cause.

Caes. Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Caesars* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*
Should haue an Army for an Vsher, and
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by'th' way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented
The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,
Is often left vnlou'd: we should haue met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Caes. Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract 'twene his Lust, and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.

Caes. I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.

Caesar. No my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th' earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Manchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King

Of Comageat, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Octa. Aye me most wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other.

Caes. Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our breaking forth
Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're your content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destinie
Hold vnbeuayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iustice, makes his Ministers
Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs.

Agrip. Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pittie you,
Onely th' adulterous *Anthony*, most large
In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyses it against vs.

Octa. Is it so sir?

Caes. Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My deer'st Sister.

Exeunt

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well: is it, is it.

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not we be there in person.

Enob. Well, I could reply: if wee should serue with Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meerly lost: the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Enob. Your presence needs must puzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Apppeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidias.

Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange *Camidius*,
That from Tarentum, and Brandusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant. For that he dares vs too't.

Enob. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.

Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,
Where *Caesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Mililers, Reapers, people
Ingrost by swift Impresse. In *Caesars* Fleete,
Are those, that often haue 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare, yours heauy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Giue vp your selfe meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.

Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

[Page yy2]

Cleo. I haue sixty Sailes, *Caesar* none better.

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th' head of Action
Beate th' approaching *Caesar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy Businesse?

Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Caesar ha's taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius*,
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldiour.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten plankes: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th' Egyptians
And the Phoenicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

Exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob.

Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th' right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens mens.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?

Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iustus,
Publicola, and Celiu, are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Caesars*
Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul. They say, one *Towrus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor cals *Camidius*.

Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some.

Exeunt

Enter Caesar with his Army, marching.

Caes. Towrus?

Tow. My Lord.

*Caes. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe.*

Exit.

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

*Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,
In eye of Caesars battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.*

Exit.

*Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the
stage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Caesar the other way:*

After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

*Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.*

Enter Scarrus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddesses, all the whol synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion.

*Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is lost
With very ignorance, we haue kist away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.*

Eno. How appears the Fight?

*Scar. On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th' midst o'th' fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd*

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Iune,
Hoists Sailes, and flyes.

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

Scar. She once being looft,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:
I neuer saw an Action of such shame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate so it selfe.

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Most grossely by his owne.

Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To *Caesar* will I render
My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno. Ile yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason
Sits in the winde against me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I

Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a shippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Caesar*.

Omnes. Fly? Not wee.

Ant. I haue fled my selfe, and haue instructed cowards
To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a course,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,
My very haire do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
Nor make replies of loathnesse, take the hint
Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaues it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way;
I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.
Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeede I haue lost command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by.

[Page yy2v]

Sits downe

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do most deere Queene.

Char. Do, why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh *Iuno*.

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

Eros. See you heere, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse.

Eros. Sir, sir.

Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
Hee's vnqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustaine me: Oh.

Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I haue offended Reputation,
A most vnnoble sweruing.

Eros. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see
How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th' strings,
And thou should'st towe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.

Cleo. Oh my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th' world plaid as I pleas'd,

Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kisse,
Euen this repayes me.
We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes.

Exeunt

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.

Caes. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony*.
Know you him.

Dolla. *Caesar*, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Anthony.

Caesar. Approach, and speake.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.

Caes. Bee't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth
A priuate man in Athens: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Greatnesse,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues

The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Caes. For *Anthony*,
I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee
From Egypt driue her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if shee performe,
She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Caes. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise
And in our Name, what she requires, adde more
From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure
The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thid. *Caesar.* I go.

Caesar. Obserue how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speakes
In euery power that mooues.

Thid. *Caesar,* I shall.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Thinke, and dye.

Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?

Eno. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose seuerall ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being

The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse
Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,
And leaue his Nauy gazing.

Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. I my Lord.

Ant. The Queene shall then haue courtesie,
So she will yeeld vs vp.

Am. He sayes so.

Antho. Let her know't. To the Boy *Caesar* send this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalities.

Cleo. That head my Lord?

[Page yy3]

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile
Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as soone
As i'th' Command of *Caesar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our selues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.

Eno. Yes like enough: hye battel'd *Caesar* will
Vnstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th' shew
Against a Sworder. I see mens Iudgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all measures, the full *Caesar* will
Answer his emptinesse; *Caesar* thou hast subdu'de
His iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Caesar*.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegeance a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earnes a place i'th' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Caesars* will.

Thid. Heare it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends: say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.

Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as *Caesar* ha's,
Or needs not vs. If *Caesar* please, our Master
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is *Caesars*.

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Caesar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further then he is *Caesars*.

Cleo. Go on, right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did loue, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pittly, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserued.

Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeilded, but conquer'd meerey.

Eno. To be sure of that, I will aske *Anthony*.
Sir, sir, thou art so leakie
That we must leaue thee to thy sinking, for

Thy deerest quit thee.

Exit Enob.

Thid. Shall I say to *Caesar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe
To leane vpon. But it would warme his spirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your selfe vnder his shrowd, the vniuersal Landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thid. My name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Most kinde Messenger,
Say to great *Caesar* this in disputation,
I kisse his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. 'Tis your Noblest course:
Wisdome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Giue me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Caesars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Bestow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou Fellow?

Thid. One that but performes
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To haue command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes vnto a musse, Kings would start forth,

And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

Enter a Seruant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying.

Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: wer't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Caesar*, should I finde them
So sawcy with the hand of she heere, what's her name
Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Marke *Anthony*.

Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Caesars* shall
Beare vs an arrant to him.

Exeunt with Thidius.

You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You haue beene a boggeler euer,
But when we in our viciousnesse grow hard
(Oh misery on't) the wise Gods seele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morsell, cold vpon
Dead *Caesars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompeyes*, besides what hotter houres
Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Basan, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue sauage cause,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like
A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

[Page yy3v]

Enter a Seruant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske fauour.

Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie
To follow *Caesar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Caesar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th' Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Exit Thid.

Cleo. Haue you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipst,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time?

Ant. To flatter *Caesar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,
From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
And poyson it in the sourse, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines so
Dissolue my life, the next Caesarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storme,
Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

Caesar sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our seuer'd Nauie too
Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea-like.
Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome liues
Of me for iests: But now, Ile set my teeth,
And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,

I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, wee'l speake to them,
And to night Ile force
The Wine peepe through their scarres.
Come on (my Queene)
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death loue me: for I will contend
Euen with his pestilent Sythe.

Exeunt.

Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Doue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke
Some way to leaue him.

Exeunt.

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army,
Caesar reading a Letter.*

Caes. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.
Caesar to Anthony: let the old Ruffian know,
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time
Laugh at his Challenge.

Mece. *Caesar* must thinke,
When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it selfe.

Caes. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that seru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,
And they haue earn'd the waste. Poore *Anthony*.

Exeunt

*Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

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 Ile fight: or I will liue,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my Houshold Seruants, lets to night *Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.*
29405.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,
Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,
And Kings haue beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What meanes this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots
Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An *Anthony*: that I might do you seruice,
So good as you haue done.

[Page yy4]

Omnes. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he meane?

Eno. To make his Followers weepe.

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 serue another Master. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good seruice, stay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.

Eno. What meane you (Sir)
To giue them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Asse, am Onyon-ey'd; for shame,
Transforme vs not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne consideration.

Exeunt.

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1.Sol. Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.

2.Sol. It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

I Nothing: what newes?

2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.

I Well sir, good night.

They meete other Soldiers.

2 Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.

I And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselues in euery corner of the Stage.

2 Heere we: and if to morrow

Our Nauie thriue, I haue an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand vp.

I 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.

2 Peace, what noise?

I List, list.

2 Hearke.

I Musicke i'th' Ayre.

3 Vnder the earth.

4 It signes well, do's it not?

3 No.

I Peace I say: What should this meane?

2 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,

Now leaues him.

I Walke, let's see if other Watchmen

Do heare what we do?

2 How now Maisters?

Speak together.

Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?

I I, is't not strange?

3 Do you heare Masters? Do you heare?

*I Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.
Let's see how it will giue off.*

Omnes. Content: 'Tis strange.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour Eros.

Cleo. Sleepe a little.

Ant. No my Chucke. Eros, come mine Armor Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we braue her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, Anthony.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thriue now.
Seest thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefely Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that vnbucks this, till we do please
To daft for our Repose, shall heare a storme.
Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,
That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st
The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see
A Workeman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To businesse that we loue, we rise betime,
And go too't with delight.

Soul. A thousand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you.

Showt.

Trumpets Flourish.

Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.

Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.

All. Good morrow Generall.

Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.

This Morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so: Come giue me that, this way, well-sed.
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kisse: rebukeable,
And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me close, Ile bring you too't: Adieu.

Exeunt.

Char. Please you retyre to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Caesar* might
Determine this great Warre in single fight;
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on.

Exeunt

Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.

Ant. Would thou, & those thy scars had once preuaild
To make me fight at Land.

Eros. Had'st thou done so,
The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would haue still
Followed thy heeles.

Ant. Whose gone this morning?

Eros. Who? one euer neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*,
He shall not heare thee, or from *Caesars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What sayest thou?

Sold. Sir he is with *Caesar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certaine.

Ant. Go *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he neuer finde more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*.

Exit

Flourish. Enter *Agrippa*, *Caesar*, with *Enobarbus*,
and *Dollabella*.

Caes. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke aliue:
Make it so knowne.

Agrip. *Caesar*, I shall.

Caesar. The time of vniuersall peace is neere:
Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Oliue freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Anthony* is come into the Field.

Caes. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that haue reuolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may seeme to spend his Fury
Vpon himselfe.

Exeunt.

Enob. *Alexas* did reuolt, and went to *Iewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did disswade
Great *Herod* to incline himselfe to *Caesar*,
And leaue his Master *Anthony*. For this paines,
Caesar hath hang'd him: *Camindius* and the rest
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely,
That I will ioy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesars.

Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.

Eno. I giue it you.

Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Best you saf't the bringer
Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,
Or would haue done't my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a Ioue.

Exit

Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am so most. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou haue payed
My better seruice, when my turpitude
Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane
Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight against thee: No I will go seeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

Exit.

Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:

Caesar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

Exit.

Alarums.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had drouen them home
With clowts about their heads.

Far off.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

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

Ant. They do retyre.

Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roome for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues
For a faire victory.

Scar. Let vs score their backes,
And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. Ile halt after.

Exeunt

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March.

Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, wee'l spill the blood
That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,

For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine: you haue shewne all *Hectors*.
Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'st they with ioyfull teares
Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse
The Honour'd-gashes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Giue me thy hand,
To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thanks blesse thee. Oh thou day o'th' world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through prooffe of Harnesse to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords.

Oh infinite Vertue, comm'st thou smiling from
The worlds great snare vncaught.

Ant. Mine Nightingale,

We haue beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrl, though gray
Do something mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lippes thy faouering hand,
Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. Ile giue thee Friend

An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

Ant. He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phoebus Carre. Giue me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a iolly March,
Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Pallace the capacity
To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,
And drinke Caroweses to the next dayes Fate
Which promises Royall perill, Trumpetters
With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,

Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach.

Exeunt.

Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.

Cent. If we be not releeu'd within this houre,
We must returne to'th' Court of Guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattaile
By'th' second houre i'th' Morne.

1.Watch. This last day was a shrew'd one too's.

Enob. Oh beare me witsnesse night.

2 What man is this?

1 Stand close, and list him.

Enob. Be witsnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)
When men reuolted shall vpon Record
Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus?

2 Peace: Hearke further.

Enob. Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,
The poysonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finish all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Register
A Master leauer, and a fugitiue:
Oh *Anthony!* Oh *Anthony!*

1 Let's speake to him.

Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he speakes
May concerne *Caesar*.

2 Let's do so; but he sleepes.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for sleepe.

I Go we to him.

2 Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.

I Heare you sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes afarre off.

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:
Let vs beare him to'th' Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out.

2 Come on then, he may recouer yet.

Exeunt

Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'ld fight i'th' Fire, or i'th' Ayre,
Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty
Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may best discouer,
And looke on their endeuour.

Exeunt

Enter Caesar, and his Army.

Caes. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our best aduantage.

Exeunt.

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd:
Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discover all.
Ile bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go.

Exit.

Scar. Swallowes haue built
In *Cleopatra's* Sailes their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge. *Anthony,*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is lost:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They cast their Caps vp, and Carowse together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vprise shall I see no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere
Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue
Their wishes, do dis-Candie, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Caesar*: And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
Whose Bosome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.
What *Eros, Eros*?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy deseruing,
And blemish *Caesars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne
For poor'st Diminitiuies, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octauia*, plough thy visage vp
With her prepared nailes.

Exit Cleopatra.

'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to liue. But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death
Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, hoa!
The shirt of *Nessus* is vpon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes o'th' Moone,
And with those hands that graspt the heauiest Club,
Subdue my worthiest selfe: The Witch shall die,
To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa?

Exit.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Thessaly
Was neuer so imboost.

Char. To'th' Monument, there locke your selfe,
And send him word you are dead:
The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off.

[Page yy5v]

Cleo. To'th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe:
Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony*,
And word it (prythee) pitteously. Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to'th' Monument.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a clowd that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou hast seene these Signes,
They are blacke Vespers Pageants.

Eros. I my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, euen with a thoght
the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knaue *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Euen such a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whil'st it was mine, had annex't vntoo't
A Million moe, (now lost:) shee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Caesars*, and false plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs
Our selues to end our selues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No *Anthony*,
My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
with thine intirely.

Ant. Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged. What thou would'st do
Is done vnto thy hand: the last she spake
Was *Anthony*, most Noble *Anthony*.
Then in the midd'st a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided
Betweene her heart, and lips: she tendred life
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go.

Exit Mardian.

Off, plucke off,

The seuen-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my sides.

Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eros*, apace;

No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go,

You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile.

Exit Eros

I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and

Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,

Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour

Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles

It selfe with strength: Seale then and all is done.

Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros*? Stay for me,

Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,

And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:

Dido, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troopes,

And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,

I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods

Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,

Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe

With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke

The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
Then she which by her death, our *Caesar* telles
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
Th' ineuitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.
Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,
'Tis *Caesar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.

Ant. *Eros*,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de
To penetratiue shame; whil'st the wheel'd seate
Of Fortunate *Caesar* drawne before him, branded
His Basenesse that ensued.

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
Most vsefull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh sir, pardon me.

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

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Loe thee.

Eros. My sword is drawne.

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

Eros. My deere Master,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now *Eros.*

Killes himselfe.

Eros. Why there then:
Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Anthonies* death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,
Thou teachest me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eros*
Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.

[Page yy6]

Enter a Guard.

1.Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I haue done my worke ill Friends:
Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2 The Starre is falne.

1 And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

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

1 Not I.

2 Nor I.

3 Nor any one.

Exeunt

Decretus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly
This sword but shewne to *Caesar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony*?

Decre. There *Diomed* there.

Diom. Liues he: wilt thou not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?

Draw thy sword, and giue mee,
Suffising strokes for death.

Diom. Most absolute Lord:
My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did shee send thee?

Diom. Now my Lord.

Anth. Where is she?

Diom. Lockt in her Monument: she had a Prophesying feare
Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw
(Which neuer shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Caesar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

Dio. What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last seruice that I shall command you.

I Woe, woe are we sir, you may not liue to weare
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heauy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thanks for all.

Exit bearing Anthony

*Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with
Charmian & Iras.*

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible euent's are welcome,
But comforts we dispise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diom. His death's vpon him, but not dead.
Looke out o'th other side your Monument,
His Guard haue brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'st in, darkling stand
The varrying shore o'th' world. O *Antony, Antony, Antony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,
Not *Caesars* Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthonie's* hath Triumpht on it selfe.

Cleo. So it should be,
That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis so.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thousand kisses, the poore last
I lay vpon thy lippes.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Least I be taken: nor th' Imperious shew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Caesar*, euer shall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:
Your Wife *Octauia*, with her modest eyes,
And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me: but come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we must draw thee vp:
Assist good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cleo. Heere's sport indeede:
How heauy weighes my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heauinesse,
That makes the waight. Had I great *Iuno*'s power,
The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,
And set thee by Ioues side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liu'd,
Quicken with kissing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.

All. A heauy sight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Giue me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Prouok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (sweet Queene)
Of *Caesar* seeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh.

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle heare me,
None about *Caesar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,
None about *Caesar*.

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 liued. The greatest Prince o'th' world,
The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't dye?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Stye? Oh see my women:
The Crowne o'th' earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,
The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrles
Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the visiting Moone.

[Page yy6v]

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras. Royall Egypt: Empresse.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras*.

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught:

Patience is sortish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
My Noble Gyrls? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Resolution, and the breefest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with
his Counsell of Warre.*

Caesar. Go to him *Dollabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawses that he makes.

Dol. *Caesar*, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

Caes. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appeare thus to vs?

Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Marke Anthony I seru'd, who best was worthie
Best to be seru'd: whil'st he stood vp, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend vpon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to *Caesar*: if thou pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.

Caesar. What is't thou say'st?

Dec. I say (Oh *Caesar*) *Anthony* is dead.

Caesar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,

And Citizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Dec. He is dead *Caesar*,
Not by a publike minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-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 robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.

Caes. Looke you sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer
Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Caesar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see him selfe.

Caesar. Oh *Anthony*,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconciliable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.
Heare me good Friends,

But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'l heare him what he sayes.

Enter an Aegyptian.

Whence are you?

Aegypt. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To'th' way shee's forc'd too.

Caesar. Bid her haue good heart,
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For *Caesar* cannot leaue to be vngentle

Aegypt. So the Gods preserue thee.

Exit.

Caes. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say
We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,
And how you finde of her.

Pro. Caesar I shall.

Exit Proculeius.

Caes. Gallus, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to se-
cond *Proculeius*?

All. Dolabella.

Caes. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's imployd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see

What I can shew in this.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: Tis paltry to be *Caesar*:
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accedents, and bolts vp change;
Which sleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and *Caesars*.

[Page zz1]

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Caesar* sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
That haue no vse for trusting. If your Master
Would haue a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Maiesty to keepe *decorum*, must
No lesse begge then a Kingdome: If he please
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thankes.

Pro. Be of good cheere:

Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependencie, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourelly learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th' Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till *Caesar* come.

Iras. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Releeu'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th' vndoing of your selfe: Let the World see
His Noblenesse well acted, which your death
Will neuer let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,
If idle talke will once be necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
Do *Caesar* what he can. Know sir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octauia*. Shall they hoyst me vp,
And shew me to the showting Varlotarie
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies

Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chaines.

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde cause in *Caesar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done, thy Master *Caesar* knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro. So *Dolabella,*
It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,
To *Caesar* I will speake, what you shall please,
If you'l imploy me to him.

Exit Proculeius

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Most Noble Empresse, you haue heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter sir, what I haue heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your tricke?

Dol. I vnderstand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperour *Anthony*.
Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
But such another man.

Dol. If it might please ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein stucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
The little o'th' earth.

Dol. Most Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Crested the world: His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quaille, and shake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe aboue
The Element they liu'd in: In his Liuery
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra.

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

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, not euer were one such
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuffe
To vie strange formes with fancie, yet t' imagine
An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie,
Condemning shadowes quite.

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:
Your losse is as your selfe, great; and you beare it
As answering to the waight, would I might neuer
Ore-take pursu'de successe: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites
My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thanke you sir:
Know you what *Caesar* meanes 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 Honourable.

Cleo. Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will, I know't.

Flourish.

*Enter Proculeius, Caesar, Gallus, Mecenas,
and others of his Traine.*

All. Make way there *Caesar.*

[Page zz1v]

Caes. Which is the Queene of Egypt.

Dol. It is the Emperor Madam.

Cleo. kneeles.

Caesar. Arise, you shall not kneele:
I pray you rise, rise Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey,

Caesar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what iniuries you did vs,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
I cannot proiect mine owne cause so well
To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Haue often sham'd our Sex.

Caesar. *Cleopatra* know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce:
If you apply your selfe to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you seeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthonies course, you shall bereaue your selfe
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.

Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

Caesar. You shall aduise me in all for *Cleopatra.*

Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Iewels
I am possess of, 'tis exactly valewed,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?

Seleu. Heere Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
Vpon his perill, that I haue reseru'd
To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus*.

Seleu. Madam, I had rather seele my lippes,
Then to my perill speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you haue made known

Caesar. Nay blush not *Cleopatra*, I approue
Your Wisedome in the deede.

Cleo. See *Caesar*: Oh behold,
How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does
Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust
Then loue that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, thou shalt
Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog.
O rarely base!

Caesar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.

Cleo. O *Caesar*, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse
To one so meeke, that mine owne Seruant should
Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by
Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Caesar*)
That I some Lady trifles haue reseru'd,
Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie
As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say
Some Nobler token I haue kept apart
For *Liuius* and *Octauius*, to induce
Their mediation, must I be vnfolded
With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,

Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
Through th' Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'st haue mercy on me.

Caesar. Forbeare *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do: and when we fall,
We answer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied.

Caesar. *Cleopatra*,
Not what you haue reseru'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th' Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleue
Caesars no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:
Our care and pittie is so much vpon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Caesar. Not so: Adieu.

Flourish.

Exeunt Caesar, and his Traine.

Cleo. He words me Gyrles, he words me,
That I should not be Noble to my selfe.
But hearke thee *Charmian*.

Iras. Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.

Cleo. Hye thee againe,
I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queene?

Char. Behold sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: *Caesar* through Syria
Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he send before,
Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remaine your debter.

Dol. I your Seruant:
Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Caesar*.

Exit

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.
Now *Iras*, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne
In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaues
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of grosse dyet, shall we be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certaine *Iras*: sawcie Lictors
Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will stage vs, and present
Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatnesse
I'th' posture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay that's certaine.

Iras. Ile neuer see't? for I am sure mine Nails
Are stronger then mine eyes.

[Page zz2]

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their most absurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian.*

Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My best Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus*,
To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Irass*, go
(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l dispatch indeede,
And when thou hast done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue
To play till Doomesday: bring our Crowne, and all.

A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Gards. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in.
What poore an Instrument
May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
My Resolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Exit Guardsman.

Enter Guardsman, and Clowne.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Auoid, and leaue him.
Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That killes and paines not?

Exit Guardsman.

Clow. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the par-
tie that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is
immortall: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or ne-
uer recouer.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman, but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the byting of it, what paine she felt: Truely, she makes a verie good report o'th' worme: but he that wil beleeeue all that they say, shall neuer be saued by halfe that they do: but this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wish you all ioy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You must thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is no goodnesse in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clow. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clow. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they make, the diuels marre fiue.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes forsooth: I wish you ioy o'th' worm.

Exit

Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyst this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Irās*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare

Anthony call: I see him rowse himselfe
To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lucke of *Caesar*, which the Gods giue men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
Haue I the Aspicke in my lippes? Dost fall?
If thou, and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
It is not worth leaue-taking.

Char. Dissolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may say
The Gods themselues do weepe.

Cleo. This proues me base:
If she first meete the Curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse
Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharpe teeth this knot intricate,
Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake,
That I might heare thee call great *Caesar* Asse, vnpoliced.

Char. Oh Easterne Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
That suckes the Nurse asleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.
O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.
What should I stay — —

Dyes.

Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes
A Lasse vnparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,

And golden Phoebus, neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe so Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play — —

Enter the Guard rustling in; and Dolabella.

1. Guard. Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake softly, wake her not.

I *Caesar* hath sent

Char. Too slow a Messenger.
Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee.

I Approach hoa,
All's not well: *Caesar's* beguild.

2 There's *Dolabella* sent from *Caesar*: call him.

I What worke is heere *Charmian*?
Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse
Descended of so many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier.

Charmian dyes.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere?

2. Guard. All dead.

Dol. *Caesar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy selfe art comming
To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Caesar and all his Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for *Caesar*.

[Page zz2v]

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.

Caesar. Brauest at the last,
She leuell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,

I do not see them bleede.

Dol. Who was last with them?

I.Guard. A simple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:
This was his Basket.

Caesar. Poyson'd then.

I.Guard. Oh *Caesar*:
This *Charmian* liu'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Mistris tremblingly she stood,
And on the sodaine dropt.

Caesar. Oh Noble weakenesse:
If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but she lookes like sleepe,
As she would catch another *Anthony*
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Heere on her brest,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

I.Guard. This is an Aspicket traile,
And these Figge-leaues haue slime vpon them, such
As th' Aspicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.

Caesar. Most probable
That so she dyed: for her Physitian tels mee
She hath pursu'de Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it
A payre so famous: high euent as these
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No lesse in pittie, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, see
High Order, in this great Solemnity.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE. ↩

[Page 369]

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. You do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wiues sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 None but the King?

1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2 And why so?

1 He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2 You speake him farre.

I I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vnfold
His measure duly.

2 What's his name, and Birth?

I I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successes:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th' time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th' more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electio[n] may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 I honor him, euen out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th' King?

I His onely childe:

He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I'th' swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge

Which way they went.

2 How long is this ago?

1 Some twenty yeares.

2 That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.

1 Howsoere, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir.

2 I do well beleeeue you.

1 We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princesse.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qu. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes
That locke vp your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soone as I can win th' offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdome may informe you.

[Page zz3v]

Post. 'Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the perill:
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together.

Exit

Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My dearest Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reseru'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the houely shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may see againe.

Post. My Queene, my Mistris:
O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one *Filorio's*,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And seare vp my embracements from a next,

With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King.

Cym. Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is.

Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st
A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harne not your selfe with your vexation,
I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.

Cym. That might'st haue had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Puttocke.

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almost the summe he payes.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.

Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best aduice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly.

Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Qu. Fye, you must giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?

Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

Qu. Hah?
No harme I trust is done?

Pisa. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so.

Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

[Page zz4]

Qu. Pray walke a-while.

Imo. About some halfe houre hence,
Pray you speake with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leaue me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Haue I hurt him?

2 No faith: not so much as his patience.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th' Backe-side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

I Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:
But he added to your hauing, gaue you some ground.

2 As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs.

2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole
you were vpon the ground.

Clot. And that shee should loue this Fellow, and re-
fuse mee.

2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

I Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine
go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue seene
small reflection of her wit.

2 She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection
Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had
beene some hurt done.

2 I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse,
which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'l go with vs?

I Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th' Hauen,
And questioned'st euery Saile: if he should write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost

As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam.

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st haue made him
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisanio*,
When shall we heare from him.

Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T' encounter me with Orisons, for then
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,

Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.

Pisa. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutch-
man, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee
was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woor-
thy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I
could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Ad-
miration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had
bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,
then now hee is, with that which makes him both with-
out, and within.

French. I haue seene him in France: wee had very ma-
ny there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as
hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,
wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then
his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the
matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to soiourne with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no lesse then my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained a-mong'st you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we haue knowne together in Orleance.

Post. Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene pittie you should haue beene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so slight and triuiall a nature.

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Trauel-ler, rather shun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood haue confounded one the other, or haue falne both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in Fraunce.

Iach. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out.

Post. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Posth. Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if she went before others. I haue seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I haue beheld, I could not beleeeue she excelled many: but I haue not seene the most pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Post. More then the world enioyes.

Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Mistris is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be solde or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the guift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolne too, so your brace of vnprizeable Estimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Casual; A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy, containes none so accomplish'd a Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Mistris: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue store of Theeues, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With fiae times so much conuersation, I should get ground of your faire Mistris; make her go backe, euen to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Posth. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserue more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too so-dainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors on th' approbation of what I haue spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile?

Iach. Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so reseru'd.

Posthmus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserue it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion in you, that you feare.

Posthu. This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a grauer purpose I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would vn-der-go what's spoken, I swear.

Posthu. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Couenants drawne between's. My Mistris exceeds in goodnesse, the hugenesse of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring.

Phil. I will haue it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I haue enioy'd the deerest bodily part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your Iewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vn-

[Page zz5]

derstand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnse-duc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th' assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray let vs follow 'em.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch. *Exit Ladies.*
Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,
Which are the moouers of a languishing death:
But though slow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: Haue I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserue? Yea so,

That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,
(Vnlesse thou think'st me diuellish) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my iudgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their seuerall vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highnesse
Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Heere comes a flattering Rascall, vpon him
Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme.

Qu. Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's
Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drugge of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,
Which first (perchance) shee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reuiuing. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I, the truer,
So to be false with her.

Qu. No further seruice, Doctor,
Vntill I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leaue.

Exit.

Qu. Weepes she still (saist thou?)
Dost thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:
When thou shalt bring me word she loues my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And euery day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;
Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke
Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I cheefely,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women.
Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knaue,
Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her

Exit Pisa.

Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, she after
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses
Beare to my Closset: Fare thee well, *Pisanio*.
Thinke on my words.

Exit Qu. and Ladies

Pisa. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you.

Exit.

[Page zz5v]

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supreame Crowne of grieffe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greetes your Highnesse deerely.

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone th' Arabian-Bird; and I
Haue lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads. *He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most
in-
finitely tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value your
trust.* Leonatus.

So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th' rest, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thankes fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The firie Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th' iudgment:
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor i'th' Appetite.
Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:
That satiate yet vnsatisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rauening first the Lambe,

Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's strange and peeuish.

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome.

Exit.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I neuer saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughs from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be: will's free houres languish:
For assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:

But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pittty too.

Imo. What do you pittty Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartyly.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
Deserues your pittty?

Iach. Lamentable: what

To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe.

Imo. I pray you Sir,

Deliuer with more opennesse your answers
To my demands. Why do you pittty 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 speake on't.

Imo. You do seeme to know

Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheeke

To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule
To'th' oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)
Slauer with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands

Made hard with hourelly falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such reuolt.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittain.

Iach. And himselfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my mutest Conscience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O deerest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
With pittie, that doth make me sicke. A Lady
So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stuffe
As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reueng'd:
How should I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue such a Heart, that both mine eares
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reueng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Liue like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes
In your despight, vpon your purse: reuenge it.
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

Iach. Let me my seruice tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'st haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, *Pisanio*?
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her assur'd credit. Blessed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Mistris, onely
For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princesse) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,

Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffelesse. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir:
Take my powre i'th' Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace, but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) haue mingled summes
To buy a Present for the Emperour:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Iewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To haue them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:
And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, onely for this night:
I must aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I must Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-stood my time, which is materiall
To'th' tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truely yeilded you: you're very welcome.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kist
the Iacke vpon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound on't: and then a whorson Iacke-an-Apes,
must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine
oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

[Page zz6v]

1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate
with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would
haue run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to swære: it is
not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorson dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would
he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th' earth: a
pox on't I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare
not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mo-
ther: euery Iacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting,
and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body
can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow
Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit your Lordship should vndertake euery
Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit
offence to my inferiors.

2. I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court
night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of
Leonatus Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A banisht Rascall; and he's another,
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no
derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues
being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost
to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2. Ile attend your Lordship.

Exit.

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leaue eightene. Alas poore Princesse,
Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,

Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother hourelly coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
T' enioy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helene*?

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
And if thou canst awake by foure o'th' clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech yee.

Sleepes.

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense
Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus
Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,

How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th' Taper
 Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.
 To see th' inclosed Lights, now Canopied
 Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd
 With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.
 To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
 Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
 Th' adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
 Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th' Story.
 Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
 Aboue ten thousand meaner Moueables
 Would testifie, t' enrich mine Inuentorie.
 O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
 And be her Sense but as a Monument,
 Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
 As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
 'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
 To'th' madding of her Lord. On her left brest
 A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
 Ith' bottome of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,
 Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
 Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
 The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
 Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,
 Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
 The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
 Where *Philomele* gaue vp. I haue enough,
 To'th' Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
 May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
 Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

One, two, three: time, time.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

I. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

I. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should haue Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

I Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am aduised to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

Song.

*Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,
and Phoebus gins arise,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vn-paued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amend.

Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King.

[Page aaa1]

Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason
I was vp so earely: he cannot choose but take this Ser-
uice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Ma-
iesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter
Will she not forth?

Clot. I haue assayl'd her with Musickes, but she vouch-
safes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him, some more time
Must weare the print of his remembrance on't,
And then she's yours.

Qu. You are most bound to'th' King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe
To orderly solicity, and be friended
With aptnesse of the season: make denials
Encrease your Seruices: so seeme, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Saue when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not so.

Mes. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs
We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistris,
Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede
T' employ you towards this Romane.
Come our Queene.

Exeunt.

Clot. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not
Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselues, yeeld vp
Their Deere to'th' stand o'th' Stealer: and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe:
Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe.
By your leaue.

Knockes.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La. That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can iustly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall thinke is good. The Princesse.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchasing but trouble: the thankes I giue,
Is telling you that I am poore of thankes,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I sweare I loue you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me:
If you sweare still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,
I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith
I shall vnfold equall discourtesie
To your best kindnesse: one of your great knowing
Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,
I will not.

Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir)
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being so verball: and learne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so neere the lacke of Charitie
To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boast.

Clot. You sinne against
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th' Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules
(On whom there is no more dependancie
But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by
The consequence o'th' Crowne, and must not foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
A Hilding for a Liuorie, a Squires Cloth,

[Page aaa1v]

A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow:

Wert thou the Sonne of *Iupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,
To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
Euen to the point of *Enuie*. If 'twere made
Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be stil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Clot. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He neuer can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires aboue thee,
Were they all made such men: How now *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell.

Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would loose it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search.

Clot. You haue abus'd me:
His meanest Garment?

Imo. I, I said so Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witnessse to't.

Clot. I will enforme your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:

She's my good Lady; and will concieue, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leaue you Sir,
To'th' worst of discontent.

Exit.

Clot. Ile be reueng'd:

His mean'st Garment? Well.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's.

Phil. What meanes do you make to him?

Post. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue; they fayling
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Augustus: Caius Lucius*,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th' Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romaines, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grieffe.

Post. I do beleue
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will proue a Warre; and you shall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when *Iulius Caesar*

Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, such
That mend vpon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
To make your vessell nimble.

Phil. Welcome Sir.

Post. I hope the briefenesse of your answeere, made
The speedinesse of your returne.

Iachi. Your Lady,
Is one of the fayrest that I haue look'd vpon

Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iachi. Heere are Letters for you.

Post. Their tenure good I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I haue lost it,
I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a iourney twice as farre, t' enioy
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

Post. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easy.

Post. Make note Sir
Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must
If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your willes.

Post. If you can mak't apparant
That you haue tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or looses,
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leaue both
To who shall finde them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to beleue; whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not
You'l giue me leaue to spare, when you shall finde
You neede it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapistry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,
And *Sidnus* swell'd aboue the Bankes, or for
The presse of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So brauely done, so rich, that it did striue
In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was — —

[Page aaa2]

Post. This is true:
And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must iustifie my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or doe your Honour iniury.

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing: neuer saw I figures
So likely to report themselues; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The Roofe o'th' Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you haue seene all this (and praise
Be giuen to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saues
The wager you haue laid.

Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

Post. Ioue — —
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue it me,

And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth shee?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Basiliske vnto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, aboue measure false.

Phil. Haue patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable she lost it: or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolne it from her.

Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me some corporall signe about her
More euident then this: for this was stolne.

Iach. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Post. Hearke you, he sweares: by Iupiter he sweares.
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure
She would not loose it: her Attendants are
All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,
The Cognisance of her incontinencie
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Diuide themselues betweene you.

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be beleeu'd
Of one perswaded well of.

Post. Neuer talke on't:
She hath bin colted by him.

Iach. If you seeke
For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
(Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kist it, and it gaue me present hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This staine vpon her?

Post. I, and it doth confirme
Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you heare more?

Post. Spare your Arethmaticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

Iach. Ile be sworne.

Post. No swearing:
If you will sweare you haue not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach. Ile deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:
I will go there and doo't, i'th' Court, before
Her Father. Ile do something.

Exit.

Phil. Quite besides
The gouernment of Patience. You haue wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruert the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.

Iach. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where

When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?
Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For euen to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.

[Page aaa2v]

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at
one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius;
and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would *Augustus Caesar* with vs?

Luc. When *Iulius Caesar* (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, *Cassibulan* thine Vnkle
(Famous in *Caesars* prayses, no whit lesse
Then in his Feats deseruing it) for him,
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd.

Qu. And to kill the meruaile,
Shall be so euer.

Clot. There be many *Caesars*,
Ere such another *Iulius*: Britaine's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noses.

Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But sucke them vp to'th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with shame
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-shels mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibulan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to master *Caesars* Sword,
Made *Luds-Towne* with reioycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
said) there is no mo such *Caesars*, other of them may haue
crook'd Noses, but to owe such strait Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard as *Cassibulan*, I doe not say I am one: but I haue a hand. Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If *Caesar* can hide the Sun from vs 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 iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. *Caesars* Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th' World, against all colour heere,
Did put the yoake vpon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our selues to be, we do. Say then to *Caesar*,
Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vse the Sword of *Caesar*
Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Caesar*
(*Caesar*, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
In *Caesars* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Looke
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*,
Thy *Caesar* Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
Behooues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:

So *Caesar* shall not finde them.

Luc. Let prooffe speake.

Clot. His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pasture with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs afterwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the aduventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for you: and there's an end.

Luc. So sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus:*

Oh Master, what a strange infection

[Page aaa3]

Is false into thy eare? What false Italian,

(As poisonous tongue'd, as handed) hath prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.

She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes

More Goddess-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults

As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,

Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were

Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,

Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I

Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?

If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer

Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,

That I should seeme to lacke humanity,

So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.

That I haue sent her, by her owne command,

Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,

Blacker as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,

Art thou a Foedarie for this Act; and look'st

So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, relish of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieue him;
Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be
You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet
You claspe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.
*Iustice and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his
Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the dee-rest
of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your
owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he wishes you
all happinesse, that remaines loyall to his Vow, and your encrea-
sing in Loue. Leonatus Posthumus.*

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou *Pisanio*?

He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true *Pisanio*,
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke
(Loues Counsailor should fill the bores of hearing,
To'th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
To this same blessed Milford. And by'th' way

Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' inherite such a Hauen. But first of all,
How we may steale from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,
How many store of Miles may we well rid
Twixt houre, and houre?

Pis. One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,
Could neuer go so slow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horses haue bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th' Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sicknesse, say
She'le home to her Father; and prouide me presently
A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit
A Franklins Huswife.

Pisa. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) nor heere, nor heere;
Nor what ensues but haue a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,

We house i'th' Rocke, yet vse thee not so hardly
As prouder liuers do.

Guid. Haile Heauen.

Aruir. Haile Heauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,
And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Seruice, is not Seruice; so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we finde
The sharded-Beetle, in a safer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then rustling in vnpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Booke vncros'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your prooffe you speak: we poore vnflgd'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
That haue a sharper knowne. Well corresponding
With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: traailing a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Aruir. What should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse
The freezing houres away? We haue seene nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage

[Page aaa3v]

We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speake.

Did you but know the Citties Vsuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th' Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whose top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or so slipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th' Warre,
A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th' search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deserue, by doing well: what's worse
Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Vncertaine fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu'd at honest freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th' Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will feare no poyson, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleyes.

Exeunt.

How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are aliue.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanely
I'th' Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Ioue,
When on my three-foot stoole I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I haue done, his spirits flye out
Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I set my foote on's necke, euen then
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,
Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himselfe in posture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Aruiragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heauen and my Conscience knowes
Thou didd'st vniustly banish me: whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou refts me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And euery day do honor to her graue:
My selfe *Belarius*, that am *Mergan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came fro[m] horse, the place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To see me first, as I haue now. *Pisanio*, Man:
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe
Into a hauour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse
Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?
Why render'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keepe that count'nance stil. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extreamitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me.

Pis. Please you reade,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reades. Thy Mistris (Pisanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in my Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I speak not out of weake Surmises, but from prooffe as strong as my greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou (Pisanio) must acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter for the purpose; where, if thou feare to strike, and to make mee certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyall.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
This viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,

And cry my selfe awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?

Pisa. Alas good Lady.

Imo. I false? Thy Conscience witness: *Iachimo*,
Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes
Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th' walles,
I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies.

[Page aaa4]

Pisa. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Aeneas*,
Were in his time thought false: and *Synons* weeping
Did scandall many a holy teare: tooke pittie
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periur'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
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 damne my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Diuine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:

Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may pooru Fooles
Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
Do feele the Treason sharpely, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
That didd'st set vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde
It is no acte of common passage, but
A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeue my selfe,
To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.

Pis. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiu'd command to do this businesse,
I haue not slept one winke.

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.

Pis. Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'st vndertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I neuer
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be vn-bent? when thou hast 'tane thy stand,
Th' elected Deere before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To loose so bad employment, in the which
I haue consider'd of a course: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.

Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, speake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But speake.

Pis. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed iniurie.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pisa. No, on my life:
Ile giue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo. Why good Fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How liue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'l backe to'th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:
That *Clotten*, whose Loue-suite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th' worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke

There's liuers out of Britaine.

Pis. I am most glad
You thinke of other place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t' appeare it selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nie (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yut
Report should render him hourelly to your eare,
As truely as he mooues.

Imo. Oh for such meanes,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would aduenture.

Pis. Well then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Titan*: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Iuno* angry.

Imo. Nay be breefe?
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make your selfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble *Lucius*

[Page aaa4v]

Present your selfe, desire his seruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue eare in Musicke, doubtlesse
With ioy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l euen
All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.

Pis. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Least being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thanke thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus farre, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royall Sir:
My Emperour hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe
To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs

Appaere vn-Kinglike.

Luc. So Sir: I desire of you
A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all ioy 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.

Clot. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leaue not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he haue crost the Seuern. Happines.

Exit Lucius, &c

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine.

Qu. 'Tis not sleepey businesse,
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue beene too slight in sufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Maiesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she Sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be giuen to'th' lowd of noise, we make.

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmitie,
She should that dutie leaue vnpaide to you
Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not seene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, proue false.

Exit.

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Seruant
I haue not seene these two dayes.

Exit.

Qu. Go, looke after:
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,
He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleeueth
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:
Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, she's flowne

To her desir'd *Posthumus*: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good vse of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Brittish Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

Clot. 'Tis certaine she is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-stall him of the comming day.

Exit Qu.

Clo. I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her iudgement,
That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles shall — —

[Page aaa5]

Enter Pisanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing sirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
Ile haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Pis. Alas, nay Lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: satisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Discouer where thy Mistris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pis. Then Sir:
This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's see't: I will pursue her
Euen to *Augustus* Throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May proue his trauell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Pis. Ile write to my Lord she's dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.

Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I thinke.

Clot. It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vnder-
go those Employments wherin I should haue cause to vse
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I
bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-
ment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serue mee? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that Begger *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serue mee?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

Pisan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Mistresse.

Clo. The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite hither, let it be thy first seruice, go.

Pis. I shall my Lord.

Exit.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She saide vpon a time (the bitterness of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble and naturall person; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I rauish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead bodie, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath despis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Pisanio.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. I, my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Hauen?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I haue commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it selfe to thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true.

Exit

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee,
Were to proue false, which I will neuer bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You Heauenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede
Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his meede.

Exit

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,
But that my resolution helpes me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane,
Where they should be releu'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th' false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis some sauage hold:

I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse euer
Of Hardinesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if sauage,
Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarsely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heauens.

[Page aaa5v]

Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* haue prou'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast: *Cadwall*, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's homely, sauoury: Wearinesse
Can snore vpon the Flint, when restie Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe.

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'th' Caue, we'l brouz on that
Whil'st what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
Heere were a Faiery.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuinenesse
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
I haue stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th' Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, so soone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Prouider.

Gui. Money? Youth.

Aru. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship durty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Haue dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Aru. Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd giue 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 bin so, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting
To thee *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distresse.

Gui. Would I could free't.

Arui. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themselues, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* false.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boyes wee'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Discourse is heauy, fasting: when we haue supp'd
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt speake it.

Gui. Pray draw neere.

Arui. The Night to'th' Owle,
And Morne to th' Larke lesse welcome.

Imo. Thankes Sir.

Arui. I pray draw neere.

Exeunt.

Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1.Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That since the common men are now in Action
'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to vndertake our Warres against
The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long liue *Caesar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

2.Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1.Sen. With those Legions
Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuie
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten alone.

Clot I am neere to'th' place where they should meet,
if *Pisanio* haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments
serue me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him
that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (sauing
reuerence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnessse
comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare
speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,
and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane,
the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-
yond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in
Birth, alike conuersant in generall seruices, and more re-
markeable in single oppositions; yet this imperseuerant

[Page aaa6]

Thing loues him in my despight. What Mortalitie is?
Posthumus, thy head (which now is growing vppon thy
shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris in-
forced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and
all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may
(happily) be a little angry for my so rough vsage: but my
Mother hauing power of his testinesse, shall turne all in-
to my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp 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 deceiue me.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and
Imogen from the Caue.*

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

Arui. Brother, stay heere:
Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,

Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leaue me,
Sticke to your Journall course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,
Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye
Stealing so poorely.

Gui. I loue thee: I haue spoke it,
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do loue my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say,
Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say
My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble straine!
O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!
"Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,
Doth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th' Morne.

Arui. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arui. You health. — — So please you Sir.

Imo. These are kinde Creatures.
Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers say, all's sauage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou disproou'st Report.
Th' emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as sweet Fish:
I am sicke still, heart-sicke; *Pisanio*,
Ile now taste of thy Drugge.

Gui. I could not stirre him:
He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arui. Thus did he answer me: yet said heereafter,
I might know more.

Bel. To'th' Field, to'th' Field:
Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arui. Wee'l not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sicke,
For you must be our Huswife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Exit.

Bel. And shal't be euer.
This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors.

Arui. How Angell-like he sings?

Gui. But his neate Cookerie?

Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And sawc'st our Brothes, as *Iuno* had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter.

Arui. Nobly he yoakes
A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sighe
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From so diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylor's raile at.

Gui. I do note,
That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spurres together.

Arui. Grow patient,
And let the stinking-Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runnagates?
Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare some Ambush:
I saw him not these many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother search
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.

Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I haue heard of such. What Slaue art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slauish did I ne're, then answering
A Slaue without a knocke.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:
Why I should yeeld to thee?

[Page aaa6v]

Clot. Thou Villaine base,
Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.

Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.

Clot. Thou iniurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. *Cloten*, thou Villaine.

Gui. *Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould moue me sooner.

Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to'th' Queene.

Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wise:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.

Clot. Dye the death:
When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,
Ile follow those that euen now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* set your heads:
Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer.

Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?

Arui. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Fauour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arui. 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 vp,
I meane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cause of Feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.

Gui. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purse,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:

Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his owne single hand heel'd take vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on *Luds-Towne*.

Bel. We are all vndone.

Gui. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose,
But that he swore to take our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?
For we do feare the Law. What company
Discouer you abroad?

Bel. No single soule
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so vndertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.

Arui. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoere,
My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* sicknesse
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake.

Exit.

Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arui. Would I had done't:
So the Reuenge alone pursu'de me: *Polidore*
I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That possible strength might meet, wold seek vs through
And put vs to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidele* play the Cookes: Ile stay
Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arui. Poore sicke *Fidele*.
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
Il'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my selfe for charity.

Exit.

Bel. Oh thou Goddess,
Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,

That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him stoope to th' Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuility not seene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange
What *Clotens* being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guidereus.

Gui. Where's my Brother?
I haue sent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the streame,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
For his returne.

[Page bbb1]

Solemn Musick.

Bel. My ingenuous Instrument,
(Hearke *Polidore*) it sounds: but what occasion
Hath *Cadwal* now to giue it motion? Hearke.

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence euen now.

Gui. What does he meane?
Since death of my deer'st Mother
It did not speake before. All solemne things
Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is iollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

*Enter Aruiragus, with Imogen dead, bearing
her in his Armes.*

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.

Arui. The Bird is dead
That we haue made so much on. I had rather
Haue skipt from sixteene yeares of Age, to sixty:

To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue seene this.

Gui. Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew'st thy selfe.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could sound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou might'st haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arui. Starke, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Reposing on a Cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arui. O'th' floore:
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too lowd.

Gui. Why, he but sleepes:
If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arui. With fayrest Flowers
Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I liue heere, *Fidele*,
Ile sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-Bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming
Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Mosse besides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse— —

Gui. Prythee haue done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th' graue.

Arui. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arui. Bee't so:
And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Haue got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th' ground
As once to our Mother: vse like note, and words,
Saue that *Euriphile*, must be *Fidele*.

Gui. *Cadwall*,
I cannot sing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.

Arui. Wee'l speake it then.

Bel. Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,
Thersites body is as good as *Aiux*,
When neyther are aliue.

Arui. If you'l go fetch him,
Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.

Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we must lay his head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arui. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remoue him.

Arui. So, begin.

Song.

Guid. Feare no more the heate o'th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arui. Feare no more the frowne o'th' Great,
Thou art past the Tirants stroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. Feare no more the Lightning flash.

Arui. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunderstone.

Gui. Feare not Slander, Censure rash.

Arui. Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.

Both. All Louers young, all Louers must,
Consigne to thee and come to dust.

Guid. No Exorcisor harme thee,

Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

Guid. Ghost vnlaid forbear thee.

Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee.

Both. Quiet consumption haue,
And renowned be thy graue.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We haue done our obsequies:
Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th' night
Are strewings fit'st for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen so

These Herbelets shall, which we vpon you strew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them first, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.

Exeunt.

[Page bbb1v]

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins: can it be sixe mile yet?
I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot of nothing,
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
I tremble still with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
The brownes of *Hercules*: but his Iouiall face — —
Murther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,
All Curses madded *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,
Hath heere 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 brauest vessell of the world
Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisanio might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?

'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gaue me, which hee said was precious
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
Murd'rous to'th' Senses? That confirms it home:
This is *Pisanio's* deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
Giue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seeme to those
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will, haue crost the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readinesse.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Seruice: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' winde.

Luc. This forwardnesse
Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Vnlesse my sinnes abuse my Diuination)
Successe to th' Roman hoast.

Luc. Dreame often so,
And neuer false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime

It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. Hee's aliue my Lord.

Luc. Hee'l then instruct vs of this body: Young one,
Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
They craue to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Seruice,
Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer
Finde such another Master.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ: If I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

Luc. Thou doo'st approue thy selfe 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 master'd, but be sure
No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue
And on it said a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
And leauing so his seruice, follow you,
So please you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;
A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
Vpon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By a sharpe Torture.

[Page bbb2]

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris,
I nothing know where she remains: why gone,
Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,

Hold me your loyall Seruant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was heere;
I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
All parts of his subiection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome:
Wee'l slip you for a season, but our iealousie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Maiesty,
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no lesse
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,
That long to moue.

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greeue at chances heere. Away.

Exeunt

Pisa. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heauens still must worke:
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th' King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arui. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Aduenture.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
Must, or for Britaines slay vs, or receiue vs
For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts
During their vse, and slay vs after.

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure vs.
To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, nor muster'd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that
Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In such a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor satisfying vs.

Arui. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
And eares so cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time vpon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deseru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,

Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse
To haue the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaues of Winter.

Gui. Then be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th' Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe
So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,
Cannot be question'd.

Arui. By this Sunne that shines
Ile thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
Did see man dye, scarce euer look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
Neuer bestrid a Horse saue one, that had
A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
So long a poore vnknowne.

Gui. By heauens Ile go,
If you will blesse me Sir, and giue me leaue,
Ile take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines.

Arui. So say I, Amen.

Bel. No reason I (since of your liues you set
So slight a valewation) should reserue
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn
Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

Post. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther Wiues much better then themselues
For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,
Euery good Seruant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued
The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue
To haue them fall no more: you some permit
To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th' Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,
Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe
As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: so Ile fight
Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
For thee (O *Imogen*) euen for whom my life
Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o'th'*Leonati* in me:
To shame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,
The fashion lesse without, and more within.

[Page bbb2v]

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore:
and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus
following like a poore Souldier. They march ouer, and goe
out. Then enter againe in Skirmish Iachimo and Posthu-
mus:
he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then
leaues him.*

Iac. The heauinesse and guilt within my bosome,
Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
The Princesse of this Country; and the ayre on't
Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'de me
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Goddes.

Exit.

*The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is
taken: Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius,
and Aruiragus.*

Bel. Stand, stand, we haue th' aduantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
The villany of our feares.

Gui. Arui. Stand, stand, and fight.

*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:
For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such
As warre were hood-wink'd.

Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did,
Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

Lo. I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-heart'd,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: hauing worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: strooke downe
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
To dye with length'ned shame.

Lo. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then those for preseruacion cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.
Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,
Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in acte 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 owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
A Distaffe, to a Lance, gilded pale lookes;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne
A stop i'th' Chaser; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaues
The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th' need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends
Ore-borne i'th' former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th' Field.

[Page bbb3]

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
*"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
"Preseru'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

Post. Lacke, to what end?
Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:
For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,
I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.
You haue put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.

Exit.

Post. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
To be i'th' Field, and aske what newes of me:
To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
To haue sau'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we
That draw his kniues i'th' War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue resum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Heere made by'th' Romane; great the Answer be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by some meanes for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

I Great Iupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.

2 There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gaue th' Affront with them.

I So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his seruice
As if he were of note: bring him to'th' King.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pisanio, and
Romane Captiues. The Captaines present Posthumus to
Cymbeline, who deliuers him ouer to a Gaoler.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You shall not now be stolne,
You haue lockes vpon you:
So graze, as you finde Pasture.

2.Gao. I, or a stomacke.

Post. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's sicke o'th' Gowt, since he had rather
Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th' sure Physitian, Death; who is the key
T' vnbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, & wrists: you good Gods giue me
The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixt, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not euery stampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures sake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
Ile speake to thee in silence.

Solemne Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicillius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attyred like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, & Mother to Posthumus) with Musicke before them. Then

*after other Musicke, follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to Posthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs.
They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.*

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master
shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with *Iuno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whose face I neuer saw:
I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staide,
attending Natures Law.
Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou should'st haue bin, and sheilded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
came crying 'mong'st his Foes.
A thing of pittie.

Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
moulded the stufte so faire:
That he deseru'd the praise o'th' World,
as great *Sicilius* heyre.

I.Bro. When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could stand vp his paralell?
Or fruitfull obiect bee?
In eye of *Imogen*, that best could deeme
his dignitie.

Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From *Leonati* Seate, and cast from her,
his deerest one:
Sweete *Imogen*?

Sic. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*, slight thing of Italy,
To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse ielousy,
And to become the geeke and scorne o'th' others vilany?

[Page bbb3v]

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That striking in our Countries cause,
fell brauely, and were slaine,
Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
Then Iupiter, thou King of Gods, why hast thou thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercise
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent iniuries:

Moth. Since (Iupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry
To'th' shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

Brothers. Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy iustice flye.

*Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vppon an
Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on
their knees.*

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents opprest,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are spent:
Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his Affliction made
This Tablet lay vpon his Brest, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And so away: no farther with your dinne
Expresse Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

Ascends

Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is
More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks Iupiter.

Sic. The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest
Let vs with care performe his great behest.

Vanish

Post. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandsire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:
And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatnesse, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,
And yet are steep'd in Fauours; so am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.

Reades.

*When as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe vnknown, with-out
seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioynted to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-tie.*

'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing
Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for simpathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Ouer-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for
that, you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I proue a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish payes the shot.

Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more
Tauerne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as
the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of
meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: sorrie that
you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed
too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Brain the
heauier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being
drawne of heauinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes
vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and
Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the dis-
charge: your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so
the Acquittance followes.

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepes, feeles not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a Hangman to helpe 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.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your selfe that which I am sure you do not know: or iump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and will not vse them.

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee made free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

Gao. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & beget yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were desolation of Gaolers and Galowses: I speake against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[Page bbb4]

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arui-
ragus, Pisanio, and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made
Preseruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,
Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest
Stept before Targes of prooffe, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I neuer saw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought
But beggery, and poore lookes.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) she liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my Knights o'th' Battell, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th' Court of Britaine.

Corn. Hayle great King,
To sowre your happinesse, I must report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worse then a Physitian
Would this report become? But I consider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee say.

Cor. First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to loue
With such integrity, she did confesse
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life
(But that her flight preuented it) she had
Tane off by poyson.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Orecome you with her shew; and in time

(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th' adoption of the Crowne:
But fayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight
Of Heauen, and Men) her purposes: repented
The euils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Dispayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, so please your Highnesse.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious
To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners,
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou comm'st not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse
Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite
That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted,
So thinke of your estate.

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
May be call'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
Augustus liues to thinke on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ransom'd: Neuer Master had
A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,
So tender ouer his occasions, true,
So feate, so Nurse-like: let his vertue ioyne

With my request, which Ile make bold your Highnesse
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue seru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I haue surely seene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Master, liue;
And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile giue it:
Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest tane.

[Page bbb4v]

Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alacke,
There's other worke in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it selfe.

Luc. The Boy disdaines me,
He leaues me, scornes me: briefly dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrls, and Boyes.
Why stands he so perplext?

Cym. What would'st thou Boy?
I loue thee more, and more: thinke more and more
What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak
Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile
Am something neerer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. Ile tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you please
To giue me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
Ile be thy Master: walke with me: speake freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?

Arui. One Sand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?

Gui. The same dead thing aliue.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further: he eyes vs not, forbear
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would haue spoke to vs.

Gui. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pisa. It is my Mistris:
Since she is liuing, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth,
Giue answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him.

Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Iewell,
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeue thee,

As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint.

Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength
I had rather thou should'st liue, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: striue man, and speake.

Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Those which I heau'd to head:) the good *Posthumus*,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerua*,
Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairenesse, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soone I shall,
Vnlesse thou would'st greeue quickly. This *Posthumus*,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his description
Prou'd vs vnspeaking sottes.

Cym. Nay, nay, to'th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughters Chastity, (there it begins)
 He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
 And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
 Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
 Peeeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
 Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
 In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
 By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
 No lesser of her Honour confident
 Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,
 And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle
 Of Phoebus Wheele; and might so safely, had it
 Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
 Poste I in this designe: 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 quench'd
 Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
 Gan in your duller Britaine operate
 Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
 And to be breefe, my practise so preuayl'd
 That I return'd with simular prooffe enough,
 To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
 By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
 With Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes
 Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
 (Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
 I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
 Me thinkes I see him now.

Post. I so thou do'st,
 Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
 Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
 That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
 To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyson,
 Some vpright Iusticer. Thou King, send out
 For Torturors ingenious: it is I
 That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend
 By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,

[Page bbb5]

That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe.
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set
The dogges o'th' street to bay me: euery villaine
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Post. Shall's haue a play of this?
Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,
Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Posth. How comes these staggers on mee?

Pisa. Wake my Mistris.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me
To death, with mortall ioy.

Pisa. How fares my Mistris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gau'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Pisa. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulpher on me, if
That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poyson'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approue thee honest. If *Pasanio*
Haue (said she) giuen his Mistris that Confection
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, she is seru'd,
As I would serue a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poysons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine stufte, which being tane, would cease
The present powre of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should againe
Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui. This is sure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro[m] you?
Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.

Post. Hang there like fruite, my soule,
Till the Tree dye.

Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Childe?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motiue for't.

Cym. My teares that fall
Proue holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mothers dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet heere so strangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pisa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord *Cloten*
Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes
With vnchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies 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
Plucke a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe.

Gui. I haue spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A most inciull one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing heere
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he slew,
As well descended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens*
Had euer scarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:

Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arui. In that he spake too farre.

Cym. And thou shalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will proue that two one's are as good
As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arui. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue
Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subiect, who
Was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym. What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,
I know not how, a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not saue him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiscate all, so soone
As I haue receyu'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?

[Page bbb5v]

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy: heere's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue.

Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)
Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares
Hauē I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Vpon my Banishment: I moou'd her too't,
Hauing recey'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The benediction of these couering Heauens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay Heauen with Starres.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The Seruice that you three haue done, is more
Vnlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Aruiragus*.
Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt

In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Vpon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath vpon him still that naturall stampe:
It was wise Natures end, in the donation
To be his euidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Reioyc'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say heereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
When we were so indeed.

Cym. Did you ere meete?

Arui. I my good Lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lou'd,
Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed.

Corn. By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motiues to the Battaile? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances

From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors vpon *Imogen*;
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each obiect with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee euer.

Imo. You are my Father too, and did releue me:
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All ore-ioy'd
Saue these in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you seruice.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that so Nobly fought
He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company these three
In poore beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you finish.

Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my heauie Conscience sinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse
That euer swore the Faith.

Post. Kneele not to me:
The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue
And deale with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
Wee'l learne our Freenesse of a Sonne-in-Law:

Pardon's the word to all.

Arui. You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

[Page bbb6]

Luc. Philarmonus.

Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

*When as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe vnknown, with-out
seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioynted to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-tie.*

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We terme it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I diuine
Is this most constant Wife, who euen now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* stolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd
To the Maiesticke Cedar ioyn'd; whose Issue
Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Caesar*,
And to the Romane Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Iustice both on her, and hers,
Haue laid most heauy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold-Battaile, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th' Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th' Imperiall *Caesar*, should againe vnite
His Fauour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines heere in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittish Ensigne waue
Friendly together: so through *Luds-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.