

V.8. *Titus Andronicus* 30

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. William Shakespear.

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,

TITUS ANDRONICUS.
THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
CYMBELINE.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.*
BASSIANUS, *Brother to* Saturninus, *in love with* Lavinia.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a Noble* Roman, *General against the* Goths.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to* Titus.

MARCUS,
QUINTUS,
LUCIUS,
MUTIUS,
} *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.
PUBLIUS, *Son to* Marcus Andronicus *the Tribune.*

ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS,
} *Sons to* Tamora.

AARON, *a* Moor, *belov'd by* Tamora.
ÆMILIUS, *a* Roman.

TAMORA, *Queen of the* Goths, *and afterwards married to* Saturninus.
LAVINIA, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse with a black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE Rome, *and the Country near it.*

TITUS

* TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ROME.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter Saturninus *and his followers at one door, and* Bassianus *and his followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

Sat. NOBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the juſtice of my cauſe with arms:
And countrymen my loving followers,
Plead my ſucceſſive title with your ſwords.
I am the firſt-born ſon of him that laſt
Wore the imperial diadem of *Rome:*
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.
Baſ. Romans, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my right;
If ever *Baſſianus, Cæſar*'s ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal *Rome,*
Keep then this paſſage to the Capitol;
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
Th' imperial ſeat, to virtue conſecrate,
To juſtice, continence, and nobility:

* This is one of the Plays which ought not to be look'd upon to be of *Shakeſpear*'s compoſition. By giving it the credit of a few of his lines inſerted here and there he got the diſcredit of writing the whole.

But

But let desert in pure election shine;
And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.
Enter Marcus Andronicus *aloft with the crown.*
Mar. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know that the people of *Rome*, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In free election for the *Roman* empery,
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to *Rome*.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within our city walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous *Goths*,
That with his sons (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoak'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of *Rome*, and chastised with arms
Our enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in arms.
Let us intreat, by honour of his name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.
Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks, to calm my thoughts!
Bas. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his sons,
And her to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome*'s rich Ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,

Commit

Commit my cause in ballance to be weigh'd. [*Exe. Soldiers.*
Sat. Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit my self, my person and the cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.
Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[*They go up into the Senate-house.*

SCENE II. *Enter a Captain.*

Cap. *Romans*, make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome*'s best champion,
Successful in the battels that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From whence he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoak the enemies of *Rome*.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius *and* Marcus: *after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then* Quintus *and* Lucius. *After them* Titus Andronicus; *and then* Tamora, *the Queen of* Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the* Moor, *prisoners; Soldiers, and other Attendants. They set down the coffin, and* Titus *speaks.*
Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy, for his return to *Rome*.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
These that survive, let *Rome* reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors.

Here

Here *Goths* have given me leave to ſheath my ſword:
Titus unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of *Styx*?
Make way to lay them by their brethren. [*They open the tomb.*
There greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your country's wars:
O ſacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many ſons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudeſt priſoner of the *Goths*,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh,
Before this earthly priſon of their bones:
That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the nobleſt that ſurvives,
The eldeſt ſon of this diſtreſſed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I ſhed,
A mother's tears in paſſion for her ſon:
And if thy ſons were ever dear to thee,
O think my ſons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
To beautifie thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yoak?
But muſt my ſons be ſlaughter'd in the ſtreets,
For valiant doings in their country's cauſe?
O! if to fight for King and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus, ſtain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt-born ſon.

Tit. Patient your ſelf, Madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren ſlain
Religiouſly they aſk a ſacrifice;

To this your ſon is markt, and die he muſt,
T' appeaſe their groaning ſhadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight.
And with our ſwords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean conſum'd.

[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius *with* Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half ſo barbarous?

Dem. Oppoſe not *Scythia* to ambitious *Rome*.

Alarbus goes to reſt, and we ſurvive
To tremble under *Titus*' threatning looks.
Then, Madam, ſtand reſolv'd; but hope withal
The ſelf-ſame Gods that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the *Thracian* * tyrant in her tent,
May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,
(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius.

Luc. See, Lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt,
And intrails feed the ſacrificing fire,
Whoſe ſmoak, like incenſe, doth perfume the ſky.
Remaineth nought but to interr our brethren,
And with loud larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewel to their ſouls.

[*Then ſound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*

In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons,
Rome's readieſt champions, repoſe you here,
Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps:
Here lurks no treaſon, here no envy ſwells,
Here grow no damned grudges, here no ſtorms,
No noiſe: but ſilence and eternal ſleep:
In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons!

* *Polymneſtor*, whoſe eyes were pull'd out and ſons murder'd by *Hecuba*, in revenge for his having treacherouſly ſlain her ſon *Polydore*. *Euripid.* in *Hec.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and father live in fame!
Lo at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethrens obſequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to *Rome*.
O bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortune *Rome*'s beſt citizens applaud.
Tit. Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus lovingly preſerv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!
Lavinia, live, out-live thy father's days,
In fame's eternal date for virtue's praiſe!
Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*!
Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.
Mar. And welcome, nephews, from ſucceſsful wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in fame:
Fair Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's ſervice drew your ſwords.
But ſafer triumph is this funeral pomp
That hath aſpir'd to *Solon*'s happineſs,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, in their truſt,
This palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperor's ſons:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to ſet a head on headleſs *Rome*.
Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:
What ſhould I don this robe and trouble you?
Be choſe with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, reſign my life,
And ſet abroach new buſineſs for you all?
Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſsfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant ſons,

Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In right and ſervice of their noble country.
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſceptre to controul the world.
Upright he held it, Lords, that held it laſt.
Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtain the empery.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canſt thou tell?
Tit. Patience, prince *Saturnine*!
Sat. Romans, do me right!
Patricians, draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome*'s Emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee!
Tit. Content thee, prince, I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.
Baſ. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.
Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
I aſk your voices, and your ſuffrages;
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
Mar. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his ſafe return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this ſuit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Lord *Saturnine*; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan*'s rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and ſay, *Long live our Emperor!*
Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome*'s great Emperor;
And ſay, *Long live our Emperor* Saturnine!
[*A long flouriſh 'till they come down.*

Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred *Pantheon* her espouse:
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord; and in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
And here in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy *Rome*'s imperial Lord.
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life.
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor,
To him that for your honour and your state
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me, of the hue [*To* Tamora.
That I would chuse, were I to chuse anew:
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my Lord, sith true Nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesie.

Sat. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*. *Romans*, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;

Proclaim our honours, Lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord *Titus*, by your leave this maid is mine.
[*Seizing* Lavinia.

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earnest then, my Lord?

Bas. Ay noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,
To do my self this reason and this right.
[*The Emperor courts* Tamora *in dumb shew.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our *Roman* justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's guard?
Treason, my Lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit* Bassianus *with* Lavinia.

SCENE IV.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.

Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My Lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain-boy,
Barr'st me my way in *Rome*? [*He kills him.*

Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help.

Luc. My Lord, you are unjust, and more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine.
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock;
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in *Rome* to make a stale of
But *Saturnine*? full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword;
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of *Rome.*
Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora* Queen of *Goths*,
That, like the stately *Phœbe* 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of *Rome*,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I chuse thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee Empress of *Rome.*
Speak, Queen of *Goths*, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the *Roman* Gods,
(Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for *Hymenæus* stands,)
I will not re-salute the streets of *Rome*,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.
Tam. And here in sight of heav'n to *Rome* I swear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, *Pantheon*; Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Manet* Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Marcus.

Mar. O *Titus*, see, oh, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no: no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,
That

That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes,
Give *Mutius* burial with our brethren.
Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in his tomb;
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and *Rome*'s servitors
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Mar. My Lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew *Mutius*' deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.
Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And shall? what villain was it spake that word?
Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.
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, ev'n thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Luc. He is not well himself, let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius*' bones be buried.
[*The brother and the sons kneel.*
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,——
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,——
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul!
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all!
Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour, and *Lavinia*'s cause.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.
The *Greeks* upon advice did bury *Ajax*
That slew himself; and wise *Laertes*' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit.

Tit. Rise, *Marcus*, rise——
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in *Rome*:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*They put him in the Tomb.*
Luc. There lye thy bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy friends,
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!
[*They all kneel, and say,*
No man shed tears for noble *Mutius!*
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.
Mar. My Lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome?*
Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but I know it is:
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

SCENE VI.

Flourish. Enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *with the* Moor *at one door. At the other door* Bassianus *and* Lavinia *with others.*

Sat. So, *Bassianus*, you have plaid your prize;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride!
Bas. And you of yours, my Lord; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape call you it, my Lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all,
Mean while I am possest of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very short with us,
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.
Bas. My Lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,

With

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,
That hath expresst himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome.*
Tit. Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine.*
Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently, for all;
And at my suit (sweet) pardon what is past.
Sat. What, Madam, dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my Lord; the Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
I should be author to dishonour you:
But, on my honour dare I undertake
For good Lord *Titus'* innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then at my suit look graciously on him,
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.——
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last, [*Aside.*
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people and patricians too
Upon a just survey take *Titus'* part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone;
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life:
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.——
Come, come, sweet Emperor — come, *Andronicus*— [*Aloud.*
Take up this good old man, and chear the heart,

That

That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.
Sat. Riſe, *Titus*, riſe, my Empreſs hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your Majeſty, and her; my Lord,
Theſe words, theſe looks, infuſe new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily:
And muſt adviſe the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*;
And let it be my honour, good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, prince *Baſſianus*, I have paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, Lords; and you, *Lavinia*,
By my advice all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aſk pardon of his Majeſty.
Luc. We do, and vow to heav'n, and to his Highneſs,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our ſiſter's honour and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do proteſt.
Sat. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay, ſweet Emperor, we muſt all be friends.
The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied, ſweet-heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy ſake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora*'s intreats,
I do remit theſe young men's heinous faults.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſwore,
I would not part a bachelor from the prieſt.
Come, if the Emperor's Court can feaſt two brides,
You are my gueſt, *Lavinia*, and your friends;
This day ſhall be a love-day, *Tamora*.
Tit. To-morrow, an it pleaſe your Majeſty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your Grace *Bon jour*.
Sat. Be it ſo, *Titus*, and gramercy too! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

ROME. *Enter* Aaron *alone*.

Aar. NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus'* top,
Safe out of fortune's ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or light'ning-flaſh,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach;
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his gliſt'ring coach,
And overlooks the higheſt peering hills:
So *Tamora*.
Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faſter bound to *Aaron*'s charming eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright, and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Empereſs.
To wait upon, ſaid I? to wanton with
This Queen, this Goddeſs, this *Semiramis*;
This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome*'s *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla, what ſtorm is this?

SCENE II. *Enter* Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for ought thou know'ſt, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt overween in all,
And ſo in this, to bear me down with braves:
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me leſs gracious, thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſion for *Lavinia*'s love.

Aar.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ah, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, Lords?
So near the Emp'ror's palace dare you draw?
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the Court of *Rome*.
For shame put up.
Chi. Not I, 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward! thou thund'rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aar. Away, I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all;
Why, Lords —— and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a Prince's right?
What, is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, justice, or revenge?
Young Lords, beware —— and should the Empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some better choice,
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, Lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Dem. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to atchieve her whom I love.
Aar. To atchieve her — how!
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Tho' *Bassianus* be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan*'s badge.
Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may.
Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why then it seems some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye — and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speed?
Chi. 'Faith, not me.
Dem. No, nor me.
Aar. For shame be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus*' love;

A ſpeedier courſe than ling'ring languiſhment
Muſt ye purſue, and I have found the path.
My Lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop:
The foreſt walks are wide and ſpacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreſs with her ſacred wit
To villainy and vengeance conſecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend,
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with advice,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare your ſelves,
But to your wiſhes height advance you both.
The Emperor's Court is like the houſe of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf and dull:
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There ſerve your luſts, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in *Lavinia*'s treaſury.

Chi. Thy council, lad, ſmells of no cowardiſe.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the ſtream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm theſe fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Foreſt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three Sons, with hounds and horns, and* Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal
That all the Court may echo with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the Emperor's perſon carefully:
I have been troubled in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort has inſpir'd.

Wind

Wind horns. Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, *and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good-morrows to your Majeſty;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Baſ. Lavinia, how ſay you?

Lav. Why, I ſay, no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport: Madam, now ſhall ye ſee
Our *Roman* hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my Lord,
Will rouze the proudeſt panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory-top.

Tit. And I have horſe will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like ſwallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Aaron *alone.*

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him who thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy;
And ſo repoſe, ſweet gold, for their unreſt,
That have their alms out of the Empreſs' cheſt.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
The birds chaunt melody on every buſh,
The ſnake lyes rolled in the chearful ſun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd ſhadow on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, *Aaron*, let us ſit,
And whilſt the babling Echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise:
And after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber,
Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder when she doth unrowl
To do some fatal execution?
No, Madam, these are no venereal signs?
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee)
This is the day of doom for *Bassianus*;
His *Philomel* must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus*' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal-plotted scrowl;
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dread not yet their lives destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet *Moor*, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great Empress; *Bassianus* comes;
Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Enter* Bassianus *and* Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here? *Rome*'s royal Empress?
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops?

Or

Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Sawcy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was *Actæon*'s, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested and abominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being interrupted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For saucineſs.——I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother,
Why does your Highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale you see it is.
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'er-come with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call me foul adulteress,
Lascivious *Goth*, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs* Bassianus.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.
[*Stabs him.*

Lav. Ay, come, *Semiramis*,—nay, barbarous *Tamora*,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted cope she braves your mightiness;
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make this dead drunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure;
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours. *Lav.*

Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman's face——

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word——

Dem. Listen, fair Madam, let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O do not teach her wrath, she taught it thee.
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou intreat her, shew a woman pity.

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove my self a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my father's sake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee)
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:
Therefore away and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life that I have beg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O keep me from their worse-than-killing lust,

And

And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.
Dem. Away! for thou hast staid us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy of our general name!
Confusion fall——
Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth——bring thou her husband: [*Dragging off* Lavinia.
This is the hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*
Tam. Farewel, my sons; see that ye make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all th' *Andronici* be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Aaron *with* Quintus *and* Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my Lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.
Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mar. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.
[Marcus *falls into the pit.*
Quin. What, art thou fall'n? what subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mar. O brother, with the dismalest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.
Aar. Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have the likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit* Aaron.

SCENE VII.

Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out

From

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A killing sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mar. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. *Aaron* is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise;
O tell me how it is; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.
Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lyes embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mar. Upon this bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged intrails of this pit.
So pale did shine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus'* misty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Bassianus'* grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter the Emperor and* Aaron.

Sat. Along with me, I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend

Into

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mar. Th' unhappy ſon of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Baſſianus* dead.
Sat. My brother dead? I know thou doſt but jeſt:
He and his Lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north-ſide of this pleaſant chaſe;
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.
Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas, here have we found him dead.
Enter Tamora, Andronicus, *and* Lucius.
Tam. Where is my Lord the King?
Sat. Here, *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſſianus?*
Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound;
Poor *Baſſianus* here lyes murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyranny.
[*She giveth* Saturninus *a letter.*

Saturninus *reads the letter.*

An if we miſs to meet him handſomely,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus *'tis we mean,*
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'ſt our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murther'd *Baſſianus* here.
Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the bag of gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [*To* Titus.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon,
There let them bide until we have deviſ'd

Some

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered!
Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſons,
(Accurſed, if the fault be proved in them——)
Sat. If it be proved? you ſee it is apparent.
Who found this letter, *Tamora*, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himſelf did take it up.
Tit. I did, my Lord: yet let me be their bail.
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Highneſs' will,
To anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them: ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murther'd body, ſome the murtherers.
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King;
Fear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, ſtay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Demetrius *and* Chiron, *with* Lavinia, *her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and raviſhed.*
Dem. So now go tell (an if thy tongue can ſpeak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And (if thy ſtumps will let thee) play the ſcribe.
Dem. See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcrowle.
Chi. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh;
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.
Chi. If 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang my ſelf.
Dem. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Enter* Marcus *to* Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word; where is your huſband? ſay:

If

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lop'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows Kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As have thy love? why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosie lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And lest thou shou'dst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
(As from a conduit with three issuing spouts)
Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan*'s face,
Blushing to be encountred with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopt,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair *Philomela*, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
But lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off
That could have better sew'd than *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster seen those lilly hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made,
He would have dropt his knife, and fall'n asleep,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus *and* Quintus *bound, passing on the Stage to the place of Execution, and* Titus *going before, pleading.*

Tit. HEAR me, grave fathers, noble Tribunes, stay,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in *Rome*'s great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
And for these bitter tears, which you now see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
[Andronicus *lyeth down, and the Judges pass by him.*
For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,
My sons sweet blood will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exeunt.*
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful *April* shall with all his showers;
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still,
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons blood.

Enter Lucius *with his sword drawn.*

Oh reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
And let me say (that never wept before)
My tears are now prevailing orators.
Luc. Oh noble father, you lament in vain,

The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead——
Grave Tribunes, once more I entreat of you——
Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you speak.
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me: or if they did mark,
They would not pity me.——
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft wax, Tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.
Tit. Oh happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a wilderness of tygers?
Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

SCENE II. *Enter* Marcus *and* Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Tit. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.
Luc. Ah me, this object kills me.
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her;
Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handless, in thy father's spight:
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nilus* it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do *Rome* service are but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
Sweet various notes, inchanting every ear.
Luc. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide her self, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my deer, and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand, as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone:
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my soul——
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What shall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,

Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, *Marcus*, ah, son *Lucius*, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew,
Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband.
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed,
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some signs how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us that have our tongues
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece; good *Titus*, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark; I understand her signs;
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

SCENE III. *Enter* Aaron.

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy self, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you chop off your hand,
And send it to the King; he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperor! oh gentle *Aaron!*
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor
My hand; good *Aaron*, wilt thou chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battel-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemies cask?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heav'n, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will use it. [*Exeunt* Lucius *and* Marcus.
Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whilst I live deceive men so.
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*
[*He cuts off* Titus's *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *again.*

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatcht:
Good *Aaron*, give his Majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it:
More hath it merited? that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price,
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.
Aar. I go, *Andronicus*, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:
Their heads I mean.——Oh, how this villainy [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Tit. O hear!——I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any Power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.
Mar. Oh brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these two extreams.
Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.
Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

If

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea, hark how her sighs do blow?
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them;
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mockt:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be born.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.
Luc. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat;
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.
Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Mar. Now farewel flattery! die, *Andronicus*;
Thou dost not slumber; see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son with this dire sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah now no more will I controul thy griefs,
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand

Gnaw-

Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal fight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes;
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha.
Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.
Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed;
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come let me see what task I have to do——
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made; come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear;
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth;
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
Thou art an exile, and must not stay.
Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Manet* Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father,
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;
Farewel, proud *Rome*; 'till *Lucius* come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
Now will I to the *Goths* and raise a power,

To

To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit* Lucius.

* SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Titus's *House. A Banquet.*

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, *and the Boy* Lucius.

Tit. So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us,
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.
Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I;
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theme, no talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how frantickly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink: hark, *Marcus*, what she says,

* This scene is not in the old edition.

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks.
Speechless complaint —— O I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments,
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heavinesS.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[Marcus *strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart,
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not *Titus'* brother. Get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my Lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But?—how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz laments and dolings in the air?
Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry,
And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empress' *Moor*, therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my self, as if it were the *Moor*
Come hither purposely to poison me.

There's

There's for thyself, and that's for *Tamora*:
Yet still I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black *Moor*.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me,
I'll to my closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Titus's *House.*

Enter young Lucius *and* Lavinia *running after him, and the Boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter* Titus *and* Marcus.

Boy. HElp, grandsire, help! my aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle *Marcus*, see how swift she comes:
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome* she did.

Mar. What means my niece *Lavinia* by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean:
See, *Lucius*, see how much she makes of thee:
Some whither would she have thee go with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry, and *Tully*'s oratory:
Can'st thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzie do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of grief would make men mad.
And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*
Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;
Although, my Lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth,

Which

Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,
Causeleſs perhaps; but pardon me, ſweet aunt,
And, Madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
I will moſt willingly attend your Ladyſhip.
Mar. Lucius, I will.
Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?
Some book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee.
Which is it, girl; of theſe? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better ſkill'd:
Come and make choice of all my library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, 'till the heav'ns
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
What book?
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?
Mar. I think ſhe means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:
Or elſe to heav'n ſhe heaves them, for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that ſhe toſſes ſo?
Boy. Grandſire, 'tis *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*;
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft! See how buſily ſhe turns the leaves!
Help her: what would ſhe find? *Lavinia*, ſhall I read?
This is the tragick tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus*' treaſon and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, ſee, note how ſhe quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee;——
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never never hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Mar. O why ſhould nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the Gods delight in tragedies!
Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What *Roman* Lord it was durſt do the deed;

Or ſlunk not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in *Lucrece*' bed?
Mar. Sit down, ſweet niece; brother, ſit down by me.
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find.
My Lord, look here; look here, *Lavinia*.
[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
This ſandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'ſt,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curſt be that heart that forc'd us to this ſhift!
Write thou, good niece, and here diſplay at leaſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for revenge;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!
[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.*
Tit. Oh do you read, my Lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Mar. What, what!—the luſtful ſons of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?
Tit. Magne Regnator Poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! tam lentus vides!
Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle Lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My Lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia*, kneel,
And kneel, ſweet boy, the *Roman Hector*'s hope,
And ſwear with me, (as with the woeful peer
And father of that chaſte diſhonour'd dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* ſware for *Lucrece*' rape)
That we will proſecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon theſe traiterous *Goths*,
And ſee their blood, ere die with this reproach.
Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt theſe bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake, and if ſhe wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply ſtill in league,

And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And when ſhe ſleeps will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You're a young huntſman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of braſs,
And with a gad of ſteel will write theſe words,
And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow theſe ſands like *Sybil*'s leaves abroad,
And where's your leſſon then? boy, what ſay you!

Boy. I ſay, my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoak of *Rome*.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, ſo will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armory.
Lucius, I'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſs' ſons
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do my meſſage, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their boſom, grandſire.

Tit. No, boy, not ſo, I'll teach thee another courſe.
Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my houſe;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,
Ay, marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus, attend him in his eccſtaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart
Than foe-mens marks upon his batter'd ſhield,
But yet's ſo juſt, that he will not revenge;
Revenge, oh heav'ns, for old *Andronicus!* [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter Aaron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one door: and at another door young* Lucius *and another, with a bundle of weapons and verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the ſon of *Lucius*,
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, ſome mad meſſage from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your honours from *Andronicus*,

And pray the *Roman* Gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
For villains mark'd with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My grandſire well adviſ'd hath ſent by me
The goodlieſt weapons of his armory,
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, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And ſo I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*

Dem. What's here, a ſcrowl, and written round about?
Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O 'tis a verſe in *Horace*, I know it well:
I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.

Aar. Ay juſt, a verſe in *Horace*—right, you have it—
Now what a thing it is to be an aſs?
Here's no fond jeſt, th' old man hath found their guilt,
And ſends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſs well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus*' conceit:
But let her reſt in her unreſt a while.
And now, young Lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to *Rome* ſtrangers, and more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace-gate
To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a Lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reaſon, Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thouſand *Roman* dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.

Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to ſay Amen.

Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils, the Gods have given us over.
[*Flouriſh.*
Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike for joy the Emp'ror hath a ſon.
Dem. Soft, who comes here?

SCENE III. *Enter Nurſe with a Black-a-moor child.*

Nur. Good morrow, noble Lords:
O tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the *Moor?*
Aar. Well, more or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why what a caterwauling doſt thou keep;
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empreſs' ſhame, and ſtately *Rome*'s diſgrace.
She is deliver'd, Lords, ſhe is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean that ſhe is brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good reſt! what hath he ſent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why then ſhe is the devil's dam:
A joyful iſſue.
Nur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black and ſorrowful iſſue.
Here is the babe, as loathſome as a toad,
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime.
The Empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, out, you whore, is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom ſure.
Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aar. That which thou canſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our mother.
Dem. Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the off-ſpring of ſo foul a fiend!
Chi. It ſhall not live.
Aar. It ſhall not die.
Nur. *Aaron*, it muſt, the mother wills it ſo.

Aar.

Aar. What, muſt it, nurſe? then let no man but I
Do execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurſe, give it me, my ſword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.
Aar. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murtherous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the ſky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my ſcimitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhon*'s brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of war,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his father's hands;
What, what, y'unſanguine ſhallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye alehouſe painted ſigns,
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the ſwan's black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly to the flood.
Tell the empreſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?
Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, my ſelf;
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoak for it in *Rome*.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chi. *Rome* will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.
Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I bluſh to think upon this ignominy.
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears;
Fine treacherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
Look how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, *Old Lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, Lords; ſenſibly fed

Of

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprisoned were,
He is infranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?
Dem. Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may be all safe.
Aar. Then set we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit on the ground.*
Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why, so, brave Lords, when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chased boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms:
But say again, how many saw the child?
Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself.
And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.
Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and yourself——
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said— [*He kills her.*
Weak, weak! so cries a pig prepar'd to th' spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, *Aaron?* wherefore didst thou this?
Aar. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling gossip? no, Lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the Court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark

Hark ye, my Lords, ye see I have given her physick,
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*
Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that put us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feast on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Street near the Palace.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other Gentlemen with bows, and* Titus *bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.*

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come; kinsman, this is the way.
Sir boy, now let me see your archery.
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;
Terras Astræa reliquit —— be you remember'd, *Marcus* ——
She's gone, she's fled —— Sirs, take you to your tools;
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the sea,
Yet there's as little justice as at land ——
No, *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you must do it,
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then when you come to *Pluto*'s region,
I pray you to deliver this petition,
Tell him it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.

Ah

Ah *Rome!*—Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully:
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters, what?
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry for Justice, she is now employ'd,
He thinks with *Jove* in hea'vn, or somewhere else;
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops* size,
But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.
And sith there's no justice in earth or hell,
We will sollicit heaven, and move the Gods,
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to this gear, you're a good archer, *Marcus*.

[*He gives them the arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that's for you —— here *ad Apollinem* ——
Ad Martem, that's for my self;
Here, boy, to *Pallas* —— here to *Mercury* ——
To *Saturn* and to *Cœlus* —— not to *Saturnine* ——

You

You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy *Marcus*, —— loose thou when I bid:
O' my word I have written to effect,
There's not a God left unsollicited.

Mar. Kinsman, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They shoot.*

Tit. Now, masters, draw; oh well said, *Lucius*;
Good boy in *Virgo*'s lap, give it to *Pallas*.

Mar. My Lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, ha! what hast thou done?
See, see, thou'st shot off one of *Taurus*' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my Lord, when *Publius* shot;
The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the Empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor* he should not chuse
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your Lordship joy!

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice, what says *Jupiter*?

Clow. Who? the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

Clow. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press into heav'n in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the * tribunal plebs, to make up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

* He means to say, *tribunus plebis*,

Tit.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clow. Nay truly, Sir, I could never ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou ſhalt have juſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold — mean while here's mony for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a ſupplication?

Clow. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a ſupplication for you: and when you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneel, then kiſs his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir, ſee you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, haſt thou a knife? come, let me ſee it.
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble ſuppliant,
And when thou haſt given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he ſays.

Clow. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go, *Publius*, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Palace.*

Enter Emperor and Empreſs, and her two Sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus *ſhot.*

Sat. Why, Lords, what wrongs are theſe? was ever ſeen
An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal juſtice, us'd in ſuch contempt?
My Lords, you know, as do the mightful Gods,
(However the diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath paſt,
But even with law againſt the willful ſons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if
His ſorrows have ſo over-whelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks,
His fits, his frenſie, and his bitterneſs?
And now he writes to heav'n for his redreſs.
See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of war:

Sweet

Sweet ſcrowls to fly about the ſtreets of *Rome*.
What's this but libelling againſt the ſenate,
And blazoning our injuſtice ev'ry where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
As who would ſay, in *Rome* no juſtice were.
But if I live, his feigned eceſtaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that Juſtice lives
In *Saturninus*' health, whom, if ſhe ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as ſhe in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus*' age,
Th' effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſons,
Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep, and ſcarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt,
For theſe contempts — Why, thus it ſhall become
High-witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all:
But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aſide.*

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, would'ſt thou ſpeak with us?

Clow. Yea forſooth, an your Miſterſhip be Emperial.

Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the Emperor.

Clow. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-e'en,
I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.
[*He reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.

Clow. How much mony muſt I have?

Tam. Come, ſirrah, thou muſt be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monſtrous villainy?
I know from whence this ſame device proceeds:
May this be born? as if his traiterous ſons,
That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,

Have

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour shall share privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that help'st to make me great,
In hope thy self should govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, *Æmilius?*

Æmil. Arm, my Lords, arm; *Rome* never had more cause;
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of *Lucius*, son to old *Andronicus:*
Who threats in course of his revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths?*
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach;
'Tis he the common people love so much;
My self have often over-heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private Man)
That *Lucius'* banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens do favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the sun dim'd, that knats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of *Rome*.
Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat.

Sat. But he will not intreat his son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our embassador, [*To* Æmilius.
Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æm. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius *with* Goths, *with Drum and Soldiers.*

Luc. APproved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which signifie what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great Lords, be as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
(Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,)
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'st;
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields;
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

Omn. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a lusty *Goth?*

SCENE II.

Enter a Goth *leading* Aaron *with his Child in his arms.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf;
Peace, villain, peace, (even thus he rates the babe)
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth!* this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what! deaf? no! not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the Empress:

If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. And if it please thee? why, assure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:
For I must talk of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no God.
That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as indeed I do not;
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe:
Therefore I urge thy oath, (for that I know
An ideot holds his bauble for a God, [*Aside.*
And keeps the oath, which by that God he swears,
To that I'll urge him)——therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soe'er it be
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd *Bassianus*,
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. Oh moſt deteſtable villain! call'ſt thou that
Trimming?
Aar. Why, ſhe was waſh'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of't.
Luc. Oh barbarous beaſtly villains like thy ſelf!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to inſtruct them:
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a card, as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head;
Well, let my deeds be witneſs of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful 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,
Confed'rate with the Queen and her two ſons.
And what's elſe done that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in't?
I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extream laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two ſons heads,
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwooned almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kiſſes.
Goth. What, can'ſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the ſaying is.
Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Ev'n now I curſe the day (and yet I think
Few come within the compaſs of my curſe)
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death,
Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuſe ſome innocent, and then forſwear
My ſelf, ſet deadly enmity between
Two friends, make poor mens cattle break their necks,
Set

Set fire on barns and hay-ſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends doors,
Ev'n when their ſorrow almoſt was forgot,
And on their ſkins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.
Luc. Bring down the devil, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death, as hanging preſently.
Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlaſting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luc. Sirs, ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.
Enter Æmilius.
Goth. My Lord, there is a meſſenger from *Rome*
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.
Luc. Let him come near.——
Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from *Rome*?
Æm. Lord *Lucius*, and you princes of the *Goths*,
The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he underſtands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's houſe,
Willing you to demand your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliver'd.
Goth. What ſays our General?
Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: away! march! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Titus's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron *and* Demetrius, *diſguis'd.*
Tam. Thus in theſe ſtrange and ſad habiliments
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And ſay, I am Revenge ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs:

Knock at the ſtudy, where they ſay he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confuſion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and* Titus *appears above.*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written, ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didſt know me, thou would'ſt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough;
Witneſs this wretched ſtump, theſe crimſon lines,
Witneſs theſe trenches, made by grief and care,
Witneſs the tiring day and heavy night;
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſs, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, ſad man, I am not *Tamora*;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
I am Revenge, ſent from th' infernal kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreckful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place,
No vaſt obſcurity or miſty vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteſted Rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit.

Tit. Do me ſome ſervice, ere I come to thee:
Lo by thy ſide where Rape and Murder ſtand;
Now give ſome 'ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes:
Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by thy waggon wheel
Trot like a ſervile foot-man all day long;
Even from *Hyperion*'s riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfal in the ſea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy taſk,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. Theſe are my miniſters, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy miniſters? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called ſo,
'Cauſe they take vengeance on ſuch kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empreſs' ſons they are,
And you the Empreſs! but we worldly men
Have miſerable mad miſtaking eyes:
O ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit* Titus *from above.*

Tam. This cloſing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-ſick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your ſpeech,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him ſend for *Lucius* his ſon:
And whilſt I at a banquet hold him ſure,
I'll find ſome cunning practice out of hand,
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy *Goths*,
Or at the leaſt make them his enemies:
See here he comes, and I muſt ply my theme.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful houſe;

Rapine

Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot, the Empress never wags,
But in her company there is a *Moor*;
And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are: what shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy self,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court
There is a Queen attended by a *Moor*;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius*, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads tow'rds *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart:
What says *Andronicus* to this device?

Tit. *Marcus*, my brother! 'tis sad *Titus* calls:

Enter

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius*;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Goths*;
Bid him repair to me; and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are;
Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them;
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no Revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you, boys, will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth, and speak him fair, [*Aside.*
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of curs'd hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* Tamora.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewel!

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, *Caius* and *Valentine*!

Enter Publius *and Servants.*

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress' sons
I take them, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them;

Oft

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure. [*Exit* Titus.
Chi. Villains forbear, we are the Empress' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that ye bind them fast.

SCENE V.

Enter Titus Andronicus *with a Knife, and* Lavinia *with a Bason.*

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*, look, thy foes are bound;
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius!*
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer, with your winter mixt:
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains! — for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The bason that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls her self Revenge, and thinks me mad—
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
And worse than *Progne* I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia*, come,

Receive

Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
More stern and bloody than the *Centaurs* feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and* Goths *with* Aaron *Prisoner.*

Luc. Good uncle *Marcus*, since 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befal what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil,
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emp'ror's face,
For testimony of these foul proceedings;
And see the ambush of our friends be strong,
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave!

[*Exeunt* Goths *with* Aaron.

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flourish.*
The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

SCENE VI.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thy self a sun?
Mar. Rome's Emperor, and, nephew, break your parley;
These quarrels must be quietly debated:
The feast is ready, which the careful *Titus*
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome*:
Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

A Table brought in. Enter Titus *like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and* Lavinia *with a veil over her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious Lord, welcome, dread Queen,
Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, thou *Lucius*, welcome,
And welcome all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your ſtomachs, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus?*
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your Highneſs, and your Empreſs.
Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus.*
Tit. An if your Highneſs knew my heart, you were,
My Lord the Emperor, reſolve me this;
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right-hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, *Andronicus.*
Tit. Your reaſon, mighty Lord?
Sat. Becauſe the girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.
Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, moſt wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy father's ſorrow die! [*He kills her.*
Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as *Virginius* was,
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.
Sat. What, was ſhe raviſh'd? tell, who did the deed?
Tit. Will't pleaſe you eat, will't pleaſe your Highneſs feed?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thy only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius.*
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us preſently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelf hath bred.

'Tis

'Tis true, 'tis true, witneſs my knife's ſharp point.
[*He ſtabs the Empreſs.*
Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed!
[*He ſtabs* Titus.
Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[Lucius *ſtabs the Emperor.*
Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of *Rome*,
By uprore ſever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit again
This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.
Goth. Let *Rome* herſelf be bane unto her ſelf,
And ſhe whom mighty kingdoms curtſie to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſt-away,
Do ſhameful execution on her ſelf.
Mar. But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, *Rome*'s dear friend; as erſt our anceſtor, [*To* Lucius.
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe
To love-ſick *Dido*'s ſad attending ear,
The ſtory of that baleful burning night,
When ſubtle *Greeks* ſurpriz'd King *Priam*'s *Troy*:
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor ſteel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utt'rance; even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother;
And they they were that raviſhed our ſiſter:

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought *Rome*'s quarrel out,
And sent her enemies into the grave.
Lastly, my self unkindly banished,
(The gates shut on me) and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among *Rome*'s enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to speak: behold this child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in *Titus*' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had *Titus* to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, *Romans?*
Have we done aught amiss? shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
We'll hand in hand all head-long cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house:
Speak, *Romans*, speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,

Lucius

Lucius our Emperor: for well I know,
The common voice doth cry it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail, *Rome*'s royal Emperor!
Go, go into old *Titus*' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius, all hail, *Rome*'s gracious Governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans:* may I govern so,
To heal *Rome*'s harm, and drive away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:
Oh take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face;
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:
O were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers; thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends, in grief and woe:
Bid him farewel, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! ev'n with all my heart,
Would I were dead, so you did live again—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping—
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Romans *with* Aaron.

Rom. You sad *Andronici*, have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,

That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.

Luc. Set him breaſt-deep in earth, and famiſh him:
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies: this is our doom.
Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

Aar. O why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with baſe prayers
I ſhould repent the evil I have done:
Ten thouſand worſe than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very ſoul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and *Lavinia* ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſhold's monument:
As for that heineſs tygreſs *Tamora*,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell ſhall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds of prey:
Her life was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity,
And being ſo, ſhe ſhall have like want of it.
See juſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd *Moor*,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, we'll order well the ſtate,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE



V.8. *Mackbeth.* 31

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, *Sons to the King.*
MACBETH, BANQUO, *Generals of the King's Army,*
LENOX,
MACDUFF,
ROSSE,
MENTETH,
ANGUS
CATHNESS, *Noblemen of* Scotland.
FLEANCE, *Son to* Banquo.
SIWARD, *General of the* Engliſh *Forces.*
Young SIWARD *his Son.*
SEYTON, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, *and three other Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE *in the end of the fourth Act lies in* England, *through the reſt of the Play in* Scotland, *and chiefly at* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Suppoſ'd to be true hiſtory; taken from Hector Boetius, *and other* Scotiſh *Chroniclers.*

MAC-

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHEN ſhall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, and in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battel's loſt and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere ſet of ſun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There I go to meet *Macbeth.*
1 *Witch.* I come, I come,
Grimalkin ——
2 *Witch.* *Padocke* calls —— anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through fog and filthy air.
[*They riſe from the ſtage, and fly away.*

SCENE II. *The Palace at* Foris.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.
Mal. That is the ſerjeant, who
Like a right good and hardy ſoldier fought
'Gainſt my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou did'ſt leave it.
Cap. Doubtful long it ſtood;
As two ſpent ſwimmers that do cling together,

And

And choak their art: the mercileſs *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the weſtern iſles
With *Kerns* and *Gallow-glaſſes* was ſupply'd,
And fortune on his damned quarrel ſmiling,
Shew'd like the rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deſerves that name)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſht ſteel
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion carved out his paſſage,
'Till he had fac'd the ſlave,
Who ne'er ſhook hands nor bid farewel to him,
'Till he unſeam'd him from the nape to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh valiant couſin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the ſun gives his reflection, *
Shipwrecking ſtorms and direful thunders break;
So from that ſpring whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwell'd. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No ſooner Juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping *Kerns* to truſt their heels,
But the *Norweyan* Lord ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſht arms and new ſupplies of men
Began a freſh aſſault.

King. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, brave *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes,
As ſparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As cannons over-charg'd; with double cracks,
So they redoubled ſtroaks upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell ——
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help ——

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They ſmack of honour both. Go, get him ſurgeons.

* By this is meant the Rainbow the ſtrongeſt and moſt remarkable reflection of any the ſun gives.

Enter

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Roſſe*.

Len. What haſte looks through his eyes? ſo ſhould he look,
That ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange!

Roſſe. God ſave the King!

King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane*?

Roſſe. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* banners flout the ſky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway, himſelf with numbers terrible,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a diſmal conflict;
'Till that *Bellona*'s bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happineſs!

Roſſe. Now *Sweno*, *Norway*'s King, craves compoſition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he diſburſed, at Saint * *Colmkil*-iſle,
Ten thouſand dollars, to our gen'ral uſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our boſom int'reſt. Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.

King. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won. [*Exe.*

SCENE III. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where haſt thou been, ſiſter?

2 *Witch.* Killing ſwine.

3 *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſtnuts in her lap,
And mounch't, and mounch't, and mounch't. Give me,
Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries. [quoth I.
Her huſband's to *Aleppo* gone, maſter o'th' *Tiger*:
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a rat without a tail,

* *Colmkil* is one of the weſtern Iſles of *Scotland*, otherwiſe call'd *Iona*.

I'll

And chaul —— I'll do —— and I'll do.
2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
1 Witch. Thou art kind.
3 Witch. And I another.
1 Witch. I my ſelf have all the other,
And the very points they blow,
All the quarters that they know,
I'th' ſhip-man's card ——
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
He ſhall live a man forbid;
Weary ſev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look what I have.
2 Witch. Shew me, ſhew me.
1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3 Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!
All. The weird ſiſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the charm's wound up.

SCENE IV.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo, *with Soldiers and other Attendants.*
Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to *Foris*—What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire?
That look not like inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? you ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips—You ſhould be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Macb.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?
1 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Glamis!*
2 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Cawdor!*
3 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth!* that ſhall be *King* hereafter.
Ban. Good Sir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? I'th' name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed [*To the Witches.*
Which outwardly ye ſhew? my noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
1 Witch. Hail!
2 Witch. Hail!
3 Witch. Hail!
1 Witch. Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.
2 Witch. Not ſo happy, yet much happier.
3 Witch. Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none.
All-hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo!*
1 Witch. *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more;
By * *Sinel*'s death I know I'm *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor?* the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſp'rous gentleman; and to be *King*
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch prophetick greeting? —ſpeak, I charge you.
[*Witches vaniſh.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the air: and what ſeem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the wind ——
Would they had ſtaid!

* The father of *Macbeth.*

Ban.

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be Kings.
Ban. You shall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not so?
Ban. To th' self-same tune, and words; but who is here?

SCENE V. *Enter* Rosse *and* Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing afraid of, what thy self didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came post on post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks,
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, most worthy *Thane!*
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil speak true?
Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not:
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb.

Macb. Glamis and *Thane* of *Cawdor!* [*Aside.*
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains. [*To* Angus.
Do you not hope your children shall be Kings, [*To* Banquo.
When those that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them?
Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word I pray you. [*To* Rosse *and* Angus.
Macb. Two truths are told, [*Aside.*
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen —
This supernatural solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good — If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? present feats,
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My Thought, whose murther's yet but fantasy,
Shakes so my single state of man, that Function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.
Ban. Look how our partner's rapt!
Macb. If chance will have me King, why chance may crown me [*Aside.*
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may, [*Aside.*
Time and the hour runs thro' the rougheſt day.
Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

Mach. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſtred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them —— let us tow'rd the King;
Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time, [*To Ban.*
(The interim having weigh'd it,) let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Mach. 'Till then enough: come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *and Attendants.*

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Are not thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons,
Implor'd your Highneſs' pardon, and ſet forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs triſle.
King. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abs'lute truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, *and* Angus.

O my moſt worthy couſin!
The ſin of my ingratitude ev'n now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow,
To overtake thee. Would thou'dſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine: only I've left to ſay,
More is thy due, ev'n more than all can pay.
Mach. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it ſelf. Your Highneſs' part

Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and ſtate, children and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Shap'd tow'rd your love and honour.
King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou haſt no leſs deſerv'd, and muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.
King. My plenteous joys
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow. Sons, kinſmen, and *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honour muſt
Not, unaccompanied, inveſt him only,
But ſigns of nobleneſs like ſtars ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers.—Hence to *Inverneſs*, [*To* Macbeth.
And bind us further to you.
Mach. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my ſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach,
So humbly take my leave.
King. My worthy *Cawdor!*
Mach. The Prince of *Cumberland!* — that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap, [*Aſide.*
For in my way it lyes. Stars, hide your fires,
Let no light ſee my black and deep deſires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee! [*Exit.*
King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full of valour,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

An Apartment in Macbeth's *Caſtle, at* Inverneſs.

Enter Lady Macbeth *alone, with a letter.*

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learned by the perfecteſt report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves air, into which they vaniſh'd. While I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives from the King, who all hailed me* Thane *of* Cawdor, *by which title before theſe weird ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with* hail, King that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee (my deareſt partner of greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*—and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou wouldſt be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly win. Thou'dſt have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, *This thou muſt do if thou have it*;
And that's what rather thou doſt fear to do,
Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſic aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your tidings?

Meſ. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy maſter with him? who, were't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Meſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming.
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;

Who

Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himſelf is hoarſe,
[*Exit Meſſenger.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my battlements. Come, all you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' acceſs and paſſage to remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
Th' effect, and it! Come to my woman's breaſts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring miniſters!
Where-ever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief. Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoak of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes,
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry, *Hold, hold!*

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
This ign'rant preſent time, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.

Macb. Deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purpoſes.

Lady. Oh! never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee.
Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men
May read ſtrange matters: to beguile the time
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under't. He that's coming
Muſt be provided for; and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch,

Which

Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.
Macb. We will ſpeak further.
Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The Caſtle Gate.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, *and Attendants.*

King. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.
Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd maſonry, that heaven's breath
Smells ſweet and wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See! our honour'd hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometimes is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid Godild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady. All our ſervice
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majeſty loads our houſe. For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.
King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor?*
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath holp him
To's home before us: fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.
Lady. Your ſervants ever

Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your Highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.
King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine hoſt, we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *An Apartment in the Caſtle.*

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with diſhes and ſervice over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. If it were *done*, when 'tis done; then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' aſſaſſination
Could tramell up the conſequence, and catch
With its ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the Be-all and the End-all *here*,
Here only, on this bank and ſhoal of time;
W'd jump the life to come. But in theſe caſes
We ſtill have judgment *here*; that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which being taught return
To plague th' inventor: even-handed Juſtice
Returns th' ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed: then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murth'rer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife my ſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Hath born his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blaſt, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs courſers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind —I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps it ſelf,
And falls on th' other ſide.

SCENE X. *Enter Lady* Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady.

Lady. He hath almoſt ſupp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he aſk'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which ſhould be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? from this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? wouldſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem?
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i'th' adage. *

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beaſt was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And to be more than what you were you would
Be ſo much more than man. Nor time, nor place
Did then co-here, and yet you would make both:
They've made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Do's unmake you. I have giv'n ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me,
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſht the brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we ſhould fail?——

Lady. We fail!

* The proverb here meant is this, *The cat loves fiſh, but dares not wet her feet.*

But

But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall this day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reaſon
A limbeck only: when in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lye as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan?* what not put upon
His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm ſettled, and bend up
Each corp'ral agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know. [*Exe.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A hall in Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *with a torch before him.*

Ban. HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my ſword. There's huſbandry in heav'n,
Their candle's are all out. —— Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lyes like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful pow'rs!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repoſe.

Enter

Enter Macbeth, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my ſword:
Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a-bed.
He hath to-night been in unuſual pleaſure,
And ſent great largeſs to our officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By th' name of moſt kind hoſteſs, and's ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.

Ban. All's very well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three weird ſiſters:
To you they've ſhew'd ſome truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leiſure.

Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent, when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you.

Ban. So I loſe none
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſell'd.

Macb. Good repoſe the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you. [*Exe.* Ban. *and* Fle.

SCENE II.

Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come let me clutch thee—
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw ——
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt — I ſee thee ſtill,
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before. — There's no ſuch thing —
It is the bloody buſineſs which informs
This to mine eyes — Now o'er one half the world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate*'s offerings: and wither'd Murder,
(Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch) thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin*'s raviſhing ſtrides, tow'rds his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt — Thou ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of that we're about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it — Whilſt I threat, he lives — *
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Enter Lady* Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quencht them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that ſhriekt, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night — he is about it —
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores. I've drugg'd their poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

* ----- he lives,
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, &c.

And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed
Confounds us—hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't—My husband!

Macb. I've done the deed—did'st not thou hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—who lyes i'th' second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd,
Murther!
They wak'd each other, and I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addrest them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and *Amen* the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
List'ning their fear, I could not say *Amen*,
When they did say, *God bless us!*

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. 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 on
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth *doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep,* *
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady. What do you mean?

* ----- innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of, &c.

Macb.

Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more,* to all the house;
Glamis *hath murther'd sleep, and therefore* Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth *shall sleep no more!*

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy *Thane,*
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lye there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady, Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of child-hood,
That fears a painted devil. If he bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [*Starting.*
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune*'s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather *
Make the green ocean red—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easie is it then? your constancy
Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking! [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

* ----- will rather
Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red
Enter Lady Macbeth, &c.

Macb. T' unknow my deed, 'twere beſt not know my ſelf.
Wake *Duncan* with this knocking: would thou could'ſt! [*Exeunt.* *

SCENE IV.

Enter Macduff, Lenox, *and Porter.*

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?
—— Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.
Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane?*

* ----- would thou could'ſt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter a Porter.*

[*Knocking within.*

Port. Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub?* here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf in th' expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other devil's name? 'faith, here's an equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale, who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: oh come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'faith, here's an *Engliſh* tailor come hither for ſtealing out of a *French* hoſe: come in, tailor, here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to th' everlaſting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon, I pray you remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie ſo late?
Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock:
And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.
Macd. What three things doth drink eſpecially provoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with letchery; it makes him and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſwades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to; in concluſion, equivocates him into a ſleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.
Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie laſt night.
Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat on me; but I requited him for this lie, and I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.
SCENE, *&c.*

Macb.

Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I've almoſt ſlipt the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in * phyſicks pain;
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call,
For 'tis my limited ſervice. [*Exit* Macduff.
Len. Goes the King hence to-day?
Macb. He did appoint ſo.
Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, ſtrange ſcreams of death,
And propheſyings with accents terrible
Of dire combuſtions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time: the obſcure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some ſay the earth
Was fev'rous, and did ſhake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Or tongue or heart cannot conceive, nor name thee ——
Macb. and Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece,
Moſt ſacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o' th' building.
Macb. What is't you ſay? the life? ——
Len. Mean you his Majeſty? ——
Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.* Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak your ſelves: awake! awake! ——
[*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Lenox.
Ring the alarum-bell —— murther! and treaſon! ——

* Heals *or* cures *pain.*

Banquo, and *Donalbain! Malcolm!* awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf —— up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image! *Malcolm! Donalbain!*
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To countenance this horror. —

SCENE V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak.
Macd. Gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo*,
Our royal maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe? ——
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Macduff, I pr'ythee contradict thy ſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, *and* Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: for from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown and grace are dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Are left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, *and* Donalbain.

Don. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopt; the very ſource of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had done't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found

Upon

Upon their pillows; they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted;
As no man's life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them ——
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauſer, Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his goary blood,
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's waſteful entrance? there the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?
Lady. Help me hence, ho! — [*Seeming to faint.*
Macd. Look to the Lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate hid within an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on
The foot of motion.
Ban. Look there to the Lady:
[*Lady* Macbeth *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.
Macb. So do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'th' hall together.
All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but* Mal. *and* Don.

Mal. What will you do? let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſie. I'll to *England.*
Don. To *Ireland*, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer; where we are,
There's daggers in mens ſmiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horſe,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which ſteals it ſelf when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Without the Caſtle.*

Enter Roſſe, *with an old Man.*

Old Man. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I've ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tueſday* laſt,
A faulcon tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawkt at, and kill'd.
Roſſe. And *Duncan*'s horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of their race, [certain!)
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would
Make war with man.
Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff.*
How goes the world, Sir, now?
Macd. Why, ſee you not?
Roſſe. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.
Roſſe. Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſuborn'd;
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two ſons,
Are ſtol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.
Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill;
Thriftleſs ambition, that will raven up
Its own life's means. Why then it is moſt like
The ſovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth.*
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone,*
To be inveſted.
Roſſe. Where is *Duncan*'s body?
Macd. Carried to * *Colmkil,*
The ſacred ſtore-houſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.
Roſſe. Will you to *Scone?*
Macd. No, couſin, I'll to *Fife.*
Roſſe. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well! may you ſee things well done there! adieu.
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new.
Roſſe. Farewel, father.
Old. M. God's beniſon go with you, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter Banquo.

THou haſt it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The weïrd women promis'd; and I fear
Thou plaid'ſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity,

* *Colmkil* is one of the weſtern Iſles of *Scotland*, otherwiſe call'd *Iona.*

But

But that my self ſhould be the root, and father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their ſpeeches ſhine,
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? but huſh, no more.
Trumpets ſound. *Enter* Macbeth *as King*, *Lady* Macbeth,
Lenox, Roſſe, *Lords and Attendants.*
Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.
Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, Sir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.
Ban. Lay your Highneſs'
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good Lord.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd
Your good advice (which ſtill hath been both grave
And proſperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?
Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper. Go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feaſt.
Ban. My Lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody couſins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horſe: adieu,
'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?
Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.

Fare-

Farewel. [*Exit* Banquo.
Let ev'ry man be maſter of his time
'Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep ourſelf
'Till ſupper-time alone: till then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt Lady* Macbeth, *and Lords.*

SCENE II. *Manent* Macbeth *and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?
Ser. They are, my Lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us—To be thus, is nothing;
[*Exit Servant.*
But to be ſafely thus: our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſs temper of his mind
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and under him
My genius is rebuk'd; as it is ſaid
Antony's was by *Cæſar*'s. He chid the ſiſters,
When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bad them ſpeak to him; then prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſcepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If 'tis ſo,
For *Banquo*'s iſſue have I 'fil'd my mind:
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd;
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings; the ſeed of *Banquo* Kings:
Rather than ſo, come fate into the liſt,
And champion me to th' utterance! — who's there?
Enter Servant and two Murtherers.
Go to the door, and ſtay there 'till we call. [*Exit Servant.*
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Macb.

Macb. Well then, now
You have consider'd of my speeches? know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self; this I made good to you
In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you:
How you were born in hand, how crost; the instruments,
Who wrought with them: and all things else that might
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, *Thus did* Banquo.

1 Mur. True, you made it known.

Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clep'd
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it:
And I will put the business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur.

1 Mur. And I another,
So weary with Disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his fall
Whom I my self struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives ——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace: (always thought
That I require a clearness) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his son that keeps him company,
(Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's) must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Ser.

Ser. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure,
For a few words.

Ser. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis better to be that which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone,
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making?
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? things without remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it,
She'll cloſe, and be her ſelf, whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
(Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,)
Than on the torture of the mind to lye
In reſtleſs ecſtaſie. —— *Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on;
Gentle my Lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks,
Be bright and jovial 'mong your gueſts to-night.

Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo I pray be you;
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo*.
Preſent him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave our honours
In theſe ſo flatt'ring ſtreams, and make our faces
Vizards t' our hearts, diſguiſing what they are.

Lady. You muſt leave this.

Macb. Oh! full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife.
Thou know'ſt that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* live.

Lady.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyſter'd flight, ere to black *Hecat*'s ſummons
The ſhard-born beetle with his drowſie hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed: come, ſeeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invinſible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words; but hold thee ſtill;
Things bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So pr'ythee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Park, the Caſtle at a Diſtance.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us.

3 *Mur. Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not our miſtruſt, ſince he delivers
[*Speaking to the firſt.*
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.

1 *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horſes.

Banquo within. Give light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the reſt
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' Court.

1 *Mur.* His horſes go about

3 *Mur.* Almoſt a mile:

But he does usually, so all men do,
From hence to th' palace gate make it their walk.
Enter Banquo *and* Fleance, *with a torch.*
2 *Mur.* A light, a light.
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault* Banquo.
Ban. Oh treachery! fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave! [*Dies.* Fleance *escapes.*
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son
Is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Room of State in the Castle.*

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, *Lady* Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
And first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.
Macb. Our self will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome. [*They sit.*
Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends.
For my heart speaks, they're welcome.
Enter first Murtherer.
Macb. See they encounter thee with their heart's thanks.
Both sides are even: there I'll sit i'th midst;
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round —— There's blood upon thy face,
[*To the Murtherer aside at the door.*
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than him within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut, I did that for him.
Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good,
That

That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou did'st it,
Thou art the non-pareil.
Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and gen'ral as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To fawcy doubts and fears. But *Banquo*'s safe? ——
Mur. Ay, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown serpent lyes: the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear thee our selves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*
Lady. My royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is cold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making,
'Tis giv'n with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sawce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
[*The Ghost of* Banquo *rises, and sits in* Macbeth's *place.*
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May't please your Highness sit?
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present ——
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full. [*Starting.*
Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my Lord?
Macb. Thou can'ſt not ſay I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary locks at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his Highneſs is not well.
Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep ſeat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man? [*To* Macb. *aſide.*
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.
Lady. Proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear; [*Aſide.*
This is the air-drawn dagger, which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan.* Oh, theſe flaws and ſtarts
(Impoſtors of true fear,) would well become
A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it ſelf! ——
Why do you make ſuch faces? when all's done
You look but on a ſtool.
Macb. Pr'ythee ſee there!
Behold! look! lo! how ſay you? [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Why, what care I? if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.
If charnel-houſes and our graves muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.
Lady. Fie for ſhame!
Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'th' olden time,
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and ſince too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they riſe again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools; this is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murther is.

Lady.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I forgot ——
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends,
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Love and health to all!
Then I'll ſit down: give me ſome wine, fill full ——
I drink to th' general Joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo* whom we miſs,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. [*The Ghoſt riſes again.*
Macb. Avant, and quit my ſight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom; 'tis no other,
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrcanian* tyger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Be alive again,
And dare me to the deſart, with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit, then proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow,
Unreal mock'ry hence! Why ſo, —— be gone ——
[*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
I am a man again: pray you ſit ſtill. [*The Lords riſe.*
Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good
With moſt admir'd diſorder. [meeting
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And over-come us like a ſummer's cloud
Without our ſpecial wonder? you make me ſtrange
Ev'n at the diſpoſition that I owe,
Now when I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Roſſe. What ſights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe,
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty!
Lady. Good-night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have blood, they ſay blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augurs that underſtood relations have
By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood. What is the night?
Lady. Almoſt at odds with morning which is which.
Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding?
Lady. Did you ſend to him, Sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There's not a *Thane* of them, but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weird ſiſters.
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt, for mine own good;
All cauſes ſhall give way, I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as going o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted ere they may be ſcann'd.
Lady. You lack the ſeaſon of all natures, ſleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep; my ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:
We're yet but young in deeds. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.
1 *Witch.* Why, how now, *Hecat'?* you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles and affairs of death?
And I the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our art?
And which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon,
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'th' morning: thither he
Will come, to know his deſtiny;
Your veſſels and your ſpells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide.
I am for th' air: this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal, fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that diſtill'd by magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortal's chiefeſt enemy. [*Muſick and a Song.*
Hark, I am call'd: my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in the foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Sing within:* Come away, come away, *&c.*
1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Enter* Lenox *and another Lord.*

Len. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I ſay
Things have been ſtrangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*——marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may ſay, if't pleaſe you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: men muſt not walk too late.
You cannot want the thought, how monſtrous too
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*

To kill their gracious father, damned fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth?* did he not ſtraight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I ſay
He has born all things well, and I do think
That had he *Duncan*'s ſons under his key,
(As an't pleaſe heav'n he ſhall not,) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father: ſo ſhould *Fleance*.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear
Macduff lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſon of *Duncan*,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the *Engliſh* Court, and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Siward*;
That by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratifie the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſp'rated the King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff?*

Lord. He did; and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you'll rue the time
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a care to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold

His

His meſſage ere he come! that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll ſend my prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning. Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* THrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Twice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch. Harper* crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.
[*They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.*
Toad, that under the cold ſtone,
Days and nights haſt, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got;
Boil thou firſt i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravening ſalt ſea-ſhark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of blaſpheming *Jew:*
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s lips;

Finger

Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick and ſlab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.
Enter Hecate, *and other three Witches*
Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i' th' gains:
And now about the cauldron ſing
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.
Muſick and a Song.
Black ſpirits and white.
Blue ſpirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.
2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

SCENE II. *Enter* Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret black and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(How-e'er you come to know it) anſwer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though caſtles topple on their warders heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Ev'n 'till deſtruction ſicken: anſwer me
To what I aſk you.
1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch*

2 *Witch.* Demand.
3 *Witch.* We'll anſwer.
1 *Witch.* Say, if th'hadſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters?
Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.
1 *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow: greaſe that's ſweaten
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy ſelf and office deftly ſhow. [*Thunder.*
Apparition of an armed Head riſes.
Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power ——
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware *Macduff!*—
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife*—diſmiſs me—enough— [*Deſcends.*
Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks.
Thou'ſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more ——
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the firſt. [*Thunder.*
Apparition of a bloody child riſes.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute; laugh to ſcorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* [*Deſcends.*
Macb. Then live, *Macduff:* what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate; thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder. [*Thunder.*
Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.
What is this,
That riſes like the iſſue of a King.
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of ſovereignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeak not.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:

Macbeth

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill
Great *Birnam* wood to *Dunsinane*'s high hill
Shall come against him.

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, 'till the wood
Of *Birnam* rise; and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall *Banquo*'s issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The cauldron sinks into the ground.*

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, the last holding a glass in his hand: with* Banquo *following them.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo*; down!
Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls.——And thy hair
(Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the first——
A third is like the former, filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this?——A fourth? Start eye!——
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?——
Another yet?——A seventh! I'll see no more——
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! nay, now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

Come

Come, sisters, chear we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Musick.*

[*The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? gone?——Let this pernicious hour
Stand ay accursed in the kalendar.
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done:
The castle of *Macduff* I will surprise,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to th' edge o'th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before the purpose cool.
But no more sights. Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Macduff's *Castle at* Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, *her Son, and* Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madneſs; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wiſdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? he loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.
Roſſe. Deareſt couſin,
I pray you ſchool your ſelf; but for your huſband,
He's noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'th' time. I dare not ſpeak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know't our ſelves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent ſea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
'T ſhall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before: My pretty couſin,
Bleſſing upon you!
L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.
Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Roſſe.
L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?
Son. On what I get, and ſo do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird, thou'dſt never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.
Son. Why ſhould I, mother? poor birds they are not ſet
My father is not dead, for all your ſaying. [for.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead? how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a huſband?
L. Macd. Why I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.
L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit, and yet i'faith
With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do ſo?
L. Macd. Every one that does ſo is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.
Son. And muſt they all be hang'd that ſwear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who muſt hang them?
L. Macd. Why honeſt men.
Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools; for there are liars and ſwearers enough to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.
L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor pratler, how thou talk'ſt!
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect;
I doubt ſome danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here? hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus methinks I am too ſavage;
To do leſs, to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heav'n preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Meſſenger.*
L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good ſometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay I'ad done no harm?——what are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your huſband?

L. Macd. I hope in no place ſo unſanctified
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He'as kill'd me, mother,
Run away, pray you.

[*Exit Lady* Macduff *crying murther; Murtherers purſue her.*

SCENE IV.

The King of England's *palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome diſconſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and like good men
Beſtride our downfal birth-doom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like ſyllables of dolour.

Mal. What I believe. I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance;
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young, but ſomething
You may deſerve of him through me; 'tis wiſdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb,
T' appeaſe an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.

Macd. I've loſt my hopes.

Mal. Perchance ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs left you wife and children,
Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours
But mine own ſafeties: you may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs,
His title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be no offended;
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think our country ſinks beneath the yoak,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But yet for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. It is my ſelf I mean, in whom I know *
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow, and the poor ſtate

* This conference of *Malcolm* with *Macduff* is taken out of the chronicles of *Scotland*.

Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In ills to top *Macbeth*.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaritious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of each ſin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*
Than ſuch an one to reign.
Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold: the time you may ſo hoodwink:
We've willing dames enough, there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour ſo many,
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that were I King
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels and this other's houſe,
And my more-having would be as a ſawce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Strikes deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than ſummer-teeming luſt; and it hath been
The ſword of our ſlain Kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath foyſons to fill up your will

Of

Of your mere own. All theſe are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none; the King-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temp'rance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſev'rance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Sow'r the ſweet milk of concord into hate,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. Oh *Scotland! Scotland!*
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.
Macd. Fit to govern?
No, not to live. Oh nation miſerable!
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-ſcepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome days again,
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And does blaſpheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Oh fare thee well,
Theſe evils thou repeat'ſt upon thy ſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from *Scotland*. O my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.
Mal. *Macduff*, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh *Macbeth*
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over credulous haſte; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put my ſelf to thy direction: and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon my ſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet

Unknown

Unknown to women, never was forſworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth, than life; my firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon my ſelf. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Siward*, with ten thouſand warlike men
All ready at a point, was ſetting forth.
Now we'll together, and our chance, in goodneſs,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

SCENE V. *Enter a Doctor.*

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched ſouls
That ſtay his cure; their malady convinces
The great aſſay of art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath heav'n given his hand,
They preſently amend. [*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;
A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here-remain in *England*
I've ſeen him do. How he ſolicits heav'n
Himſelf beſt knows; but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwol'n and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Roſſe.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal.

Mal. My country-man; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that make us ſtrangers!

Roſſe. Sir, *Amen.*

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?

Roſſe. Alas poor country,
Almoſt afraid to know it ſelf. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtaſie: the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for whom? and good mens lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps
Dying or e'er they ſicken.

Macd. Relation, oh! too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What is the neweſt grief?

Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Roſſe. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Roſſe. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Roſſe. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: how goes it?

Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot;
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create ſoldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Siward* and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That chriſtendom gives out.

Roſſe.

Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the life! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the deſart air,
Where hearing ſhould not catch them.
Macd. What? concern they
The gen'ral cauſe? or is it a fee-grief
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of theſe murther'd deer
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heav'n!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too! ——
Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence: my wife kill'd too!
Roſſe. I've ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.
What, all my pretty ones? did you ſay all?
What, all? *
Mal. Endure it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall:

* ——oh hell kite! what all!
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?
Mal. Endure it, &c.

But

But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me: did heav'n look on
And would not take their part? ſinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: heav'n reſt them now!
Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword; let grief
Convert to wrath, blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But gentle heav'n!
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and my ſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
Then heav'n forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter a Doctor of Phyſick, and a Gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?
Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.
Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her ſay?
Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.
Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady Macbeth *with a taper.*

Lo you! here ſhe comes: this is her very guiſe, and, upon my life, faſt aſleep; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? look how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks. I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady. Out! damn'd ſpot; out, I ſay —— one; two; why then 'tis time to do't —— hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, fie, a ſoldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? —— yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane* of *Fife* had a wife; where is ſhe now? what, will theſe hands ne'er be clean? —— no more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you marr all with ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: heav'n knows what ſhe has known.

Lady. Here's the ſmell of blood ſtill: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? the heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well ——

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: yet I have known thoſe which have walkt in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown, look not ſo pale —— I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More need ſhe the Divine than the Phyſician.
Good God forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her; ſo good-night.
My mind ſhe has mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good-night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Field with a Wood at diſtance.

Enter Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, Lenox, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The *Engliſh* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*, His uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnam* wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbain* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the gentry; there is *Siward*'s ſon,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies;

Some say he's mad: others that leſſer hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret murthers ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely, revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.

Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
It ſelf, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cin of the ſickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards *Birnam*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports, let them fly all:
'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunſinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm*?
Was he not born of woman? Spirits that know
All mortal conſequences, have pronounc'd it:
Fear not, Macbeth; *no man that's born of woman*
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Fly, falſe *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *Engliſh* epicures!
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loun!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe-look?

Ser. There are ten thouſand ——

Macb. Geeſe, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linnen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear. What ſoldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The *Engliſh* force, ſo pleaſe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence—*Seyton!*—I'm ſick at heart,
When I behold—*Seyton*, I ſay!—this puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſeaſe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the ſeer, the yellow leaf:
And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have: but in their ſtead,
Curſes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my fleſh is hack'd;
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:
Send out more horſes, ſkirr the country round,
Hang thoſe that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſick, my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to minds diſeas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the full boſom of that perilous ſtuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter unto himſelf.

Macb. Throw phyſick to the dogs, I'll none of it ——

Come, put my armour on, give me my ſtaff.
Seyton, ſend out — Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me —
Come, Sir, diſpatch — If thou could'ſt, Doctor, caſt
The water of my land, find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again. Pull't off, I ſay —
What rubarb, ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe *Engliſh* hence? hear'ſt thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.
Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam* foreſt come to *Dunſinane*.
Doct. Were I from *Dunſinane* away and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Aſide. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Birnam *Wood*.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's *Son*, Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, *and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. Couſin, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be ſafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.
Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt;
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.

Siw.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate,
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE V. DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and Soldiers with drums and colours.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is ſtill, *They come:* our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lye,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not * 'forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within of Women.*
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouze, and ſtir
As life were in't. I have ſurfeited with horrors,
Direneſs familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts
Cannot now ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queen is dead.
Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to duſky † death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

* For *re-inforc'd*.
† *Dusky graves* Rich. III. p. 245. and the infernal God is call'd *dusky* Dis, Temp. 47.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. My gracious Lord,
I should report that which, I'd say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [*Striking him.*

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile you may see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
'Till famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou do'st for me as much.——
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. *Fear not*, 'till Birnam *wood*
Do come to Dunsinane, and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunsinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I 'gin to be a weary of the sun,
And wish the state o'th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell, blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before* Dunsinane.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, *and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And shew like those you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battel. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:
Let us but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all breath,
Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No: though thou call'st thy self a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou lieſt, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and young* Siward's *slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman;
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'ſt slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and childrens ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched *Kerns*, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: Or thou, *Macbeth*,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be——
By this great clatter one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Siward.

Siw. This way, my Lord; the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war,
The day almost it self professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal.

Mal. We've met with foes
That ſtrike beſide us.
Siw. Enter, Sir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt.* *Alarum.*

SCENE VII. *Enter* Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own ſword; whilſt I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.
To him, enter Macduff.
Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I've no words,
My voice is in my ſword. Thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*Fight.* *Alarum.*
Macb. Thou loſeſt labour,
As eaſie may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts,
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Deſpair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo;
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
Here may you ſee the tyrant.
Macb. I'll not yield
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolm*'s feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though *Birnam* wood be come to *Dunſinane*,

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born;
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield. Lay on, *Macduff*,
And damn'd be he, that firſt cries hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting.* *Alarum.*

SCENE VIII.

Retreat and Flouriſh. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Siward, Roſſe, *Thanes, and Soldiers.*
Mal. I would the friends we miſs were ſafe arriv'd.
Siw. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Roſſe. Your ſon, my Lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt;
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his proweſs confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Siw. Then is he dead?
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;
They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
So God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.
Enter Macduff *with* Macbeth's *head.*
Macd. Hail, King! for ſo thou art. Behold, where
Th' uſurper's curſed head; the time is free: [ſtands
I ſee thee compaſt with thy kingdom's peers,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds;
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine.
Hail, King of *Scotland!* hail!
All. Hail, King of *Scotland!* [*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinſmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what's needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the grace of heaven
We will perform in meaſure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at *Scone*.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.*



V. 8. *Troilus & Cressida* 32

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, *there lyes the ſcene: from Iſles of* Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens *ſent their ſhips,*
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian *bay*
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their vow is made*
To ranſack Troy; *within whoſe ſtrong immures,*
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *ſleeps, and that's the quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come* ——
And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan *plains,*
The freſh and yet unbruiſed Greeks *do pitch*
Their brave pavilions. Priam's *ſix gates i'th' city,*
Dardan, *and* Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Trojan,
And Antenorides, *with maſſy ſtaples*
And correſponſive and full-filling bolts,
Sperr up the ſons of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits
On one and other ſide, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard. Hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our argument;
To tell you (fair beholders) that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning i'th' middle: ſtarting thence away
To what may be digeſted in a Play.
Like, or find fault, do as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM,
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS
ÆNEAS,
PANDARUS,
ANTENOR,
A baſtard ſon of Priam,
} TROJANS.

AGAMEMNON,
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
MENELAUS,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
THERSITES,
CALCHAS,
} GREEKS.

HELEN, *Wife to* Menelaus, *in Love with* Paris.
ANDROMACHE, *Wife to* Hector.
CASSANDRA, *Daughter to* Priam, *a Propheteſs.*
CRESSIDA, *Daughter to* Calchas, *in Love with* Troilus.
ALEXANDER, *Servant to* Creſſida.
Boy, Page to Troilus.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

SCENE Troy *and the* Grecian *Camp.*

The Story originally written by Lollius *an old* Lombard *Author, and ſince by* Chaucer.

It is alſo found in an old Engliſh *Story-book of the three deſtructions of* Troy, *from which many of the circumſtances in this Play are borrow'd, they being to be found no where elſe.*

Troilus

* Troilus *and* Creſſida.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Priam's *Palace within the walls of* Troy, *but ſuppoſed to have a ſituation a little diſtant from the reſt of the City.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

Troi. CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again.
Why ſhould I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find ſo cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan* that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troilus* alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

* Before this Play of *Troilus* and *Creſſida* printed in 1609 is a Bookſeller's preface, ſhewing that firſt impreſſion to have been before the Play had been acted, and that it was publiſhed without *Shakeſpear's* knowledge from a copy that had fallen into the Bookſeller's hands. Mr. *Dryden* thinks this one of the firſt of our Author's Plays: But on the contrary, it may be judged from the forementioned Preface that it was one of his laſt; and the great number of obſervations, both moral and politick (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) ſeems to confirm that opinion.

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her ſelf, what Goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth not leſs blench at ſufferance than I do:
At *Priam*'s royal table I do ſit;
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts, —
So, traitor! — when ſhe comes? when is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look, or any woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedg'd with a ſigh would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceive me
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm)
Buried this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s — well, go to, there were no more compariſon between the women. But for my part ſhe is my kinſwoman, I would not (as they term it) praiſe her — but I would ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but ——

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus* ——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love: thou anſwer'ſt, *ſhe is fair*;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe — O that! her hand!
In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cygnets down is harſh, to th' ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'ſt me,

As

As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the 'mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*; an ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not an ſhe were a black-a-moor, 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to ſtay behind her father: let her go to the *Greeks*, and ſo I'll tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus* ——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus* ——

Pan. 'Pray you ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end, [*Exit* Pandarus.

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!
Fools on both ſides. *Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument,
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword:
But *Pandarus* — O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandarus*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn, chaſt, againſt all ſuit.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:

Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lyes a pearl;
Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandring flood,
Our ſelf the merchant, and this ſailing *Pandar*
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus?* wherefore not i'th'field?

Troi. Becauſe not there; this woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

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

Troi. By whom, *Æneas?*

Æne. Troilus, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good ſport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if, *would I might!* were, *may*.
But to the ſport abroad—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Between the Palace and the City.*

Enter Creſſida *and a Servant, named* Alexander.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is, as the virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtruck his armorer,
And like as there were huſbandry in war,
Before the ſun roſe, he was harneſs-dight,
And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector*'s wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Ser. The noiſe goes thus; There is among the *Greeks*,
A Lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

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

Cre. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, Lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular Additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath ſo crouded humours, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and of no uſe; or a purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

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

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battel and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, Lady.

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

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid:* what do you talk of? good morrow, *Alexander*.—How do you, couſin? when were you at *Ilium?* *

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium? Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. Hector was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

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

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

* *Throughout this Play the name of* Ilium *ſeems to be given only to the palace of* Priam.

Pan.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter!* there's no compariſon.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

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

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them, he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? alas poor *Troilus!* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. On condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himſelf? no, he's not himſelf; would he were himſelf! well, the Gods are above, time muſt friend or end; well, *Troilus*, well! I would my heart were in her body — no, *Hector* is not a better man, than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th' other's come to't: *Hector* ſhall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

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

Pan. You have no judgment, neice; *Helen* her ſelf ſwore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſs) not brown neither ——

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan.

Pan. 'Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

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

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*'s

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* ſhould have too much; if ſhe prais'd him about his complexion as higher than his, he having colour enough, the other higher is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen*'s golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek* 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 four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

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

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

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why you know 'tis dimpled. I think his ſmiling becomes him better than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, as 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then — but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. *Troilus*? why, he eſteems her no more, than I eſteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin; indeed ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair, that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the hair as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, make no queſtion of that: one and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons. *Jupiter!* quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris* my huſband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaft, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt. *

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

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

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn 'tis true; he will weep you as 'twere a man born in *April*. [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, as 'twere a nettle againſt *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here and ſee them as they paſs towards *Ilium*? good neice, do, ſweet neice *Creſſida*.

* *See a note in The Merry Wives of* Windſor, p. 190.

Cre.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names, as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Æneas paſſes over the Stage.

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man; he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *paſſes over the Stage.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*; he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o'th' ſoundeſt judgment in *Troy* whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon; when comes *Troilus?* I'll ſhew you *Troilus* anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the reſt ſhall have none.

Hector *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector!* look how he looks: there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,—look you what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there: there's no jeſting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they ſay; there he hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with ſwords?

Paris *paſſes over.*

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godſlid, it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris:* look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who ſaid he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ha! would I could ſee *Troilus* now; you ſhall ſee *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenus.* I marvel where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus*—I think he went not forth to-day; that's *Helenus.*

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel where *Troilus* is: hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus? Helenus* is a prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *paſſes over.*

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus.* 'Tis *Troilus!* there's a man, neice—hem—brave *Troilus!* the prince of chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus!* look well upon him, neice, look you how his ſword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a Grace, and a daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris? Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus.* Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece.*

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus.*

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well—why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan.

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

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecreſie, to defend mine honeſty; my maſk to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe: at all theſe wards I lye, and at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another! ——

Enter Boy.

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

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt he be hurt. Fare thee well, good neice.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, neice, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle ——

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus.*

Cre. By the ſame token, you are a bawd. [*Exit* Pan.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand-fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels wooing,
Things won are done, the ſoul's joy lyes in doing:
That She belov'd knows nought that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Atchievement is, *command*; ungain'd, *beſeech.*
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though my heart's content * firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

* By *Content* here is meant *Capacity.*

SCENE V.

Agamemnon's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Trumpets. *Enter* Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Aga. Princes,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs; checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo far,
That after ſev'n years ſiege, yet *Troy* walls ſtand;
Sith every action, that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
Bias and thwart; not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our works,
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for there, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem'd all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a broad and powerful fan
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs or matter, by it ſelf
Lyes rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy godlike ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of chance
Lyes the true proof of men: the ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way

With thoſe of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cute,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like *Perſeus'* horſe: Where's then the ſawcy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune. For in her ray and brightneſs
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oak,
And flies get under ſhade; the thing of courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key
Replies to chiding fortune.*

Ulyſ. *Agamemnon*,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up: hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation
The which, moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,
[*To* Agamemnon.
And thou, moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretcht-out life, [*To* Neſtor.
I give to both your ſpeeches, which were ſuch
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in ſilver)
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecian* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Though great and wiſe) to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*: we leſs expect
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burthen,

* It is ſaid of the Tyger, that in ſtorms and high winds he rages and roars moſt furiouſly.

Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.
Ulyſ. *Troy* yet upon her baſis had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of rule hath been neglected;
And look how many *Grecian* tents do ſtand
Upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To which the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heav'ns themſelves, the planets and this center,
Obſerve *degree*, priority and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny!
What raging of the ſea! ſhaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixure! when *degree* is ſhaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high deſigns)
Then enterprize is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, lawrels,
But by *degree*, ſtand in authentick place?
Take but *degree* away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters

Would

Would lift their boſoms higher than the ſhore,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecillity,
And the rude ſon would ſtrike his father dead:
Force would be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whoſe endleſs jar juſtice preſides,
Would loſe their names, and ſo would juſtice too.
Then every thing includes it ſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt eat up itſelf. Great *Agamemnon!*
This chaos, when *degree* is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of *degree* is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious feaver
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.
Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The feaver, whereof all our power is ſick.
Aga. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the remedy?
Ulyſ. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the forehand of our hoſt,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lyes mocking our deſigns. With him *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,

Thy topleſs deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting player, whoſe conceit
Lyes in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted ſeeming
He acts thy greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd;
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt
Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
The large *Achilles*, on his preſt-bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe:
Cries, *excellent! 'tis* Agamemnon *juſt!*
Now play me Neſtor —— *hum, and ſtroke thy beard,*
As he, being 'dreſt to ſome oration.
That's done — as near as the extremeſt ends
Of parallels; as like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, *excellent!*
'Tis Neſtor *right! now play him me,* Patroclus,
Arming to anſwer in a night-alarm:
And then, forſooth the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth to cough and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his gorget
Shake in and out the rivet —— at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!* —— *enough,* Patroclus ——
Or, *give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all*
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And in this faſhion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Sev'rals and gen'rals though of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
(Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a place,
As broad *Achilles*; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,

Bold as an oracle; and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlave whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint)
To match us in compariſons with dirt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How hard ſoever rounded in with danger.

Ulyſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war,
Fore-ſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no act
For that of hand: the ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſs calls them on, and know, by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil, the enemies weight;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work-mapp'ry, cloſet war:
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide its execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Tucket ſounds.*
What trumpet? look *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?

Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I aſk, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus:*

Which is that God in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*
Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers are free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, *Jowe*'s accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace, *Trojan*, lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he that's prais'd, himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you your ſelf *Æneas?*
Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears.
Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.
Æne. And I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy braſs voice thro' all theſe lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
[*The Trumpets ſound.*
We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector*, (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is ruſty grown; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril,

That

That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his miſtreſs more than in profeſſion
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dares avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rowze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance;—— even ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, Lord *Æneas*.
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I'm he.
Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*; one that was a man
When *Hector*'s grandſire ſuck'd; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* hoſt
One nobleman that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world, his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!
Ulyſ. Amen!
Aga. Fair Lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:

Your

Your ſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Manent* Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſ. *Neſtor!*

Neſt. What ſays *Ulyſſes?*

Ulyſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

Neſt. What is't?

Ulyſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil
To over-bulk us all.

Neſt. Well, and how now?

Ulyſ. This challenge that the valiant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles*.

Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up:
And in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Lybia*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Ulyſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?

Neſt. Yes,
It is moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles?* though a ſportful combat,
Yet in this tryal much opinion dwells,
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt palate: truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen

The

The baby figure of the giant-maſs
Of things to come, at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets *Hector* iſſues from our choice;
And choice being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil
As 'twere from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſ. Give pardon to my ſpeech;
Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our ſouleſt wares,
And think perchance they'll ſell; if not, why ſtill
The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our ſhame in this
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

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

Ulyſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt men. No, make a lott'ry,
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The lort to fight with *Hector*: 'mong our ſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſick the great *Myrmidon*
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But hit or miſs,

Our

Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,
Ajax employ'd plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.
Neſt. Ulyſſes, now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*; go we to him ſtraight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Therſites.

Ajax. THERSITES!

Ther. Agamemnon — how if he had biles — full, all over generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

Ajax. Therſites!

Ther. And thoſe biles did run — ſay ſo — did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

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

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, can'ſt thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted Lord!

Ajax. Speak then, you whinnid'ſt baven, ſpeak, or I will beat thee into handſomneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs; but I think thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o' thy jades tricks!

Ajax. Toads-ſtool! learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doſt thou think I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation ——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, 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 loathſom'ſt ſcab in *Greece*.

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation ——

Ther.

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina's* beauty: I, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs *Therſites!*

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike *him.*

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whorſon cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord; thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Aſſinego* may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs, thou art here but to thraſh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy Lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeneſs, do, camel, do, do.

SCENE II. *Enter* Achilles *and* Patroclus.

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

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

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

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee. [*Beating him.*

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part

of a ſparrow. This Lord, *(Achilles)* *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What? [Ajax *offers to ſtrike him,* Achilles *interpoſes.*

Ther. I ſay, this *Ajax*—

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit—

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax.*

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helen*'s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I ſhall—

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you, for a fool's will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words, *Therſites.*

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Ev'n ſo—a great deal of your wit too lyes in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Therſites?*

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes*, and old *Neſtor*, (whoſe wit was mouldy ere your Grandſires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What! what!

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

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

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

Pat. No more words, *Therſites.*

Ther.

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

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus.*

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like clodpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our hoſt,
That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the ſun,
Will with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*,
To-morrow morning call ſome Knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dares
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash; farewel!

Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwiſe
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeo.*

SCENE III. Priam's *Palace in* Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris *and* Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks:*
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war)
Shall be ſtruck off. *Hector*, what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular; yet
There is no Lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The worm of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches
To th' bottom of the wound. Let *Helen* go.
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Ev'ry tithe ſoul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean of ours.
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us

(Had

(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. 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? will you with counters ſum
The vaſt proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waſte, moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fie for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel, tho' you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You're empty of them. Should not our father *Priam*
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons,
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none that tells him ſo?

Troi. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſons. Here are your reaſons,
You know an enemy intends you harm,
You know a ſword imploy'd is perilous,
And reaſon flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heels,
And fly like children *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a ſtar diſ-orb'd? — Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
Make livers pale, and luſtyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
The holding.

Troi. What is ought, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect. But Value dwells not in particular will,
It holds its eſtimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of it ſelf,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater than the God;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly it ſelf affects,
Without ſome image of th' affected's merit.

Troi. 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 ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid
(Although my will diſtaſte what is elected)
The wife I chuſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant
When we have ſpoil'd them; nor th' remainder vianda
We do not throw in unreſpective place,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the *Greeks*:
Your breath of full conſent bellied his ſails;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice: he touch'd the ports deſir'd;
And for an old aunt whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* Queen whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants —
If you'll avouch 'twas wiſdom *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go:*)
If you'll confeſs he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clap'd your hands
And cry'd, *ineſtimable*;) why d'you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar that eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe!
What we have ſtol'n, That we do fear to keep!
Baſe thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtol'n!
What in *their* country did *them* that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place.

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noiſe? what ſhriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans!*
Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Caſſandra *with her hair about her ears.*

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.
Hect. Peace, ſiſter, peace.
Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come:
Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practiſe your eyes with tears.
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly *Ilion* ſtand:
Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a wo;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or elſe let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not the high ſtrains
Of divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?
Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra*'s mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s ſons;
And *Jove* forbid there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain!
Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well your counſels, as my undertakings:
For I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?

What

What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.
Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall,
So to be valiant is no praiſe at all.
Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerly to my ſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion! can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubject. Then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.
Hect. Paris and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well;
But on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloſs'd but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy.
The reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: for pleaſure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners; now

What

What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the huſband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta*'s King,
(As it is known ſhe is) theſe moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſigns:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For I preſume brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*;
I have a roaſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious Nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits.
I was advertis'd their great General ſlept,
This I preſume will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *The* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

Ther. How now, *Therſites?* what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? ſhall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! would it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me; 'ſfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execretions. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand 'till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, leſs than little wit from them that they have; which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing the maſſy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that methinks is the curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers, and devil Envy ſay *Amen!* What ho! my Lord *Achilles!*

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. Who's there? *Therſites?* Good *Therſites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'ſt not have ſlip'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy ſelf upon thy ſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if ſhe that lays thee out ſays thou art a fair coarſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't ſhe never ſhrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen! Where's *Achilles?*

Pat. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in a prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Pat. Therſites, my Lord.

Achil.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion —— why haſt thou not ſerved thy ſelf up to my table, ſo many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon?*

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

Pat. Thy lord, *Therſites:* then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy ſelf?

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

Pat. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'll derive the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Pat. You raſcal ——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Therſites.*

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Therſites* is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Pat. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator; it ſuffices me thou art.

SCENE VI.

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

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll ſpeak with no body; come in with me, *Therſites.* [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch jugling, and ſuch knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the ſubject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Pat. Within his tent, but ill diſpos'd, my Lord.

Aga.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He ſent us meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told ſo, leſt perchance he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why? —— let him ſhew us the cauſe. A word, my Lord. [*To* Agamem.

Neſt. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt. Who? *Therſites?*

Ulyſ. He.

Neſt. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſ. No, you ſee he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles.*

Neſt. All the better, their fraction is more our wiſh than their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſel that a fool could diſunite.

Ulyſ. The amity that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untye.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſie; his legs are for neceſſity, not flexure.

Pat. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure,
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call on him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus*;
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,

Cannot

Cannot outflie our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him; yet his virtues
(Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs;
And like fair fruit in an unwholeſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him; you ſhall not ſin
If you do ſay we think him over-proud,
In ſelf-aſſumption greater than in note
Of judgment: ſay, men worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And undergo in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettiſh lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lye under this report,
Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping giant; tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied;
We come to ſpeak with him. *Ulyſſes*, enter. [*Exit* Ulyſ.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? do you not think he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Aga. No queſtion.

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

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

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

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he that is proud eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs

glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes but it ſelf in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Ulyſſes.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Un-tent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

Ulyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: he's poſſeſt with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion, rages
And batters down himſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens
Cry, *No recovery.*

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear Lord, go you and greet him in the tent;
'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.

Ulyſ. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud Lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf, ſhall he be worſhipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than him?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will aſſubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as *Achilles'* is,
By going to *Achilles*; for that were
But to enlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, Achilles *go to him!*

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

Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!

Ajax. If I go to him —— with my armed fiſt
I'll paſh him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeſe his pride;
Let me go to him.

Ulyſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paultry inſolent fellow ——

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf!

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſ. The raven chides blackneſs.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o'my mind ——

Ulyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo, he ſhould eat ſwords
firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyſ. He would have ten ſhares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple, ——

Neſt. He's not yet through warm, force him with
praiſes; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyſ. My Lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble General, do not do ſo.

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

Ulyſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
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.

Ulyſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax.

Ajax. A whorſon dog! that palters thus with us ——
Would he were a *Trojan!*

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

Ulyſ. If he were proud!

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe!

Ulyſ. Ay, or ſurly-born!

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected!

Ulyſ. Thank the heav'ns, Lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, her that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition!
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half! and for thy ſtrength and vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yield
To ſinewy *Ajax!* I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a borne, 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 days
As green as *Ajax'*, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyſ. Ay, my good ſon.

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

Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here; the hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; pleaſe it our great General
To call together all his ſtate of war;
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to-morrow, friends,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt:
And here's a Lord, come Knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Aga. Go we to council, let *Achilles* ſleep;
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

Paris's *Apartment in the Palace in* Troy.

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.* [*Muſick within.*]

Pan. FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord *Paris?*

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I muſt needs praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. 'Faith, Sir, ſuperficially.

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

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your Honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Ser. Are you in the ſtate of grace?

Pan. Grace? not ſo, friend: Honour and Lordſhip are my titles: What muſick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is muſick in parts.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love muſick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my Lord, who's there in perſon; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's viſible ſoul.

Pan. Who? my couſin *Creſſida?*

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complemental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe indeed.

SCENE II.

Enter Paris *and* Helen, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company! fair deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them; eſpecially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken muſick.

Par. You have broken it, couſin, and, by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell,* he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

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

Par. Well ſaid, my Lord; well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my Lord, dear Queen; my Lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out, we'll hear you ſing certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me: but, marry thus, my Lord; my dear Lord and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*, honey-ſweet Lord.

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to—— Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen, i'faith: and to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſower offence.

Helen. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no——

Pan. And, my Lord, he deſires you, that if the King call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my very very ſweet Queen?

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

Helen. Nay, but my Lord ——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my couſin will fall out with you —— You muſt know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer *Creſſida*.

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

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ay, my good Lord; why ſhould you ſay *Creſſida*? no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy ——

Pan. You ſpy? what do you ſpy? come, give me an inſtrument now, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet Queen.

Helen. She ſhall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, ſhe'll none o' him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'thee now; by my troth, ſweet Lord, thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may ——

Helen. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love! ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more:
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The ſhaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſere:
Theſe lovers cry, oh oh they die:
Yet, that which ſeems the wound to kill,

Doth

Doth turn, oh oh, to ha ha he:
So dying love lives ſtill.
O ho a while, but ha ha ha;
O ho groans out for ha ha ha — hey ho!

Helen. In love i'faith to the very tip of the noſe!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers? Sweet Lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething; you know all, Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey-ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuſe?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your neice.

Pan. I will, ſweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*

Par. They're come from field; let us to *Priam*'s hall,
To greet the warriors. *Helen*, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our *Hector*: his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white inchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews: you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland Kings, diſarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, *Paris*:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-ſhines our ſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

SCENE III. Pandarus's *Orchard.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus's *Man.*

Pan. Now, where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida*'s?

Ser. No, Sir, he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off. [*To the Servant.*

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus:* I ſtalk about her door
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! Gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid*'s ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid*.

Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her ſtraight.
[*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it inchants my ſenſe; what will it be
When that the watry palate taſtes indeed
Love's thrice reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys,
As doth a battel when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were 'fraid with a ſprite: I'll bring her. It is the prettieſt villain, ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. Ev'n ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe,
And all my pow'rs do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The eye of Majeſty.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you bluſh? Shame's a baby. Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you

you have ſworn to me. What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward we'll put you * i'th' files: Why do you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this curtain and let's ſee your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs thy miſtreſs; how now, a kiſs in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The faulcon as good as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you of deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion: what, billing again? here's *in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably* —— come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſht me thus!

Cre. Wiſht, my Lord! The Gods grant—O, my Lord!

Troi. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what dreg eſpies my too curious ſweet Lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims, they never ſee truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear. To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſt.

Troi. O let my Lady apprehend no fear, in all *Cupid*'s pageant there is preſented no monſter?

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Troi. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtroſity in love, Lady, that the will is infinite, and the

* Alluding to the cuſtom of putting the men ſuſpected of cowardice in the middle places.

execution

execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able, and yet reſerve an ability that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten; and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monſters?

Troi. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove: our head ſhall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent; we will not name deſert before his birth, and being born, his addition ſhall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſida*, as what envy can ſay worſt ſhall be a mock 'fore his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

SCENE V. *Enter* Pandarus.

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hoſtages: your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are conſtant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart:
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

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

Cre. Hard to ſeem won: but I was won, my Lord,
With the firſt glance that ever — pardon me —
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant:
I love you now, but not 'till now ſo much
But I might maſter it — in faith I lie —
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too

Too head-ſtrong for their mother; ſee, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us
When we are ſo unſecret to our ſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelf a man:
Or that the women had mens privilege
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent; ſee, ſee, your ſilence
(Cunning in dumbneſs) from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence.

[*Kiſſing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My Lord, I do beſeech you pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd; — O heav'ns, what have I done! —
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, ſweet *Creſſid*?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow-morning —

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, Lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.

Cre. Let me go try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that it ſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I ſhew more craft than love,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
A ſign you love not: To be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will preſume in you,)
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth,

Out-

Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!
Oh that perſwaſion could but thus convince me!
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous ſight!
True ſwains in love ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhymes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies; truth tired with iteration,
As true as ſteel, as plantage * to the moon,
As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited
As true as *Troilus* ſhall crown up the verſe
And ſanctifie the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old, and hath forgot it ſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood; when they've ſaid as falſe
As air, as water, wind, as ſandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as *Creſſid.*——

* It was heretofore the prevailing opinion that the production and growth of Plants depended much upon the influences of the Moon: and the rules and directions given for ſowing, planting, grafting, pruning, had reference generally to the changes, the increaſe, or waining of the Moon.

Pan.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs. Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's; if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars:* let all inconſtant men be *Troilus's*, all falſe women *Creſſida's*, and all brokers-between *Pandars:* ſay *Amen.*

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen! Whereupon I will ſhew you a chamber with a bed; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.
And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, *Pandar* to provide this geer! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence: appear it to you
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd my ſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniencies,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtred from all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here to do you ſervice am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldſt thou of us, *Trojan?* make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deny'd: but this *Antenor*,

I know, is ſuch a reſt in their affairs,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a Prince o' th' blood, a ſon 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 ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pay.

Aga. Let *Diomede* bear him,
And bring us *Craſſid* hither: *Calchas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange;
Withall, bring word if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Achilles *and* Patroclus, *appear before their Tent.*

Ulyſ. Achilles ſtands i'th' entrance of his tent;
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him:
I will come laſt, 'tis like he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent on him.
If ſo, I have deciſion medicinable
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink.
It may do good: Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each Lord, and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainſt *Troy?*

Aga. What ſays *Achilles?* would he ought with us?

Neſt. Would you, my Lord, ought with the General?

Achil. No.

Neſt. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?

Ajax. How now, *Patroclus?*

Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax.*

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not *Achilles?*

Pat. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were uſe to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs once fall'n out with fortune
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders,
(The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,)
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks, who do methinks find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulyſſes!*
I'll interrupt his reading.—Now, *Ulyſſes!*

Ulyſ. Now, *Thetis'* ſon!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted, *

* That is, *how valuable ſoever his parts are.*

How much in Having, or without or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.

Achil. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes.*
The beauty that is born here in the face
The bearer knows not, but it commends it ſelf
To others eyes: nor doth the eye it ſelf
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold it ſelf
Not going from itſelf, but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each others form.
For ſpeculation turns not to it ſelf,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee it ſelf; this is not ſtrange.

Ulyſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who in his circumſtance expreſly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in and of him there is much conſiſting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for ought,
'Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe
Where they're extended; which like an arch reverb'rates
The voice again, or like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt
In this I read, and apprehended here
Immediately the unknown *Ajax:* heavens!
What a man's there? a very horſe, that has
He knows not what: in nature what things there are
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe!
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth! now ſhall we ſee to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him.
Ajax renown'd! O heavens, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men ſleep in ſkittiſh fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes:

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſs!
To ſee theſe *Grecian* Lords! why, ev'n already
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breaſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.

Achil. This I do believe:
They paſs'd by me, as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word nor good look:
What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyſ. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-ſiz'd monſter of ingratitude.
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt, which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: perſeverance keeps honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
Like ruſty Mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes a-breaſt: keep then the path:
For Emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way
Or turn aſide from tho direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindermoſt; and there you lie,
Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
And trampled on: Then what they do in preſent,
Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours.
For time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by th' hand;
But with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps the in-comer; Welcome ever ſmiles,
And Farewel goes out ſighing. Let not virtue
Seek remuneration for the thing it was.
For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one conſent praiſe new-born gaudes,

Tho' they are made and molded of things paſt;
And give to duſt that is a little gilt
More laud than they will give to gold o'er-duſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object.
Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worſhip *Ajax*;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
Than what not ſtirs. The cry went once for thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thy ſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds but in theſe fields of late
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the Gods themſelves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.

Ulyſ. 'Gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.

Achil. Ha! ſay you known!

Ulyſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful ſtate,
Knows almoſt every grain of *Pluto*'s gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehenſive deep;
Keeps pace with thought; and almoſt like the Gods
Does even our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a myſtery (with which relation
Durſt never meddle) in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expreſſure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in his iſland ſound her trump,
And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,
Great Hector's *ſiſter did* Achilles *win*,
But our great Ajax *bravely beat down* Hector.

Farewel,

Farewel, my Lord — I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice that you ſhould break. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Pat. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act. I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrain you thus.
Oh, rouſe your ſelf! and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector!* ——

Pat. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Pat. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then when we ſit idly in the ſun.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus*;
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T' invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the combat,
To ſee us here: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in the weeds of peace,
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour ſav'd!

SCENE IX. *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther.

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to ſet down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, if 'twould out; and ſo there is, but it lyes as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, *good morrow*, Ajax, and he replied, *thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fiſh, language-leſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my ambaſſador to him, *Therſites.*

Ther. Who, I?—why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the pageant of *Ajax.*

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*—tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon of the magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven times honour'd, Captain-general of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon, &c.* Do this.

Pat. Jove bleſs great *Ajax.*

Ther. Hum——

Pat. I come from the worthy *Achilles.*

Ther. Ha!

Pat. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his tent.

Ther. Hum——

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

Ther. Agamemnon!——

Pat. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Pat. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Pat. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven a clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Pat. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

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

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus; what muſick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But I am ſure none; unleſs the fidler *Apollo* get his ſinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

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

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd,
And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it; I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Troy.

Enter at one door Æneas *with a torch; at another,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomede, *with torches.*

Par. SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord *Æneas.*

Æne. Is the prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lye long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good-morrow, Lord *Æneas.*

Par. A valiant *Greek*, *Æneas*, take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told, how *Diomede* a whole week by days
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir!
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute!

Dio. The one and th' other *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and ſo long, health;

But

But when contention and occaſion meet,
By *Jove* I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit and policy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will flie
With his face back—in human gentleneſs
Welcome to *Troy*—now by *Anchiſes'* life,
Welcome indeed—by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love in ſuch a ſort
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize. *Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleat courſes of the ſun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting,
The nobleſt, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, Lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meets you: 'twas, to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* houſe, and there to render him
(For the enfree'd *Antenor*) the fair *Creſſid*.
Let's have your company; or, if your pleaſe,
Haſte there before. I conſtantly do think
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach;
With the whole quality whereof, I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That aſſure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* born from *Troy*.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, Lord, we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?

My

My ſelf, or *Menelaus*?
Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her that doth ſeek her
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure,)
With ſuch a hell of pain and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour,)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor leſs nor more,
But he as you, the heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me, *Paris*,
For ev'ry falſe drop in her baudy veins
A *Grecian*'s life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not giv'n ſo many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd death.
Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what w' intend not to ſell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Pandarus's *Houſe*.

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourſelf; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, ſweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle down:
He ſhall unbolt the gates.
Troi. Trouble him not—
To bed, to bed,——ſleep ſeal thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants empty of all thought!
Cre. Good-morrow then.
Troi. I pr'ythee now to bed.
Cre. Are you a weary of me?
Troi. O *Creſſida!* but that the buſie day,

Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays
Tedious as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.

Cre. Pr'ythee tarry:
You men will never tarry — fooliſh *Creſſida!*
I might have ſtill held off, and then you would
Have tarried longer. Hark, there is one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What! all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I ſhall have ſuch a life ——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you, maid? where's my couſin *Creſſid?*

Cre. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do —— and then you flout me too.

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

Cre. Come, come, beſhrew your heart; you'll ne'er be good; nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas poor wretch; a poor *Capocchia,* haſt not ſlept to-night? would he not (naughty man) let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did I not tell you? —— would he were knock'd o'th' head — who's that at door? — good uncle, go and ſee. — My Lord, come you again into my chamber: — you ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha —

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no ſuch thing. How earneſtly they knock — pray you come in. [*Knock.*
I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? how now? what's the matter?

SCENE III. *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. Good-morrow, Lord, good-morrow.

Pan.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord *Æneas?* by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him: It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn; for my own part, I came in late: what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Pho! — nay, then: — come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go. [*As* Pandarus *is going out.*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo harſh: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus,*
The *Grecian Diomede,* and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us, and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The Lady *Creſſida.*

Troi. Is it ſo concluded?

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

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my Lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my Lord; the ſecreteſt of natures
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Creſſida *to* Pandarus.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt? the devil take *Antenor!* the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor!* I would they had broke's neck.

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

Pan. Ah! ah! ——

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my Lord? gone! tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee get thee in; would thou had'ſt ne'er been born! I knew thou would'ſt be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor!*

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou muſt go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father,
I know no touch of conſanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus.* O you Gods divine!
Make *Creſſid*'s name the very crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus.* Time and death,
Do to this body what extreams you can:
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it. I'll go in and weep ——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeke,
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus.* I'll not go from *Troy.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Before* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes faſt upon us: good my brother *Troilus,*
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.

Troi. Walk into her houſe:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A prieſt, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love,

And

And would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!
Pleaſe you walk in, my Lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
And in its ſenſe is no leſs ſtrong, than that
Which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying droſs,

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, —a, ſweet duck!—

Cre. O *Troilus, Troilus!*

Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! let me embrace too: *O heart,* (as the goodly ſaying is;)

O heart, O heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?

where he anſwers again;

Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip nor by ſpeaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it. How now, lambs?

Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity,
That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy?*

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy* and *Troilus.*

Cre. Is it poſſible?

Troi. And ſuddenly: while injury of chance

 Puts

Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Each other bought, muſt poorly ſell our ſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious Time now with a robber's haſte
Crams his rich thiev'ry up he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heav'n,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troi. Hark, you are call'd. Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, *come*, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians?*

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry *Greeks!*
When ſhall we ſee again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:—
I ſpeak not *be thou true*, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my glove to Death himſelf,
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.

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

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you then?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinels

To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! *be true* again?

Troi. Hear why I ſpeak it, love: the *Grecian* youths
Are full of ſubtle qualities, they're loving,
They're well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon—
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſie
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit: I can't ſing
Nor heel the high lavolt; nor ſweeten talk;
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think I will?

Troi. No.
But ſomething may be done that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to our ſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my Lord—

Troi. Come kiſs, and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother *Troilus!*

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cre. My Lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch meer ſimplicity.
While ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the Lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair, and by my ſoul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam*'s is in *Ilion*.

Dio. Lady *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Plead your fair uſage; and to *Diomede*
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
To ſhame the zeal of my petition towards thee
By praiſing her. I tell thee, Lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.
I charge thee uſe her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus*.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free. When I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my liſt: and know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, *be't ſo*;
I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour — *no*.

Troi. Come to the port — I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand — and as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound Trumpet.*

Par. Hark, *Hector*'s trumpet!

Æne. How have we ſpent this morning!
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.

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

Dio. Let us make ready ſtrait.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on *Hector*'s heels:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *armed*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *&c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage;
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, 'till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholick of puft *Aquilon*:
Come ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector*. [*Trumpet ſounds.*

Ulyſ. Yet no trumpet anſwers.

Achil. It is but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas*' daughter?

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

Enter Diomede *and* Creſſida.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſida*?

Dio. Ev'n ſhe.

Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet Lady! *

Dio.

* ----- ſweet Lady!
Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.
Ulyſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better ſhe were kiſs'd in general.
Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.
So much for *Neſtor*.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair Lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Pat. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:

For

Dio. Lady, a word —— I'll bring you to your father.
[Diomedes *leads out* Creſſida.

Ulyſ. Fie, fie upon her:
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body:
Oh theſe Encounterers! tho' glib of tongue,
They give a coaſting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader: ſet them down
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The *Trojans* trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, *and Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the ſtate of *Greece!* what ſhall be done
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyſ. Oh deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns.

Pat. The firſt was *Menelaus'* kiſs ----- this mine -----
Patroclus kiſſes you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Pat. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir: Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kiſſing do you render or receive?

Pat. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to give,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.

Men An odd man, Lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' th' head.

Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.

Ulyſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn:
May I, ſweet Lady, beg a kiſs of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyſ. I do deſire it.

Cre. Why beg then.

Ulyſ. Why then for *Venus'* ſake give me a kiſs:
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his -----

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyſ. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.

Dio. Lady, a word -----, &c.

To

To that victory commands? or do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall they be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bad aſk.

Aga. Which way ſhould *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal miſprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excel themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courteſie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to ſeek
This blended knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden battel then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomede.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: go, gentle knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath. The combatants being kin
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.

Ulyſ. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that ſame that looks ſo heavy?

Ulyſ. The youngeſt ſon of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor being provok'd ſoon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:

Manly

Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*; one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches, and with private ſoul
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me. [*Alarum.*

SCENE IX. Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*

Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.
Troi. *Hector*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd; there, *Ajax*.
[*Trumpets ceaſe.*
Dio. You muſt no more.
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great Lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon;
A couſin-german to great *Priam*'s ſeed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*; the ſinews of this leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my ſire's; by *Jowe* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* member,
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: But the juſt Gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus ——
Couſin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector!*

Thou

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolemus*' ſire ſo mirable
(On whoſe bright creſt Fame with her loud'ſt O yes
Cries, *This is he*) could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.
Hect. We'll anſwer it:
The iſſue is embracement: farewel, *Ajax*.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our *Grecian* tents.
Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignifie this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my couſin:
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your knights.
Agamemnon *and the reſt of the* Greeks *come forward.*
Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: underſtand more clear,
What's paſt and what's to come is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bid thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.
Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.
[*To* Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer? *Æne.*

Æne. The noble *Menelaus.*

Hect. O —— you, my Lord —— by *Mars* his gauntlet,
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath; [thanks.
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus'* glove.
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon —— I offend.

Neſt. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekiſh* youth; and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* ſteed,
Bravely deſpiling forfeits and ſubduements,
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i'th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders by,
Lo! Jupiter *is yonder dealing life.*
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling. Thus I've ſeen thee,
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a ſoldier good,
But, by great *Mars* the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor.*

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

Neſt. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſie.

Hect. I would they could.

Neſt. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time ——

Ulyſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here the baſe and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* embaſſie.

Ulyſ.

Ulyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue.
My propheſie is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.

Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator Time
Will one day end it.

Ulyſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my tent.

Achil. I ſhall foreſtal thee, Lord *Ulyſſes:* now,
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with view exact perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles?*

Achil. I am *Achilles.*

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heav'ns!

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

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But by the forge that ſtithied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never ——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone
'Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomach. The general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be at odds with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field,
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Hector?*
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector's* leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him
To taſte your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Manent Troilus *and* Ulyſſes.

Troi. My Lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulyſ. At *Menelaus'* tent, moſt princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Creſſid*.

Troi. Shall I, ſweet Lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyſ.

Ulyſ. You ſhall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*; had ſhe no lover
There, that now wails her abſence?

Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth.
But ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. I'LL heat his blood with *Greekiſh* wine to-night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.

Pat. Here comes *Therſites.*

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou cruſty botch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and idol of idiot worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from *Troy.*

Pat. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound. *

Pat. Well ſaid, adverſity; and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles's* male-harlot.

Pat. Male-harlot, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palſies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſtume, ſciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palm, incurable bone-ake, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous debaucheries!

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

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

* In this anſwer *Therſites* only quibbles upon the word *Tent.*

Pat. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſley'd ſilk; thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye; thou taſſel of a prodigal's purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies, diminutives of nature!

Pat. Nut-gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battel:
Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my fair love, *
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it,
Fall *Greek*, fail fame; honour, or go, or ſtay,
By major vows lyes here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my tent,
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Exeunt* Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of mad-men. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves † quails, but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull, (the primitive ſtatue, and antique memorial of cuckolds) a thrifty ſhoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is of, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice farced with wit turn him? to an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs: to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt deſtiny. Aſk me not what

* This is a circumſtance taken from the ſtory-book of the three deſtructions of *Troy*.

† Meaning wanton Women: *Quails* being of ſo hot a conſtitution that it is a proverb among the *French*, *Chaud comm' une caille*. And *Des cailles coiffées* is an expreſſion uſed by *Rabelais*.

I would be, if I were not *Therſites*; for I care not to be the lowſe of a lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*. ——
Hey-day, ſpirits and fires!

SCENE II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *and* Diomede, *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.

Ulyſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

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

Aga. So, now, fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good-night. *Ajax* commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good-night to the *Greeks'* General.

Men. Good-night, my Lord.

Hect. Good-night, ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draff—ſweet, quoth a—ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.

Achil. Good-night, and welcome, both at once, to thoſe that go or tarry.

Aga. Good-night.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries; you too, *Diomede*,
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now; good-night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyſ. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent:
I'll keep you company [*To* Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo good-night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt ſeverally all but* Therſites.

Ther. That ſame *Diomede's* a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave: I will no more truſt him when he leers than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth, and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the ſun borrows of the

moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog *him:* they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after —Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Calchas's *Tent.*

Enter Diomede.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomede; *Calchas*, I think; where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulyſſes, *after them* Therſites.

Ulyſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſida.

Troi. Creſſid come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian! hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?

Ulyſ. She will ſing to any man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any man may ſing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſ. Liſt.

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forſworn—

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.

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

Cre. I pr'ythee do not hold me to mine oath?
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good-night.

Troi. Hold, patience——

Ulyſ. How now, *Trojan?*

Cre. Diomede!

Dio.

Dio. No, no, good-night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better muſt.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madneſs!

Ulyſ. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you——

Ulyſ. Good my Lord, go off:
You fly to great diſtraction: come, my Lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, ſtay.

Ulyſ. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.

Dio. And ſo good-night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulyſ. Why, how now, Lord?

Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian — why, *Greek* —

Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulyſ. You ſhake, my Lord, at ſomething; will you go?
You will break out.

Troi. She ſtroaks his cheek.

Ulyſ. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, ſtay; by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: ſtay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potato finger tickles theſe together! fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will come; never truſt me elſe.

Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it. [*Exit.*

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyſ. You have ſworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, ſweet Lord,
I will not be my ſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Re-enter* Creſſida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.
Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this ſleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyſ. My Lord!
Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve? behold it well:
He lov'd me:—O falſe wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid, whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O all you Gods—O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy maſter now lyes thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee. Nay, do not ſnatch it from me.
He that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did ſwear patience.
Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomede*: 'faith, you ſhall not, I'll give you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will have this: whoſe was it?
Cre. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whoſe it was?
Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it?
Cre. By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder,
And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.
Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not—
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then farewel!

Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.
Cre. You ſhall not go;—one cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Troi. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not you,
Pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?
Cre. Ay, come:—O *Jove!*—do, come:—I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewel 'till then. [*Exit.*
Cre. Good-night: I pr'thee come.
Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But my heart with the other eye doth ſee.—
Ah poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, muſt err: O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, *my mind is now turn'd whore.*
Ulyſ. All's done, my Lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my ſoul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert th' atteſt of eyes and ears;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?
Ulyſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*
Troi. She was not ſure.
Ulyſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troi. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
Ulyſ. Nor mine, my Lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage

To ſtubborn criticks, apt without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare all the ſex
By *Creſſid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid*.
Ulyſ. What hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoil our mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his own eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? No, this is *Diomedes*' *Creſſid*.
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows, if vows are ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the Gods delight,
If there be rule in unity it ſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſet'ſt up with and againſt thy ſelf!
Bi-fold authority! where reaſon can
Revolt without perdition, loſs aſſume
Reaſon without revolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid*.
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the ſky and earth,
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point as ſubtle
As ſlight *Arachne*'s broken woof, to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as *Pluto*'s gates;
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as heav'n it ſelf,
The bonds of heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſolv'd and loos'd,
And with another knot five-finger-tied:
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſie reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede*.
Ulyſ. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?
Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that ſhall be divulged well;
In characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*—ne'er did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul——
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Creſſid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede*.
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:

Were

Were it a caſk compos'd by *Vulcan*'s ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhip-men do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty ſun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on *Diomede*.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.
Troi. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.
Ulyſ. O, contain your ſelf:
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax your guard ſtays to conduct you home.
Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous Lord, adieu!
Farewel, revolted fair! and, *Diomede*,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head.
Ulyſ. I'll bring you to the gates.
Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab: letchery, letchery, ſtill wars and letchery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The Palace in* Troy.

Enter Hector, *and* Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlaſting Gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will ſure prove ominous to-day.
Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my brother *Hector?*

And. Here, ſiſter, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition;
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.

Caſ. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound.

Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heav'ns, ſweet brother!

Hect. Be gone, I ſay: the Gods have heard me ſwear.

Caſ. The Gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.

And. O! be perſwaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet *Hector.*

Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?

And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſwade. [*Exit.* Caſ.

Hect. No, 'faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, youth:
I am to-day i'th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews 'till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy.*

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion than a man.

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

Troi. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.

Hect.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools-play, by heav'n, *Hector.*

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth!

Hect. Fie, ſavage, fie.

Troi. Hector, thus 'tis in wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

SCENE VII.

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra.

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

Priam. Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelf
Am like a prophet, ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou ſhalt not go.

Hect. I muſt not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave

To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.
Caſ. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit* Andromache.
Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl,
Makes all theſe bodements.
Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector*:
Look how thou dieſt; look how thy eyes turn pale!
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her dolour forth!
Behold diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector, Hector's *dead! O* Hector!
Troi. Away!
Caſ. Farewel: yet, ſoft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelf and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewel: the Gods with ſafety ſtand about thee!
[*Alarum.*
Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomede*, believe
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?
Troi. What now?
Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.
Troi. Let me read.
Pan. A whorſon ptiſick, a whorſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me, and the fooliſh fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'theſe days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my bones, that unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

Troi.

Troi. Words, words, meer words; no matter from the heart.
Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*
Go wind to wind, there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.
Pan. Why, but hear you ——
Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquy! ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The field between Troy *and the Camp.*

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of *Troy* there in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that, that ſame young *Trojan* aſs that loves the whore there might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſterly villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs errand. O'th' other Side, the policy of thoſe crafty ſneering raſcals, that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe *Neſtor*, and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes*, is not prov'd worth a blackberry. They ſet me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, againſt that dog of as bad a kind *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day. Whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede *and* Troilus.

Soft——here comes ſleeve, and t'other.
Troi. Fly not; for ſhould'ſt thou take the river *Styx*,
I would ſwim after.
Dio. Thou doſt miſcall Retire:
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee! [*They go off fighting.*
Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*: now for thy whore *Trojan*: now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

SCENE X. *Enter* Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek?* art thou for *Hector's* match? Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee —— live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have ſwallow'd one another. I would laugh at that miracle — yet in a ſort, letchery eats it ſelf: I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede *and Servant.*

Dio. Go go, my ſervant, take thou *Troilus'* horſe,
Preſent the fair ſteed to my Lady *Creſſid:*
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan,*
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my Lord. [*Exit Servant.*

SCENE XI. *Enter* Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon:* baſtard *Margarelon* *
Hath *Doreus* priſoner,
And ſtands *Coloſſus*-wiſe, waving his beam
Upon the paſhed corſes of the Kings
Epiſtrophus and *Odius. Polyxenus* is ſlain;
Amphimacus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful Sagittary †
Appalls our numbers: haſte we, *Diomede,*
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles,*
And bid the ſnail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame.
There are a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* ‡ his horſe,

* The introducing a baſtard ſon of King *Priam,* under the name of *Margarelon,* is one of the circumſtances taken from the ſtory-book of the three deſtructions of *Troy.*

† This is a fiction taken from the old Story-book which makes a King to come from far to the aſſiſtance of *Troy* with an armed force, and with it a marvellous beaſt call'd *Sagittary,* half Man half horſe, which made great havock among the *Greeks,* and ſtruck terror through their army.

‡ From the ſame book is taken this name given to *Hector's* horſe.

And

And there lacks work; anon he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or dye, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy *Greeks,* ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. O, courage, courage, Princes! great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowſie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons,*
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector. Ajax* hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus,* who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtick execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bad him win all.

SCENE XII. *Enter* Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward *Troilus!* [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-killer, ſhew me thy face:
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.

Hector! where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector.* [*Exit.*

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward *Troilus,* ſhew thy head.

Re-enter Diomede.

Dio. Troilus, I ſay, where's *Troilus?*

Ajax. What wouldſt thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou ſhould'ſt have my office,

Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I ſay, what, *Troilus!*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh traitor *Diomede!* turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my horſe.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand *Diomede.*

Dio. No, he is my prize, I will not look on.

Troi. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.

[*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus!* O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; now have at thee, *Hector.*

Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*

Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſie, proud *Trojan.*
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
'Till when, go ſeek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He ſhall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it; wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons.*
Mark what I ſay, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep your ſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,

Em-

Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding eye:
It is decreed — *Hector* the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Therſites, Menelaus *and* Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now my double-hen'd ſparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho. [*Exeunt* Paris *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A baſtard ſon of *Priam's.*

Ther. I am a-baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewel, baſtard.

Baſt. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without!
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt, ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the ſun begins to ſet;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector's* life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*

Achil. Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek. *

[*They fall upon* Hector, *and kill him.*

So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, ſink down:

* This particular of *Achilles* overpowering *Hector* by numbers, is taken from the old ſtory-book.

Here

Here lyes thy heart, thy ſinews and thy bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles *hath the mighty* Hector *ſlain.*
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.
Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my Lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth,
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates; *
Come, tye his body to my horſes tail:
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*

[*Sound retreat. Shout.*
Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt, marching.*
Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace, drums.
Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! *Achilles!*
Dio. The bruit is, *Hector's* ſlain, and by *Achilles.*
Ajax. If it is ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.
Aga. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, *and* Deiphobus.
Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field,
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.
Enter Troilus.
Troi. Hector is ſlain.
All. Hector! — the Gods forbid!
Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horſe's tail
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;
Sit, Gods, upon your thrones, and ſmite all *Troy*
I ſay at once; let your brief plagues be mercy,

* ----- the armies ſeparates;
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tye &c.

And

And linger not our ſure deſtructions on!
Æne. My Lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.
Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo;
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a ſcrietch-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and ſay there, Hector's *dead:*
That is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone;
Make wells and rivers of the maids and wives;
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it ſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet, you vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-ſiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates,
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenſy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to *Troy!* with comfort go:
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.
Enter Pandarus.
Pan. But hear you, hear you.
Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquy; ignominy, ſhame
[*Strikes him.*
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name. [*Exeunt.*
Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet at work, and how ill requited! why ſhould our endeavour be ſo lov'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 honey and his ſting;
But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths—

As

As many as be here of *Pandar*'s hall,
Your eyes half out weep out at *Pandar*'s fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now; but that my fear is this,
* Some galled gooſe of *Winchester* would hiſs;
'Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes,
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exit.*

* The publick ſtews were anciently under the juriſdiction of the Biſhop of *Winchester*.

CYM-



V.8. *Cymbeline* 33

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, *King of* Britain.
CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a gentleman in love with the Princess, and privately married to her.*
GUIDERIUS, } *Disguis'd under the names of* Paladour *and*
ARVIRAGUS, } Cadwal, *supposed Sons to* Bellarius.
BELLARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of* Morgan.
PHILARIO, *an* Italian, *Friend to* Posthumus.
IACHIMO, *Friend to* Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, *Ambassador from* Rome.
PISANIO, *Servant to* Posthumus.
A French *Gentleman, Friend to* Philario.
CORNELIUS, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*
Two Gentlemen.

QUEEN, *Wife to* Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*
HELEN, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *for some part of the first and second Acts, lyes in* Rome; *for the rest of the Play in* Britain.

Story partly taken from Boccace's Decameron, *day* 2. *nov.* 9. *little besides the names being historical.*

CYM-

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* YOU do not meet a man but frowns. Our looks
No more obey the heart ev'n than our courtiers',
But seem as do the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her self
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman.
She's wedded, her husband banish'd, she imprison'd.
All's outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they scoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack good man!
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such,
As to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing

In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 Gent. You ſpeak him far.

1 Gent. I don't extend him, Sir; within himſelf
Cruſh him together rather, than unfold
His meaſure fully.

2 Gent. What's his name and birth?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Againſt the *Romans*, with *Caſſibelan*,
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, *Leonatus*:
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons; who in the wars o'th' time
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand. For which their father,
(Then old and fond of iſſue) took ſuch ſorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle Lady
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Poſthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred,
His ſpring became a harveſt: he liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do,) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt; to the more mature,
A glaſs that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. For his miſtreſs,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her own price
Proclaims how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him, even out of your report.
But tell me, is ſhe ſole child to the King?

1 Gent. His only child.
He had two ſons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I'th' ſwathing cloaths the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtol'n; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a King's children ſhould be ſo convey'd!
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them!——

1 Gent. Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We muſt forbear. Here comes the gentleman,
The Queen, and Princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be aſſur'd you ſhall not find me, daughter,
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
Ill-ey'd unto you: you're my priſ'ner, but
Your goaler ſhall deliver you the keys
That lock up your reſtraint. For you, *Poſthumus*,
So ſoon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his ſentence, with what patience
Your wiſdom may inform you.

Poſt. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Diſſembling courteſie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds! My deareſt huſband,
I ſomething fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reſerv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,

That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my mistress!
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he buys off my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow: adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little——
Were you but riding forth to air your self,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep thee on! and sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Upon this fairest pris'ner.

Imo. O the Gods!

When

When shall we see again?

SCENE III. *Enter* Cymbeline, *and Lords.*

Post. Alack, the King!

Cym. Thou base'st thing, avoid, hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heapest many
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not your self with your vexation;
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way past grace.

Cym. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my Queen.

Imo. O blest that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow; he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; heav'n restore me! would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

They were again together, you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beſeech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t' our ſelves, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a-day, and being aged
Die of this folly. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Queen. Fie, you muſt give way:
Here is your ſervant. How now, Sir? what news?

Piſ. My Lord your ſon drew on my maſter.

Queen. Hah!
No harm, I truſt, is done?

Piſ. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend, he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir!
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My ſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your maſter?

Piſ. On his command; he would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleaſe you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain ſo.

Piſ. I humbly thank your Highneſs.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About ſome half hour hence, pray ſpeak with me;
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Cloten, *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence

violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholſome as that you vent.

Clot. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it ——
Have I hurt him? [*Aſide.*

2 *Lord.* No, 'faith, not ſo much as his patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carcaſs if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for ſteel if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt, it went o' th' back-ſide the town. [*Aſide.*

Clot. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled *forward* ſtill, toward your face. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you ſome ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had meaſured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*

Clot. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe's damn'd. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: would there had been ſome hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [*Aſide.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordſhip.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter Imogen, *and* Piſanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o' th' haven,
And queſtioned'ſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,

And

And I not have it, 'twere as a paper loſt
With offer'd mercy in it. What was the laſt
That he ſpake with thee?

Piſ. 'Twas, *His Queen, his Queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Piſ. And kiſs'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senſeleſs linnen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Piſ. No, Madam; for ſo long
As he could mark me with his eye, or I
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of 's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him ev'n
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crackt 'em, but
To look upon him; 'till the diminution,
From ſpace, had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept — but, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?

Piſ. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him ſwear,
The She's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or could charge him
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with oriſons, (for then
I am in heav'n for him) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,

And

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Deſires your Highneſs' company.

Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.

Piſ. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. ROME.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, *and a* French *man.*

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have ſeen him in *Britain*; he was then but creſcent, none expected him to prove ſo worthy as ſince he hath been allowed the name of: I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *Items*.

Phil. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have ſeen him in *France*; we had very many there could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's daughter, (wherein he muſt be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment ——

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of thoſe that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judgment, which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were ſoldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the *Briton*. Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of

mine.

mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans.*

Poſt. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs; I was glad I did attone my countryman and you; it had been pity you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to ſay it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners aſk what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may without contradiction ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our country-miſtreſſes: This gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſt, conſtant, qualified, and leſs attemptable than any the rareſt of our Ladies in *France.*

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Poſt. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy.*

Poſt. Being ſo far provok'd as I was in *France,* I would abate her nothing, tho' I profeſs my ſelf her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon, had been ſomething too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britany:* if ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſters many I have beheld, I could believe ſhe excelled many; but I have not ſeen the *moſt* precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her; ſo do I my ſtone.

Iach. What do you eſteem it at?

Poſt. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd miſtreſs is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a triſle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken; the one may be ſold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchaſe, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Poſt. Which by their graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be ſtol'n too; ſo of your brace of unprizeable eſtimations, the one is but frail and the other caſual. A cunning thief, or that-way-accompliſh'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your *Italy* contains none ſo accompliſh'd a courtier to convince the honour of my miſtreſs, if in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail: I do nothing doubt you have ſtore of thieves, notwithſtanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy ſignior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me, we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair miſtreſs; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your confidence, than her reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion; and I doubt not you'd ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſt. A repulſe; though your attempt, as you call it, deſerves more; a puniſhment too.

Phil.

I. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too ſuddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my eſtate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; who in conſtancy you think ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it; my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiſer; if you buy ladies fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting. But I ſee you have ſome religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my ſpeeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my diamond 'till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thoughts. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods, it is one. If I bring you ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are mine, ſo is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in; ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only thus far you ſhall anſwer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate. If ſhe remain unſeduc'd, you not making it appear otherwiſe; for your ill opinion, and th' aſſault

aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for *Britain*, leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold and ſtarve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed. [*Exeunt* Poſthumus *and* Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britain.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius *with a vial.*

Queen. While yet the dew's on ground gather thoſe flowers. Make haſte. Who has the note of them?

Lady. I, Madam.

Queen. Diſpatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, maſter doctor, have you brought thoſe drugs?

Cor. Pleaſeth your Highneſs, ay; here they are, Madam; But I beſeech your Grace without offence (My conſcience bids me aſk) wherefore you have Commanded of me theſe moſt poiſonous compounds? Which are the movers of a languiſhing death; But though ſlow, deadly.

Queen. I do wonder, doctor, Thou aſk'd me ſuch a queſtion; have I not been Thy pupil long? haſt thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? diſtil? preſerve? yea ſo, That our great King himſelf doth woo me oft For my confections? having thus far proceeded, Unleſs thou think'ſt me dev'liſh, is't not meet That I did amplifie my judgment in Other concluſions? I will try the forces Of theſe thy compounds on ſuch creatures as We count not worth the hanging, but none human; To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act, and by them gather Their ſev'ral virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highneſs Shall from this practice but make hard your heart; Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be

Both noysome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal, upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work; he's for his master's sake
An enemy to my son. How now, *Pisanio?*
Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam. [*Aside.*
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a word. [*To* Pisanio.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. That she has
Will stupifie and dull the sense a while;
Which first perchance she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service,
Doctor, until I send.

Cor. I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? dost thou think in
She will not quench, and let instructions enter [time
Where folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lye speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,

So

So much as but to prop him? Thou tak'st up
[Pisanio *looking on the vial.*
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee take it,
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thy self;
Think what a change thou chancest on, but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then my self, I chiefly
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women— [*Exit* Pisanio.
Think on my words. — A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand fast to her Lord. I've giv'n him that,
Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her sweet; and which she after
(Except she bend her humour) shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, *and Ladies.*

So, so; well done, well done;
The violets, cowslips, and the prim-roses,
Bear to my closet; fare thee well, *Pisanio,*
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. I shall do so:
But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak my self; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. A father cruel, and a stepdame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded Lady,
That hath her husband banish'd —— O, that husband!
My supream crown of grief and those repeated
Vexations of it —— had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable

Is the degree that's glorious. Bleſs'd be thoſe,
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Piſanio, *and* Iachimo.

Piſ. Madam, a noble gentleman of *Rome*
Comes from my Lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greets your Highneſs dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich! [*Aſide.*
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot:
Or like the *Parthian* I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen *reads.*

He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tyed: Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trueſt Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the reſt, and takes it thankfully——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and ſhall find it ſo
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, faireſt Lady.
What, are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To ſee this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of ſea and land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twin ſtones
Upon th' unnumber'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye; for apes, and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch She's, would chatter in this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i'th' judgment;

For

For Idiots in this caſe of favour would
Be wiſely definite. Nor in the appetite;
Slutt'ry to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd
Should make deſire vomit ev'n emptineſs,
Not ſo allure't to feed.

Imo. What's the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd deſire, that tub
Both fill'd and running; ravening firſt the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well.
'Beſeech you, Sir, deſire my man's abode [*To* Piſanio.
Where I did leave him; he is ſtrange and ſheepiſh.

Piſ. I was juſt going, Sir, to give him welcome.
[*Exit* Piſanio.

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; not a ſtranger there
So merry, and ſo gameſome; he is call'd
The *Briton* reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one
An eminent monſieur, that it ſeems much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home: He furnaces
The thick ſighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
(Your Lord I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries *Oh!*——
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be, will his free hours languiſh out
For aſſur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by

And hear him mock the *Frenchman:* but heav'n knows
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he. But yet heav'ns bounty tow'rds him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his beyond all talents,——
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, Sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do——
I was about to say, enjoy your—but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
(Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Or are past remedies; or timely known,
The remedy's then born;) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol? join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood, as with labour?
Then glad my self by peeping in an eye

Base

Base and unlustrious as the smoaky light
That's fed with stinking tallow? it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain.*
Iach. And himself. Not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and fastned to an empery
Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness lends nature! such boyl'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imo. Reveng'd! alas!
How should I be reveng'd, if this be true?
As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* priestess, 'twixt cold sheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your despight, upon your purse? revenge it!
I dedicate my self to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.
Imo. What ho, *Pisanio!*——
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away, I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,

Thou

Thou wouldſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Sollicit'ſt here a Lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, *Piſanio!* ——
The King my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault; if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſawcy ſtranger in his Court to mart
As in a *Romiſh* ſtew, and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us, he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not reſpects at all. What ho, *Piſanio!* ——

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may ſay,
The credit that thy Lady hath, of thee
Deſerves thy truſt; and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit: bleſſed live you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthy fit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The trueſt-manner'd; ſuch a holy witch,
That he inchants ſocieties unto him:
Half all mens hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men like a deſcended God;
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty Princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try you with a falſe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i'th' Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almoſt forgot
T' intreat your grace but in a ſmall requeſt,

And

And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; my ſelf, and other noble friends
Are partners in the buſineſs.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(Beſt feather of our wing,) have mingled ſums
To buy a preſent for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor of the reſt, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquiſite form, their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: may it pleaſe you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety. Since
My Lord hath int'reſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night;
I muſt aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beſeech you: or I ſhall ſhort my word
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*
I croſt the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. I muſt, Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have out-ſtood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our preſent.

Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it ſhall be ſafe kept,
And truly yielded you: you're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

Clot. WAS there ever man had ſuch luck! when I kiſs'd the *Jack* upon an up-caſt, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a whorſon jack-an-apes muſt take me up for ſwearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like his that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aſide.*

Clot. When a gentleman is diſpoſed to ſwear, it is not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my Lord: nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorſon dog! I give him ſatisfaction? would he had been one of my rank.

2 *Lord.* To have ſmelt like a fool. [*Aſide.*

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth, — a pox on't. I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the Queen my mother; every jack-ſlave hath his belly full of fighting, and I muſt go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too, and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Say'ſt thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your Lordſhip ſhould undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your Lordſhip only.

Clot. Why, ſo I ſay.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a ſtranger that's come to Court to-night?

Clot. A ſtranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus*'s friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whoſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your Lordſhip's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this *Italian*: what I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordſhip. [*Exit* Cloten.

That ſuch a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this aſs! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas poor Princeſs,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt?
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce hell made. The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unſhak'd
That temple thy fair mind, that thou may'ſt ſtand
T' enjoy thy baniſh'd Lord, and this great land! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A magnificent Bed-chamber, in one part of it a large trunk.

Imogen *is diſcover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman *Helen?*

Lady. Pleaſe you, Madam ——

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed ——
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o'th' clock,
I pr'ythee call me — ſleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*

To

To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beſeech ye! [*Sleeps.*

[Iachimo *riſes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs it ſelf by reſt: our *Tarquin* thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lilly,
And whiter than the ſheets! that I might touch,
But kiſs, one kiſs——rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't!——'tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'the taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee th' incloſed lights, now canopy'd
Under thoſe curtains white with azure lac'd,
The blue of heav'n's own tinct.——But my deſign's
To note the chamber——I will write all down,
Such and ſuch pictures——there the window——ſuch
Th' adornment of her bed——the arras, figures——
Why, ſuch and ſuch——and the contents o'th' ſtory——
Ah, but ſome nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables
Would teſtifie, t'enrich mine inventory.
O ſleep, thou ape of death, lye dull upon her,
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chappel lying! Come off, come off.——
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As ſlipp'ry as the *Gordian* knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience do's within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I'th' bottom of a cow-ſlip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'n
The treaſure of her honour. No more——to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down that's riveted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? Sh' hath been reading late,
The tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down

Where *Philomele* gave up——I have enough——
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bare it's raven-eye*: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk, the Scene cloſes.*

SCENE III.

Without the Palace under Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter Cloten *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Your Lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your Lordſhip; you are moſt hot and furious when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhall have gold enough: It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this muſick would come: I am adviſed to give her muſick a-mornings, they ſay it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate here with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate ſings,
And Phœbus *'gins ariſe,*
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
Each chalic'd flower ſupplies:
And winking Mary-*buds begin*
To ope their golden eyes,
With all the things that pretty bin:
My Lady ſweet, ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

* The Raven's eye is remarkably large and grey.

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears; which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, with the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new.
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame your self
To orderly solicits; and befriended
With aptness of the season, make denials
Encreale your services; so seem, as if
You are inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, ambassadors from *Rome*;
One's *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, for's goodness fore-spent on us,
We must extend our notice: our dear son,
When you have giv'n good-morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need

T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen,
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lye still, and dream. By your leave, ho!
I know her women are about her——what
If I do line one of their hands?——'tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield
Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case my self.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: what's your Lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your Lady's person, is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

Lady. How, my good name?
Or to report of you what I think good?
The Princess——

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:

If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.
Clot. This is no anſwer.
Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me; 'faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſie
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Clot. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin;
I will not do't.
Imo. Fools cure not mad folks, Sir.
Clot. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a Lady's manners
By being ſo verbal: and learn now for all,
That I who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am ſo near the lack of charity
T' accuſe my ſelf, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boaſt.
Clot. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that baſe wretch,
(One bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o'th' Court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their ſouls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in ſelf-figur'd knot;
Yet who are curb'd from that enlargement by
The conſequence o'th' crown, and muſt not ſoil
The precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
A hilding for a livery, a ſquire's cloth,
A pantler; not ſo eminent.
Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the ſon of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art beſides, thou wert too baſe
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,

Ev'n

Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be ſtil'd
The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd ſo well.
Clot. The ſouth-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made ſuch men.
Clot. How now?
Imo. Piſanio!
Enter Piſanio.
Clot. His garment? now, the devil——
Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hye thee preſently.
Clot. His garment?
Imo. I am ſprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worſe——go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too caſually
Hath left mine arm——it was thy maſter's. 'Shrew me
If I would loſe it for a revenue
Of any King in *Europe*. I do think
I ſaw't this morning; confident I am,
Laſt night 'twas on my arm; I kiſſed it.
I hope it be not gone to tell my Lord
That I kiſs ought but him.
Pif. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo; go and ſearch. [*Exit* Piſanio.
Clot. You have abus'd me——
His meaneſt garment?——
Imo. Ay, I ſaid ſo, Sir;
Call witneſs to't, if you will make't an action.
Clot. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too;
She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worſt of diſcontent. [*Exit.*
Clot. I'll be reveng'd;
His meaneſt garment?——well. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *ROME.*

Enter Posthumus, *and* Philario.

Post. Fear it not, Sir; I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come; in these fear'd hopes
I barely gratifie your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
Ere look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when *Julius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
As mend upon the world.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Iachimo.

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Post. Sure the swift harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your Lady
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

Post.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But was not yet 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've lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easie.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess my self the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,

Must

Muſt firſt induce you to believe; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.

Poſt. Proceed.

Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber,
(Where I confeſs I ſlept not, but profeſs
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilver'd ſilk; the ſtory
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her *Roman*,
And *Cydnus* ſwell'd above the banks or for
The preſs of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was.

Poſt. Why, this is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.

Iach. More particulars
Muſt juſtifie my knowledge.

Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaſt *Dian*, bathing; never ſaw I figures
So lively to report themſelves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.

Iach. The roof o'th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted. Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Poſt. What's this t'her honour?
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this,
Praiſe be to your remembrance, the deſcription

Of

Of what is in her chamber nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: ſee!—
And now 'tis up again; it muſt be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Poſt. Jove!——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She ſtripp'd it from her arm, I ſee her yet,
Her pretty action did out-ſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid ſhe priz'd it once.

Poſt. She pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.

Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?

Poſt. O, no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a baſiliſk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above meaſure falſe!——

Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable ſhe loſt it; or
Who knows one of her women, being corrupted,
Might not have ſtol'n it from her?

Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't; back my ring,
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her
More evident than this; for this was ſtole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.

Poſt. Hark you, he ſwears; by *Jupiter* he ſwears.
'Tis true——nay, keep the ring——'tis true; I'm ſure
She could not loſe it; her attendants are
All honourable! they induc'd to ſteal it!
And by a ſtranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her.

The

The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perswaded well of——
Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying; under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lyes a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetick. Count not the turns:
Once, and a million.
Iach. I'll be sworn——
Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie.
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't i'th' Court, before
Her father——I'll do something—— [*Exit.*
Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Enter* Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? we are bastards all,
And that most venerable man which I
Did

Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was stampt. Some coyner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time; so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*—that I thought her
As chaste, as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour—was't not?—
Or less; at first? perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one,
Cry'd oh! and mounted; found no opposition
From what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me—for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be't lying, not it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability:
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all—for even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter in State, Cymbeline, *Queen,* Cloten, *and Lords at one door; and at another,* Caius Lucius *and Attendants.*

Cym. NOW say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?
Luc. When *Julius Cæsar*, (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to ears and tongues

Be

Be theme, and hearing ever) was in *Britain*,
And conquer'd it, *Caſſibelan* thine uncle
(Famous in *Cæſar*'s praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deſerving it) for him
And his ſucceſſion, granted *Rome* a tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Julius*: *Britain* is
A world it ſelf, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noſes.

Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We have again. Remember, Sir my Liege,
The Kings your anceſtors; together with
The nat'ral brav'ry of your iſle, which ſtands
As *Neptune*'s park ribbed and paled in
With rocks unſcaleable, and roaring waters,
With ſand that will not bear your enemies boats,
But ſuck them up to th' top-maſt. A kind of conqueſt
Cæſar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*: With ſhame,
(The firſt that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coaſt, twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles,) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet fortune!) to maſter *Cæſar*'s ſword,
Made *Lud*'s town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britons* ſtrut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*; others of them may have crook'd noſes, but to owe ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as *Caſſibelan*; I do not ſay I am one; but I have a han.

Why tribute? Why ſhould we pay tribute? if *Cæſar* can hide the ſun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; elſe, Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This tribute, we were free. *Cæſar*'s ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'th' world, againſt all colour here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to ſhake off
Becomes a warlike people, ſuch as we
Reckon our ſelves to be. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, who
Ordain'd our laws whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair and franchiſe
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
Who was the firſt of *Britain*, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himſelf a King.

Luc. I'm ſorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar* that hath more Kings his ſervants, than
Thy ſelf domeſtick officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then. War and confuſion
In *Cæſar*'s name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for my ſelf.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;
Thy *Cæſar* knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which as he ſeeks of me again perforce,
Behooves me keep't at utt'rance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read, would ſhew the *Britons* cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clot. His Majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day or two, or longer: if you ſeek us after-

wards on other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine: All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Pisanio *reading a letter.*

Pis. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not
What monsters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!*
Oh master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy heart? what false *Italian*,
As pois'nous tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready ear? Disloyal? no,
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More Goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. Oh my master!
Thy mind to hers is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I should rather murther her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy command! — I her! — her blood!
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—the letter* [*Reading.*
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!
Art thou a fœdarie for this act, that look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio?*

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus?*
Oh, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my Lord's health, of his content; yet not

That we two are asunder; let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physick love: of his content
In all but that! Good wax, thy leave — blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds pray not alike.
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young *Cupid*'s tables: good news, Gods! [*Reading.*

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, but you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Haven: *what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your's increasing in love,*

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a horse with wings! hear'st thou, *Pisanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven:* read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisanio*,
Who long'st like me to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind — oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond — say, and speak thick;
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To th' smoth'ring of the sense — how far it is
To this same blessed *Milford:* and by th' way
Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
T' inherit such a haven. But first of all,
How may we steal from hence? and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence going
'Till our return, t' excuse — but first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born or-e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I've heard of wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is foolery.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home t' her father: and provide me present
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but *Milford*-way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Forest with a Cave, in* Wales.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day! not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours: stoop, boys! this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of Monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may get through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain-sport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place* which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war,
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we poor unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life is best, sweeter to you
That have a sharper known: well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
A prison, for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December*, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing,
We're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for that we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war,
A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
I'th' name of fame and honour; which dies i'th' search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse,
Must curt'sie at the censure: — Oh boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With *Roman* swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I told you oft,
But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans:* so
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
More pious debts to heav'n, than in all
The fore-end of my time — but, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters language; he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison which attends
In place of state: I'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt* Guiderius *and* Arviragus.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
They think they're mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I'th' cave here on this brow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
The King his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Jove!*
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly
Out at my story: say, *thus mine enemy fell,*
And thus I set my foot on's neck — even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words — The younger brother *Cadwal*,
(Once *Arviragus,*) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd —

Oh

Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conscience know
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou 'reft'st me of my lands. *Euriphile,*
Thou wast their nurse, they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to thy grave;
My self *Bellarius* that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Pisanio *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd his mother so
To see him first, as I have now. *Pisanio,*
Where is *Posthumus?* What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? one but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thy self
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish thy steadier senses — what's the matter?
Why offer'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be ev'n mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read,
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen *reads.*

Thy mistress, Pisanio, *hath play'd the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou,* Pisanio, *must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at* Milford-Haven. *She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me*

certain

certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.

Piſ. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis ſlander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave,
This viperous ſlander enters. What chear, Madam?

Imo. Falſe to his bed! what is it to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry my ſelf awake? that falſe to's bed!

Piſ. Alas, good Lady!

Imo. I falſe? thy conſcience witneſs, *Iachimo*,
Thou didſt accuſe him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dſt like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*,
Whoſe feathers are her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion,
And for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I muſt be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Mens vows are womens traitors. All good ſeeming
By thy revolt, oh huſband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villainy: not born where't grows,
But worn, a bait for Ladies.

Piſ. Madam, hear me——

Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Sinon*'s weeping
Did ſcandal many a holy tear, took pity
From moſt true wretchedneſs. So thou, *Poſthumus*,
Wilt lay the level to all proper men;
Goodly and gallant ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: when thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look!
I draw the ſword my ſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart;

Fear

Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy maſter is not there; who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike;
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.

Piſ. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I muſt die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's. 'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart——
Something's afore't——ſoft, ſoft, we'll no defence;
[*Opening her breaſt.*
Obedient as the ſcabbard!——What is here?
The ſcriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to hereſie? away, away,
[*Pulling his letters out of her boſom.*
Corrupters of my faith, you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: thoſe that are betray'd
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou, *Poſthumus*,
That didſt ſet up my diſobedience
Againſt the King my father, and didſt make
Me put into contempt even the ſuits
Of princely fellows; ſhalt hereafter find
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve my ſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſ-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'ſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me——Pr'ythee diſpatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's the knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.

Piſ. O gracious Lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Piſ. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind firſt.

Imo.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horſes labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
For my being abſent? whereunto I never
Purpoſe return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent when thou haſt ta'n thy ſtand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Piſ. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; good Lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, ſpeak.
I've heard I am a ſtrumpet, and mine ear
(Therein falſe ſtruck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But ſpeak.

Piſ. Then, Madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Piſ. Not ſo neither;
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well: it cannot be
But that my maſter is abus'd; ſome villain,
And ſingular in his art, hath done you both
This curſed injury.

Imo. Some *Roman* courtezan——

Piſ. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it: for 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo. You ſhall be miſs'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my huſband?

Piſ. If you'll back to th' Court——

Imo. No Court, no farther; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing, *Cloten*:
That

That *Cloten* whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.

Piſ. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* muſt you bide. Where then?

Imo. Hath *Britain* all the ſun that ſhines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britain*? i'th' world's volume
Our *Britain* ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool a ſwan's neſt. Pr'ythee think
There's living out of *Britain*.

Piſ. I am moſt glad
You think of other place: th' Ambaſſador,
Lucius the *Roman* comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mien
Dark as your fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That which t' appear it ſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply near
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*, ſo nigh,
That though his action were not viſible,
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for ſuch means,
(Though peril to my modeſty, not death on't)
I would adventure.

Piſ. Well then, here's the point:
You muſt forget to be a woman, change
Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs,
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman its pretty ſelf,) to waggiſh courage.
Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſawcy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek,
Expoſing it (but oh the harder hap!
Alack, no remedy) to th' greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan*; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.

Piſ.

Pif. Firſt, make your ſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them. Would you in their ſerving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, before *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelf, deſire his ſervice; tell him
Wherein you're happy, which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in muſick; doubtleſs
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad
You have me rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupply.
Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee away.
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm ſoldier'd to, and will abide it with
A Prince's courage. Haſte away, I pr'ythee.
Pif. Well, Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel,
Leſt, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble miſtreſs,
Here is a box, I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're ſick at ſea,
Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper. —To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt!
Imo. Amen! I thank thee. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE V. *The Palace of* Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen*, Cloten, Lucius, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Cym. Thus far, and ſo farewel.
Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.
Cym. Our ſubjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoak; and for our ſelf

To

To ſhew leſs ſovereignty than they, muſt needs
Appear un-kinglike.
Luc. So, Sir, I deſire
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all joy befal your Grace, and you!
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:
So farewel, noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have croſt the *Severn.* Happineſs!
[*Exit* Lucius, *&c.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us
That we have giv'n him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britons* have their wiſhes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs;
The powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britain.*
Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs,
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it ſhould be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our daughter? ſhe hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in ſufferance. [*Exit a Meſſenger.*
Queen. Royal Sir,
Since th' exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. 'Beſeech your Majeſty,

Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Messenger.

Cym. Where is she? and 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 giv'n to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great Court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? grant heav'ns, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say; follow you the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [*Exit.*

Queen. Go look after [*To the Messenger.*
Pisanio,—he that standeth so for *Posthumus*,
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply despair hath seiz'd her;
Or wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd *Posthumus*; gone she is
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*

Clot.

Clot. I love and hate her. For she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than any lady, winning from each one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-sells them all; I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choak'd, and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall——

SCENE VI. *Enter* Pisanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither; ah you precious pandar, villain,
Where is thy Lady? in a word, or else
Thou'rt straightway with the fiends. [*Drawing his sword.*

Pis. Oh, good my Lord!

Clot. Where is thy Lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus?*
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him; when was she miss'd?
He is in *Rome.*

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfie me home,
What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word; no more of worthy Lord.
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus'* throne.

Pif. Or this, or periſh.
She's far enough, and what he learns by this, } *Aſide.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pif. I'll write to my Lord ſhe's dead. Oh, *Imogen!* }
Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again! } *Aſide.*

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Poſthumus*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a villain, but do me true ſervice; undergo thoſe employments wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee with a ſerious induſtry, that is, what villainy ſoe'er I bid thee do, perform it directly and truly; I would think thee an honeſt man, thou ſhouldſt neither want any Means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pif. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerve me? for ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar *Poſthumus*, thou can'ſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Pif. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Pif. I have, my Lord, at the lodging, the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clot. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit hither; let it be thy firſt ſervice, go.

Pif. I ſhall my Lord. [*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven — I forgot to aſk him one thing, I'll remember't anon; — even there, thou villain *Poſthumus*, will I kill thee. I would theſe garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart,) that ſhe held the very garment of *Poſthumus* in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back will I raviſh her; firſt kill him, and in her eyes — there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body, and when my luſt hath dined, (which as I ſay, to vex her, I will exe-

execute in the cloaths that ſhe ſo prais'd) to the Court I'll kick her back, foot her home again. She hath deſpis'd me rejoycingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Piſanio, *with a ſuit of cloaths.*

Be thoſe the garments?

Pif. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't ſince ſhe went to *Milford-Haven?*

Pif. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and true preferment ſhall tender it ſelf to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit.*

Pif. Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs: for true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be,
To her that is moſt true. To *Milford* go,
And find not her, whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly bleſſings, on her! this fool's ſpeed
Be croſt with ſlowneſs; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The Foreſt and Cave.*

Enter Imogen *in boy's cloaths.*

Imo. I ſee a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tired my ſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me. *Milford*,
When from the mountain-top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken. Oh *Jove*, I think
Foundations fly the wretched, ſuch I mean
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lie
That have affliction on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or try'al? yet no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To laſpe in fullneſs
Is ſorer, than to lie for need; and falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, than beggars. My dear Lord!
Thou'rt one o'th' falſe ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*

Here is a path to't — 'tis some savage hold;
'Twere best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards, hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or yield food! no answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Grant such a foe, good heav'ns! [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast; *Cadwal* and I
Will play the cook, and servant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely savory; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thy self!

Guid. I'm throughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i'th' cave, we'll brouze on that
Whilst what we've kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in —— [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter*, an Angel! or if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold strew'd o'th' floor. Here's mony for my meat,
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal: and parted thence
With prayers for the provider.

Guid.

Guid. Mony, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven.*

Bel. Say, what is your name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir; I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: he embarques at *Milford*,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well-encounter'd!
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should wooe hard, but be your groom in honesty;
I'd bid for you, as I would buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers — Would it had been so that they
Had been my father's sons; then had my price
Been less, and so more equal balancing
To thee, *Posthumus*. } *Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger; Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a Court no bigger than this cave,

That

That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them, laying by
That nothing-gift of defering multitudes,
Could not out-peer theſe twain. Pardon me, Gods,
I'd change my ſex to be compañion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is falſe.

Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boys, we'll go dreſs our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we've ſupp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy ſtory,
So far as thou wilt ſpeak.

Guid. I pray draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, leſs welcome! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords, and* Piſanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
Madneſs, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me! *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
Upon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her ſon gone,

* ----- leſs welcome! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Rome.

Enter two Roman *Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperor's writ;
That ſince the common men are now in action
'Gainſt the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
And that the legions now in *Gallia*, are
Full weak to undertake our war againſt
The fall'n off *Britons*; that we do incite
The gentry to this buſineſs. He creates
Lucius Pro-conſul: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commands
His abſolute commiſſion. Long live *Cæſar!*

Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia?*

1 *Sen.* With thoſe legions
Which I have ſpoken of, whereunto your levy
Muſt be ſuppliant: the words of your commiſſion
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their diſpatch.

Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

So

So needful for this preſent! it ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll force it from thee
By a ſharp torture.

Piſ. Sir, my life is yours,
I ſet it at your will: but for my miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains, why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes return. 'Beſeech you,
Hold me your loyal ſervant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
He will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troubleſome;
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but our jealouſie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So pleaſe your Majeſty,
The *Roman* legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt, with large ſupply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by th' Senate ſent.

Cym. Now for the counſel of my ſon and Queen:
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put theſe powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Come, let's away.
[*Exeunt* Cymbeline *and Lords.*

Piſ. I've had no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him *Imogen* was ſlain. 'Tis ſtrange;
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to *Cloten*, but remain

Per-

Perplext in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work;
Wherein I'm falſe, I'm honeſt; not true, true.
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find I love my country,
Ev'n to the note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them;
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in ſome boats that are not ſteer'd. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Foreſt. *Enter* Cloten *alone.*

I Am near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (ſaving reverence of the word,) becauſe 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman; I dare ſpeak it to my ſelf, for it is no vain-glory for a man and his glaſs to confer in his own chamber; I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this ill-perſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! *Poſthumus*, thy head which is now growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off, thy miſtreſs enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before her face; and all this done, I'll ſpurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage; but my mother having power of his teſtineis, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is ty'd up ſafe: out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! fortune put them into my hand! this is the very deſcription of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Front of the Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen, *from the Cave.*

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave,
We'll come t'you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, ſtay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man ſhould be,

But

But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I'm very ſick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well,
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: ſo pleaſe you, leave me,
Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom,
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of't. Pray you truſt me here,
I'll rob none but my ſelf, and let me die
Stealing ſo poorly.
Guid. I love thee: I have ſpoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, Sir, I yoak me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love reaſons without reaſon. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay
My father, not this youth.
Bel. O noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of nature, breed of greatneſs! *
I'm not their father, yet who this ſhould be
Doth miracle it ſelf; lov'd before me! ——
'Tis the ninth hour o'th' morn.
Arv. Brother, farewel.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arv. You health —— ſo pleaſe you, *Sir.*
Imo. Theſe are kind creatures, Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our Courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at Court: †

* ----- breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire the baſe:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not, &c.

† ----- but at Court:
Experience, oh how thou diſprov'ſt report.
Th' imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,
Poor tributary rivers, as ſweet fiſh:
I am ſick ſtill, &c.

I

I am ſick ſtill, heart-ſick —— *Piſanio*,
I'll now taſte of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the vial.*
Guid. I could not ſtir him;
He ſaid that he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.
Arv. Thus did he anſwer me; yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To th' field, to th' field!
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and reſt.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit* Imogen.
Bel. And ſo ſhalt be ever.
This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears to have had
Good anceſtors.
Arv. How angel-like he ſings!
Guid. But his neat cookery!
Arv. He cut our roots in characters,
And ſauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been ſick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A ſmiling with a ſigh.*
Guid. Yes, I do note,
That grief and patience rooted in him both,
Mingle their ſpurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the ſtinking elder, grief, untwine
His periſhing root from thy increaſing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come away: who's there?

SCENE III. *Enter* Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find thoſe runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

* —— a ſigh:
As if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile:
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at.
Guid. I do note, &c.

Bel. Thoſe runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the ſon o'th' Queen; I fear ſome ambuſh ——
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as out-laws; hence.
Guid. He is but one; you and my brother ſearch
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt* Bellarius *and* Arviragus.
Clot. Soft! what are you
That fly me thus? ſome villain-mountaineers ——
I've heard of ſuch. What ſlave art thou?
Guid. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A ſlave without a knock.
Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.
Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art
Why I ſhould yield to thee.
Clot. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my cloaths?
Guid. No, nor thy tailor,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe cloaths,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.
Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My taylor made them not.
Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool,
I'm loth to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guid. What's thy name?
Clot. Cloten, thou villain.
Guid. Cloten then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad,
Adder, or ſpider, it would move me ſooner.
Clot. Then to thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confuſion, thou ſhalt know

I'm ſon to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Thoſe that I rev'rence, thoſe I fear, the wiſe:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death!
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud*'s town ſet your heads;
Yield, mountaineer. [*Fight and Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Bellarius *and* Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did miſtake him ſure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour,
Which then he wore; the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking, were as his: I'm abſolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.

Bel. Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of daring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear. But ſee thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, *with* Cloten's *head.*

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purſe,
There was no mony in't; nor *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had born
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect what; cut off one *Cloten*'s head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report,
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and ſwore
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in,
Diſplace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And ſet them on *Lud*'s town.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe,
But what he ſwore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us; then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himſelf?
For we do fear no law. What company
Diſcover you abroad?

Bel. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eye on; but in all ſafe reaſon
He muſt have ſome attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay and that
From one bad thing to worſe; yet not his frenzy,
Not abſolute madneſs, could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, haunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and ſwear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he ſo undertaking,
Nor they ſo ſuffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foreſay it: howſoe'er
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele*'s ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the Queen's ſon *Cloten*.
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, *Paladour*, thou hadſt not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone purſu'd me! *Paladour*,

I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou'ſt robb'd me of this deed; I would revenges
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek us thro'
And put us to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll ſtay
'Till haſty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.
Arv. Poor ſick *Fidele!*
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour
I'd let a mariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,
And praiſe my ſelf for charity. [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou Goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature! how thy ſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys! they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
(Their royal blood enchaf'd,) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd. Yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Cloten*'s being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have ſent *Cloten*'s clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaſſie to his mother; his body's hoſtage
For his return. [*Solemn muſick.*
Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, *Paladour*, it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? hark.
Guid. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear mother

It

It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter? *

SCENE V.

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made ſo much on! I had rather
Have ſkipt from ſixteen years of age, to ſixty;
And turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.
Guid. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt lilly!
My brother wears thee not one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelf.
Bel. Oh melancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh carack
Might eas'lieſt harbour in? — thou bleſſed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'ſt have made: but ah!
Thou dy'ſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy.
Tell me, how found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.
Guid. Where?
Arv. O' th' floor:
His arms thus leagu'd; I thought he ſlept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.
Guid. Why, he but ſleeps;
If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed,
With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted
And worms will not come near him.
Arv. With faireſt flow'rs,

* ----- The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwal* mad?

SCENE V. &c.

(Whilst ſummer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,)
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave, Thou ſhalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primroſe*, nor
The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of *Eglantine*, which, not to ſlander't
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would
With charitable bill (oh bill ſore-ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left-heirs, that let their fathers lye
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
To winter-gown thy coarſe. ——

Guid. Pr'ythee have done.
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To th' grave.

Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?

Guid. By good *Euripbile*, our mother.

Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to th' ground
As once our mother: uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euripbile* muſt be *Fidele*.

Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than prieſts and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.

Bel. Great griefs I ſee med'cine the leſs. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's ſon, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He has paid for that: the mean and mighty rotting
Together have one duſt; yet reverence,
(The angel of the world,) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was Princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Guid. Pray fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good *Ajax'*,
When neither are alive.

Arv.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt: brother, begin.
[*Exit* Bellarius.

Guid. Nay, *Cadwal*, we muſt lay his head to th' eaſt;
My father hath a reaſon for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' th' ſun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all muſt
As chimney-ſweepers, come to duſt.
Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' th' great,*
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſcepter, learning, phyſick, muſt
All follow thee, and come to duſt.
Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flaſh.*
Arv. *Nor th' all dreaded thunder-ſtone.*
Guid. *Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh.*
Arv. *Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers muſt*
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.
Guid. *No exorciſer harm thee!*
Arv. *And no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guid. *Ghoſt unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet conſummation have,*
Unremoved be thy grave.

Enter Bellarius *with the body of* Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obſequies: come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night
Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for graves. —— Upon the face ——
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even ſo

Theſe

These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow,
Come on, away, apart upon our knees——
The ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Imogen *awakes.*

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?——
I thank you — by yond bush — pray how far thither?—
'Ods pittikins — can it be six mile yet?——
I've gone all night — 'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
But soft! no bedfellow: —— oh Gods, and Goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
The flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the cares on't. —— I hope I dream;
For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. 'Tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!
The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man! —— the garments of *Posthumus?*
I know the shape of 's leg, this is his hand,
His foot *Mercurial*, his *Martial* thigh,
The arms of *Hercules:* but his *Jovial* face ——
Murther in heav'n! — how! — 'tis gone — *Pisanio!* —
All curses madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou
'Twas thou conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
Hast here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous! Damn'd *Pisanio*
Hath with his forged letters —— damn'd *Pisanio* ——
From this the bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main top! oh *Posthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on. How should this be? *Pisanio!* —
'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them

Have

Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
This is *Pisanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucius, *Captains, and a Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in *Gallia*
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your ships:
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome?*

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd, bid the captains look to't. Now, Sir,
[*To the Soothsayer.*
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last very night the Gods shew'd me a vision,
(I fasting pray'd for their intelligence)
I saw *Jove*'s bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing
From th' spungy south, to this part of the west,
There vanish in the sun beams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to th' *Roman* host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. — Soft, ho, what trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page! ——
Or dead, or sleeping on him: but dead rather:

For

For nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.
Cap. He's alive, my Lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did it,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my master,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another master.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master bleeding: say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Camp. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon't. Say you, Sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele.
Luc. Thou dost approve thy self 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 less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters
Sent by a Consul to me should no sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And

And on it said a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service follow you,
So please you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave; come, * arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Must or for *Britons* slay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural revolters
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the King's party there's no going; newness
Of *Cloten*'s death, we being not known nor muster'd
Among the bands may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd: and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horses neigh,

* *That is*, Take him up in your arms.

Be-

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, (you see,) not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the courtesie your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; your self
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like my self who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of *Romans!*

Arv. So say I, *Amen!*

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That

That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn,
[*Aside.*
'Till it flie out, and shew them Princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter Posthumus *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wisht
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murther wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little? oh *Pisanio!*
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones. —— Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each worse than other,
And make them dreaded, to the doers thrift.
But *Imogen*'s your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest t' obey! I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* gentry, and to fight
Against my Lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough
That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy mistress: Peace,
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit my self
As do's a *Briton* peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus not known,
Pitied, or hated, to the face of peril
My self I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habit shews;

Gods, put the ſtrength o' th' *Leonati* in me!
To ſhame the guiſe o' th' world, I will begin
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and the* Roman *army at one door; and the* Britiſh *army at another:* Leonatus Poſthumus *following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in ſkirmiſh* Iachimo, *and* Poſthumus; *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heavineſs and guilt within my boſom
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a Lady,
The Princeſs of this country; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have ſubdu'd me
In my profeſſion? knighthoods, honours born,
As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn;
If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*

The battel continues; the Britons *fly,* Cymbeline *is taken; then enter to his reſcue,* Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand; we have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, ſtand and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, *and ſeconds the* Britons. *They reſcue* Cymbeline, *and exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thy ſelf;
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely. Or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Field of Battel.

Enter Poſthumus, *and a* Britiſh *Lord.*

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?

Poſt. I did.

Though

Though you it ſeems came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Poſt. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was loſt;
But that the heavens fought: the King himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britons* ſeen; all flying
Through a ſtraight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerly through fear, that the ſtrait paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Poſt. Cloſe by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an antient ſoldier,
An honeſt one I warrant, who deſerv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country: thwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads more like to run
The country Baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter
With faces fit for maſks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation cas'd) *For ſhame*
Make good the paſſage, cry'd to thoſe that fled,
Our Britain's *harts die flying, not our men;*
To darkneſs fleet ſouls that fly backwards: ſtand,
Or we are Romans, *and will give you that*
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave
But to look back in frown: ſtand, ſtand — Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing;) with this word *Stand, ſtand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleneſs, which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance, gilded pale looks
Part, ſhame, part, ſpirit-renew'd; that ſome turn'd coward
But by example (oh a ſin in war,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions

Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A ſtop i' th' chaſe, a retire; anon
A rout confuſion-thick. Forthwith they flie
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles; ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound!
Some ſlain before, ſome dying, ſome their friends
O'er-born i' th' former wave; ten chac'd by one
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty;
Thoſe that would die or e'er reſiſt, are grown
The mortal bugs o' th' field.

Lord. This was ſtrange chance;
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it; tho' you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. *

Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [*Exit.*

Poſt. This is a Lord; oh noble miſery
To be i' th' field, and aſk what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've ſav'd their carcaſſes! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd, †
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he ſtruck. This ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange, he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; and hath more miniſters than we

* -----Than to work any.
Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preſerv'd the Britons, *was the* Romans *bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Poſt. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhymes.

Lord. Farewel, &c.

† Meaning that his woe ſeem'd as a charm which protected him.

That

That draw his knives in war. Well, I will find him
For being now a favourer to the *Roman*,
No more a *Briton*; I've reſum'd again
The part I came in; fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriеſt hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the anſwer be,
Britons muſt take! For me, my ranſom's death,
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
'Tis thought the old man, and his ſons, were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who is there?

Poſt. A *Roman*,
Who had not now been drooping here, if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him, a dog!
A leg of *Rome* ſhall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his ſervice
As if he were of note; bring him to th' King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Priſon.*

Enter Poſthumus, *and two Goalers.*

1 *Goal.* You ſhall not now be ſtol'n, you've locks upon you
So graze, as you find paſture. [*Exeunt Goalers.*

2 *Goal.* Ay, or ſtomach.

Poſt. Moſt welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o'th' gout, ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' ſure phyſician, death; who is the key
T'unbar theſe locks. My conſcience! thou art fetter'd
More than my ſhanks and wriſts; you good Gods, give me
The penitent inſtrument to pick that bolt;
Then free for ever. Is't enough I'm ſorry?

So children temp'ral fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd; to ſatisfie,
I doff my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No ſtricter render of me, than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogen*'s dear life, take mine, and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it;
'Tween man and man they weigh not every ſtamp,
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather mine, being yours: and ſo, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe old bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence. —— [*He ſleeps.*

* * * *

* * * * *Here follows a* Viſion, *a* Maſque, *and a* Prophecy, *which interrupt the Fable without the leaſt neceſſity, and unmeaſurably lengthen this Act. I think it plainly foiſted in afterwards for ſome ſhow, and apparently not of* Shakeſpear.

† † †

Solemn muſick: Enter as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Poſthumus, *with muſick before them. Then after other muſick, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Poſthumus *round as he lyes ſleeping.*

Sici. No more thou thunder-maſter
Shew thy ſpite, on mortal flies:
With *Mars* fall out with *Juno* chide, that thy adulteries
Rates and revenges
Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd,
Attending nature's law.
Whoſe father, *Jove!* (as men report,
Thou orphans father art)
Thou ſhouldſt have been, and ſhielded him
From his earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes,

That

SCENE IV. Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my ſide, you whom the Gods have made
Preſervers of my throne. Wo is my heart,
That from me my *Poſthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongſt his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair;
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius*' heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In *Britain* where was he
That could ſtand up his parallel,
Or rival object be,
In eye of *Imogen*, that beſt
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage therefore was he mockt
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus*' ſeat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one:
Sweet *Imogen!*
Sici. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needleſs jealouſie,
And to become the geck and ſcorn
O'th' other's villainy?
2 *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That ſtriking in our country's cauſe,
Fell bravely and were ſlain,
Our fealty and *Tenantius*' right
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy chryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race, thy harſh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion, help,
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
To th' ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
Againſt thy Deity.
2 *Bro.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice fly.

Jupiter

That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
(Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before shields of proof,) cannot be found:

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more you petty spirits of region low
Offend our hearing; hush! how dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of *Elysium*, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppress,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid son our Godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his tryals well are spent;
Our *Jovial* star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married: rise, and fade!
He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*.
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein [Jupiter *drops a tablet.*
Our pleasure, his full fortune, doth confine,
And so away, no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine;
Mount eagle to my palace chrystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter*.

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof: away, and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest.

Post. Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers. But, oh scorn!
Gone---they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake---Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why:
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.]

He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

[Reads.]

When as the lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus *end his miseries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as mad-men
Tongue and brain not: do either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for sympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir, but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain, both empty; the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: oh the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true debtor and creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the tooth ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death hath eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or to take upon your self that which I am sure you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's-end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to seek the way of blindness: I am sure such fanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news, I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then. *Post.*

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggʼry and poor luck.
Cym. No tidings of him?
Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of *Britain*,
[*To* Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.
Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.
Cym. Bow your knees,
Arise my Knights o'th' battel; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.
Enter Cornelius *and Ladies.*
There's business in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' Court of *Britain*,
Cor. Hail, great King!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.
Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a goaler: no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt.*

Goal. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live for all he be a *Roman*: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O there were desolation of goalers, and gallowses; I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV, &c.

Cor.

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her self,
Who being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to her self. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, wife to your place
Abhor'd your person.
Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?
Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring
By inches waste you. In which time she propos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate; open'd in despight
Of heav'n and men, her purposes: repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected: so
Despairing, dy'd.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did, so please your Highness.
Cym. Yet mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious

To

To have mistrusted her. Yet oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

SCENE V.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and other* Roman *Prisoners*, Posthumus *behind, and* Imogen.

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for tribute; that
The *Britons* have ras'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which our self have granted.
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatned
Our pris'ners with the sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A *Roman* with a *Roman*'s heart can suffer.——
Augustus lives to think on't.——And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat; my boy, a *Briton* born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like; let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your Highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Briton* harm,
Though he hath serv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou hast look'd thy self into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore
To say, *Live, boy*: ne'er thank thy master, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplext?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highness, who being born your vassal
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page,
I'll be thy master: walk with me, speak freely.

[Cymbeline *and* Imogen *go aside.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One sand
Another doth not more resemble, than
He the sweet rosie lad who died, and was
Fidele.

Guid. Ev'n the same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see more; he eyes us not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke t'us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pis. 'Tis my mistress—— [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, ſtep you forth, [*To* Iachimo.
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or by our greatneſs and the grace of it
Which is our honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. On, ſpeak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken, that
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I'm glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,
Whom thou didſt baniſh: and, (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt ſky and ground. Will you hear more?
Cym. All that
Belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember — give me leave, I faint — [*Swoons.*
Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy ſtrength;
I'd rather thou ſhouldſt live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That ſtruck the hour) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
The manſion where) 'twas at a feaſt, (oh would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heav'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus* —
What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones — ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our loves of *Italy*
For beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; for ſtature, laming
The ſhrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*;

Poſtures

Poſtures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; beſides, that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the eye —
Cym. I ſtand on fire.
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou wouldſt grieve quickly. This *Poſthumus*,
(Moſt like a noble Lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity; there it begins:
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of's bed, and win this ring,
By her and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring,
(And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of *Phœbus'* wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of's car.) Away to *Britain*
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
By your chaſte daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine *Italian* brain
'Gan in your dulier *Britain* operate
Moſt vilely; for my vantage excellent:
And to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,

By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet.
(Oh cunning how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend! ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come——oh give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou King, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy daughter; villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than my self,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of virtue was she, yea, and she her self.——
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o'th' street to bait me: every villain
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villainy less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? thou scornful page,
There lye thy part. [*Striking her, she falls.*

Pis. Oh gentlemen, oh, help,
Mine and your mistress——Oh, my Lord *Posthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now——help, help,
Mine honour'd Lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo.

Imo. Oh, get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me poison: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing! I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem; I dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would seize
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Guid. This is sure *Fidele.*

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you? [*To* Post.
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
[*Throwing her arms about his neck.*
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [*To* Guiderius *and* Arviragus.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm ſorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Piſ. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my Lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe went
It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket, which directed her
To ſeek him on the mountains near to *Milford*;
Where in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purchaſe, and with oath to violate
My Lady's honour: What became of him
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the ſtory;
I ſlew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I've ſpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
Could it ſo roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not ſtanding here
To tell the tale of me.

Cym. I'm ſorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and muſt
Endure

Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelf, and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever ſcar for. Let his arms alone, [*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old ſoldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tempting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he ſpake too far.

Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My ſons, I muſt
For mine own part unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good yours.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou had'ſt, great King, a ſubject, who was call'd
Bellarius.

Cym. What of him? a baniſh'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Aſſum'd this age; indeed a baniſh'd man,
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.

Bel. Not too hot:
Firſt pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons,
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nurſing of my ſons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and ſawcy; here's my knee:

Ere

Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my ſons,
Then ſpare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young gentlemen that call me father
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine,
They are the iſſue of your loins, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my iſſue?

Bel. So ſure as you, your father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Bellarius* whom you ſometime baniſh'd;
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
It ſelf and all my treaſon: That I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle Princes,
(For ſuch and ſo they are,) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up; ſuch arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
As your Grace knows. Their nurſe *Euriphile*,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children
Upon my baniſhment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before
For that which I did then. Beatings for loyalty
Excited me to treaſon. Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, Sir,
Here are your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world.
The benediction of theſe covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.

Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The ſervice that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my children —
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while ——
This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger Princely ſon; he, Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by th' hand

Of his Queen-mother, which for more probation
I can with eaſe produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar,
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that nat'ral ſtamp:
It was wiſe nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleſt may you be,
That after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! oh *Imogen*,
Thou'aſt loſt by this a Kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I've got two worlds by't. Oh my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never ſay hereafter
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your ſiſter: I, you brothers,
When ye were ſo indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good Lord.

Guid. And at firſt meeting lov'd,
Continu'd ſo, until we thought ſhe died.

Cor. By the Queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.

Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
Why fled you from the Court? and whither? theſe,
And your three motives to the battel, with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time nor place
Will ſerve long interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoak the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother, so we'll hold thee ever. [*To* Bellarius.

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneels.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first,
And here your bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post.

Post. Your servant, Princes. *

Cym. By peace we will begin: and, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
On whom heav'n's justice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the vision

* ----- *Post.* Your servant, Princes.
Good my Lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothsayer*: as I slept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.
Luc. Philarmonus!
Sooth. Here, my good Lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.
[Reads.]
When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus *end his miseries*, Britain *be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*
Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [*To* Cymbeline.
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife, who even now
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender air.
Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth: who by *Bellarius* stol'n
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises *Britain* peace and plenty.
Cym. By peace we will begin: &c.

Which

Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold battel, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the *Roman* eagle
From ſouth to weſt on wing ſoaring aloft
Leſſen'd her ſelf, and in the beams o'th' ſun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial *Cæſar*, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the weſt.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked ſmoaks climb to their noſtrils
From our bleſt altars! Publiſh we this peace
To all our ſubjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman* and a *Britiſh* enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Lud*'s town march,
And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
Our peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feaſts.
Set on there: Never was a war did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a peace.

[*Exeunt om*

The End of the EIGHTH VOLUME.



