## The LAST PLAYS, OR THE LATE

## Romances

of

## Shakespeare <br>  <br> Forming

## Officers ${ }_{m a}$ Gentlemen



Lectures at the Naval Academy at Annapolis Maryland USA 2007 By Professor David Allen White. (Now retired)

## A Course for all mature students of the Incomparable Bard

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These lectures are the last semester of Dr. White after 35 years teaching. This is the crowning glory of his professional teaching career. He continues occasional lectures when invited to such groups as the Roman Forum in New York.

## SHAKESPEARES LATE ROMANCES

LECTURE 1
DAVID ALLEN WHITE Introduction to Shakespeare AUGUST 212007 (two talks, $\mathbf{3 5} \boldsymbol{\&} \mathbf{4 5}$ minutes)
LECTURE 2 Background to Shakespeare's world Aug 23
LECTURE 3 Aug 30 - MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
LECTURE 4 Sept 62007 INTRO TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
LECTURE 5 Sept 11 ANTONY \& CLEOPATRA
LECTURE 6 Sept 13 ANTONY \& CLEOPATRA FINISH
LECTURE 7 Sept 18 CORIOLANUS
LECTURE 8 Sept 22 CORIOLANUS II
LECTURE 9 Oct 2 PERICLES I
LECTURE 10 Oct 4 PERICLES II
LECTURE 11 Oct 11 PERICLES III

LECTURE 12 Oct 16 THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE
LECTURE 13 Oct 18 CYMBELINE INTRO

LECTURE 14 Oct 23 CYMBELINE I
LECTURE 15 Oct 25 CYMBELINE II
LECTURE 16 Nov 6 THE WINTER'S TALE INTRO
LECTURE 17 Nov 8 THE WINTER'S TALE I
LECTURE 18 Nov 13 THE WINTER'S TALE II

## William Shakespeare



The Chandos portrait, artist and authenticity unconfirmed.

> National Portrait Gallery, London.
baptised 26 April 1564 (birth date unknown)
Born
Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire,
England
23 April 1616 (aged 52)
Died $\quad \underline{\text { Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, }}$

Occupation Playwright, poet, actor
Literary $\quad$ English Renaissance theatre
movement

Spouse(s) Anne Hathaway (1582-1616)

Children | Susanna Hall |  |
| :--- | :--- |
|  | Hamnet Shakespeare |
|  | $\underline{\text { Judith Quiney }}$ |

Signature


William Shakespeare (baptised 26 April 1564; died 23 April 1616) ${ }^{[\mathrm{nb} 1]}$ was an English poet and playwright, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. ${ }^{[1]} \mathrm{He}$ is often called England's national poet and the "Bard of Avon". ${ }^{[2][\mathrm{nb} 2]}$ His surviving works, including some collaborations, consist of about 38 plays, ${ }^{[\text {nb } 3]} 154$ sonnets, two long narrative poems, and several other poems. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright. ${ }^{[3]}$

Shakespeare was born and raised in Stratford-upon-Avon. At the age of 18, he married Anne Hathaway, with whom he had three children: Susanna, and twins Hamnet and Judith. Between 1585 and 1592, he began a successful career in London as an actor, writer, and part owner of a playing company called the Lord Chamberlain's Men, later known as the King's Men. He appears to have retired to Stratford around 1613, where he died three years later. Few records of Shakespeare's private life survive, and there has been considerable speculation about such matters as his physical appearance, sexuality, religious beliefs, and whether the works attributed to him were written by others. ${ }^{[4]}$

Shakespeare produced most of his known work between 1589 and $1613 .{ }^{[5][\mathrm{nb} 4]}$ His early plays were mainly comedies and histories, genres he raised to the peak of sophistication and artistry by the end of the 16th century. He then wrote mainly tragedies until about 1608, including Hamlet, King Lear, and Macbeth, considered some of the finest works in the English language. In his last phase, he wrote tragicomedies, also known as romances, and collaborated with other playwrights.

Many of his plays were published in editions of varying quality and accuracy during his lifetime. In 1623, two of his former theatrical colleagues published the First Folio, a collected edition of his dramatic works that included all but two of the plays now recognised as Shakespeare's.

Shakespeare was a respected poet and playwright in his own day, but his reputation did not rise to its present heights until the 19th century. The Romantics, in particular, acclaimed Shakespeare's genius, and the Victorians worshipped Shakespeare with a reverence that George Bernard Shaw called "bardolatry". ${ }^{[6]}$ In the 20th century, his work was repeatedly adopted and rediscovered by new movements in scholarship and performance. His plays remain highly popular today and are constantly studied, performed and reinterpreted in diverse cultural and political contexts throughout the world.

## Contents

- 1 Life
- 1.1 Early life
- 1.2 London and theatrical career
- 1.3 Later years and death
- 2 Plays
- 2.1 Performances
- 2.2 Textual sources

- 3 Poems
- 3.1 Sonnets
- 4 Style
- 5 Influence
- 6 Critical reputation
- 7 Speculation about Shakespeare
- 7.1 Authorship
- 7.2 Religion
- 7.3Sexuality
- 7.4 Portraiture
- 8 List of works
- 8.1 Classification of the plays
- 8.2 Works
- $\underline{9}^{\text {See also }}$
- 10 Notes
- 11 References
- 12 Bibliography
- 13 External links
- $\underline{14}$ Related information


## Life

Main article: Shakespeare's life

## Early life

William Shakespeare was the son of John Shakespeare, a successful glover and alderman originally from Snitterfield, and Mary Arden, the daughter of an affluent landowning farmer. ${ }^{[7]}$ He was born in Stratford-uponAvon and baptised there on 26 April 1564. His actual birthdate remains unknown, but is traditionally observed on 23 April, St George's Day. ${ }^{[8]}$ This date, which can be traced back to an 18th-century scholar's mistake, has proved appealing to biographers, since Shakespeare died 23 April 1616. ${ }^{[9]}$ He was the third child of eight and the eldest surviving son. ${ }^{[10]}$

Although no attendance records for the period survive, most biographers agree that Shakespeare probably was educated at the King's New School in Stratford, ${ }^{[11]}$ a free school chartered in $1553,{ }^{[12]}$ about a quarter-mile from his home. Grammar schools varied in quality during the Elizabethan era, but the curriculum was dictated by law throughout England, ${ }^{[13]}$ and the school would have provided an intensive education in Latin grammar and the classics.


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At the age of 18, Shakespeare married the 26-year-old Anne Hathaway. The consistory court of the Diocese of Worcester issued a marriage licence 27 November 1582. The next day two of Hathaway's neighbours posted bonds guaranteeing that no lawful claims impeded the marriage. ${ }^{[14]}$ The ceremony may have been arranged in some haste, since the Worcester chancellor allowed the marriage banns to be read once instead of the usual three times, ${ }^{[15]}$ and six months after the marriage Anne gave birth to a daughter, Susanna, baptised 26 May $1583 .{ }^{[16]}$ Twins, son Hamnet and daughter Judith, followed almost two years later and were baptised 2 February 1585. ${ }^{[17]}$ Hamnet died of unknown causes at the age of 11 and was buried 11 August $1596 .{ }^{[18]}$

After the birth of the twins, Shakespeare left few historical traces until he is mentioned as part of the London theatre scene in 1592, and scholars refer to the years between 1585 and 1592 as Shakespeare's "lost years". ${ }^{[19]}$ Biographers attempting to account for this period have reported many apocryphal stories. Nicholas Rowe, Shakespeare's first biographer, recounted a Stratford legend that Shakespeare fled the town for London to escape prosecution for deer poaching. ${ }^{[20]}$ Another 18th-century story has Shakespeare starting his theatrical career minding the horses of theatre patrons in London. ${ }^{[21]}$ John Aubrey reported that Shakespeare had been a country schoolmaster. ${ }^{[22]}$ Some 20th-century scholars have suggested that Shakespeare may have been employed as a schoolmaster by Alexander Hoghton of Lancashire, a Catholic landowner who named a certain "William Shakeshafte" in his will. ${ }^{[23]}$ No evidence substantiates such stories other than hearsay collected after his death, and Shakeshafte was a common name in the Lancashire area. ${ }^{[24]}$

## London and theatrical career

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"All the world's a stage,
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and all the men and women merely players:
they have their exits and their entrances;
and one man in his time plays many parts..."
As You Like It, Act II, Scene 7, 139-42. ${ }^{[25]}$

It is not known exactly when Shakespeare began writing, but contemporary allusions and records of performances show that several of his plays were on the London stage by $1592 .{ }^{[26]}$ He was well enough known in London by then to be attacked in print by the playwright Robert Greene:
...there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tiger's heart wrapped in a Player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. ${ }^{[27]}$

Scholars differ on the exact meaning of these words, ${ }^{[28]}$ but most agree that Greene is accusing Shakespeare of reaching above his rank in trying to match university-educated writers, such as Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Nashe and Greene himself. ${ }^{[29]}$ The italicised phrase parodying the line "Oh, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide" from Shakespeare's Henry VI, part 3, along with the pun "Shake-scene", identifies Shakespeare as Greene's target. ${ }^{[30]}$

Greene's attack is the first recorded mention of Shakespeare's career in the theatre. Biographers suggest that his career may have begun any time from the mid-1580s to just before Greene's remarks. ${ }^{[31]}$ From 1594, Shakespeare's plays were performed only by the Lord Chamberlain's Men, a company owned by a group of players, including Shakespeare, that soon became the leading playing company in London. ${ }^{[32]}$ After the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603, the company was awarded a royal patent by the new king, James I, and changed its name to the King's Men. ${ }^{[33]}$

In 1599, a partnership of company members built their own theatre on the south bank of the Thames, which they called the Globe. In 1608, the partnership also took over the Blackfriars indoor theatre. Records of Shakespeare's property purchases and investments indicate that the company made him a wealthy man. ${ }^{[34]}$ In 1597, he bought the second-largest house in Stratford, New Place, and in 1605, he invested in a share of the parish tithes in Stratford. ${ }^{[35]}$

Some of Shakespeare's plays were published in quarto editions from 1594. By 1598, his name had become a selling point and began to appear on the title pages. ${ }^{[36]}$ Shakespeare continued to act in his own and other plays after his success as a playwright. The 1616 edition of Ben Jonson's Works names him on the cast lists for Every Man in His Humour (1598) and Sejanus, His Fall (1603). ${ }^{[37]}$ The absence of his name from the 1605 cast list for Jonson's Volpone is taken by some scholars as a sign that his acting career was nearing its end. ${ }^{[38]}$ The First Folio of 1623, however, lists Shakespeare as one of "the Principal Actors in all these Plays", some of which were first staged after Volpone, although we cannot know for certain which roles he played. ${ }^{[39]}$ In 1610 , John Davies of Hereford wrote that "good Will" played "kingly" roles. ${ }^{[40]}$ In 1709, Rowe passed down a tradition that Shakespeare played the ghost of Hamlet's father. ${ }^{[41]}$ Later traditions maintain that he also played Adam in $\underline{A s}$ You Like It and the Chorus in Henry V, ${ }^{[42]}$ though scholars doubt the sources of the information. ${ }^{[43]}$

Shakespeare divided his time between London and Stratford during his career. In 1596, the year before he bought New Place as his family home in Stratford, Shakespeare was living in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, north of the River Thames. ${ }^{[44]}$ He moved across the river to Southwark by 1599 , the year his company constructed the Globe Theatre there. ${ }^{[45]}$ By 1604, he had moved north of the river again, to an area north of St Paul's Cathedral with many fine houses. There he rented rooms from a French Huguenot called Christopher Mountjoy, a maker of ladies' wigs and other headgear. ${ }^{[46]}$

## Later years and death

Rowe was the first biographer to pass down the tradition that Shakespeare retired to Stratford some years before his death; ${ }^{[47]}$ but retirement from all work was uncommon at that time, ${ }^{[48]}$ and Shakespeare continued to visit London. ${ }^{[47]}$ In 1612 he was called as a witness in a court case concerning the marriage settlement of Mountjoy's daughter, Mary. ${ }^{[49]}$ In March 1613 he bought a gatehouse in the former Blackfriars priory; ${ }^{[50]}$ and from November 1614 he was in London for several weeks with his son-in-law, John Hall. ${ }^{\text {[51] }}$



Shakespeare's funerary monument in Stratford-upon-Avon.
After 1606-1607, Shakespeare wrote fewer plays, and none are attributed to him after 1613. ${ }^{[52]}$ His last three plays were collaborations, probably with John Fletcher, ${ }^{[53]}$ who succeeded him as the house playwright for the King's Men. ${ }^{[54]}$

Shakespeare died on 23 April $1616^{[55]}$ and was survived by his wife and two daughters. Susanna had married a physician, John Hall, in 1607, ${ }^{[56]}$ and Judith had married Thomas Quiney, a vintner, two months before Shakespeare's death. ${ }^{[57]}$

In his will, Shakespeare left the bulk of his large estate to his elder daughter Susanna. ${ }^{[58]}$ The terms instructed that she pass it down intact to "the first son of her body". ${ }^{[59]}$ The Quineys had three children, all of whom died without marrying. ${ }^{[60]}$ The Halls had one child, Elizabeth, who married twice but died without children in 1670, ending Shakespeare's direct line. ${ }^{[61]}$ Shakespeare's will scarcely mentions his wife, Anne, who was probably entitled to one third of his estate automatically. ${ }^{[62]}$ He did make a point, however, of leaving her "my second best bed", a bequest that has led to much speculation. ${ }^{[63]}$ Some scholars see the bequest as an insult to Anne, whereas others believe that the second-best bed would have been the matrimonial bed and therefore rich in significance. ${ }^{[64]}$

Shakespeare was buried in the chancel of the Holy Trinity Church two days after his death. ${ }^{[65]}$ The epitaph carved into the stone slab covering his grave includes a curse against moving his bones, which was carefully avoided during restoration of the church in 2008: ${ }^{[66]}$



Shakespeare's grave.
Good frend for Iesvs sake forbeare, To digg the dvst encloased heare. Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones, And curst be he yt moves my bones. ${ }^{[67]}$

Sometime before 1623, a funerary monument was erected in his memory on the north wall, with a half-effigy of him in the act of writing. Its plaque compares him to Nestor, Socrates, and Virgil. ${ }^{[68]}$ In 1623, in conjunction with the publication of the First Folio, the Droeshout engraving was published. ${ }^{[69]}$

Shakespeare has been commemorated in many statues and memorials around the world, including funeral monuments in Southwark Cathedral and Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey.

## Plays

Main articles: Shakespeare's plays and Shakespeare's collaborations
Most playwrights of the period typically collaborated with others at some point, and critics agree that Shakespeare did the same, mostly early and late in his career. ${ }^{[70]}$ Some attributions, such as Titus Andronicus and the early history plays, remain controversial, while The Two Noble Kinsmen and the lost Cardenio have well-attested contemporary documentation. Textual evidence also supports the view that several of the plays were revised by other writers after their original composition.

The first recorded works of Shakespeare are Richard III and the three parts of Henry VI, written in the early 1590 s during a vogue for historical drama. Shakespeare's plays are difficult to date, however, ${ }^{[71]}$ and studies of the texts suggest that Titus Andronicus, The Comedy of Errors, The Taming of the Shrew and The Two Gentlemen of Verona may also belong to Shakespeare's earliest period. ${ }^{[72]}$ His first histories, which draw heavily on the 1587 edition of Raphael Holinshed's Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland, ${ }^{[73]}$ dramatise the destructive results of weak or corrupt rule and have been interpreted as a justification for the origins of the Tudor dynasty. ${ }^{[74]}$ The early plays were influenced by the works of other Elizabethan dramatists, especially Thomas Kyd and Christopher Marlowe, by the traditions of medieval drama, and by the plays of Seneca. ${ }^{[75]}$ The Comedy of Errors was also based on classical models, but no source for The Taming of the Shrew has been found, though it is related to a separate play of the same name and may have derived from a folk story. ${ }^{[76]}$ Like The Two Gentlemen of Verona, in which two friends appear to approve of rape, ${ }^{[77]}$ the Shrew's story of the taming of a woman's independent spirit by a man sometimes troubles modern critics and directors. ${ }^{\text {[78] }}$



Oberon, Titania and Puck with Fairies Dancing. By William Blake, c. 1786. Tate Britain.
Shakespeare's early classical and Italianate comedies, containing tight double plots and precise comic sequences, give way in the mid-1590s to the romantic atmosphere of his greatest comedies. ${ }^{[79]} \underline{\text { A Midsummer }}$ Night's Dream is a witty mixture of romance, fairy magic, and comic lowlife scenes. ${ }^{[80]}$ Shakespeare's next comedy, the equally romantic Merchant of Venice, contains a portrayal of the vengeful Jewish moneylender Shylock, which reflects Elizabethan views but may appear derogatory to modern audiences. ${ }^{[81]}$ The wit and wordplay of Much Ado About Nothing, ${ }^{[82]}$ the charming rural setting of As You Like It, and the lively merrymaking of Twelfth Night complete Shakespeare's sequence of great comedies. ${ }^{[83]}$ After the lyrical Richard $\underline{I I}$, written almost entirely in verse, Shakespeare introduced prose comedy into the histories of the late 1590 s , Henry IV, parts 1 and 2, and Henry V. His characters become more complex and tender as he switches deftly between comic and serious scenes, prose and poetry, and achieves the narrative variety of his mature work. ${ }^{[84]}$ This period begins and ends with two tragedies: Romeo and Juliet, the famous romantic tragedy of sexually charged adolescence, love, and death; ${ }^{[85]}$ and Julius Caesar-based on Sir Thomas North's 1579 translation of Plutarch's Parallel Lives-which introduced a new kind of drama. ${ }^{[86]}$ According to Shakespearean scholar James Shapiro, in Julius Caesar "the various strands of politics, character, inwardness, contemporary events, even Shakespeare's own reflections on the act of writing, began to infuse each other". ${ }^{[87]}$


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Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus, and the Ghost of Hamlet's Father. Henry Fuseli, 1780-5. Kunsthaus Zürich.
In the early 17th century, Shakespeare wrote the so-called "problem plays" Measure for Measure, Troilus and Cressida, and All's Well That Ends Well and a number of his best known tragedies. ${ }^{[88]}$ Many critics believe that Shakespeare's greatest tragedies represent the peak of his art. The titular hero of one of Shakespeare's most famous tragedies, Hamlet, has probably been discussed more than any other Shakespearean character, especially for his famous soliloquy "To be or not to be; that is the question" ${ }^{[89]}$ Unlike the introverted Hamlet, whose fatal flaw is hesitation, the heroes of the tragedies that followed, Othello and King Lear, are undone by hasty errors of judgement. ${ }^{[90]}$ The plots of Shakespeare's tragedies often hinge on such fatal errors or flaws, which overturn order and destroy the hero and those he loves. ${ }^{[91]}$ In Othello, the villain Iago stokes Othello's sexual jealousy to the point where he murders the innocent wife who loves him. ${ }^{[92]}$ In King Lear, the old king commits the tragic error of giving up his powers, initiating the events which lead to the murder of his daughter and the torture and blinding of the Earl of Gloucester. According to the critic Frank Kermode, "the play offers neither its good

characters nor its audience any relief from its cruelty". ${ }^{[93]}$ In Macbeth, the shortest and most compressed of Shakespeare's tragedies, ${ }^{[94]}$ uncontrollable ambition incites Macbeth and his wife, Lady Macbeth, to murder the rightful king and usurp the throne, until their own guilt destroys them in turn. ${ }^{[95]}$ In this play, Shakespeare adds a supernatural element to the tragic structure. His last major tragedies, Antony and Cleopatra and Coriolanus, contain some of Shakespeare's finest poetry and were considered his most successful tragedies by the poet and critic T. S. Eliot. ${ }^{[96]}$

In his final period, Shakespeare turned to romance or tragicomedy and completed three more major plays: Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale and The Tempest, as well as the collaboration, Pericles, Prince of Tyre. Less bleak than the tragedies, these four plays are graver in tone than the comedies of the 1590s, but they end with reconciliation and the forgiveness of potentially tragic errors. ${ }^{[97]}$ Some commentators have seen this change in mood as evidence of a more serene view of life on Shakespeare's part, but it may merely reflect the theatrical fashion of the day. ${ }^{[98]}$ Shakespeare collaborated on two further surviving plays, Henry VIII and The Two Noble Kinsmen, probably with John Fletcher. ${ }^{[99]}$

## Performances

Main article: Shakespeare in performance
It is not clear for which companies Shakespeare wrote his early plays. The title page of the 1594 edition of Titus Andronicus reveals that the play had been acted by three different troupes. ${ }^{[100]}$ After the plagues of 1592-3, Shakespeare's plays were performed by his own company at The Theatre and the Curtain in Shorch, north of the Thames. ${ }^{[101]}$ Londoners flocked there to see the first part of Henry IV, Leonard Digges recording, "Let but Falstaff come, Hal, Poins, the rest...and you scarce shall have a room" ${ }^{[102]}$ When the company found themselves in dispute with their landlord, they pulled The Theatre down and used the timbers to construct the Globe Theatre, the first playhouse built by actors for actors, on the south bank of the Thames at Southwark. ${ }^{[103]}$ The Globe opened in autumn 1599, with Julius Caesar one of the first plays staged. Most of Shakespeare's greatest post-1599 plays were written for the Globe, including Hamlet, Othello and King Lear. ${ }^{[104]}$


The reconstructed Globe Theatre, London.
After the Lord Chamberlain's Men were renamed the King's Men in 1603, they entered a special relationship with the new King James. Although the performance records are patchy, the King's Men performed seven of Shakespeare's plays at court between 1 November 1604 and 31 October 1605, including two performances of The Merchant of Venice. ${ }^{[105]}$ After 1608, they performed at the indoor Blackfriars Theatre during the winter and the Globe during the summer. ${ }^{[106]}$ The indoor setting, combined with the Jacobean fashion for lavishly staged masques, allowed Shakespeare to introduce more elaborate stage devices. In Cymbeline, for example, Jupiter descends "in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The ghosts fall on their knees. ${ }^{[107]}$

The actors in Shakespeare's company included the famous Richard Burbage, William Kempe, Henry Condell and John Heminges. Burbage played the leading role in the first performances of many of Shakespeare's plays, including Richard III, Hamlet, Othello, and King Lear. ${ }^{[108]}$ The popular comic actor Will Kempe played the servant Peter in Romeo and Juliet and Dogberry in Much Ado About Nothing, among other characters. ${ }^{[109]} \mathrm{He}$ was replaced around the turn of the 16th century by Robert Armin, who played roles such as Touchstone in As You Like It and the fool in King Lear. ${ }^{[110]}$ In 1613, Sir Henry Wotton recorded that Henry VIII "was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and ceremony". ${ }^{[111]}$ On 29 June, however, a cannon set fire to the thatch of the Globe and burned the theatre to the ground, an event which pinpoints the date of a Shakespeare play with rare precision. ${ }^{[111]}$

## Textual sources



Title page of the First Folio, 1623. Copper engraving of Shakespeare by Martin Droeshout.
In 1623, John Heminges and Henry Condell, two of Shakespeare's friends from the King's Men, published the First Folio, a collected edition of Shakespeare's plays. It contained 36 texts, including 18 printed for the first time ${ }^{[112]}$ Many of the plays had already appeared in quarto versions-flimsy books made from sheets of paper folded twice to make four leaves. ${ }^{[113]}$ No evidence suggests that Shakespeare approved these editions, which the First Folio describes as "stol'n and surreptitious copies". ${ }^{[114]}$ Alfred Pollard termed some of them "bad quartos" because of their adapted, paraphrased or garbled texts, which may in places have been reconstructed from memory. ${ }^{[115]}$ Where several versions of a play survive, each differs from the other. The differences may stem from copying or printing errors, from notes by actors or audience members, or from Shakespeare's own papers. ${ }^{[116]}$ In some cases, for example Hamlet, Troilus and Cressida and Othello, Shakespeare could have revised the texts between the quarto and folio editions. In the case of King Lear, however, while most modern additions do conflate them, the 1623 folio version is so different from the 1608 quarto, that the Oxford Shakespeare prints them both, arguing that they cannot be conflated without confusion. ${ }^{[117]}$

## Poems

In 1593 and 1594, when the theatres were closed because of plague, Shakespeare published two narrative poems on erotic themes, Venus and Adonis and The Rape of Lucrece. He dedicated them to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of


Southampton. In Venus and Adonis, an innocent Adonis rejects the sexual advances of Venus; while in The Rape of Lucrece, the virtuous wife Lucrece is raped by the lustful Tarquin. ${ }^{[118]}$ Influenced by Ovid's Metamorphoses,,${ }^{[119]}$ the poems show the guilt and moral confusion that result from uncontrolled lust. ${ }^{[120]}$ Both proved popular and were often reprinted during Shakespeare's lifetime. A third narrative poem, A Lover's Complaint, in which a young woman laments her seduction by a persuasive suitor, was printed in the first edition of the Sonnets in 1609. Most scholars now accept that Shakespeare wrote A Lover's Complaint. Critics consider that its fine qualities are marred by leaden effects. ${ }^{[121]}$ The Phoenix and the Turtle, printed in Robert Chester's 1601 Love's Martyr, mourns the deaths of the legendary phoenix and his lover, the faithful turtle dove. In 1599, two early drafts of sonnets 138 and 144 appeared in The Passionate Pilgrim, published under Shakespeare's name but without his permission. ${ }^{[122]}$

## Sonnets

Main article: Shakespeare's sonnets
SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprined.


Title page from 1609 edition of Shake-Speares Sonnets.
Published in 1609, the Sonnets were the last of Shakespeare's non-dramatic works to be printed. Scholars are not certain when each of the 154 sonnets was composed, but evidence suggests that Shakespeare wrote sonnets throughout his career for a private readership. ${ }^{[123]}$ Even before the two unauthorised sonnets appeared in The Passionate Pilgrim in 1599, Francis Meres had referred in 1598 to Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends".${ }^{[124]}$ Few analysts believe that the published collection follows Shakespeare's intended sequence. ${ }^{[125]}$ He seems to have planned two contrasting series: one about uncontrollable lust for a married woman of dark complexion (the "dark lady"), and one about conflicted love for a fair young man (the "fair youth"). It remains unclear if these figures represent real individuals, or if the authorial "I" who addresses them represents Shakespeare himself, though Wordsworth believed that with the sonnets "Shakespeare unlocked his heart" ${ }^{[126]}$ The 1609 edition was dedicated to a "Mr. W.H.", credited as "the only begetter" of the poems. It is not known whether this was written by Shakespeare himself or by the publisher, Thomas Thorpe, whose initials appear at the foot of the dedication page; nor is it known who Mr. W.H. was, despite numerous theories, or whether Shakespeare even authorised the publication. ${ }^{[127]}$ Critics praise the Sonnets as a profound meditation on the nature of love, sexual passion, procreation, death, and time. ${ }^{[128]}$
"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate..."
Lines from Shakespeare's Sonnet $18{ }^{[129]}$


The production of Shakespeare's Sonnets was in some way influenced by the Italian sonnet: it was popularised by Dante and Petrarch and refined in Spain and France by DuBellay and Ronsard. ${ }^{[130]}$ Shakespeare probably had access to these last two authors, and read English poets as Richard Field and John Davies. ${ }^{[130]}$ The French and Italian poets gave preference to the Italian form of sonnet-two groups of four lines, or quatrains (always rhymed a-b-b-a-b-b-a) followed by two groups of three lines, or tercets (variously rhymed c-c-d e-e-d or c-c-d e-d-e)-which created a sonorous music in the vowel rich Romance languages, but in Shakespeare it is artificial and monotonous for the English language. To overcome this problem derived from the difference of language, Shakespeare chose to follow the idiomatic rhyme scheme used by Philip Sidney in his Astrophel and Stella (published posthumously in 1591), where the rhymes are interlaced in two pairs of couplets to make the quatrain. ${ }^{[130]}$

## Style

Main article: Shakespeare's style
Shakespeare's first plays were written in the conventional style of the day. He wrote them in a stylised language that does not always spring naturally from the needs of the characters or the drama. ${ }^{[131]}$ The poetry depends on extended, sometimes elaborate metaphors and conceits, and the language is often rhetorical—written for actors to declaim rather than speak. The grand speeches in Titus Andronicus, in the view of some critics, often hold up the action, for example; and the verse in Two Gentlemen of Verona has been described as stilted. ${ }^{[132]}$

Soon, however, Shakespeare began to adapt the traditional styles to his own purposes. The opening soliloquy of Richard III has its roots in the self-declaration of Vice in medieval drama. At the same time, Richard's vivid self-awareness looks forward to the soliloquies of Shakespeare's mature plays. ${ }^{[133]}$ No single play marks a change from the traditional to the freer style. Shakespeare combined the two throughout his career, with Romeo and Juliet perhaps the best example of the mixing of the styles. ${ }^{[134]}$ By the time of Romeo and Juliet, Richard II, and A Midsummer Night's Dream in the mid-1590s, Shakespeare had begun to write a more natural poetry. He increasingly tuned his metaphors and images to the needs of the drama itself.


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Pity by William Blake, 1795, Tate Britain, is an illustration of two similes in Macbeth: "And pity, like a naked new-born babe, / Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd / Upon the sightless couriers of the air".

Shakespeare's standard poetic form was blank verse, composed in iambic pentameter. In practice, this meant that his verse was usually unrhymed and consisted of ten syllables to a line, spoken with a stress on every second syllable. The blank verse of his early plays is quite different from that of his later ones. It is often beautiful, but its sentences tend to start, pause, and finish at the end of lines, with the risk of monotony. ${ }^{[135]}$ Once Shakespeare mastered traditional blank verse, he began to interrupt and vary its flow. This technique releases the new power and flexibility of the poetry in plays such as Julius Caesar and Hamlet. Shakespeare uses it, for example, to convey the turmoil in Hamlet's mind: ${ }^{[136]}$


Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting That would not let me sleep. Methought I lay Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. RashlyAnd prais'd be rashness for it-let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well...
Hamlet, Act 5, Scene 2, 4-8 ${ }^{[136]}$
After Hamlet, Shakespeare varied his poetic style further, particularly in the more emotional passages of the late tragedies. The literary critic A. C. Bradley described this style as "more concentrated, rapid, varied, and, in construction, less regular, not seldom twisted or elliptical" .1371 In the last phase of his career, Shakespeare adopted many techniques to achieve these effects. These included run-on lines, irregular pauses and stops, and extreme variations in sentence structure and length. ${ }^{[138]}$ In Macbeth, for example, the language darts from one unrelated metaphor or simile to another: "was the hope drunk/ Wherein you dressed yourself?" (1.7.35-38); "...pity, like a naked new-born babe/ Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd/ Upon the sightless couriers of the air..." (1.7.21-25). The listener is challenged to complete the sense. ${ }^{[138]}$ The late romances, with their shifts in time and surprising turns of plot, inspired a last poetic style in which long and short sentences are set against one another, clauses are piled up, subject and object are reversed, and words are omitted, creating an effect of spontaneity. ${ }^{[139]}$

Shakespeare's poetic genius was allied with a practical sense of the theatre. ${ }^{[140]}$ Like all playwrights of the time, Shakespeare dramatised stories from sources such as Petrarch and Holinshed. ${ }^{[141]}$ He reshaped each plot to create several centres of interest and show as many sides of a narrative to the audience as possible. This strength of design ensures that a Shakespeare play can survive translation, cutting and wide interpretation without loss to its core drama. ${ }^{[142]}$ As Shakespeare's mastery grew, he gave his characters clearer and more varied motivations and distinctive patterns of speech. He preserved aspects of his earlier style in the later plays, however. In Shakespeare's late romances, he deliberately returned to a more artificial style, which emphasised the illusion of theatre. ${ }^{[143]}$

## Influence

Main article: Shakespeare's influence


Macbeth Consulting the Vision of the Armed Head. By Henry Fuseli, 1793-94. Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington.

Shakespeare's work has made a lasting impression on later theatre and literature. In particular, he expanded the dramatic potential of characterisation, plot, language, and genre. ${ }^{[144]}$ Until Romeo and Juliet, for example, romance had not been viewed as a worthy topic for tragedy. ${ }^{[145]}$ Soliloquies had been used mainly to convey

information about characters or events; but Shakespeare used them to explore characters' minds. ${ }^{[146]}$ His work heavily influenced later poetry. The Romantic poets attempted to revive Shakespearean verse drama, though with little success. Critic George Steiner described all English verse dramas from Coleridge to Tennyson as "feeble variations on Shakespearean themes." [147]

Shakespeare influenced novelists such as Thomas Hardy, William Faulkner, and Charles Dickens. The American novelist Herman Melville's soliloquies owe much to Shakespeare; his Captain Ahab in Moby-Dick is a classic tragic hero, inspired by King Lear. ${ }^{[148]}$ Scholars have identified 20,000 pieces of music linked to Shakespeare's works. These include two operas by Giuseppe Verdi, Otello and Falstaff, whose critical standing compares with that of the source plays. ${ }^{[149]}$ Shakespeare has also inspired many painters, including the Romantics and the Pre-Raphaelites. The Swiss Romantic artist Henry Fuseli, a friend of William Blake, even translated Macbeth into German. ${ }^{[150]}$ The psychoanalyst Sigmund Freud drew on Shakespearean psychology, in particular that of Hamlet, for his theories of human nature.

In Shakespeare's day, English grammar, spelling and pronunciation were less standardised than they are now, ${ }^{[151]}$ and his use of language helped shape modern English. ${ }^{[152]}$ Samuel Johnson quoted him more often than any other author in his A Dictionary of the English Language, the first serious work of its type. ${ }^{[153]}$ Expressions such as "with bated breath" (Merchant of Venice) and "a foregone conclusion" (Othello) have found their way into everyday English speech. ${ }^{[154]}$

## Critical reputation

Main articles: Shakespeare's reputation and Timeline of Shakespeare criticism
"He was not of an age, but for all time."
Ben Jonson ${ }^{[155]}$
Shakespeare was never revered in his lifetime, but he received his share of praise. ${ }^{[156]}$ In 1598 , the cleric and author Francis Meres singled him out from a group of English writers as "the most excellent" in both comedy and tragedy. ${ }^{[157]}$ And the authors of the Parnassus plays at St John's College, Cambridge, numbered him with Chaucer, Gower and Spenser. ${ }^{[158]}$ In the First Folio, Ben Jonson called Shakespeare the "Soul of the age, the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage", though he had remarked elsewhere that "Shakespeare wanted art". He was also recognised highly by James I by making them his 'Kings Men'. ${ }^{1159]}$

Between the Restoration of the monarchy in 1660 and the end of the 17th century, classical ideas were in vogue. As a result, critics of the time mostly rated Shakespeare below John Fletcher and Ben Jonson. ${ }^{[160]}$ Thomas Rymer, for example, condemned Shakespeare for mixing the comic with the tragic. Nevertheless, poet and critic John Dryden rated Shakespeare highly, saying of Jonson, "I admire him, but I love Shakespeare". ${ }^{[161]}$ For several decades, Rymer's view held sway; but during the 18th century, critics began to respond to Shakespeare on his own terms and acclaim what they termed his natural genius. A series of scholarly editions of his work, notably those of Samuel Johnson in 1765 and Edmond Malone in 1790, added to his growing reputation. ${ }^{[162]}$ By 1800, he was firmly enshrined as the national poet. ${ }^{[163]}$ In the 18 th and 19th centuries, his reputation also spread abroad. Among those who championed him were the writers Voltaire, Goethe, Stendhal and Victor Hugo. ${ }^{[164]}$

During the Romantic era, Shakespeare was praised by the poet and literary philosopher Samuel Taylor Coleridge; and the critic August Wilhelm Schlegel translated his plays in the spirit of German Romanticism. ${ }^{[16}$ In the 19th century, critical admiration for Shakespeare's genius often bordered on adulation. ${ }^{[166]}$ "That King Shakespeare," the essayist Thomas Carlyle wrote in 1840, "does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs; indestructible". ${ }^{[167]}$ The Victorians produced his plays as lavish spectacles on a grand scale. ${ }^{[168]}$ The playwright and critic George Bernard Shaw mocked the cult of


Shakespeare worship as "bardolatry". He claimed that the new naturalism of Ibsen's plays had made Shakespeare obsolete. ${ }^{[169]}$

The modernist revolution in the arts during the early 20th century, far from discarding Shakespeare, eagerly enlisted his work in the service of the avant garde. The Expressionists in Germany and the Futurists in Moscow mounted productions of his plays. Marxist playwright and director Bertolt Brecht devised an epic theatre under the influence of Shakespeare. The poet and critic T. S. Eliot argued against Shaw that Shakespeare's "primitiveness" in fact made him truly modern. ${ }^{[170]}$ Eliot, along with G. Wilson Knight and the school of New Criticism, led a movement towards a closer reading of Shakespeare's imagery. In the 1950s, a wave of new critical approaches replaced modernism and paved the way for "post-modern" studies of Shakespeare. ${ }^{[171]}$ By the eighties, Shakespeare studies were open to movements such as structuralism, feminism, New Historicism, African American studies, and queer studies. ${ }^{[172][173]}$

## Speculation about Shakespeare

## Authorship

Main article: Shakespeare authorship question
Around 150 years after Shakespeare's death, doubts began to emerge about the authorship of the works attributed to him. ${ }^{[174]}$ Proposed alternative candidates include Francis Bacon, Christopher Marlowe, and Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. ${ }^{[175]}$ Several "group theories" have also been proposed. ${ }^{[176]}$ Only a small minority of academics believe there is reason to question the traditional attribution, ${ }^{[177]}$ but interest in the subject, particularly the Oxfordian theory, continues into the 21 st century. ${ }^{[178]}$

## Religion

Some scholars claim that members of Shakespeare's family were Catholics, at a time when Catholic practice was against the law. ${ }^{[179]}$ Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, certainly came from a pious Catholic family. The strongest evidence might be a Catholic statement of faith signed by John Shakespeare, found in 1757 in the rafters of his former house in Henley Street. The document is now lost, however, and scholars differ on its authenticity. ${ }^{[180]}$ In 1591, the authorities reported that John had missed church "for fear of process for debt", a common Catholic excuse. ${ }^{[181]}$ In 1606, William's daughter Susanna was listed among those who failed to attend Easter communion in Stratford. ${ }^{[181]}$ Scholars find evidence both for and against Shakespeare's Catholicism in his plays, but the truth may be impossible to prove either way. ${ }^{[182]}$

## Sexuality

Few details of Shakespeare's sexuality are known. At 18, he married the 26-year-old Anne Hathaway, who was pregnant. Susanna, the first of their three children, was born six months later on 26 May 1583. However, over the centuries readers have pointed to Shakespeare's sonnets as evidence of his love for a young man. Others read the same passages as the expression of intense friendship rather than sexual love. ${ }^{[183]}$ At the same time, the twenty-six so-called "Dark Lady" sonnets, addressed to a married woman, are taken as evidence of heterosexual liaisons. ${ }^{[184]}$

## Portraiture

There is no written description of Shakespeare's physical appearance and no evidence that he ever commissioned a portrait, so the Droeshout engraving, which Ben Jonson approved of as a good likeness, ${ }^{[185]}$ and his Stratford monument provide the best evidence of his appearance. From the 18th century, the desire for

authentic Shakespeare portraits fueled claims that various surviving pictures depicted Shakespeare. That demand also led to the production of several fake portraits, as well as misattributions, repaintings and relabelling of portraits of other people. ${ }^{[186][187]}$

## List of works

Classification of the plays


The Plays of William Shakespeare. By Sir John Gilbert, 1849.
Shakespeare's works include the 36 plays printed in the First Folio of 1623, listed below according to their folio classification as comedies, histories and tragedies. ${ }^{[188]}$ Two plays not included in the First Folio, The Two Noble Kinsmen and Pericles, Prince of Tyre, are now accepted as part of the canon, with scholars agreed that Shakespeare made a major contribution to their composition. ${ }^{[189]}$ No Shakespearean poems were included in the First Folio.

In the late 19th century, Edward Dowden classified four of the late comedies as romances, and though many scholars prefer to call them tragicomedies, his term is often used. ${ }^{[190]}$ These plays and the associated Two Noble Kinsmen are marked with an asterisk (*) below. In 1896, Frederick S. Boas coined the term "problem plays" to describe four plays: All's Well That Ends Well, Measure for Measure, Troilus and Cressida and Hamlet. ${ }^{[191]}$ "Dramas as singular in theme and temper cannot be strictly called comedies or tragedies", he wrote. "We may therefore borrow a convenient phrase from the theatre of today and class them together as Shakespeare's problem plays. ${ }^{[192]}$ The term, much debated and sometimes applied to other plays, remains in use, though Hamlet is definitively classed as a tragedy. ${ }^{[193]}$ The other problem plays are marked below with a double dagger ( $\ddagger$ ).

Plays thought to be only partly written by Shakespeare are marked with a dagger ( $\dagger$ ) below. Other works occasionally attributed to him are listed as apocrypha.

## Works

Comedies
Histories
Main article: Shakespearean comedy Main article: Shakespearean history

- All's Well That Ends Well $\ddagger$
- As You Like It
- The Comedy of Errors
- Love's Labour's Lost
- Measure for Measure $\ddagger$
- The Merchant of Venice
- King John
- Richard II
- Henry IV, part 1
- Henry IV, part 2
- Henry V

Tragedies
Main article: Shakespearean tragedy

- Romeo and Juliet
- Coriolanus
- Titus Andronicus $\dagger$
- Timon of Athens $\dagger$

- The Merry Wives of Windsor
- A Midsummer Night's Dream
- Much Ado About Nothing
- Pericles, Prince of Tyre* $\dagger$
- The Taming of the Shrew
- The Tempest*
- Twelfth Night
- The Two Gentlemen of Verona
- The Two Noble Kinsmen* ${ }^{\text {- }}$
- The Winter's Tale*

Poems

- Shakespeare's Sonnets
- Venus and Adonis
- The Rape of Lucrece
- The Passionate Pilgrim ${ }^{\text {[nb 5] }}$
- The Phoenix and the Turtle
- ALover's Complaint
- Henry VI, part 1 $\dagger$
- Henry VI, part 2
- Henry VI, part 3
- Richard III
- Henry VIII $\dagger$

Lost plays

- Love's Labour's Won
- Cardenio $\dagger$
- Julius Caesar
- Macbeth $\dagger$
- Hamlet
- Troilus and Cressida $:$
- King Lear
- Othello
- Antony and Cleopatra
- Cymbeline*

Apocrypha Main article: Shakespeare Apocrypha

- Arden of Faversham
- The Birth of Merlin
- Locrine
- The London Prodigal
- The Puritan
- The Second Maiden's Tragedy
- Sir John Oldcastle
- Thomas Lord Cromwell
- A Yorkshire Tragedy
- Edward III
- Sir Thomas More


## Early editions of William Shakespeare's works

## Notes

1. ^ Dates follow the Julian calendar, used in England throughout Shakespeare's lifespan, but with the start of year adjusted to 1 January (see Old Style and New Style dates). Under the Gregorian calendar, adopted in Catholic countries in 1582, Shakespeare died on 3 May (Schoenbaum 1987, xv).
2. ^ The "national cult" of Shakespeare, and the "bard" identification, dates from September 1769, when the actor David Garrick organised a week-long carnival at Stratford to mark the town council awarding him the freedom of the town. In addition to presenting the town with a statue of Shakespeare, Garrick composed a doggerel verse, lampooned in the London newspapers, naming the banks of the Avon as the birthplace of the "matchless Bard" (McIntyre 1999, 412-432).
3. $\hat{\wedge}$ The exact figures are unknown. See Shakespeare's collaborations and Shakespeare Apocrypha for further details.
4. $\hat{\sim}$ Individual play dates and precise writing span are unknown. See Chronology of Shakespeare's plays for further details.
5. ^ The Passionate Pilgrim, published under Shakespeare's name in 1599 without his permission, includes early versions of two of his sonnets, three extracts from Love's Labour's Lost, several poems known to

be by other poets, and eleven poems of unknown authorship for which the attribution to Shakespeare has not been disproved (Wells et al. 2005, 805)

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## Othello

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Jump to: navigation, search
This article is about Shakespeare's play. For the character, see Othello (character). For other uses, see Othello (disambiguation).


吅
The Russian actor and theatre practitioner Constantin Stanislavski as Othello in 1896.
Othello, the Moor of Venice is a tragedy by William Shakespeare, believed to have been written in approximately 1603, and based on the Italian short story "Un Capitano Moro" ("A Moorish Captain") by Cinthio, a disciple of Boccaccio, first published in 1565. The work revolves around four central characters: Othello, a Moorish general in the Venetian army; his wife Desdemona; his lieutenant, Cassio; and his trusted ensign Iago. Because of its varied and current themes of racism, love, jealousy, and betrayal, Othello is still often performed in professional and community theatres alike and has been the basis for numerous operatic, film, and literary adaptations.

## Contents

## [hide]

- 1 Characters
- 2 Plot
- 3 Cinthio source
- 4 Date and text
- 5 Race
- 6 Themes
- 6.1 Iago / Othello
- 6.2 Othering
- 6.3 The hero
- 7 Performance history
- 7.1 Pre-20th century
- 7.2 20th century
- 7.321 st century
- 8 Adaptations and cultural references
- 8.1 Opera
- 8.2 Ballet
- 8.3 Film
- 8.4 Other film adaptations
- 8.5 Television
- 8.6 Graphic novels
- 9 Gallery
- 10 References
- 11 External links


## [edit] Characters

- Othello, the Moor: an African prince and general in the Venetian military.
- Desdemona, Othello's wife and daughter of Brabantio
- Iago, Othello's ensign and Emilia's husband, a villain. He hides his real nature under the veil of 'honesty'.
- Emilia, Iago's wife and Desdemona's maidservant
- Cassio, Othello's lieutenant.
- Bianca, Cassio's lover
- Brabantio, a Venetian senator, Gratiano's brother, and Desdemona's father
- Roderigo, a dissolute Venetian, in love with Desdemona
- Duke of Venice, or the "Doge"
- Gratiano, Brabantio's brother
- Lodovico, Brabantio's kinsman and Desdemona's cousin
- Montano, Othello's Venetian predecessor in the government of Cyprus
- Clown, a servant
- Officers, Gentlemen, Messenger, Herald, Sailor, Attendants, Musicians, etc.


## Plot


"Desdemona in bed asleep", from Othello (Act V, scene 2), part of "A Collection of Prints, from Pictures Painted for the Purpose of Illustrating the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare, by the Artists of Great-Britain", published by John and Josiah Boydell (1803)

The play opens with Roderigo, a rich and dissolute gentleman, complaining to Iago, a high-ranking soldier, that Iago has not told him about the secret marriage between Desdemona, the daughter of a Senator named Brabantio, and Othello, a Moorish general in the Venetian army. He is upset by this development because he loves Desdemona and had previously asked her father for her hand in marriage. Iago is upset with Othello for promoting a younger man named Michael Cassio above him, and tells Roderigo that he plans to use Othello for his own advantage. Iago's argument against Cassio is that he is a scholarly tactician with no real battle experience from which he can draw strategy; in contrast, Iago has practical battle skills. By emphasizing Roderigo's failed bid for Desdemona, and his own dissatisfaction with serving under Othello, Iago convinces Roderigo to wake Brabantio, Desdemona's father, and tell him about his daughter's elopement. Iago sneaks away to find Othello and warns him that Brabantio is coming for him.

Before Brabantio reaches Othello, news arrives in Venice that the Turks are going to attack Cyprus; therefore Othello is summoned to advise the senators. Brabantio arrives and accuses Othello of seducing Desdemona by witchcraft, but Othello defends himself successfully before an assembly that includes the Duke of Venice, Brabantio's kinsman Lodovico and Gratiano, and various senators, explaining that Desdemona became enamored of him for the stories he told of his early life not because of any witchcraft he might have used. The senate are satisfied but the broken Brabantio leaves on a word of warning: "Look to her Moor, if thou hast eyes to see, she has deceived her father, and may thee!" By order of the Duke, Othello leaves Venice to command the Venetian armies against invading Turks on the island of Cyprus, accompanied by his new wife, his new lieutenant Cassio, his ensign Iago, and Emilia as Desdemona's attendant.

The party arrives in Cyprus to find that a storm has destroyed the Turkish fleet. Othello orders a general celebration. Iago schemes to use Cassio to ruin Othello and takes the opportunity of Othello's absence at the celebration to persuade Roderigo to engage Cassio in a fight. He achieves this by getting Cassio drunk on wine after Cassio's own admission that he cannot hold his drink. The brawl greatly alarms the citizenry, and Othello is forced to quell the disturbance. Othello blames Cassio for the disturbance, and strips him of his rank. Cassio is distraught, but Iago persuades him to importune Desdemona to act as an intermediary between himself and Othello, and persuade her husband to reinstate him.

Iago now persuades Othello to be suspicious of Cassio and Desdemona. As it happens, Cassio is having a relationship of sorts with Bianca, a prostitute. Othello drops the handkerchief that was his first gift to Desdemona and which he has stated holds great significance to him in the context of their relationship. Iago asks Emilia to steal it. Emilia, unaware of what Iago plans to do with the handkerchief, steals it. Iago plants it in Cassio's lodgings as evidence of Cassio and Desdemona's affair. After he has planted the handkerchief, Iago tells Othello to stand apart and watch Cassio's reactions while Iago questions him about the handkerchief. Iago goads Cassio on to talk about his affair with Bianca, but very quietly mentions her name so that Othello believes they are still talking about Desdemona when Cassio is really speaking of Bianca. Bianca, on discovering the handkerchief, chastises Cassio, accusing him of giving her a second-hand gift which he received from another lover. Othello sees this, and Iago convinces him that Cassio received the handkerchief from Desdemona. Enraged and hurt, Othello resolves to kill his wife and Iago is "asked" to kill Cassio as a duty to their intimacy. Othello proceeds to make Desdemona's life a misery, hitting her in front of her family. Desdemona laments her suffering, remembering the fate of her mother's maid, who was forsaken by her lover.

Roderigo complains that he has received nothing for his efforts and threatens to abandon his pursuit of Desdemona, but Iago convinces him to kill Cassio instead, because Cassio has just been appointed in Othello's place, and-Iago argues-if Cassio lives to take office, Othello and Desdemona will leave Cyprus, thwarting


Roderigo's plans to win Desdemona. Roderigo attacks Cassio in the street after Cassio leaves Bianca's lodgings. They fight and both are wounded. Cassio's leg is cut from behind by Iago who manages to hide his identity as perpetrator. Passers-by arrive to help; Iago joins them, pretending to help Cassio. Iago secretly stabs Roderigo to stop him from confessing, and accuses Bianca of conspiracy to kill Cassio.

In the night, Othello confronts Desdemona, and then kills her by smothering her in bed, before Emilia arrives. At Emilia's distress, Othello tries to explain himself, justifying his actions by accusing Desdemona of adultery. Emilia calls for help. The Governor arrives, with Iago and others, and Emilia begins to explain the situation. When Othello mentions the handkerchief as proof, Emilia realizes what Iago has done; she exposes him, whereupon Iago kills her. Othello, realizing Desdemona's innocence, attacks Iago but does not kill him, saying that he would rather have Iago live the rest of his life in pain. Lodovico, a Venetian nobleman, apprehends both Iago and Othello, but Othello commits suicide with a dagger before they can take him into custody. At the end, it can be assumed, Iago is taken off to be tortured and possibly executed.

## Cinthio source

Othello is an adaptation of the Italian writer Cinthio's tale, "Un Capitano Moro" ("A Moorish Captain") from his Gli Hecatommithi (1565), a collection of one hundred tales in the style of Boccaccio's Decameron. No English translation of Cinthio was available in Shakespeare's lifetime, and verbal echoes in Othello are closer to the Italian original than to Gabriel Chappuy's 1584 French translation. Cinthio's tale may have been based on an actual incident occurring in Venice about 1508. ${ }^{[1]}$ It also resembles an incident described in the earlier tale of "The Three Apples", one of the stories narrated in the One Thousand and One Nights (Arabian Nights). ${ }^{[2]}$ Desdemona is the only named character in Cinthio's tale, with his few other characters identified only as "the Moor" (Othello), "the squadron leader" (Cassio), "the ensign" (Iago), and "the ensign's wife" (Emilia). Cinthio drew a moral (which he placed in the mouth of Desdemona) that European women are unwise to marry the temperamental males of other nations. ${ }^{[3]}$

Cinthio's Moor is the model for Shakespeare's Othello, but some researchers believe the poet also took inspiration from the several Moorish delegations from Morocco to Elizabethan England circa $1600 .{ }^{[4]}$ While Shakespeare closely followed Cinthio's tale in composing Othello, he departed from it in some details. Brabantio, Roderigo, and several minor characters are not found in Cinthio, for example, and Shakespeare's Emilia takes part in the handkerchief mischief while her counterpart in Cinthio does not. Unlike in Othello, in Cinthio, Iago lusts after Desdemona and is spurred to revenge when she rejects him. Shakespeare's opening scenes are unique to his tragedy as is the tender scene between Emilia and Desdemona as the lady prepares for bed. Shakespeare's most striking departure from Cinthio is the manner of his heroine's death. In Shakespeare, Othello suffocates Desdemona, but in Cinthio, Othello commissions Iago to bludgeon his wife to death with a sand-filled stocking. Cinthio describes each gruesome blow, and, when the lady is dead, Iago and Othello place her lifeless body upon her bed, smash her skull, and cause the cracked ceiling above the bed to collapse upon her, giving the impression its falling rafters caused her death. In Cinthio, the two murderers escape detection. Othello then misses Desdemona greatly, and comes to loathe the sight of Iago. He demotes him, and refuses to have him in his company. Iago then seeks revenge by disclosing to Cassio Othello's involvement in Desdemona's death. The two depart Cyprus for Venice, and denounce Othello to the Venetian Seignory; he is arrested, taken to Venice, and tortured. He refuses to admit his guilt and is condemned to exile. Desdemona's relatives eventually find and kill him. Iago, however, continues to escape detection in Desdemona's death, but engages in other crimes while in Venice. He is arrested and dies after being tortured. Cinthio's "ensign's wife", Emilia, survives her husband's death to tell her story. ${ }^{[5]}$

## Date and text

The Moore of Venice.
AAsit bath beene diuterfe times acted at the Globe, and atcheBlack-Friers, by hij Maiffies Seruarts.


Title page of the first quarto (1622)
The earliest mention of the play is found in a 1604 Revels Office account, which records that on "Hallamas Day, being the first of Nouembar ... the Kings Maiesties plaiers" performed "A Play in the Banketinghouse att Whit Hall Called The Moor of Venis." The work is attributed to "Shaxberd." The Revels account was first printed by Peter Cunningham in 1842, and, while its authenticity was once challenged, is now regarded as genuine (as authenticated by A. E. Stamp in 1930). ${ }^{[6]}$ Based on its style, the play is usually dated 1603 or 1604, but arguments have been made for dates as early as 1601 or $1602 .{ }^{11[7]}$

The play was entered into the Register of the Stationers Company on October 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkley, and was first published in quarto format by him in 1622: "Tragody of Othello, The Moore of Venice. As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by VVilliam Shakespeare. London. Printed by N. O. [Nicholas Okes] for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse, 1622."

One year later, the play was included among the plays in the First Folio of Shakespeare's collected plays. However, the version in the Folio is rather different in length, and in wording: as the editors of the Folger edition explain: "The Folio play has about 160 lines that do not appear in the Quarto. Some of these cluster together in quite extensive passages. The Folio also lacks a scattering of about a dozen lines or part-lines that are to be found in the Quarto. These two versions also differ from each other in their readings of numerous words. ${ }^{[8]}$ Scholars differ in their explanation of these differences, and no consensus has emerged. ${ }^{[8]}$ One explanation is that the Quarto may have been cut in the printing house to meet a fixed number of pages. ${ }^{[1]}$ Another is that the Quarto is based on an early version of the play, while the Folio represents Shakespeare's revised version. ${ }^{[8]}$ Most modern editions are based on the longer Folio version, but often incorporate Quarto readings of words when the Folio text appears to be in error. ${ }^{[9]}$ Quartos were also published in 1630, 1655, 1681, 1695, 1699 and 1705.

## Race



Portrait of Abd el-Ouahed ben Messaoud ben Mohammed Anoun, Moorish ambassador to Queen Elizabeth I in 1600 , sometimes claimed as an inspiration for Othello. ${ }^{[10]}$

There is no consensus over Othello's race. E.A.J. Honigmann, the editor of the Arden Shakespeare edition, concluded that Othello's race is ambiguous. "Renaissance representations of the Moor were vague, varied, inconsistent, and contradictory. As critics have established, the term 'Moor' referred to dark-skinned people in general, used interchangeably with similarly ambiguous terms as 'African', "Ethiopian', 'Negro', and even 'Indian' to designate a figure from Africa (or beyond). ${ }^{[11][12]}$ Various uses of the word 'black' (for example, "Haply for I am black") are insufficient evidence for any accurate racial classification, Honigmann argues, since 'black' could simply mean 'swarthy' to Elizabethans. Iago twice uses the word 'Barbary' or 'Barbarian' to refer to Othello, seemingly referring to the Barbary coast inhabited by the "tawny" Moors. Roderigo calls Othello 'the thicklips', which seems to refer to European conceptions of Sub-Saharan African physiognomy, but Honigmann counters that, as these comments are all intended as insults by the characters, they need not be taken literally. ${ }^{[13]}$

Michael Neill, editor of the Oxford Shakespeare edition, notes that the earliest critical references to Othello's colour, (Thomas Rymer's 1693 critique of the play, and the 1709 engraving in Nicholas Rowe's edition of Shakespeare), assume him to be Sub-Saharan, while the earliest known North African interpretation was not until Edmund Kean's production of $1814 .{ }^{[14]}$ Honigmann discusses the view that Abd el-Ouahed ben Messaoud ben Mohammed Anoun, Moorish ambassador of the Arab King of Barbary to Queen Elizabeth I in 1600, was one inspiration for Othello. He stayed with his retinue in London for several months and occasioned much discussion. While Shakespeare's play was written only a few years afterwards Honigman questions the view that ben Messaoud himself was a significant influence on it. ${ }^{[15]}$

Othello is referred to as a "Barbary horse" (1.1.113) and a "lascivious Moor" (1.1.127). In III.III he denounces Desdemona's supposed sin as being "black as mine own face." Desdemona's physical whiteness is otherwise presented in opposition to Othello's dark skin; V.II "that whiter skin of hers than snow." Iago tells Brabantio that "an old black ram / is tupping your white ewe" (1.1.88). In Elizabethan discourse, the word "black" could suggest various concepts that extended beyond the physical colour of skin, including a wide range of negative connotations. ${ }^{[16][17]}$

Othello was frequently performed as an Arab Moor during the 19th century. He was first played by a black man on the London stage in 1833, by Ira Aldridge however the first major screen production casting a black actor as Othello wouldn't come until 1995 with Laurence Fishburn opposite Kenneth Branagh's Iago (not that there have

been many major screen productions of Othello). ${ }^{[18]}$ In the past, Othello would often have been portrayed by a white actor in blackface or in a black mask; more recent actors who chose to 'blacken up' include Lawrence Olivier (1965), Anthony Hopkins (1981) and Orson Welles. ${ }^{[18]}$ Ground-breaking black American actor Paul Robeson played the role from 1930-1959. The casting of the role comes with a political subtext. Patrick Stewart played the role in the Royal Shakespeare Company's 1997 staging of the play ${ }^{[19]}{ }^{[20]}$ and Thomas Thieme, also white, played Othello in a 2007 Munich Kammerspiele staging at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford. Michael Gambon also took the role in 1980 and 1991; their performances critically acclaimed.

## Themes

## Iago / Othello

Although eponymously titled, suggesting that the tragedy belongs primarily to Othello, Iago plays an important role in the plot, and has the biggest share of the dialogue. In Othello, it is Iago who manipulates all other characters at will, controlling their movements and trapping them in an intricate net of lies. He achieves this by getting close to all characters and playing on their weaknesses while they refer to him as "honest" Iago, thus furthering his control over the characters . A. C. Bradley, and more recently Harold Bloom, have been major advocates of this interpretation. ${ }^{[23]}$ Other critics, most notably in the later twentieth century (after F. R. Leavis), have focused on Othello. Apart from the common question of jealousy, some ${ }^{[\text {who? }]}$ argue that his honour is his undoing, while others address the hints of instability in his person (in Act IV Scene I, for example, he falls 'into a trance'). ${ }^{[\text {citation needed] }}$

## Othering

As the Protestant Reformation of England highlighted the importance of pious, controlled behaviour in society; it was the tendency of the contemporary Englishman to displace society's undesirable qualities of barbarism, treachery, jealousy and libidinousness onto those who are considered 'other'. ${ }^{[24]}$ The assumed characteristics of black men, or 'the other', were both instigated and popularized by Renaissance dramas of the time; for example, the treachery of black men inherent to George Peele's 'The Battle of Alcazar' (1588)

## The hero

There have been many differing views on the character of Othello over the years. They span from describing Othello as a hero to describing him as an egotistical fool. A.C Bradley calls Othello the "most romantic of all of Shakespeare's heroes" and "the greatest poet of them all". On the other hand, F.R. Leavis describes Othello as "egotistical". There are those who also take a less critical approach to the character of Othello such as William Hazlitt saying that "the nature of the Moor is noble... but his blood is of the most inflammable kind".

## Performance history



## 跇

Poster for an 1884 American production starring Thomas W. Keene.

## [edit] Pre-20th century

Othello possesses an unusually detailed performance record. The first certainly known performance occurred on November 1, 1604, at Whitehall Palace in London, being mentioned in a Revels account on "Hallamas Day, being the first of Nouembar", 1604, when "the Kings Maiesties plaiers" performed "A Play in the Banketinge house at Whit Hall Called The Moor of Venis." The play is there attributed to "Shaxberd". ${ }^{[25]}$ Subsequent performances took place on Monday, April 30, 1610 at the Globe Theatre, and at Oxford in September 1610. ${ }^{[26]}$ On November 22, 1629, and on May 6, 1635, it played at the Blackfriars Theatre. Othello was also one of the twenty plays performed by the King's Men during the winter of 1612, in celebration of the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Frederick V, Elector Palatine. ${ }^{\text {[citation needed] }}$

At the start of the Restoration era, on October 11, 1660, Samuel Pepys saw the play at the Cockpit Theatre. Nicholas Burt played the lead, with Charles Hart as Cassio; Walter Clun won fame for his Iago. Soon after, on December 8, 1660, Thomas Killigrew's new King's Company acted the play at their Vere Street theatre, with Margaret Hughes as Desdemona - probably the first time a professional actress appeared on a public stage in England.

It may be one index of the play's power that Othello was one of the very few Shakespearean plays that was never adapted and changed during the Restoration and the eighteenth century. ${ }^{[27]}$ Famous nineteenth century Othellos included Edmund Kean, Edwin Forrest, Ira Aldridge, and Tommaso Salvini, and outstanding Iagos were Edwin Booth and Henry Irving.

## 20th century

The most notable American production may be Margaret Webster's 1943 staging starring Paul Robeson as Othello and Jose Ferrer as Iago. This production was the first ever in America to feature a black actor playing Othello with an otherwise all-white cast (there had been all-black productions of the play before). It ran for 296 performances, almost twice as long as any other Shakespearean play ever produced on Broadway. Although it was never filmed, it was the first nearly complete performance of a Shakespeare play released on records. Robeson had first played the role in London in 1931 opposite a cast that included Peggy Ashcroft as Desdemona and Ralph Richardson as Roderigo, and would return to it in 1959 at Stratford on Avon.

Actors have alternated the roles of Iago and Othello in productions to stir audience interest since the nineteenth century. Two of the most notable examples of this role swap were William Charles Macready and Samuel


Phelps at Drury Lane (1837) and Richard Burton and John Neville at the Old Vic Theatre (1955). When Edwin Booth's tour of England in 1880 was not well attended, Henry Irving invited Booth to alternate the roles of Othello and Iago with him in London. The stunt renewed interest in Booth's tour. James O'Neill also alternated the roles of Othello and Iago with Booth.

The American actor William Marshall performed the title role in at least six productions. His Othello was called by Harold Hobson of the London Sunday Times "the best Othello of our time, ${ }^{[28]}$ continuing: "...nobler than Tearle, more martial than Gielgud, more poetic than Valk. From his first entry, slender and magnificently tall, framed in a high Byzantine arch, clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful, a figure of Arabian romance and grace, to his last plunging of the knife into his stomach, Mr Marshall rode without faltering the play's enormous rhetoric, and at the end the house rose to him." ${ }^{[29]}$ Marshall also played Othello in a jazz musical version, Catch My Soul, with Jerry Lee Lewis as Iago, in Los Angeles in 1968. ${ }^{[30]}$ His Othello was captured on record in 1964 with Jay Robinson as Iago and on video in 1981 with Ron Moody as Iago. The 1982 Broadway staging starred James Earl Jones as Othello and Christopher Plummer as Iago, who became the only actor to receive a Tony Award nomination for a performance in the play.


The 1943 run of Othello, starring Paul Robeson and Uta Hagen, holds the record for the most performances of any Shakespeare play ever produced on Broadway.

When Laurence Olivier gave his acclaimed performance of Othello at the Royal National Theatre in 1964, he had developed a case of stage fright that was so profound that when he was alone onstage, Frank Finlay (who was playing Iago) would have to stand offstage where Olivier could see him to settle his nerves. ${ }^{[31]}$ This performance was recorded complete on LP, and filmed by popular demand in 1965 (according to a biography of Olivier, tickets for the stage production were notoriously hard to get). The film version still holds the record for the most Oscar nominations for acting ever given to a Shakespeare film - Olivier, Finlay, Maggie Smith (as Desdemona) and Joyce Redman (as Emilia, Iago's wife) were all nominated for Academy Awards. Olivier was among the last white actors to be greatly acclaimed as Othello, although the role continued to be played by such performers as Paul Scofield at the Royal National Theatre in 1980, Anthony Hopkins in the BBC Shakespeare television production on videotape. (1981), and Michael Gambon in a stage production at Scarborough directed by Alan Ayckbourn in 1990. Gambon had been in Olivier's earlier production. In interview Gambon commented "I wasn't even the second gentleman in that. I didn't have any lines at all. I was at the back like that, standing for an hour. [It's] what I used to do - I had a metal helmet, I had an earplug, and we used to listen to The Archers. No one knew. All the line used to listen to The Archers. And then I went and played Othello myself at Birmingham Rep I was 27. Olivier sent me a telegram on the first night. He said, "Copy me." He said, "Do what I used to do." Olivier used to lower his voice for Othello so I did mine. He used to paint the big negro

lips on. You couldn't do it today, you'd get shot. He had the complete negro face. And the hips. I did all that. I copied him exactly. Except I had a pony tail. I played him as an Arab. I stuck a pony tail on with a bell on the end of it. I thought that would be nice. Every time I moved my hair went wild." ${ }^{[32]}$ British blacking-up for Othello ended with Gambon in 1990, however the Royal Shakespeare Company didn't run the play at all on the main Stratford stage until 1999, when Ray Fearon became the first black British actor to take the part, the first black man to play Othello with the RSC since Robeson. ${ }^{[33]}$

In 1997, Sir Patrick Stewart took the role of Othello with the Shakespeare Theatre Company (Washington, D.C.) in a race-bending performance, in a "photo negative" production of a white Othello with an otherwise allblack cast. Stewart had wanted to play the title role since the age of 14 , so he and director Jude Kelly inverted the play so Othello became a comment on a white man entering a black society. ${ }^{[19] \mid 20]}$ The interpretation of the role is broadening, with theatre companies casting Othello as a woman or inverting the gender of the whole cast to explore gender questions in Shakespeare's text. Companies also have chosen to share the role between several actors during a performance. ${ }^{[34][35]}$

## 21st century

Othello opened at the Donmar Warehouse in London on 4 December 2007, directed by Michael Grandage, with Chiwetel Ejiofor as Othello, Ewan McGregor as Iago and Kelly Reilly as Desdemona. Despite tickets selling as high as $£ 2000$ on web-based vendors, only Ejiofor was praised by critics, winning the Laurence Olivier Award for his performance; with McGregor and Reilly's performances receiving largely negative notices. Stand up comedian Lenny Henry was the latest big name to play Othello. He did so on a tour at the start of 2009 produced by Northern Broadsides in collaboration with West Yorkshire Playhouse. ${ }^{\text {[36] }}$

## Adaptations and cultural references

## Opera



Maria Malibran as Rossini's Desdemona by François Bouchot, 1834
Otello, a three act opera with an Italian libretto by Francesco Maria Berio di Salsi and music by Gioachino Rossini was first performed at the Teatro del Fondo, Naples, on December 4, 1816. The opera deviates from Shakespeare's original in some aspects: Jago is less diabolical than his Shakespearean counterpart, the setting is Venice rather than Cyprus, and the composer and librettist provided an alternative happy ending to the work, a common practice with drama and opera at one time. The opera is rarely performed.

Giuseppe Verdi and librettist Arrigo Boito adapted Shakespeare's play to Otello, an Italian grand opera in four acts that was first performed at the Teatro alla Scala, Milan on February 5, 1887. It was Verdi's second to last

opera (followed by another Shakespeare adaptation, $\underline{\text { Falstaff) }) \text { and is considered by many to be Verdi's greatest }}$ opera. Verdi and his librettist dispensed with the first act of the play. The popular opera attracts world class singers and is found in the repertoire of prominent opera houses. Franco Zeffirelli's 1986 film version of Verdi's opera starring Plácido Domingo as Othello won the BAFTA for foreign language film. ${ }^{[37]}$ (Indeed, according to the Kennedy Center's biographical note on Domingo, Laurence Olivier saw Domingo in Otello and, in a mockingly furious voice, told Franco Zeffirelli: "You realize that Domingo plays Othello as well as I do, and he has that voice! " ${ }^{[38]}$ )

On February 25, 1999, Bandanna, an English language opera in a prologue and two acts with a libretto by Irish poet Paul Muldoon and music by Daron Hagen was performed by the opera theater at The University of Texas in Austin. The opera is set in 1968 on the United States-Mexican border and borrows elements from Cinthio's tale, Shakespeare's play, and Verdi's opera.

## Ballet

Mexican choreographer José Limón created a 20-minute, four character ballet called The Moor's Pavane to the music of Henry Purcell in 1949. The work premiered at the Connecticut College American Dance Festival in the same year. American Ballet Theatre was the first dance company outside Limon's to include the work in its repertory. It is a standard in dance companies around the world and notable interpreters of the Moor include Rudolf Nureyev.

The ballet Othello was choreographed by John Neumeier to music by Arvo Pärt, Alfred Schnittke, Naná Vasconcelos et al. and was premiered by the Hamburg Ballet in Hamburg on January 27, 1985, with Gamal Gouda as Othello, Gigi Hyatt as Desdemona, and Max Midinet as Iago. The work remains in the repertoire of the Hamburg Ballet, seeing its 100th performance in 2008.

In 2002, modern dance choreographer Lar Lubovitch created a full-length ballet in three acts based on the Shakespeare play and Cinthio's tale with a score by Elliot Goldenthal. The work has been staged by the San Francisco Ballet with Desmond Richardson, Yuan Yuan Tan, and Parrish Maynard in the principal roles. The ballet was broadcast on PBS's Great Performances: Dance in America and the program was nominated for an Emmy Award. The ballet is recorded on Kultur video. Othello was first performed in New York City at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 23, 1997, by American Ballet Theatre. ${ }^{[39]}$

Other ballets include Prologue choreographed by Jacques d'Amboise for the New York City Ballet in 1967 as a prequel to Shakespeare's play, Othello choreographed by John Butler to the music of Dvořák for Carla Fracci and the La Scala Ballet in 1976, and a version choreographed by Jean-Pierre Bonnefous for the Louisville Ballet in the 1980 s. ${ }^{\text {[citation needed] }}$

Film


Laurence Fishburne and Kenneth Branagh as Othello and Iago respectively, in a scene from the $\underline{1995 \text { version of }}$ Othello.

See also Shakespeare on screen (Othello).
Shot between 1948-52, Orson Welles directed The Tragedy of Othello: The Moor of Venice (1952), produced as a black and white film noir. The film stars Welles as Othello and Suzanne Cloutier as Desdemona. The troubled production was filmed over the course of three years as Welles' time and money permitted, in Mogador, Morocco and Venice. Lack of funds (and costumes) forced Roderigo's death scene to be shot in a Turkish bath with performers wearing only large, ragged towels. The film won the Palme D'Or at the 1952 Cannes Film Festival. ${ }^{[18]}$ Rather than focusing on racial mis-matching, the film plays on a difference between Desdemona and Othello in age, size and personal attractiveness. The film noir colouring of the picture minimised any commentary on Othello's blackness, to the point that the critic F. R. Leavis wrote that the film made no reference to Othello's colour. ${ }^{[18]}$

Unlike Welles's film, Laurence Olivier's Othello (1965), based on John Dexter's National Theatre's production, brings issues of race to the fore, with Olivier putting on an 'African accent' and entering in a large 'ethnic' necklace and a dressing gown. He commented, however, that he did "not dare to play the Moor as a full-booded negro". One contemporary critic found the coloration too much, commenting that Olivier was "blacker than black, almost blue" . Trevor Nunn's 1989 version filmed at Stratford, cast black opera singer Willard White in the leading role, opposite Ian McKellen's Iago. ${ }^{[18]}$ The first major screen production casting a black actor as Othello wouldn't come until 1995 with Laurence Fishburn opposite Kenneth Branagh's Iago (not that there have been many major screen productions of Othello, most film versions to date have been filmed stage productions). It was made during the $\underline{O}$. J. Simpson trial and commentators such as Cartmell draw parallels between the two "who-dunnit" murder stories, and wonder if the film's release was not a little to do with the publicity surrounding the film star's drama. ${ }^{[18]}$
$\underline{\text { Omkara }}$ is a version in Hindi set in Uttar Pradesh, starring Ajay Devgan as Omkara (Othello), $\underline{\text { Saif Ali Khan as }}$ Langda Tyagi (Iago), Kareena Kapoor as Dolly (Desdemona), Vivek Oberoi as Kesu (Cassio), Bipasha Basu as Billo (Bianca) and Konkona Sen Sharma as Indu (Emilia). The film was directed by Vishal Bhardwaj who earlier adapted Shakespeare's Macbeth as Maqbool. All characters in the film share the same letter or sound in their first name as in the original Shakespeare classic. It is one of the few mainstream Indian movies to contain uncensored profanity.

## Other film adaptations

- 1909 silent film shot in Venice ${ }^{[40]}$
- 1909 German directed by, and stars, Franz Porten as Othello, Henny Porten as Desdemona, and Rosa Porten as Emilia.
- 1914 silent film shot in Venice ${ }^{[40]}$
- 1922 German, starring Emil Jannings as Othello, Werner Krauss as Iago, and Ica von Lenkeffy as Desdemona ${ }^{[40] \mid 41]}$
- 1955 Othello, USSR, starring Sergei Bondarchuk, Irina Skobtseva, Andrei Popov. Directed by Sergei Yutkevich. ${ }^{[42]}$
- 1962 All Night Long (British) Othello is Rex, a jazz bandleader. Dave Brubeck and other jazz musicians. ${ }^{[43]}$
- 1965 Othello with Laurence Olivier, Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay, and Joyce Redman ${ }^{[44]}$
- 1974 Catch My Soul adapted from Jack Good's rock musical, directed by Patrick McGoohan and starring Richie Havens, Lance LeGault, Season Hubley and Tony Joe White. ${ }^{[45]}$
- 1982 Othello, the Black Commando written by and starring Max H. Boulois with Tony Curtis as Colonel Iago and Joanna Pettet as Desdemona ${ }^{[46]}$

- 1995 Othello with Kenneth Branagh, Laurence Fishburne, and Irene Jacob. Directed by Oliver Parker. ${ }^{[18][47]}$
- 1997 Kaliyattam in Malayalam, a modern update, set in Kerala, starring Suresh Gopi as Othello, which won him the national award for best actor, Lal as Iago, Manju Warrier as Desdemona, directed by Jayaraaj. ${ }^{[48]}$
- $2001 \underline{O}$ a modern update, set in an American high school. Stars Mekhi Phifer, Julia Stiles, and Josh Hartnett ${ }^{[49]}$
- 2002 Eloise a modern update, set in Sydney, Australia.
- 2006 Omkara, a Hindi film adaptation of Othello directed by Vishal Bhardwaj ${ }^{[50]}$
- 2008 Jarum Halus a modern updated Malaysian version, in English and Malay by Mark Tan. ${ }^{\text {[51] }}$


## Television

- 1981 Othello part of the BBC's complete works Shakespeare. Starring Anthony Hopkins and Bob Hoskins. ${ }^{[52]}$
- 1990 Othello (1990) A film version of the last Royal Shakespeare Company production at The Other Place starring Michael Grandage, Ian McKellen, Clive Swift, Willard White, Sean Baker, and Imogen Stubbs. Directed by Trevor Nunn.
- 2001 Othello. British made-for-TV film. A modern-day adaptation in modern English, in which Othello is the first black Commissioner of London's Metropolitan Police. Made for ITV by LWT. Scripted by Andrew Davies. Directed by Geoffrey Sax. Starring Eamonn Walker, Christopher Eccleston and Keeley Hawes. ${ }^{[53]}$


## Graphic novels

Othello, an adaptation by Oscar Zarate, Oval Projects Ltd (1985). It was reprinted in 2005 by Can of Worms Press and includes the complete text of the play.

## King Lear

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Jump to: navigation, search
This article is about Shakespeare's play. For other uses, see King Lear (disambiguation).


"King Lear and the Fool in the Storm" by William Dyce (1806-1864)
King Lear is a tragedy by William Shakespeare, believed to have been written between 1603 and 1606. It is considered one of his greatest works. King Lear descends into madness after wrongly distributing his estate on the strength of flattery. The play is based on the legend of Leir of Britain, a mythological pre-Roman Celtic king. It has been widely adapted for stage and screen, with the part of Lear played by many of the world's most accomplished actors.

There are two distinct versions of the play: The True Chronicle of the History of the Life and Death of King Lear and His Three Daughters, which appeared in quarto in 1608, and The Tragedy of King Lear, a more theatrical version, which appeared in the First Folio in 1623. The two texts are commonly printed in a conflated version, although many modern editors have argued that each version has its individual integrity. ${ }^{[1]}$

After the Restoration, the play was often modified by theatre practitioners who disliked its dark and depressing tone, but since the 19th century it has been regarded as one of Shakespeare's supreme achievements. The tragedy is particularly noted for its probing observations on the nature of human suffering and kinship.

## Contents

## [hide]

- 1 Characters
- 2 Synopsis
- 3 Sources
- 3.1 Changes from source material
- 4 Date and text
- 5 Interpretations
- 6 Performance history
- 6.1 20th Century
- 6.2 21st Century
- 7 Points of debate
- 7.1 Opening
- 7.2 Tragic ending
- 7.3 Cordelia and the Fool

- 8 Adaptations and cultural references
- 8.1 Adaptations
- 8.2 Critical analysis
- 8.3 Reworkings
- 8.3.1 Novels
- 8.3.2 Graphic Novels
- 8.3.3 Plays
- 8.3.4 Films
- 8.4 Film adaptations
- 8.4.1 Opera
8.5 Notable performers as King Lear
- 9 See also
- 10 References
- 11 External links


## Characters

- Lear, King of Britain
- Goneril (sometimes written Gonerill), eldest daughter of Lear
- Regan, second daughter of Lear
- Cordelia, youngest daughter of Lear ${ }^{[2]}$
- Duke of Albany, husband to Goneril ${ }^{[3]}$
- Duke of Cornwall, husband to Regan
- Earl of Gloucester (sometimes written as Gloster)
- Earl of Kent, who appears throughout much of the play under the guise of Caius
- Edgar, son of Gloucester
- Edmund (sometimes written Edmond), illegitimate son of Gloucester
- Oswald, steward to Goneril
- Fool
- King of France, suitor and later husband to Cordelia
- Duke of Burgundy, suitor to Cordelia
- Curan, a courtier
- Old man, tenant of Gloucester.
- A Doctor, an Officer employed by Edmund, a Gentleman attending on Cordelia, a Herald, Servants to Cornwall. Knights of Lear's Train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants


## Synopsis



## Cordelia's Portion by Ford Madox Brown

Lear, who is elderly, wants to retire from power. He decides to divide his realm among his three daughters, and offers the largest share to the one who loves him best. Goneril and Regan both proclaim in fulsome terms that they love him more than anything in the world, which pleases him. For Cordelia, there is nothing to compare her love to, nor words to properly express it; she speaks temperately, honestly but bluntly which annoys him. In his anger he disinherits her, and divides the kingdom between the other two. Kent objects to this unfair treatment. Lear is further enraged by Kent's protests, and banishes him from the country. Cordelia's two suitors enter. Learning that Cordelia has been disinherited, the Duke of Burgundy withdraws his suit, but the King of France is impressed by her honesty and marries her anyway.

Lear announces he will live alternately with Goneril and Regan, and their husbands, the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall respectively. He reserves to himself a retinue of one hundred knights, to be supported by his daughters. Goneril and Regan speak privately, agreeing that Lear is old and foolish.


吅
King Lear: Cordelia's Farewell by Edwin Austin Abbey
Edmund resents his illegitimate status, and plots to supplant his legitimate older brother Edgar. He tricks their father Gloucester with a forged letter, making him think Edgar plans to usurp the estate. Kent returns from exile in disguise under the name of Caius, and Lear hires him as a servant. Lear discovers that now Goneril has power, she no longer respects him. She orders him to behave better and reduce his retinue. Enraged, Lear departs for Regan's home. The Fool mocks Lear's misfortune. Edmund fakes an attack by Edgar, and Gloucester is completely taken in. He disinherits Edgar and proclaims him outlaw.

Kent meets Oswald at Gloucester's home, quarrels with him, and is put in the stocks by Regan and her husband Cornwall. When Lear arrives, he objects, but Regan takes the same line as Goneril. Lear is enraged but impotent. Goneril arrives and echoes Regan. Lear yields completely to his rage. He rushes out into a storm to rant against his ungrateful daughters, accompanied by the mocking Fool. Kent later follows to protect him. Gloucester protests Lear's mistreatment. Wandering on the heath after the storm, Lear meets Edgar, in the guise of Tom o' Bedlam, that is, a madman. Edgar babbles madly while Lear denounces his daughters. Gloucester leads them all to shelter.

Edmund betrays Gloucester to Cornwall, Regan, and Goneril. He shows a letter from his father to the King of France asking for help against them; and in fact a French army has landed in Britain. Gloucester is arrested, and Cornwall gouges out his eyes. But one of Cornwall's servants is so outraged by this that he attacks and fatally wounds Cornwall. Regan kills the mutinous servant, and tells Gloucester that Edmund tricked him; then she turns him out to wander the heath too. Edgar, in his madman's guise as Tom, meets blinded Gloucester on the heath. Gloucester begs Tom to lead him to a cliff so that he may jump to his death.

Goneril meets Edmund and discovers that she finds him more attractive than her honest husband Albany, whom she regards as cowardly. Albany is disgusted by the sisters' treatment of Lear, and the mutilation of Gloucester, and denounces Goneril. Kent leads Lear to the French army, which is accompanied by Cordelia. But Lear is half-mad and terribly embarrassed by his earlier follies. Albany leads the British army to meet the French.


Regan too is attracted to Edmund, and the two sisters become jealous. Goneril sends Oswald with letters to Edmund and also tells Oswald to kill Gloucester if he sees him. Edgar pretends to lead Gloucester to a cliff, then changes his voice and tells Gloucester he has miraculously survived a great fall. They meet Lear, who is now completely mad. Lear rants that the whole world is corrupt and runs off.


啫
Lear and Cordelia by Ford Madox Brown
Oswald tries to kill Gloucester but is slain by Edgar. In Oswald's pocket, Edgar finds a letter from Goneril to Edmund suggesting the murder of Albany. Kent and Cordelia take charge of Lear, whose madness largely passes. Regan, Goneril, Albany, and Edmund meet with their forces. Albany insists that they fight the French invaders but not harm Lear or Cordelia. The two sisters lust for Edmund, who has made promises to both. He considers the dilemma and plots the deaths of Albany, Lear, and Cordelia. Edgar gives Goneril's letter to Albany. The armies meet in battle, the British defeat the French, and Lear and Cordelia are captured. Edmund sends them off with secret orders for execution.

The victorious British leaders meet, and Regan now declares she will marry Edmund. But Albany exposes the intrigues of Edmund and Goneril and proclaims Edmund a traitor. Regan collapses; Goneril has poisoned her. Edmund defies Albany, who calls for a trial by combat. Edgar appears to fight Edmund and fatally stabs him in a duel. Albany shows Goneril's letter to her; she flees in shame and rage. Edgar reveals himself; Gloucester dies offstage from the overwhelming shock and joy of this revelation.

Offstage, Goneril stabs herself and confesses to poisoning Regan. Dying Edmund reveals his order to kill Lear and Cordelia, but it is too late: Cordelia is dead though Lear slew the killer. Lear recognizes Kent. Albany urges Lear to resume his throne, but Lear is too far gone in grief and hardship. Lear collapses and dies. Albany offers to share power between Kent and Edgar. At the end, either Kent or Edgar (depending on whether one reads the Quarto or the Folio version ${ }^{[4]}$ ) is crowned King.

## Sources

Shakespeare's play is based on various accounts of the semi-legendary Celtic figure Leir of Britain, whose name may derive from the Celtic god Lir/Llŷr. Shakespeare's most important source is probably the second edition of The Chronicles of England, Scotlande, and Irelande by Raphael Holinshed, published in 1587. Holinshed himself found the story in the earlier Historia Regum Britanniae by Geoffrey of Monmouth, which was written in the 12th century. Edmund Spenser's The Faerie Queene, published 1590, also contains a character named Cordelia, who also dies from hanging, as in King Lear.

Other possible sources are the anonymous play King Leir (published in 1605); A Mirror for Magistrates (1574), by John Higgins; The Malcontent (1604), by John Marston; The London Prodigal (1605); Arcadia (1580-1590), by Sir Philip Sidney, from which Shakespeare took the main outline of the Gloucester subplot; Montaigne's Essays, which were translated into English by John Florio in 1603; An Historical Description of Iland of


Britaine, by William Harrison; Remaines Concerning Britaine, by William Camden (1606); $\underline{\text { Albion's England, }}$ by William Warner, (1589); and A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures, by Samuel Harsnett (1603), which provided some of the language used by Edgar while he feigns madness. King Lear is also a literary variant of a common fairy tale, Love Like Salt, Aarne-Thompson type 923, in which a father rejects his youngest daughter for a statement of her love that does not please him. ${ }^{[5]}$

The source of the subplot involving Gloucester, Edgar, and Edmund is a tale in Philip Sidney's Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, with a blind Paphlagonian king and his two sons, Leonatus and Plexitrus. ${ }^{6]}$

## Changes from source material

Besides the subplot involving the Earl of Gloucester and his sons, the principal innovation Shakespeare made to this story was the death of Cordelia and Lear at the end. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, this tragic ending was much criticised, and alternative versions were written and performed, in which the leading characters survived and Edgar and Cordelia were married (despite the fact that Cordelia was already married to the King of France).

## Date and text



Title page of the first quarto edition, published in 1608
Although a date of composition cannot be given, many editions of the play date King Lear between 1603 and 1606. The latest it could have been written is 1606 , because the Stationers' Register notes a performance on December 26, 1606. The 1603 date originates from words in Edgar's speeches which may derive from Samuel Harsnett's Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures (1603). ${ }^{[7]}$ In his Arden edition, R.A. Foakes argues for a date of 1605-6, because one of Shakespeare's sources, The True Chronicle History of King Leir, was not published until 1605; close correspondences between that play and Shakespeare's suggest that he may have been working from a text (rather than from recollections of a performance). ${ }^{[8]}$ Conversely, Frank Kermode, in the Riverside Shakespeare, considers the publication of Leir to have been a response to performances of Shakespeare's already-written play; noting a sonnet by William Strachey that may have verbal resemblances with Lear, Kermode concludes that "1604-5 seems the best compromise". ${ }^{[9]}$


The modern text of King Lear derives from three sources: two quartos, published in $1608\left(\mathrm{Q}_{1}\right)$ and $1619\left(\mathrm{Q}_{2}\right){ }^{[10]}$ respectively, and the version in the First Folio of $1623\left(\mathrm{~F}_{1}\right)$. The differences between these versions are significant. $\mathrm{Q}_{1}$ contains 285 lines not in $\mathrm{F}_{1} ; \mathrm{F}_{1}$ contains around 100 lines not in $\mathrm{Q}_{1}$. Also, at least a thousand individual words are changed between the two texts, each text has a completely different style of punctuation, and about half the verse lines in the $\mathrm{F}_{1}$ are either printed as prose or differently divided in the $\mathrm{Q}_{1}$. The early editors, beginning with Alexander Pope, simply conflated the two texts, creating the modern version that has remained nearly universal for centuries. The conflated version is born from the presumption that Shakespeare wrote only one original manuscript, now unfortunately lost, and that the Quarto and Folio versions are distortions of that original.

As early as 1931, Madeleine Doran suggested that the two texts had basically different provenances, and that these differences between them were critically interesting. This argument, however, was not widely discussed until the late 1970s, when it was revived, principally by Michael Warren and Gary Taylor. Their thesis, while controversial, has gained significant acceptance. It posits, essentially, that the Quarto derives from something close to Shakespeare's foul papers, and the Folio is drawn in some way from a promptbook, prepared for production by Shakespeare's company or someone else. In short, $\mathrm{Q}_{1}$ is "authorial"; $\mathrm{F}_{1}$ is "theatrical." In criticism, the rise of "revision criticism" has been part of the pronounced trend away from mid-century formalism. The New Cambridge Shakespeare has published separate editions of Q and F; the most recent Pelican Shakespeare edition contains both the 1608 Quarto and the 1623 Folio text as well as a conflated version; the New Arden edition edited by R.A. Foakes is not the only recent edition to offer the traditional conflated text.

## Interpretations

Since there are no literal mothers in King Lear, Coppélia Kahn ${ }^{[11]}$ provides a psychoanalytic interpretation of the "maternal subtext" found in the play. According to Kahn, Lear in his old age regresses to an infantile disposition, and now seeks for a love that is normally satisfied by a mothering woman. Her characterization of Lear is that of a child being mothered, but without real mothers, his children become the daughter-mother figures. Lear's contest of love serves as the binding agreement; his daughters will get their inheritance provided they care for him, especially Cordelia, whose "kind nursery" he will greatly depend on. Her refusal to love him more than a husband is often interpreted as a resistance from incest, but Kahn also inserts the image of a rejecting mother. The situation is now a reversal of parent-child roles, in which Lear's madness is essentially a childlike rage from being deprived of maternal care. Even when Lear and Cordelia are captured together, this madness persists as Lear envisions a nursery in prison, where Cordelia's sole existence is for him. However, it is Cordelia's death that ultimately ends his fantasy of a daughter-mother, as the play ends with only male characters left.

Freud asserted that Cordelia symbolizes Death. Therefore, when the play begins with Lear rejecting his daughter, it can be interpreted as him rejecting death; Lear is unwilling to face the finitude of his being. The play's poignant ending scene, wherein Lear carries the body of his beloved Cordelia, was of great importance to Freud. In this scene, she causes in Lear a realization of his finitude, or as Freud put it, she causes him to "make friends with the necessity of dying" ${ }^{"[12]}$. It is logical to infer that Shakespeare had special intentions with Cordelia's death, as he was the only writer to have Cordelia killed (in the version by the anonymous author, she continues to live happily, and in Holinshed's, she restores her father and succeeds him). ${ }^{\text {[citation needed] }}$

A study by psychologist Rachel E. Goldsmith and others suggests that Lear's temporary amnesia of his daughters' betrayal is consistent with psychogenic amnesia. ${ }^{\text {.18] }}$

## Performance history




Engraving depicting Ludwig Devrient as King Lear, probably from Jean-François Ducis' production
The first recorded performance on December 26, 1606 is the only one known with certainty from Shakespeare's era. The play was revived soon after the theatres re-opened after the 1660 Restoration, and was played in its original form as late as 1675 . But the urge to adapt and change that was so liberally applied to Shakespeare's plays in that period eventually settled on Lear as on other works. Nahum Tate produced an adaptation in 1681: he gave the play a happy ending, with Edgar and Cordelia marrying, and Lear restored to kingship. The Fool was eliminated altogether, and Arante, a confidant for Cordelia, was added. ${ }^{[14]}$ This was the version acted by Thomas Betterton, David Garrick, and Edmund Kean, and praised by Samuel Johnson. The play was suppressed in the late 18th and early 19th century by the British government, which disliked the dramatization of a mad monarch at a time when George III was suffering mental impairment. ${ }^{[15]}$ The original text did not return to the London stage until William Charles Macready's production of 1838. ${ }^{[16]}$ Other actors who were famous as King Lear in the nineteenth century were Samuel Phelps and Edwin Booth.

## 20th Century

The play is among the most popular of Shakespeare's works to be staged in the 20th century. The most famous staging may be the 1962 production directed by Peter Brook, with Paul Scofield as Lear and Alec McCowen as The Fool. In a 2004 opinion poll of members of the Royal Shakespeare Company, Scofield's Lear was voted as the greatest performance in a Shakespearean play in the history of the RSC ${ }^{[17]}$ and immortalized on film in 1971. The longest Broadway run of King Lear was the 1968 production with Lee J. Cobb as Lear, Stacy Keach as Edmund, Philip Bosco as Kent, and Rene Auberjonois as the Fool. It ran for 72 performances: no other Broadway production of the play has run for as many as 50 performances. A Soviet film adaptation was done by Mosfilm in 1971, directed by Grigori Kozintsev, with black-and-white photography and a score by Shostakovich. The script was based on a translation by Boris Pasternak, and Estonian actor Jüri Järvet played the mad king.

Other famous actors played Lear in the twentieth century.

- Laurence Olivier decided to tackle the role for the second time at the age of 75 in a television production in 1983 with an all-star cast that included Diana Rigg, John Hurt ${ }^{[\text {citation needed }]}$, and Colin Blakely. Olivier had played Lear previously in 1946, at the age of 39, at the Old Vic, but his performance was generally

considered a disappointment and overshadowed in the production by Alec Guinness' depiction of The Fool ${ }^{[18]}$. His 1983 Lear was telecast in the United States in 1984 as a two hour and forty minute production, which was widely acclaimed; Olivier received the last of his several Emmy Awards as Best Actor for his performance.
- John Gielgud was 26 when he first played Lear at the Old Vic in 1931, and played the part in three additional stage productions including a controversial 1955 Stratford Memorial Theatre production designed by sculptor Isamu Noguchi ${ }^{[19]}$. He was 90 when he took on the part for the final time in a 1994 radio production with a cast that included Judi Dench, Kenneth Branagh, and Derek Jacobi.
- Orson Welles starred in a live television version (now preserved on kinescope) in 1953 for CBS, directed by Peter Brook. This production condensed the play to ninety minutes and eliminated the Edgar-Edmund subplot. Welles played Lear again at the New York Civic Center in 1958, breaking his ankle during previews and playing most of the performances in a wheelchair.
- Donald Wolfit was considered one of the great Lears, keeping the role in his repertory for over ten years and playing it on Broadway and for the Royal Shakespeare Company.
- Ian Holm won a Laurence Olivier Award for his performance of Lear at the Royal National Theatre and an Emmy nomination for the 1997 television version. Minimalist sets put the focus on the acting.
- James Earl Jones played Lear in the New York Shakespeare Festival, with Raúl Juliá as Edmund, Paul Sorvino as Gloucester, and Rene Auberjonois as Edgar. This production was videotaped and telecast in 1974 by PBS.
- Michael Hordern played Lear in the BBC Television Shakespeare series.
- William Devlin starred in a drastically shortened live television version in 1948, directed by Royston Morley.


## 21st Century



Michael D Jacobs as King Lear, in a Carmel Shake-speare Festival production at the Forest Theater, Carmel, Ca, 1999

The first great 21st century Lear may be Christopher Plummer, who became the first actor to receive a Tony Award nomination for playing Lear in the 2004 Broadway production at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre.

Ian McKellen (who had previously appeared as Edgar and Kent, winning a Drama Desk Award for the former) was triumphant as Lear in April 2007, with the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Courtyard Theatre in Stratford-Upon-Avon. This production was taken on a world tour with a cast that included Romola Garai as Cordelia, Sylvester McCoy as the Fool, Frances Barber as Goneril, Monica Dolan as Regan, William Gaunt as Gloucester, and Jonathan Hyde as Kent. It continued at the New London Theatre, Drury Lane, where it ended its run on 12 January 2008 and netted McKellen a Laurence Olivier Award nomination. The production, which was directed by Trevor Nunn and produced by Phil Cameron and was alternated with The Seagull, was later videotaped and broadcast on Great Performances on PBS, garnering McKellen an Emmy Award nomination.


- David Warner starred as Lear in a 2005 production at Minerva Studio, Sussex, UK.
- Pete Postlethwaite as Lear at the Young Vic, London, UK. 29 January 2009-28 March 2009.
- Stacy Keach in a production at the Goodman Theatre in Chicago and the Shakespeare Theatre in Washington, DC in 2009
- Kevin Kline in a production at the New York Shakespeare Festival.
- Greg Hicks in a production at the Courtyard Theatre, Stratford Upon Avon, UK, 2010.
- Derek Jacobi in a production at The Donmar Warehouse,London, UK, 2010, followed by an 8 week UK tour and then 6 weeks at BAM in New York with a cast that includes Gina Mckee as Goneril, Justine Mitchell as Regan, Pippa Bennett-Warner as Cordelia, Ron Cook as the fool, Michael Hadley as Kent, and Paul Jesson as Gloucester.


## Points of debate

Opening


Goneril and Regan by Edwin Austin Abbey
Act I, Scene I features a ceremony in which King Lear divides his kingdom among his daughters. Lear seemingly partitions his kingdom according to the verbal expressions of his daughters' love for him. If this were a test, it would make most sense for Lear to hear out all three daughters before starting to divide the kingdom. David Ball posits an alternate interpretation. ${ }^{[20]}$ He bases this analysis on the conversation between Kent and Gloucester which are the first seven lines of the play and serve to help the audience understand the context of the drama about to unfold.

Kent: I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.
Gloucester: It did always seem so to us, but now in the division of the kingdom it appears not which of the Dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.
-King Lear, Act I, Scene I
Ball interprets this statement to mean that the court already knows how the King is going to divide his kingdom; that the outcome of the ceremony is already decided and publicly known.

Alternatively, it has been suggested that the King's "contest" has more to do with his control over the unmarried Cordelia. ${ }^{[21]}$

## Tragic ending



King Lear mourns Cordelia's death, James Barry, 1786-1788
The adaptations that Shakespeare made to the legend of King Lear to produce his tragic version are quite telling of the effect they would have had on his contemporary audience. The story of King Lear was familiar to the average English Renaissance theatre goer (as were many of Shakespeare's sources) and any discrepancies between versions would have been immediately apparent.

Shakespeare's tragic conclusion gains its sting from such a discrepancy. The traditional legend and all adaptations preceding Shakespeare's have it that after Lear is restored to the throne, he remains there until "made ripe for death" (Edmund Spenser). Cordelia, her sisters also dead, takes the throne as rightful heir, but after a few years is overthrown and imprisoned by nephews, leading to her suicide.

Shakespeare shocks his audience by bringing the worn and haggard Lear onto the stage, carrying his dead youngest daughter. He taunts them with the possibility that she may live yet with Lear saying, "This feather stirs; she lives!" But Cordelia's death is soon confirmed.

This was indeed too bleak for some to take, even many years later. King Lear was at first unsuccessful on the Restoration stage, and it was only with Nahum Tate's happy-ending version of 1681 that it became part of the repertory. Tate's Lear, where Lear survives and triumphs, and Edgar and Cordelia get married, held the stage until 1838. Samuel Johnson endorsed the use of Tate's version in his edition of Shakespeare's plays (1765): "Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add anything to the general suffrage, I might relate that I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor."

## Cordelia and the Fool

The Fool, important in the first act, disappears without explanation in the third act. He appears in Act I, scene four, and disappears in Act III, scene six. His final line, "And I'll to bed at noon," is one that many think might mean that he is to die at the highest point of his life, when he lies in prison separated from his friends.

A popular explanation for the Fool's disappearance is that the actor playing the Fool also played Cordelia. The two characters are never on stage simultaneously, and dual-roling was common in Shakespeare's time. However, the Fool would have been played by Robert Armin, the regular clown actor of Shakespeare's company, who is unlikely to have been cast as a tragic heroine. Even so, the play does ask us to at least compare the two; Lear chides Cordelia for foolishness in Act I; chides himself as equal in folly in Act V; and as he holds the dead Cordelia in the final scene, says, "And my poor fool is hanged" ("fool" could be taken as either a direct reference to the Fool, or an affectionate reference to Cordelia herself, or it could refer to both the Fool and Cordelia).

In the Trevor Nunn production of King Lear, which was shown on PBS and stars Ian McKellen, the play is slightly revised so that the Fool (portrayed by Sylvester McCoy) is hanged on stage, just after Gloucester is captured by Cornwall's men. ${ }^{[22]}$

## Adaptations and cultural references

- Portions of a radio performance of the play on BBC Radio 3 in the UK were used by John Lennon in The Beatles' song "I Am the Walrus", starting at about the halfway point, but most audible towards the end and during the long fadeout. Lennon added the BBC audio (live as it was being broadcast) during mixing of the track. The character Oswald's exhortation, "bury my body", as well as his lament, "O, untimely death!" (Act IV, Scene VI) were interpreted by fans as further pieces of evidence that band member Paul McCartney was dead.
- A lake in Watermead Country Park, Leicestershire is named King Lear's Lake, owing to its proximity of the legendary burial tomb of King Leir. A statue in the lake depicts the final scene of Shakespeare's play.
- The Liverpool based band The Wombats make reference to the play in their song "Lost in the Post."
- At the beginning of the video game Final Fantasy IX, the play 'I Want To Be Your Canary' played in front of Queen Brahne is heavily inspired from King Lear (the two plays share both the characters' names and the plot).
- Canadian band The Tragically Hip have a song called "Cordelia" inspired by King Lear on their album Road Apples
- In the film Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium, Mr. Magorium attempts to explain his death to Mahoney by using the words "He dies" from act five.
- Exiled Theatre performed a prequel to King Lear entitled "Edmund, Son of Gloucester" in 1996.


## Adaptations

Wikisource has original text related to this article:
The History of King Lear

A number of significant and diverse readings have emerged from eras and societies since the play was first written; evidence of the ability of Shakespeare to encompass many human experiences. The play was poorly received in the 17 th century because the theme of fallen royalty was too close to the events of the period; the exile of the court to France. In 1681 Nahum Tate rewrote King Lear to suit a 17th century audience: Tate's The History of King Lear changed Shakespeare's tragedy into a love story with a happy ending. The King of France and the Fool are omitted; Edgar saves Cordelia from ruffians on the heath; Lear defeats the assassins sent to kill

him and Cordelia, and Edgar and Cordelia are betrothed in a final scene, where Edgar declares that "Truth and Virtue shall at last succeed." ${ }^{[23]}$

As society and time changed, especially in the nineteenth century, Shakespeare's tragic ending was reinstalled, first, briefly, by Edmund Kean in 1823, then by William Charles Macready in 1834. Macready removed all traces of Tate in an abridged version of Shakespeare's text in 1838, and Samuel Phelps restored the complete Shakespearean version in 1845.

The only recent production of Tate's version was staged by the Riverside Shakespeare Company in 1985, directed by W. Stuart McDowell, at The Shakespeare Center in New York City. ${ }^{[24]}$

## Critical analysis

The twentieth century saw a number of diverse and rich readings of the play emerge as a result of the turbulent social changes of the century. A. C. Bradley saw this play as an individual coming to terms with his personality; that Lear was a great man and therefore the play is almost unfathomable.

The Family Drama reading has also become prevalent in the 20th century. King Lear can be read as being about the dynamics in the relationship between parent and children. ${ }^{[25]}$ Key issues include the relationship between Lear and Goneril/Regan, between Lear and Cordelia and the relationship between Gloucester and his sons.

The play has been interpreted by many societies. Communist Russia emphasised the suffering of the common people and the oppressive nature of the monarch in the film Korol Lear (Король Лир 1970).

Lear's suffering as a form of purgatory, within a shifting religious landscape in contemporary England, has also been put forward and has been extended onto other Shakespeare dramas like Hamlet. ${ }^{[26]}$

## Reworkings

Since the 1950s, there have been various "reworkings" of King Lear. These include:

## Novels

- A Thousand Acres by Jane Smiley, set on a large American farm
- Fool by Christopher Moore, a reworking of the story told from the fool's point of view.


## Graphic Novels

- Ian Pollock's King Lear, 1984 Black Dog \& Leventhal publishing Google Books link
- Manga Shakespeare's King Lear, 2009 Amulet / SelfMadeHero. Adapted by R. Appignanesi, Illustrated by ILYA link
- Gareth Hinds' King Lear, 2008 TheComic.com link and 2009 Candlewick Press link


## Plays

- The play Lear by Edward Bond
- The play Lear's Daughters by W. T. G. and Elaine Feinstein
- The play Seven Lears by Howard Barker
- The play Lear Reloaded by Scot Lahaie
- The play Aspects of Lear directed by Joseph Timko

- The Play The Fool, by Christopher Moore, retells the story of King Lear from the perspective of The Black Fool.
- The Play The History of King Lear by Nahum Tate
- The Play God's Weep by Dennis Kelly


## Films

- The film The King is Alive, directed by Kristian Levring
- The film Ran, directed by Akira Kurosawa, set in Sengoku period Japan
- The film The Last Lear, directed by Rituparno Ghosh, based on the life of an aging thespian, set in modern Bollywood


## Film adaptations

- 1909 - A silent, black and white film directed by J. Stuart Blackton and William V. Ranous, with William V. Ranous as Lear.
- 1916 - Directed by Ernest C. Warde, with Frederick Warde as Lear.
- 1934 - Der Yidisher Kenig Lear (The Yiddish King Lear) is an adaptation of Jacob Gordin's play set in Vilna, Lithuania, directed by Harry Thomashefsky.
- 1949 - Gunasundari Katha, a Telugu film directed by Kadiri Venkata Reddy. The pivotal role of Cordelia was played by Sriranjani.
- 1953 - Peter Brook directed a heavily abridged version of the play as part of the U.S. television series Omnibus, with Orson Welles in the lead role.
- 1954 - Broken Lance, a western adaptation by Richard Murphy (screenplay) and Philip Yordan (story).
- 1969 - Directed by Grigori Kozintsev, with Jüri Järvet as Lear. Russian version; original title Korol Lir.
- 1971 - Directed by Peter Brook, with Paul Scofield as Lear, Alan Webb as Duke of Gloucester, Irene Worth as Goneril, Susan Engel as Regan, Anne-Lise Gabold as Cordelia, Jack MacGowran as Fool. The text has been severely cut and the remainder has been reassembled. All is bleak in this black-and-white, existential experience.
- 1974 - A Thames Television production, directed by Tony Davenall, with Patrick Magee as Lear.
- 1975 - Directed by Jonathan Miller for BBC television, as part of the "Play for the Month" series, with Michael Hordern as Lear.
- 1982 - Directed by Jonathan Miller for BBC television, with Michael Hordern once again cast as Lear. Part of the Shakespeare Plays series, this version follows the text closely.
- 1984 - Directed by Michael Elliott, with Laurence Olivier as Lear. The film begins and ends at Stonehenge, and features Dorothy Tutin as Goneril, Diana Rigg as Regan, Anna Calder-Marshall as Cordelia, John Hurt as the Fool, Colin Blakely as Kent, Leo McKern as Gloucester, and Robert Lindsay as Edmund. [1]. Olivier won the Emmy Award for his performance.
- 1985 - The film Ran by Akira Kurosawa is loosely based on King Lear, setting the story in Sengokuperiod Japan and replacing the three daughters with three sons.
- 1987 - Jean-Luc Godard directed his own heavily altered and re-imagined adaptation of King Lear.
- 1997 - A Thousand Acres, a film version of Jane Smiley's novel, directed by Jocelyn Moorhouse and starring Jason Robards, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Jessica Lange, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Colin Firth.
- 1998 - Directed by Richard Eyre and starring Ian Holm as Lear. Aired on BBC television and later on PBS as a part of the Masterpiece Theatre series.
- 1999 - Directed by and starring Brian Blessed as Lear.
- 2001 - My Kingdom stars Richard Harris and Lynn Redgrave. A modern, gangland version of King Lear.
- 2002 - King of Texas, a television adaptation set in frontier Texas, directed by Uli Edel, with Patrick Stewart as John Lear.

－ 2007 －Baby Cakes Sees a Play，Brad Neely＇s retelling of King Lear through the eyes of Baby Cakes．
－ 2009 －A videotaped version of the 2007 Royal Shakespeare Company production was shown on PBS， featuring Ian McKellen as Lear．
－ 2012 －King Lear－To be directed by Michael Radford，with Al Pacino as Lear．


## Opera

－Re Lear by Antonio Cagnoni（1893）First execution ever in Martina Franca（2009）
Costantino Finucci（Re Lear），Serena Daolio（Cordelia），Eufemia Tufano（Regana），Rasha Talaat（il Matto）， Danilo Formaggia（Edgaro），Mebonia Vladimer（Conte di Gloster），Leone Maria（Gonerilla），Coletta Gianni （Duca di Cornovaglia），Domenico Colaianni（Conte di Kent），Cristian Camilo Navarro Diaz（Edmondo），il Coro Slovacco di Bratislava，l＇Orchestra Internazionale d＇Italia．Direttore Massimiliano Caldi，regista Francesco Esposito．Coreografie di Domenico Iannone，scene di Nicola Rubertelli，costumi di Maria Carla Ricotti．
－Lear by Aribert Reimann（1978）
－In the 1960s Benjamin Britten intended to write a King Lear opera，but the project was abandoned．${ }^{[27]}$
－Wu Hsing－kuo（吳興國）of Taiwan＇s Contemporary Legend Theatre（當代傳奇劇場）created a Peking Opera adaptation of King Lear in the late 1990s，after the theatre troupe＇s critically－acclaimed adaptation of Shakespeare＇s Macbeth，Kingdom of Desire（慾望城國）．Wu plays all the parts in this Mandarin Chinese adaptation，which toured Europe，Asia and the United States from 2000－2007．
－Promised End by Alexander Goehr（2010）

## Notable performers as King Lear

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2．＾＿While it has been claimed that＂Cordelia＂derives from the Latin＂cor＂（heart）followed by＂delia＂，an anagram of＂ideal＂，this is questionable．A more likely etymology is that her name is a feminine form of coeur de lion，meaning＂lion－hearted＂．Another possible source is a Welsh word of uncertain meaning；it may mean＂jewel of the sea＂or＂lady of the sea＂．
3．＾This title and the titles of nobility held by other characters are all grossly anachronistic．Their actual use did not occur till 1067－1398．
4．＾http：／／www．pathguy．com／kinglear．htm
5．$\wedge$ Soula Mitakidou and Anthony L．Manna，with Melpomeni Kanatsouli，Folktales from Greece：A Treasury of Delights，p 100 ISBN 1－56308－908－4；see also D．L．Ashliman，＂Love Like Salt：folktales of types 923 and 510＂
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7．́ㅡ﹎Frank Kermode，＇King Lear＇，The Riverside Shakespeare（Boston：Houghton Mifflin，1974）， 1249.
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9．$\wedge$ Kermode，Riverside， 1250.
10．$\underset{\sim}{\wedge}$ The 1619 quarto is part of William Jaggard＇s so－called False Folio．

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23. $\wedge$ Nahum Tate, The History of King Lear Act V.
24. ^ "Tate's Lear at Riverside," by Mel Gussow, The New York Times, April 5, 1985, and "King Lear for Optimists," by Howard Kissel, Women's Wear Daily, March 22, 1985.
25. $\wedge$ An Existential Examination of King Lear
26. ^^ Alter, Robert (May 20, 2001), "Just Passing Through: Review of Stephen Greenblatt's 'Hamlet in Purgatory'", New York Times, http://www.nytimes.com/books/01/05/20/reviews/010520.20altert.html 27. ^_ Carpenter, Humphrey Benjamin Britten - a Biography. London: Faber and Faber 1992, pp 447-8.

## All's Well That Ends Well

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Jump to: navigation, search
This article is about Shakespeare's play. For other uses, see All's Well That Ends Well (disambiguation).



Facsimile of the first page of All's Well that Ends Well from the First Folio, published in 1623.
All's Well That Ends Well is a play by William Shakespeare. It is believed to have been written between $\underline{1604}$ and $1605,{ }^{[1]}$ and was originally published in the First Folio in 1623.

Though originally the play was classified as a comedy, the play is now considered by some critics to be one of his problem plays, so named because they cannot be neatly classified as tragedy or comedy.

## Contents

[hide]

- 1 Characters
- 2 Synopsis
- 3 Sources
- 4 Performance history
- 5 Critical comment
- 6 References
- 7 External links


## Characters

- King of France
- Duke of Florence
- Bertram, Count of Rousillon
- Countess of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram
- Lavatch, a Clown in her household
- Helena, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess000
- Parolles, a follower of Bertram
- An Old Widow of Florence, surnamed Capilet
- Diana, Daughter to the Widow
- Steward to the Countess of Rousillon
- Violenta and Mariana, Neighbours and Friends to the Widow
- A Page

- Lafeu, an old Lord


## Synopsis

Helena, the orphan daughter of a famous physician, is the ward of the Countess of Rousillon, and hopelessly in love with the son of the Countess, Count Bertram, who has been sent to the court of the King of France. Despite her beauty and worth, Helena has no hope of attracting Bertram, since she is of low birth and he is a nobleman. However, when word comes that the King is ill, she goes to Paris and, using her father's arts, cures the illness. In return, she is given the hand of any man in the realm; she chooses Bertram. Her new husband is appalled at the match, however, and shortly after their marriage flees France, accompanied only by a scoundrel named Parolles, to fight in the army of the Duke of Florence.

Helena is sent home to the Countess, and receives a letter from Bertram informing her that he will never be her true spouse unless she can get his family ring from his finger, and become pregnant with his child-neither of which, he declares, will ever come to pass. The Countess, who loves Helena and approves of the match, tries to comfort her, but the distraught young woman departs Rousillon, planning to make a religious pilgrimage.

Meanwhile, in Florence, Bertram has become a general in the Duke's army. Helena comes to the city, and discovers that her husband is trying to seduce the virginal daughter of a kindly Widow. With the connivance of the daughter, named Diana, she contrives to trick Bertram: he gives Diana his ring as a token of his love, and when he comes to her room at night, Helena is in the bed, and they make love without his realizing that it is Helena. At the same time, two lords in the army expose Parolles as a coward and a villain, and he falls out of Bertram's favor. Meanwhile, false messengers have come to the camp bearing word that Helena is dead, and with the war drawing to a close, Bertram decides to return to France. Unknown to him, Helena follows, accompanied by Diana and the Widow.

In Rousillon, everyone is mourning Helena as dead. The King is visiting, and consents to a marriage between Bertram and the daughter of an old, faithful lord, named Lafew. However, he notices a ring on Bertram's finger that formerly belonged to Helena-it was a gift from the King after she saved his life. (Helena gave the ring to Diana in Florence, and she in turn gave it to her would-be lover.) Bertram is at a loss to explain where it came from, but just then Diana and her mother appear to explain matters-followed by Helena, who informs her husband that both his conditions have been fulfilled. Chastened, Bertram consents to be a good husband to her, and there is general rejoicing.

## Sources

The play is based on a tale (3.9) of Boccaccio's The Decameron. Shakespeare may have read an English translation of the tale in William Painter's Palace of Pleasure. ${ }^{[2]}$

The name of the play comes from the proverb All's well that ends well, which means that problems do not matter so long as the outcome is good. ${ }^{[3]}$

## Performance history

There are no recorded performances before the Restoration; the earliest occurred in 1741 at Goodman's Fields, with another the following year at Drury Lane where it acquired its reputation of being an unlucky play. The actress playing Helena, Peg Woffington fainted and had to be replaced, while the actor playing the King of France subsequently died. Henry Woodward popularised the part of Parolles in the Garrick era. Sporadic

performances followed in the ensuing decades, with an operatic version at Covent Garden in 1832. George Bernard Shaw greatly admired Helena's character, comparing her with the New Woman figures such as Nora in Henrik Ibsen's A Doll's House. ${ }^{[4]}$

Victorian objections centred on the character of Helena, who was variously deemed predatory, immodest and both "really despicable" and a "doormat" by Ellen Terry, who also - and rather contradictorily - accused her of "hunt[ing] men down in the most undignified way". In 1896 Frederick S. Boas coined the term "problem play" to include the unpopular work, grouping it with Hamlet, Troilus and Cressida and Measure for Measure. ${ }^{[5]}$

## Critical comment

There is no evidence that All's Well was popular in Shakespeare's own lifetime, and it has remained one of his lesser-known plays ever since, in part due to its odd mixture of fairy tale logic and cynical realism. Helena's love for the seemingly unlovable Bertram is difficult to explain on the page, but in performance it can be made acceptable by casting an actor of obvious physical attraction as Bertram, or by playing him as a naive and innocent figure not yet ready for love although, as both Helena and the audience can see, capable of emotional growth. ${ }^{[6]}$ This latter interpretation also assists at the point in the final scene in which Bertram suddenly switches from hatred to love in just one line. This is considered a particular problem for actors trained to admire psychological realism. However, some alternative readings emphasise the "if" in his equivocal promise: "If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly, I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly." Here, there has been no change of heart at all. ${ }^{[4]}$ Productions like the National Theatre's 2009 run, have Bertram make his promise seemingly normally, but then end the play hand-in-hand with Helena, staring out at the audience with an evidently fake, or indeed panicked, grin on his face, indicating he only relented to save face in front of the King.

Many critics consider that the truncated ending is a drawback, with Bertram's conversion so sudden. Various explanations have been given for this. There is (as always) possibly missing text. Some suggest that Bertram's conversion is meant to be sudden and magical in keeping with the 'clever wench performing tasks to win an unwilling higher born husband' theme of the play ( W W Lawrence, 'Shakespeare's Problem Comedies' 1931). Some consider that Bertram is not meant to be contemptible, merely a callow youth learning valuable lessons about values (J G Styan 'Shakespeare in Performance' 1984 and Francis G Schoff 'Claudio, Bertam and a Note on Inerpretation'1959)

Many directors have taken the view that when Shakespeare wrote a comedy, he did intend there to be a happy ending, and accordingly that is the way the concluding scene should be staged. Jonathan Miller in his acclaimed BBC version in 1981 had his Betram (Ian Charleson)give Helena a tender kiss and speak wonderingly. It could be argued that the conditional phrasing of Betram's surrender is possibly a comic reference to the earlier seemingly impossible tasks that he set Helena. Now he is promising to love her 'ever, ever dearly' if she fulfills the much simpler one of explaining how all this came about.

Despite his outrageous actions, Bertram can come across as beguiling; sadly, the filming of the 1967 RCS performance with Ian Richardson as Bertam has been lost, but by various accounts (The New Cambridge Shakespeare, 2003 etc )he managed to make Bertam sympathetic. even charming. Ian Charleson's Bertram was cold and egotistical but still attractive. Richard Monette's 1992 Bertam, David Snellgrove, was young and unformed.

One character that has been admired is that of the old Countess, which Shaw thought "the most beautiful old woman's part ever written" ${ }^{[4]}$ Modern productions are often promoted as vehicles for great mature actresses; recent examples have starred Judi Dench and Peggy Ashcroft, who delivered a performance of "entranc[ing]...worldly wisdom and compassion" in Trevor Nunn's sympathetic, "Chekhovian" staging at


Stratford in 1982. ${ }^{[4] 7][8]}$ In the BBC Television Shakespeare production she was played by Celia Johnson, dressed and posed as Rembrandt's portrait of Margaretha de Geer.

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## Shakespeare's late romances

The late romances, often simply called the romances, are a grouping of what many scholars believe to be William Shakespeare's later plays, including Pericles, Prince of Tyre; Cymbeline; The Winter's Tale; and The Tempest. The Two Noble Kinsmen is sometimes included in this grouping. The term was first used in regard to these works in Edward Dowden's Shakespeare: A Critical Study of His Mind and Art (1875).

The category of Shakespearean romance arises from a hesitation among critics to categorize them as comedies (though all but Cymbeline, which was listed among the tragedies, were considered so by John Heminges and Henry Condell when they edited the First Folio), because they bear similarities with medieval romance literature and are different from comedies in many ways. Shakespeare's romances share the following features:

- A redemptive plotline with a happy ending involving the re-uniting of long-separated family members;
- Magic and other fantastical elements;
- A deus ex machina, often manifesting as a Roman god (such as Jupiter in Cymbeline or Diana in Pericles);
- A mixture of "civilized" and "pastoral" scenes (such as the gentry and the island residents in The Tempest);
- "...and the poetry is a return to the lyrical style of the early plays, though more mellow and profound." 11


Shakespeare's romances were also influenced by two major developments in theatre in the early years of the seventeenth century. One was the innovation in tragicomedy initiated by John Fletcher and developed in the early Beaumont and Fletcher collaborations. The other was the extreme elaboration of the courtly masque being conducted at the same time by Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones. [See: The Masque of Blackness; The Masque of Queens.]

The distinctiveness of the late romances has been questioned - the plays certainly share commonalities with earlier Shakespearean works like Twelfth Night, with earlier romances by other authors back to the ancient world, and with works in genres like pastoral. Yet Shakespeare's late plays have a distinctive aura to them, with elements of tragicomedy and masque blended with elements of comedy and romance and pastoral - not into a chaos as might be expected, but into coherent, dramatically effective and appealing plays.

## List of plays

Shakespeare's late romances include:

- Pericles, Prince of Tyre, ca. 1603-1608
- Cymbeline, ca. 1608-1609
- The Winter's Tale, ca. 1594-1610
- The Tempest, ca. 1603-1611
- The Two Noble Kinsmen, ca. 1612-13 (co-written with John Fletcher) ${ }^{[2]}$

The Norton Shakespeare describes Henry VIII (ca. 1612-13) as being characteristic of the late romances, but still considers it one of the histories.

## Notes

1. ^ F. E. Halliday, A Shakespeare Companion 1564-1964, Baltimore, Penguin, 1964; p. 419.
2. ^ F. E. Halliday, Shakespeare Companion, pp. 419, 507-8. See also Hallett Smith on the "many links between this and the previous plays...," in: The Riverside Shakespeare, G. Blakemore Evans, textual editor; Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1974; p. 1640

## Much Ado About Nothing

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Facsimile of the title page of the quarto version of Much adoe about Nothing
Much Ado About Nothing is a comedy by William Shakespeare about two pairs of lovers, Benedick and Beatrice, and Claudio and Hero. Benedick and Beatrice are engaged in a "merry war"; they both talk a mile a minute and proclaim their scorn for love, marriage, and each other. In contrast, Claudio and Hero are sweet young people who are rendered practically speechless by their love for one another. By means of "noting" (which sounds the same as "nothing," and which is gossip, rumour, and overhearing), Benedick and Beatrice are tricked into confessing their love for each other, and Claudio is tricked into rejecting Hero at the altar. However, Dogberry, a Constable who is a master of malapropisms, discovers-unbeknownst to himself-the evil trickery of the villain, the bastard Don John. In the end, Don John is captured and everyone else joins in a dance celebrating the marriages of the two couples.

## Contents

## [hide]

- 1 Date and text
- 2 Sources
- 3 Setting
- 4 Characters
- 5 Synopsis
- 6 Analysis and criticism
- 6.1 Themes and motifs
- 6.1.1 Opposite sex
- 6.1.2 Infidelity
- 6.1.3 Deception
- 6.1.4 Noting
- 6.1.5 Significance of character names
$\sum[56]<$
- 7 Performance history
- 7.1 On stage
- 8 Adaptations
- 8.1 Television
- 8.2 Film
- 8.3 Other
- 9 References
- 10 External links


## Date and text

The earliest printed text states that Much Ado About Nothing was "sundry times publicly acted" prior to 1600 and it is likely that the play made its debut in the autumn or winter of $1598-1599 .{ }^{[1]}$ The earliest recorded performances are two that were given at Court in the winter of 1612-13, during the festivities preceding the marriage of Princess Elizabeth with Frederick V, Elector Palatine (14 February 1613). The play was published in quarto in 1600 by the stationers Andrew Wise and William Aspley. This was the only edition prior to the First Folio in 1623.

## [] Sources

Stories of lovers deceived into believing each other false were common currency in northern Italy in the sixteenth century. Shakespeare's immediate source could have been one of the Novelle ("Tales") of Matteo Bandello dealing with the tribulations of Sir Timbreo and his betrothed Fenice in Messina after King Piero's defeat of Charles of Anjou, perhaps through the translation into French by François de Belleforest. ${ }^{[2]}$ Another version featuring lovers Ariodante and Ginevra, with the servant Dalinda impersonating Ginevra on the balcony, appears in Book V of Orlando Furioso by Ludovico Ariosto, published in an English translation in 1591. ${ }^{[3]}$ The character of Benedick too has a counterpart in a commentary upon marriage in Orlando Furioso, ${ }^{[4]}$ but the witty wooing of Beatrice and Benedick is original. ${ }^{[2]}$

## Setting

Much Ado About Nothing is set in Messina, a port on the island of Sicily, which is next to the toe of Italy. Sicily was ruled by Aragon at the time the play was set. ${ }^{[5]}$ The action of the play takes place mainly at the home and on the grounds of Leonato's Estate.

## Characters

- Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon
- Benedick, of Padua; a lord, companion of Don Pedro
- Claudio, of Florence; a count, companion of Don Pedro
- Balthasar, attendant on Don Pedro, a singer
- Don John, "the Bastard Prince," brother of Don Pedro and the main villain
- Borachio and Conrade, followers of Don John
- Leonato, governor of Messina
- Margaret, waiting-gentlewoman attendant on Hero
- Ursula, waiting-gentlewoman attendant on Hero
- Friar Francis, a priest
- Dogberry, the grand constable in charge of Messina's night watch
- Verges, the Headborough, Dogberry's partner
- A Sexton, the judge of the trial of Borachio
- The Watch, watchmen of Messina
- Hero, Leonato's daughter
- Beatrice, niece of Leonato, orphan
- Antonio, an old man, brother of Leonato
- A Boy, serving Benedick
- Attendants and messengers
- Innogen, a ghost character included in early editions as Leonato's wife


## Synopsis



Facsimile of the first page of Much Ado About Nothing from the First Folio, published in 1623
At Messina, a messenger brings news that Don Pedro, a Spanish prince from Aragon, and his officers, Claudio and Benedick, have returned from a successful battle. Leonato, the governor of Messina, welcomes the messenger and announces that Don Pedro and his men will stay for a month. Beatrice, Leonato's niece, asks the messenger about Benedick, and makes sarcastic remarks about his ineptitude as a soldier. Leonato explains that "There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her." ${ }^{[6]}$

Leonato's niece, Beatrice, and Benedick, longtime adversaries, carry on their arguments. Claudio's feelings for Hero, Leonato's only daughter, are rekindled on his seeing her and Claudio soon announces to Benedick his intention to court her. Benedick tries to dissuade his friend but is unsuccessful in the face of Don Pedro's encouragement. While Benedick teases Claudio, Benedick swears that he will never get married. Don Pedro laughs at him and tells him that when he has found the right person he shall get married.

A masquerade ball is planned in celebration, giving a disguised Don Pedro the opportunity to woo Hero on Claudio's behalf. Don John uses this situation to get revenge on his brother Don Pedro by telling young Claudio that Don Pedro is wooing Hero for himself. Claudio becomes furious at Don Pedro and confronts him. The misunderstanding is quickly resolved and Claudio wins Hero's hand in marriage.

Don Pedro and his men, bored at the prospect of waiting a week for the wedding, harbor a plan to matchmake Beatrice and Benedick. The men led by Don Pedro proclaim Beatrice's love for Benedick while knowing he is eavesdropping on their conversation. The women led by Hero do the same to Beatrice. Struck by the fact that they are apparently thought to be too proud to love each other, Beatrice and Benedick, neither willing to bear the reputation of pride, each decides to requite the love of the other.


Meanwhile Don John, 'The Bastard' Don Pedro's illegitimate brother, is a malcontent who plots to ruin Claudio and Hero's wedding by casting aspersions upon Hero's character. His follower Borachio courts Margaret, Hero's chambermaid calling her "Hero", at Hero's open bedroom window while Don John leads Don Pedro and Claudio to spy below. The latter mistaking Margaret for Hero are convinced of Hero's infidelity.

The next day during the wedding, Claudio refuses to marry Hero. He and Don Pedro humiliate Hero publicly before a stunned congregation and Margaret, who is attending the wedding, does not speak up in Hero's defence. The two leave, leaving the rest in shock. Hero who has fainted, revives after Don Pedro and Claudio leave only to be reprimanded by her father. The presiding Friar interrupts, believing Hero to be innocent and convinces the family to fake Hero's death in order to extract the truth and Claudio's remorse. Prompted by the day's harrowing events, Benedick and Beatrice confess their love for each other.

Leonato and Antonio, Hero's uncle, subsequently blame Don Pedro and Claudio for Hero's death and challenge Claudio to duels. Benedick, prompted by Beatrice, does the same.

Astonishingly, on the night of Don John's treachery the local Watch has apprehended Borachio and his ally Conrade. Despite the Watch's comic ineptness (headed by constable Dogberry, a master of malapropisms), they have overheard the duo discussing their evil plans. The Watch arrest them and eventually obtain the villains' confession, informing Leonato of Hero's innocence. Though Don John has fled the city a force is sent to capture him. Claudio, though maintaining he made an honest mistake, is repentant; he agrees to not only post a proper epitaph for Hero but to marry a substitute, Hero's cousin (not Beatrice) in her place.

During Claudio's second wedding as the dancers enter, the "cousin" is unmasked as Hero to a most surprised and gratified Claudio. An impromptu dance is announced. Beatrice and Benedick, prompted by their friends’ interference finally confess their love for each other to the group at large. As the play draws to a close a messenger arrives with news of Don John's capture - but his punishment is postponed another day so that the couples can enjoy their newfound happiness.

## Analysis and criticism

## Themes and motifs

## Opposite sex

Benedick and Beatrice fast became the main interest of the play; Charles I even wrote 'Benedick and Beatrice' beside the title of the play in his copy of the Second Folio. ${ }^{[7}$ The provocative treatment of gender is central to the play and should be considered in its Renaissance context. While this was reflected and emphasised in certain plays of the period, it was also challenged. ${ }^{[8]}$ Amussen ${ }^{[9]}$ notes that the destabilising of traditional gender cliches appears to have inflamed anxieties about the erosion of social order. It seems that comic drama could be a means of calming such anxieties. Ironically, we can see through the play's popularity that this only increased people's interest in such behaviour. Benedick wittily gives voice to male anxieties about women's "sharp tongues and proneness to sexual lightness". ${ }^{[8]}$ In the patriarchal society of the play, the men's loyalties were governed by conventional codes of honour and camaraderie and a sense of superiority to women. ${ }^{[8]}$
Assumptions that women are by nature prone to inconstancy are shown in the repeated jokes on cuckoldry and partly explain Claudio's readiness to believe the slur against Hero. This stereotype is turned on its head in Balthasar's song, which shows men to be the deceitful and inconstant sex that women must suffer.


## Infidelity

A theme in Shakespeare is cuckoldry or the infidelity of a wife. Several of the characters seem to be obsessed by the idea that a man has no way to know if his wife is faithful and therefore women can take full advantage of that fact. Don John plays upon Claudio's pride and fear of cuckoldry, which leads to the disastrous first wedding scene. Because of their mistrust of female sexuality, many of the males easily believe that Hero is impure and even her father readily condemns her with very little proof. This motif runs through the play, often in references to horns, a symbol of cuckoldry.

## Deception

In Much Ado About Nothing, there are many examples of deception and self-deception. The games and tricks played on people often have the best intentions-to make people fall in love, to help someone get what they want, or to make someone realise their mistake. Not all are meant well; when Don John convinces Claudio that Don Pedro wants Hero for himself, when Borachio meets 'Hero' (who is actually Margaret, pretending to be Hero) in Hero's bedroom window.

## Noting

Another motif is the play on the words nothing and noting, which in Shakespeare's day were homophones. ${ }^{[10]}$ Taken literally, the title implies that a great fuss ("much ado") is made of something which is insignificant ("nothing"), such as the unfounded claims of Hero's infidelity. The title could also be understood as Much Ado About Noting. Much of the action is in interest in and critique of others, written messages, spying and eavesdropping. This is mentioned several times, particularly concerning "seeming", "fashion" and outward impressions. Nothing is a double entendre, "an O-thing" (or "'n othing" or "no thing") was Elizabethan slang for "vagina". ${ }^{[11]}$ 'Noting' can refer to singing, especially sight-reading.

Examples of noting as noticing occur in the following instances: (1.1.131-132)
Claudio: Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signor Leonato?
Benedick: I noted her not, but I looked on her.
and (4.1.154-157).
Friar: Hear me a little,

For I have only been silent so long
And given way unto this course of fortune
By noting of the lady.
At (3.3.102-104), Borachio indicates that a man's clothing doesn't indicate his character:
Borachio: Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.
A triple play on words in which noting signifies noticing, musical notes and nothing occurs at (2.3.47-52):
Don Pedro: Nay pray thee, come;


Or if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.
Balthasar: Note this before my notes:
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
Don Pedro: Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks -
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing!
Don Pedro's last line can be understood to mean, "Pay attention to your music and nothing else!" The complex layers of meaning include a pun on "crotchets," which can mean both "quarter notes" (in music) and whimsical notions.

The following are puns on notes as messages: (2.1.174-176),
Claudio: I pray you leave me.
Benedick: Ho, now you strike like the blind man - 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post. in which Benedick plays on the word post as a pole and as mail delivery in a joke reminiscent of Shakespeare's earlier advice "Don't shoot the messenger"; and (2.3.138-142)

Claudio: Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.
Leonato: O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?
in which Leonato makes a sexual innuendo concerning sheet as a sheet of paper (on which Beatrice's love note to Benedick is to have been written) and a bedsheet.

## Significance of character names

Don Pedro: Pedro is the Spanish form of the Biblical name Peter, which means "stone." This character is based on Pere III of Aragon, count of Barcelona and King of Aragon.

Benedick: Benedick means "blessed"; the root bene means "good." Note that Benedick and Beatrice have similar meanings. The name can also be interpreted as the two words bene (Latin for "good") and dicere (Latin for "to speak"). This is a reference to his unusual eloquence.

Claudio: Claudio is derived from claudus, meaning "lame" or "crippled." Claudio is both the Spanish and Italian variant.

Don John: The name John is reminiscent of King John of England (known as Prince John), who had a reputation for treachery and usurpation of the throne. The Spanish variant is properly Juan, which would likely have been pronounced "djoo-en" in Shakespeare's day. Also, see Don John, the illegitimate son of Charles I of Spain.

Borachio: Borachio is similar to the Spanish word "Borracho," which means "drunk." Borachio is a type of beer bottle.

Leonato: Leonato is derived from the Greek word for lion.

Hero: In Greek mythology, Hero was the lover of Leander. Each night Leander swam across the Hellespont to meet her. When he accidentally drowned while crossing, she threw herself in the water and drowned as well.

Beatrice: Beatrice means "the one that blesses." Note that Benedick and Beatrice have similar meanings.
Dogberry: The name Dogberry reflects Shakespeare's common practise of giving fools ridiculous-sounding names.

Verges: Verges is derived from the word verge, a wand or staff of office.

## Performance history

The play was very popular in its early decades, as it would be later: in a poem published in 1640, Leonard Digges wrote "...let but Beatrice / And Benedick be seen, lo in a trice / The Cockpit galleries, boxes, all are full."

After the theaters re-opened during the Restoration, Sir William Davenant staged The Law Against Lovers (1662), which inserted Beatrice and Benedick into an adaptation of Measure for Measure. Another adaptation, The Universal Passion, combined Much Ado with a play by Molière (1737). Shakespeare's text had been revived by John Rich at Lincoln's Inn Fields (1721). David Garrick first played Benedick in 1748 and continued to play him until 1776. ${ }^{\text {[12] }}$

The great nineteenth century stage team Henry Irving and Ellen Terry counted Benedick and Beatrice as their greatest triumph and Charles Kemble also had a great success as Benedick. John Gielgud made Benedick one of his signature roles between 1931 and 1959, playing the part opposite the Beatrice of Diana Wynyard, Peggy Ashcroft and Margaret Leighton. The longest running Broadway production is A. J. Antoon's 1972 staging starring Sam Waterston, Kathleen Widdoes and Barnard Hughes, and Derek Jacobi won a Tony Award for playing Benedick in 1984. Jacobi had also played Benedick in the Royal Shakespeare Company's highly-praised 1982 production. Director Terry Hands produced the play on a stage-length mirror, against an unchanging backdrop of painted trees. Sinéad Cusack played Beatrice.

## On stage

- In the original production by the Lord Chamberlain's Men, William Kempe played Dogberry and Richard Cowley played Verges.
- 1765 David Garrick played Benedick.
- 1882 Henry Irving and Ellen Terry played Benedick and Beatrice.
- 1930 John Gielgud played Benedick for the first time at the Old Vic Theatre and it stayed in his repertory until 1959.
- 1960 Tony Award Nomination for Best Performance by a Leading Actress in a Play: Margaret Leighton
- 1973 Tony Award Nomination for Best Featured Actor in a Play: Barnard Hughes as Dogberry in the New York Shakespeare Festival production
- 1973 Tony Award Nomination for Best Performance by a Leading Actress in a Play: Kathleen Widdoes
- 1983 Evening Standard Award: Best Actor: Derek Jacobi
- 1985 Tony Award Nomination for Best Performance by a Leading Actress in a Play: Sinéad Cusack
- 1985 Tony Award for Best Performance by a Leading Actor in a Play: Derek Jacobi as Benedick
- 1989 Evening Standard Award: Best Actress: Felicity Kendal as Beatrice in Elijah Moshinsky's production at the Strand Theatre
- 1994 Laurence Olivier Award: Best Actor: Mark Rylance as Benedick in Matthew Warchus' production at the Queen's Theatre

- 2006 Laurence Olivier Award: Best Actress: Tamsin Greig as Beatrice in the Royal Shakespeare Company's production in the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, directed by Marianne Elliott
- 2007 Zoë Wanamaker as Beatrice and Simon Russell Beale as Benedick in a National Theatre production directed by Nicholas Hytner


## Adaptations

There have been several notable adaptations of Much Ado About Nothing.

## Television

There have been several screen adaptations of Much Ado About Nothing, and almost all of them have been made for television. In 2005 the BBC adapted the story by setting it in the modern-day studios of Wessex Tonight, a fictional regional news programme, as part of the ShakespeaRe-Told season, with Damian Lewis, Sarah Parish, and Billie Piper.

## Film

The first cinematic version in English may have been the 1913 silent film directed by Phillips Smalley. The first big sound version in English was the highly acclaimed 1993 film by Kenneth Branagh.

## Other

The operas Béatrice et Bénédict (1862) by Hector Berlioz and Much Ado About Nothing by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford (1901) are based upon this play.

Recently the Klingon Language Institute translated Much Ado About Nothing into Klingon, similar to $\underline{T h e}$ Klingon Hamlet.

Another adaptation is the 1973 New York Shakespeare Festival production by Joseph Papp, shot on videotape and released on VHS and DVD, that presents more of the text than Kenneth Branagh's version. The Papp production stars Sam Waterston, Kathleen Widdoes and Barnard Hughes.

In 2006 the American Music Theatre Project produced The Boys Are Coming Home, a musical adaptation by Berni Stapleton and Leslie Arden that sets Much Ado About Nothing in World War II America.

## References

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5. $\wedge$ Bate, Jonathan (2008). Soul of the Age: the Life, Mind and World of William Shakespeare. London: Viking. p. 305. ISBN 978-0-670-91482-1.

6. $\wedge$ Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Scene 1, Lines 61-62.
7. ^^ G. Blakemore Evans, The Riverside Shakespeare, Houghton Mifflin, 1974; p. 327.
8. $\wedge \underline{\underline{a} \underline{b} \underline{c}}$ McEachern, Much Ado About Nothing, Arden; 3rd edition, 2005.
9. ^Amussen, Ordered Society, Columbia University Press (April 15, 1994).
10. $\wedge$ See Stephen Greenblatt's introduction to Much Ado about Nothing in The Norton Shakespeare (W. W. Norton \& Company, 1997 ISBN 0-393-97087-6) at p. 1383.
11. ^ See Gordon Williams A Glossary of Shakespeare's Sexual Language (Althone Press, 1997 ISBN 0-485-12130-1) at p. 219: "As Shakespeare's title ironically acknowledges, vagina and virginity are a nothing causing Much Ado."
12. ^ ́․ E. Halliday, A Shakespeare Companion 1564-1964, Baltimore, Penguin, 1964; pp. 326-7.

## Much Ado About Nothing

Shakespeare homepage $\mid$ Much Ado About Nothing |Entire play

## 13. ACT I

## 14. SCENE I. Before LEONATO'S house.

15. Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, with a Messenger
16. LEONATO
17. I learn in this letter that Don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

## 18. Messenger

19. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

## 20. LEONATO

21. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?
22. Messenger
23. But few of any sort, and none of name.
24. LEONATO
25. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Peter hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

## 26. Messenger

27. Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.
28. LEONATO
29. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.
30. Messenger
31. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.
32. LEONATO
33. Did he break out into tears?
34. Messenger
$\sum[64]$
35. In great measure.

## 36. LEONATO

37. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

## 38. BEATRICE

39. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?
40. Messenger
41. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.
42. LEONATO
43. What is he that you ask for, niece?
44. HERO
45. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.
46. Messenger
47. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.
48. BEATRICE
49. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

## 50. LEONATO

51. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.
52. Messenger
53. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.
54. BEATRICE
55. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.
56. Messenger
57. And a good soldier too, lady.
58. BEATRICE
59. And a good soldier to a lady: but what is he to a lord?
60. Messenger
61. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.
62. BEATRICE
63. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,--well, we are all mortal.
64. LEONATO
65. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.
66. BEATRICE
67. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and

now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.
68. Messenger
69. Is't possible?
70. BEATRICE
71. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.
72. Messenger
73. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.
74. BEATRICE
75. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?
76. Messenger
77. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.
78. BEATRICE
79. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.
80. Messenger
81. I will hold friends with you, lady.
82. BEATRICE
83. Do, good friend.
84. LEONATO
85. You will never run mad, niece.
86. BEATRICE
87. No, not till a hot January.
88. Messenger
89. Don Pedro is approached.
90. Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and BALTHASAR
91. DON PEDRO
92. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.
93. LEONATO
94. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.
95. DON PEDRO
96. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.
97. LEONATO
98. Her mother hath many times told me so.


## 99. BENEDICK

100. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?
101. LEONATO
102. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.
103. DON PEDRO
104. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.
105. BENEDICK
106. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.
107. BEATRICE
108. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior

Benedick: nobody marks you.
109. BENEDICK
110. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?
111. BEATRICE
112. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick?
Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.
113. BENEDICK
114. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.
115. BEATRICE
116. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.
117. BENEDICK
118. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.
119. BEATRICE
120. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.
121. BENEDICK
122. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.
123. BEATRICE
124. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.
125. BENEDICK
126. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.
127. BEATRICE
128. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.
130. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

## 131. LEONATO

132. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.
133. To DON JOHN
134. Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to
the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.
135. DON JOHN
136. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank
you.
137. LEONATO
138. Please it your grace lead on?
139. DON PEDRO
140. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.
141. Exeunt all except BENEDICK and CLAUDIO
142. CLAUDIO
143. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?
144. BENEDICK
145. I noted her not; but I looked on her.
146. CLAUDIO
147. Is she not a modest young lady?
148. BENEDICK
149. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?
150. CLAUDIO
151. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.
152. BENEDICK
153. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.
154. CLAUDIO
155. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.
156. BENEDICK
157. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?
158. CLAUDIO
159. Can the world buy such a jewel?
160. BENEDICK
161. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this
with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack,
to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a

rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

## 162. CLAUDIO

163. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I
looked on.
164. BENEDICK
165. I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not
possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?
166. CLAUDIO
167. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.
168. BENEDICK
169. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion?
Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again?
Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck
into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away
Sundays. Look Don Pedro is returned to seek you.
170. Re-enter DON PEDRO
171. DON PEDRO
172. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?
173. BENEDICK
174. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.
175. DON PEDRO
176. I charge thee on thy allegiance.
177. BENEDICK
178. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb
man; I would have you think so; but, on my
allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is
in love. With who? now that is your grace's part.
Mark how short his answer is;--With Hero, Leonato's
short daughter.
179. CLAUDIO
180. If this were so, so were it uttered.
181. BENEDICK
182. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor
'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'
183. CLAUDIO
184. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.
185. DON PEDRO
186. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.
187. CLAUDIO
188. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.
189. DON PEDRO
190. By my troth, I speak my thought.
191. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

## BENEDICK

And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.
CLAUDIO
That I love her, I feel.
DON PEDRO
That she is worthy, I know.

## BENEDICK

200. That I neither feel how she should be loved nor
know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that
fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.
201. DON PEDRO
202. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.
203. CLAUDIO
204. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.
205. BENEDICK
206. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.
207. DON PEDRO
208. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.
209. BENEDICK
210. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

## 211. DON PEDRO

212. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.
213. BENEDICK
214. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.
215. DON PEDRO
216. Well, as time shall try: 'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'
217. BENEDICK
218. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write 'Here is

good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign
'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.
223. BENEDICK
224. I look for an earthquake too, then.
225. DON PEDRO
226. Well, you temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to
Leonato's: commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.
227. BENEDICK
228. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you--
229. CLAUDIO
230. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,--
231. DON PEDRO
232. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.
233. BENEDICK
234. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your
discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and
the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere
you flout old ends any further, examine your
conscience: and so I leave you.
235. Exit
236. CLAUDIO
237. My liege, your highness now may do me good.
238. DON PEDRO
239. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.
240. CLAUDIO
241. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?
242. DON PEDRO
243. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?
244. CLAUDIO
245. O, my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.


## 246. DON PEDRO

247. Thou wilt be like a lover presently

And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?
248. CLAUDIO
249. How sweetly you do minister to love,

That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.
250. DON PEDRO
251. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practise let us put it presently.
252. Exeunt

## 253. SCENE II. A room in LEONATO's house.

254. Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting
255. LEONATO
256. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son?
hath he provided this music?
257. ANTONIO
258. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell
you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.
259. LEONATO
260. Are they good?
261. ANTONIO
262. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance: and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.
263. LEONATO
264. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?


## 265. ANTONIO

266. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.
267. LEONATO
268. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear
itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal,
that she may be the better prepared for an answer,
if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it.
269. Enter Attendants
270. Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you
mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your
skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time.
271. Exeunt

## 272. SCENE III. The same.

273. Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE
274. CONRADE
275. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?
276. DON JOHN
277. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds;
therefore the sadness is without limit.
278. CONRADE
279. You should hear reason.
280. DON JOHN
281. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?
282. CONRADE
283. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.
284. DON JOHN
285. I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour.
286. CONRADE
287. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.
288. DON JOHN
289. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob
$\sum[73]$
love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me.
290. CONRADE
291. Can you make no use of your discontent?
292. DON JOHN
293. I make all use of it, for I use it only.

Who comes here?
294. Enter BORACHIO
295. What news, Borachio?
296. BORACHIO
297. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your
brother is royally entertained by Leonato: and I
can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.
298. DON JOHN
299. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on?

What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?
300. BORACHIO
301. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.
302. DON JOHN
303. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?
304. BORACHIO
305. Even he.
306. DON JOHN
307. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks
he?
308.
309. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.
310. DON JOHN
311. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?
312. BORACHIO
313. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.
314. DON JOHN
315. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I
bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?
316. CONRADE
317. To the death, my lord.
318. DON JOHN
319. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?
320. BORACHIO
321. We'll wait upon your lordship.
322. Exeunt

## 323. ACT II

324. SCENE I. A hall in LEONATO'S house.
325. Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others
326. LEONATO
327. Was not Count John here at supper?
328. ANTONIO
329. I saw him not.
330. BEATRICE
331. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see
him but I am heart-burned an hour after.
332. HERO
333. He is of a very melancholy disposition.
334. BEATRICE
335. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.
336. LEONATO
337. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,--
338. BEATRICE
339. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.
340. LEONATO
341. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a
husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.
342. ANTONIO
343. In faith, she's too curst.
344. BEATRICE
345. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's
sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.
346. LEONATO
347. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.
348. BEATRICE
349. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.
350. LEONATO
351. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.
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352. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel
and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a
beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore, I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

## 354. LEONATO

355. Well, then, go you into hell?
356. BEATRICE
357. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.
358. ANTONIO
359. [To HERO] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.
360. BEATRICE
361. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please me.'
362. LEONATO
363. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.
364. BEATRICE
365. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a pierce of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

## 366. LEONATO

367. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

## 368. BEATRICE

369. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes

repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the
cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.
370. LEONATO
371. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.
372. BEATRICE
373. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.
374. LEONATO
375. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.
376. All put on their masks
377. Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO,

MARGARET, URSULA and others, masked
378. DON PEDRO
379. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?
380. HERO
381. So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing,

I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.
382. DON PEDRO
383. With me in your company?
384. HERO
385. I may say so, when I please.
386. DON PEDRO
387. And when please you to say so?
388. HERO
389. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute
should be like the case!
390. DON PEDRO
391. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.
392. HERO
393. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.
394. DON PEDRO
395. Speak low, if you speak love.
396. Drawing her aside
397. BALTHASAR
398. Well, I would you did like me.
399. MARGARET
400. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many
ill-qualities.
401. BALTHASAR
402. Which is one?
403. MARGARET
404. I say my prayers aloud.
405. BALTHASAR
406. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.
407. MARGARET
408. God match me with a good dancer!
409. BALTHASAR
410. Amen.
411. MARGARET
412. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is
done! Answer, clerk.
413. BALTHASAR

414. No more words: the clerk is answered.
415. URSULA
416. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.
417. ANTONIO
418. At a word, I am not.
419. URSULA
420. I know you by the waggling of your head.
421. ANTONIO
422. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
423. URSULA
424. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.
425. ANTONIO
426. At a word, I am not.
427. URSULA
428. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your
excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.
429. BEATRICE
430. Will you not tell me who told you so?
431. BENEDICK
432. No, you shall pardon me.
433. BEATRICE
434. Nor will you not tell me who you are?
435. BENEDICK
436. Not now.
437. BEATRICE
438. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales:'--well this was
Signior Benedick that said so.
439. BENEDICK
440. What's he?
441. BEATRICE
442. I am sure you know him well enough.
443. BENEDICK
444. Not I, believe me.
445. BEATRICE
446. Did he never make you laugh?
447. BENEDICK
448. I pray you, what is he?
449. BEATRICE
450. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool;
only his gift is in devising impossible slanders:
none but libertines delight in him; and the
commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.
451. BENEDICK
454. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me;
which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night.
455. Music
456. We must follow the leaders.
457. BENEDICK
458. In every good thing.
459. BEATRICE
460. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.
461. Dance. Then exeunt all except DON JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO
462. DON JOHN
463. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath
withdrawn her father to break with him about it.
The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.
464. BORACHIO
465. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.
466. DON JOHN
467. Are not you Signior Benedick?
468. CLAUDIO
469. You know me well; I am he.
470. DON JOHN
471. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love:
he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him
from her: she is no equal for his birth: you may
do the part of an honest man in it.
472. CLAUDIO
473. How know you he loves her?
474. DON JOHN
475. I heard him swear his affection.
476. BORACHIO
477. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.
478. DON JOHN
479. Come, let us to the banquet.
480. Exeunt DON JOHN and BORACHIO
481. CLAUDIO
482. Thus answer I in the name of Benedick,

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!
483.
484.
485.
486.
487.
488.
489.
490.
491.
492.
493. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.
494. CLAUDIO
495. I wish him joy of her.
496. BENEDICK
497. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier: so they
sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?
498. CLAUDIO
499. I pray you, leave me.
500. BENEDICK
501. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.
502. CLAUDIO
503. If it will not be, I'll leave you.
504. Exit
505. BENEDICK
506. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges.

But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not
know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.
507. Re-enter DON PEDRO
508. DON PEDRO
509. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?
510. BENEDICK
511. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame.

I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a
warren: I told him, and I think I told him true,
that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.
512. DON PEDRO
513. To be whipped! What's his fault?

515. The flat transgression of a schoolboy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.
516. DON PEDRO
517. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.
518. BENEDICK
519. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.
520. DON PEDRO
521. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.
522. BENEDICK
523. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.
524. DON PEDRO
525. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.
526. BENEDICK
527. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam bad left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.
528. DON PEDRO
529. Look, here she comes.
530. Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO
531. BENEDICK
532. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now
to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on;
I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of
Prester John's foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

## 533. DON PEDRO

534. None, but to desire your good company.
535. BENEDICK
536. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot
endure my Lady Tongue.
537. Exit
538. DON PEDRO
539. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.
540. BEATRICE
541. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave
him use for it, a double heart for his single one:
marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

## 542. DON PEDRO

543. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.
544. BEATRICE
545. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I
should prove the mother of fools. I have brought
Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.
546. DON PEDRO
547. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?
548. CLAUDIO
549. Not sad, my lord.
550. DON PEDRO
551. How then? sick?
552. CLAUDIO
553. Neither, my lord.
554. BEATRICE
555. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor
well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.
556. DON PEDRO
557. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true;
though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!
558. LEONATO
559. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my
fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and an
grace say Amen to it.
560. BEATRICE
561. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.
562. CLAUDIO
563. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were
but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.
564. BEATRICE
565. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.
566. DON PEDRO
567. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.
568. BEATRICE
569. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.
570. CLAUDIO
571. And so she doth, cousin.
572. BEATRICE
573. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!
574. DON PEDRO
575. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.
576. BEATRICE
577. I would rather have one of your father's getting.

Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.
578. DON PEDRO
579. Will you have me, lady?
580. BEATRICE
581. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.
582. DON PEDRO
583. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.
584. BEATRICE
585. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.
Cousins, God give you joy!
586. LEONATO
587. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?
588. BEATRICE
589. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon.
590. Exit
591. DON PEDRO
592. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.
593. LEONATO
594. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my
lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and
not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say,
she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked
herself with laughing.

## 595. DON PEDRO

596. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.
597. LEONATO
598. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.
599. DON PEDRO
600. She were an excellent wife for Benedict.
601. LEONATO
602. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.
603. DON PEDRO
604. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?
605. CLAUDIO
606. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.
607. LEONATO
608. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just
seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all
things answer my mind.
609. DON PEDRO
610. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing:
but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.
611. LEONATO
612. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.
613. CLAUDIO
614. And I, my lord.
615. DON PEDRO
616. And you too, gentle Hero?
617. HERO
618. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.
619. DON PEDRO
620. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that

I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he
shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: hi s glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.
621. Exeunt

## 622. SCENE II. The same.

623. Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO
624. DON JOHN
625. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.
626. BORACHIO
627. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.
628. DON JOHN
629. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?
630. BORACHIO
631. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.
632. DON JOHN
633. Show me briefly how.
634. BORACHIO
635. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.
636. DON JOHN
637. I remember.
638. BORACHIO
639. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.
640. DON JOHN
641. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?
642. BORACHIO
643. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio--whose estimation do you mightily hold up--to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.
644. DON JOHN
645. What proof shall I make of that?
646. BORACHIO
647. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?
648. DON JOHN
649. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.
650. BORACHIO
651. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,--in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,--that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,--for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,--and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.
652. DON JOHN
653. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practise. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

## 654. BORACHIO

655. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning
shall not shame me.
656. DON JOHN
657. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.
658. Exeunt
659. SCENE III. LEONATO'S orchard.
660. Enter BENEDICK
661. BENEDICK
662. Boy!
663. Enter Boy
664. Boy
665. Signior?
666. BENEDICK
667. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.
668. Boy
669. I am here already, sir.
670. BENEDICK
671. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again.
672. Exit Boy
673. I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by failing in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he

rather hear the tabour and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman
is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and
Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.
674. Withdraws
675. Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO
676. DON PEDRO
677. Come, shall we hear this music?
678. CLAUDIO
679. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!
680. DON PEDRO
681. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
682. CLAUDIO
683. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.
684. Enter BALTHASAR with Music
685. DON PEDRO
686. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.
687. BALTHASAR
688. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.
689. DON PEDRO
690. It is the witness still of excellency

To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

## 691. BALTHASAR

692. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.
693. DON PEDRO
694. Now, pray thee, come;

Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
695. BALTHASAR
696. Note this before my notes;

There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
697. DON PEDRO
698. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing.
699. Air
700. BENEDICK
701. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.
702. The Song
703. BALTHASAR
704. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.
Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy:
Then sigh not so, \& c.
705. DON PEDRO
706. By my troth, a good song.
707. BALTHASAR
708. And an ill singer, my lord.
709. DON PEDRO
710. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.
711. BENEDICK
712. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.
713. DON PEDRO
714. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.
715. BALTHASAR
716. The best I can, my lord.
717. DON PEDRO
718. Do so: farewell.
719. Exit BALTHASAR
720. Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?
721. CLAUDIO
722. O, ay: stalk on. stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.
723. LEONATO
724. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

## 725. BENEDICK

726. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?
727. LEONATO
728. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think
of it but that she loves him with an enraged
affection: it is past the infinite of thought.
729. DON PEDRO
730. May be she doth but counterfeit.
731. CLAUDIO
732. Faith, like enough.
733. LEONATO
734. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.
735. DON PEDRO
736. Why, what effects of passion shows she?
737. CLAUDIO
738. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.
739. LEONATO
740. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.
741. CLAUDIO
742. She did, indeed.
743. DON PEDRO
744. How, how, pray you? You amaze me: I would have I
thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.
745. LEONATO
746. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.
747. BENEDICK
748. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.
749. CLAUDIO
750. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.
751. DON PEDRO
752. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?
753. LEONATO
754. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.
755. CLAUDIO
756. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall

I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'
757. LEONATO
758. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.
759. CLAUDIO
760. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a
pretty jest your daughter told us of.
761. LEONATO
762. O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?
763. CLAUDIO
764. That.
765. LEONATO
766. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence;
railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'
767. CLAUDIO
768. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'
769. LEONATO
770. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afeared she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.
771. DON PEDRO
772. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.
773. CLAUDIO
774. To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.
775. DON PEDRO
776. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.
777. CLAUDIO
778. And she is exceeding wise.
779. DON PEDRO
780. In every thing but in loving Benedick.
781. LEONATO
782. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

784. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would
have daffed all other respects and made her half
myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear
what a' will say.
785. LEONATO
786. Were it good, think you?
787. CLAUDIO
788. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.
789. DON PEDRO
790. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.
791. CLAUDIO
792. He is a very proper man.
793. DON PEDRO
794. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.
795. CLAUDIO
796. Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.
797. DON PEDRO
798. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.
799. CLAUDIO
800. And I take him to be valiant.
801. DON PEDRO
802. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he
avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.
803. LEONATO
804. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace:
if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a
quarrel with fear and trembling.
805. DON PEDRO
806. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?
807.

## CLAUDIO

808. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.
809. LEONATO
810. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.
811. DON PEDRO
812. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter:
let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

## 813. LEONATO

814. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.
815. CLAUDIO
816. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never
trust my expectation.
817. DON PEDRO
818. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

## 819. Exeunt DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO

## 820. BENEDICK

821. [Coming forward] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.
822. BEATRICE
823. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.
824. BENEDICK
825. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.
826. BEATRICE
827. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.
828. 

BENEDICK

830. You take pleasure then in the message?
831. BEATRICE
832. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well.
833. Exit
834. BENEDICK
835. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in
to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that 'I took
no more pains for those thanks than you took pains
to thank me.' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.
836. Exit

## 837. ACT III

## 838. SCENE I. LEONATO'S garden.

839. Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA
840. HERO
841. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlor;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
To listen our purpose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.
842. MARGARET
843. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
844. Exit
845. HERO
846. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,

As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.
847. Enter BEATRICE, behind
848. Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

850. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

## 851. HERO

852. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
853. Approaching the bower
854. No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;

I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds of the rock.

## 855. URSULA

856. But are you sure

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
857. HERO
858. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.
859. URSULA
860. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
861. HERO
862. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;

But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
863. URSULA
864. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
865. HERO
866. O god of love! I know he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
867. URSULA
868. Sure, I think so;

And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
869. HERO
870. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man, How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured, But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced, She would swear the gentleman should be her sister; If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,


Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

## 871. URSULA

872. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
873. HERO
874. No, not to be so odd and from all fashions

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
875. URSULA
876. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.
877. HERO
878. No; rather I will go to Benedick

And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
879. URSULA
880. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgment--
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have--as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
881. HERO
882. He is the only man of Italy.

Always excepted my dear Claudio.
883. URSULA
884. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour, Goes foremost in report through Italy.
885. HERO
886. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
887. URSULA
888. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.

When are you married, madam?
889. HERO
890. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.
891. URSULA
$\sum[95]$
892. She's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.
893. HERO
894. If it proves so, then loving goes by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
895. Exeunt HERO and URSULA
896. BEATRICE
897. [Coming forward]

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly.
898. Exit

## 899. SCENE II. A room in LEONATO'S house

900. Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO
901. DON PEDRO
902. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and
then go I toward Arragon.
903. CLAUDIO
904. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.
905. DON PEDRO
906. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss
of your marriage as to show a child his new coat
and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown
of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all
mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's
bow-string and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell and his
tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his
tongue speaks.

## 907. BENEDICK

908. Gallants, I am not as I have been.
909. LEONATO
910. So say I methinks you are sadder.
911. CLAUDIO
912. I hope he be in love.
913. DON PEDRO
914. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in
him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad,
he wants money.
915. BENEDICK
916. I have the toothache.
$\left.\sum \square 96\right]$
917. DON PEDRO
918. Draw it.
919. BENEDICK
920. Hang it!
921. CLAUDIO
922. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.
923. DON PEDRO
924. What! sigh for the toothache?
925. LEONATO
926. Where is but a humour or a worm.
927. BENEDICK
928. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has
it.
929. CLAUDIO
930. Yet say I, he is in love.
931. DON PEDRO
932. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman today, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.
933. CLAUDIO
934. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: $a^{\prime}$ brushes his hat $o^{\prime}$ mornings; what should that bode?
935. DON PEDRO
936. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?
937. CLAUDIO
938. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.
939. LEONATO
940. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.
941. DON PEDRO
942. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?
943. CLAUDIO
944. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.
945. DON PEDRO
946. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.
947. CLAUDIO
948. And when was he wont to wash his face?
949. DON PEDRO
950. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.
951. CLAUDIO
952. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops.

953. DON PEDRO
954. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.
955. CLAUDIO
956. Nay, but I know who loves him.
957. DON PEDRO
958. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.
959. CLAUDIO
960. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.
961. DON PEDRO
962. She shall be buried with her face upwards.
963. BENEDICK
964. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.
965. Exeunt BENEDICK and LEONATO
966. DON PEDRO
967. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.
968. CLAUDIO
969. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.
970. Enter DON JOHN
971. DON JOHN
972. My lord and brother, God save you!
973. DON PEDRO
974. Good den, brother.
975. DON JOHN
976. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.
977. DON PEDRO
978. In private?
979. DON JOHN
980. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.
981. DON PEDRO
982. What's the matter?
983. DON JOHN
984. [To CLAUDIO] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?
985. DON PEDRO
986. You know he does.
987. DON JOHN
988. I know not that, when he knows what I know.
989. CLAUDIO
990. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.
991. DON JOHN
992. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you
$\sum[98]$
well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage;--surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.
993. DON PEDRO
994. Why, what's the matter?
995. DON JOHN
996. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances
shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.
997. CLAUDIO
998. Who, Hero?
999. DON PEDRO
1000. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero:
1001. CLAUDIO
1002. Disloyal?
1003. DON JOHN
1004. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I
could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till
further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall
see her chamber-window entered, even the night
before her wedding-day: if you love her then,
to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour
to change your mind.
1005. CLAUDIO
1006. May this be so?
1007. DON PEDRO
1008. I will not think it.
1009. DON JOHN
1010. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.
1011. CLAUDIO
1012. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.
1013. DON PEDRO
1014. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.
1015. DON JOHN
1016. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and
let the issue show itself.
1017. DON PEDRO
1018. O day untowardly turned!
1019. CLAUDIO
1020. O mischief strangely thwarting!
1021. DON JOHN
1022. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel.

## 1024. SCENE III. A street.

1025. Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES with the Watch
1026. DOGBERRY
1027. Are you good men and true?
1028. VERGES
1029. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.
1030. DOGBERRY
1031. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.
1032. VERGES
1033. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.
1034. DOGBERRY
1035. First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?
1036. First Watchman
1037. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.
1038. DOGBERRY
1039. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.
1040. Second Watchman
1041. Both which, master constable,--
1042. DOGBERRY
1043. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.
1044. Second Watchman
1045. How if a' will not stand?
1046. DOGBERRY
1047. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.
1048. VERGES
1049. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.
1050. DOGBERRY
1051. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in
the streets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

## 1052. Watchman

1053. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.
1054. DOGBERRY
1055. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should
offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.
1056. Watchman
1057. How if they will not?
1058. DOGBERRY
1059. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.
1060. Watchman
1061. Well, sir.
1062. DOGBERRY
1063. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.
1064. Watchman
1065. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?
1066. DOGBERRY
1067. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

## 1068. VERGES

1069. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.
1070. DOGBERRY
1071. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.
1072. VERGES
1073. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.
1074. Watchman
1075. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?
1076. DOGBERRY
1077. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.
1078. VERGES
1079. 'Tis very true.
1080. DOGBERRY
1081. This is the end of the charge:--you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.
1082. VERGES
1083. Nay, by'r our lady, that I think a' cannot.
1084. DOGBERRY
1085. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

## 1086. VERGES

1087. By'r lady, I think it be so.
1088. DOGBERRY
1089. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your
fellows' counsels and your own; and good night.
Come, neighbour.
1090. Watchman
1091. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.
1092. DOGBERRY
1093. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night.
Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you.
1094. Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES
1095. Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE
1096. BORACHIO
1097. What Conrade!
1098. Watchman
1099. [Aside] Peace! stir not.
1100. BORACHIO
1101. Conrade, I say!
1102. CONRADE
1103. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.
1104. BORACHIO
1105. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.
1106. CONRADE
1107. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.
1108. BORACHIO
1109. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard,
utter all to thee.
1110. Watchman
1111. [Aside] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.
1112. BORACHIO
1113. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.
1114. CONRADE
1115. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?
1116. BORACHIO
1117. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.
1118. CONRADE
1119. I wonder at it.
1120. BORACHIO
1121. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.
1122. CONRADE
1123. Yes, it is apparel.
1124. BORACHIO
1125. I mean, the fashion.
1126. CONRADE
1127. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.
1128. BORACHIO
1129. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?
1130. Watchman
1131. [Aside] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.
1132. BORACHIO
1133. Didst thou not hear somebody?
1134. CONRADE
1135. No; 'twas the vane on the house.
1136. BORACHIO
1137. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reeky painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?
1138. CONRADE
1139. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?
1140. BORACHIO
1141. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good
night,--I tell this tale vilely:--I should first
tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master,
planted and placed and possessed by my master Don
John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.
1142. CONRADE
1143. And thought they Margaret was Hero?
1144. BORACHIO
1145. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night and send her home again without a husband.
1146. First Watchman
1147. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!
1148. Second Watchman
1149. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.
1150. First Watchman
1151. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.
1152. CONRADE
1153. Masters, masters,--
1154. Second Watchman
1155. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.
1156. CONRADE
1157. Masters,--
1158. First Watchman
1159. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.
1160. BORACHIO
1161. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken
up of these men's bills.
1162. CONRADE
1163. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.
1164. Exeunt

## 1165. SCENE IV. HERO's apartment.

1166. Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA
1167. HERO
1168. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire
her to rise.
1169. URSULA
1170. I will, lady.
1171. HERO
1172. And bid her come hither.
1173. URSULA
1174. Well.
1175. Exit
1176. MARGARET
1177. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.
1178. HERO
1179. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.
1180. MARGARET
1181. By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.
1182. HERO
1183. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.
1184. MARGARET
1185. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, $i^{\prime}$ faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.
1186. HERO
1187. O, that exceeds, they say.
1188. MARGARET
1189. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.
1190. HERO
1191. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.
1192. MARGARET
1193. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.
1194. HERO
1195. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?
1196. MARGARET
1197. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband:' and bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, and it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.
1198. Enter BEATRICE
1199. HERO
1200. Good morrow, coz.
1201. BEATRICE
1202. Good morrow, sweet Hero.
1203. HERO
1204. Why how now? do you speak in the sick tune?
1205. BEATRICE
1206. I am out of all other tune, methinks.


## 1207. MARGARET

1208. Clap's into 'Light o' love;' that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.
1209. BEATRICE
1210. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your
husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.
1211. MARGARET
1212. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.
1213. BEATRICE
1214. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; tis time you were
ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!
1215. MARGARET
1216. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
1217. BEATRICE
1218. For the letter that begins them all, H.
1219. MARGARET
1220. Well, and you be not turned Turk, there's no more
sailing by the star.
1221. BEATRICE
1222. What means the fool, trow?
1223. MARGARET
1224. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!
1225. HERO
1226. These gloves the count sent me; they are an
excellent perfume.
1227. BEATRICE
1228. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.
1229. MARGARET
1230. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.
1231. BEATRICE
1232. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?
1233. MARGARET
1234. Even since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?
1235. BEATRICE
1236. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.
1237. MARGARET
1238. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.
1239. HERO
1240. There thou prickest her with a thistle.
1241. BEATRICE
1242. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.
1243. MARGARET
1244. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I
meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list

not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.
1245. BEATRICE
1246. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?
1247. MARGARET
1248. Not a false gallop.
1249. Re-enter URSULA
1250. URSULA
1251. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior

Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.
1252. HERO
1253. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.
1254. Exeunt

## 1255. SCENE V. Another room in LEONATO'S house.

1256. Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES
1257. LEONATO
1258. What would you with me, honest neighbour?
1259. DOGBERRY
1260. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.
1261. LEONATO
1262. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.
1263. DOGBERRY
1264. Marry, this it is, sir.
1265. VERGES
1266. Yes, in truth it is, sir.
1267. LEONATO
1268. What is it, my good friends?
1269. DOGBERRY
1270. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so
blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

## 1271. VERGES

1272. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.
1273. DOGBERRY
1274. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.
1275. LEONATO
1276. Neighbours, you are tedious.
1277. DOGBERRY
1278. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.
1279. LEONATO
1280. All thy tediousness on me, ah?
1281. DOGBERRY
1282. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.
1283. VERGES
1284. And so am I.
1285. LEONATO
1286. I would fain know what you have to say.
1287. VERGES
1288. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.
1289. DOGBERRY
1290. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, $i^{\prime}$ faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, $i^{\prime}$ faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!
1291. LEONATO
1292. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.
1293. DOGBERRY
1294. Gifts that God gives.
1295. LEONATO
1296. I must leave you.
1297. DOGBERRY
1298. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.
1299. LEONATO
1300. Take their examination yourself and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.
1301. DOGBERRY
1302. It shall be suffigance.
1303. LEONATO
1304. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.
1305. Enter a Messenger
1306. Messenger
1307. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.
1308. LEONATO
1309. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.
1310. Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger
1311. DOGBERRY
1312. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.
1313. VERGES
1314. And we must do it wisely.
1315. DOGBERRY
1316. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's
that shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our
excommunication and meet me at the gaol.
1317. Exeunt
1318. ACT IV

## 1319. SCENE I. A church.

1320. Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, and Attendants
1321. LEONATO
1322. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.
1323. FRIAR FRANCIS
1324. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.
1325. CLAUDIO
1326. No.
1327. LEONATO
1328. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.
1329. FRIAR FRANCIS
1330. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.
1331. HERO
1332. I do.
1333. FRIAR FRANCIS
1334. If either of you know any inward impediment why you
should not be conjoined, charge you, on your souls, to utter it.
1335. CLAUDIO
1336. Know you any, Hero?
1337. HERO
1338. None, my lord.
1339. FRIAR FRANCIS
1340. Know you any, count?
1341. LEONATO
1342. I dare make his answer, none.
1343. CLAUDIO
1344. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!
1345. BENEDICK
1346. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!
1347. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?
1349. LEONATO
1350. As freely, son, as God did give her me.
1351. CLAUDIO
1352. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?
1353. DON PEDRO
1354. Nothing, unless you render her again.
1355. CLAUDIO
1356. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
1357. LEONATO
1358. What do you mean, my lord?
1359. CLAUDIO
1360. Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.
1361. LEONATO
1362. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,--
1363. CLAUDIO
1364. I know what you would say: if I have known her,

You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.
1365. HERO
1366. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
1367. CLAUDIO
1368. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

## 1369. HERO

1370. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
1371. LEONATO
1372. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
1373. DON PEDRO
1374. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
1375. LEONATO
1376. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
1377. DON JOHN
1378. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
1379. BENEDICK
1380. This looks not like a nuptial.
1381. HERO
1382. True! O God!
1383. CLAUDIO
1384. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?
1385. LEONATO
1386. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?
1387. CLAUDIO
1388. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
1389. LEONATO
1390. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
1391. HERO
1392. O, God defend me! how am I beset!

What kind of catechising call you this?
1393. CLAUDIO
1394. To make you answer truly to your name.
1395. HERO
1396. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?
1397. CLAUDIO
1398. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

## 1399. HERO

1400. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
1401. DON PEDRO
1402. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour, Myself, my brother and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

## 1403. DON JOHN

1404. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,

Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
1405. CLAUDIO
1406. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been, If half thy outward graces had been placed About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart! But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell, Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.
1407. LEONATO
1408. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
1409. HERO swoons
1410. BEATRICE
1411. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?
1412. DON JOHN
1413. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light, Smother her spirits up.
1414. Exeunt DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, and CLAUDIO
1415. BENEDICK
1416. How doth the lady?
1417. BEATRICE
1418. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!

Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!
1419. LEONATO
1420. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.

Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.
1421. BEATRICE
1422. How now, cousin Hero!
1423. FRIAR FRANCIS
1424. Have comfort, lady.
1425. LEONATO
1426. Dost thou look up?
1427. FRIAR FRANCIS
1428. Yea, wherefore should she not?
1429. LEONATO
1430. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches, Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirch'd thus and mired with infamy, I might have said 'No part of it is mine; This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine and mine I loved and mine I praised
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her,--why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!
1431. BENEDICK
1432. Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.
1433. BEATRICE
1434. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
1435. BENEDICK
1436. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
1437. BEATRICE
1438. No, truly not; although, until last night, I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
1439. LEONATO
1440. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

## 1441. FRIAR FRANCIS

1442. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long
And given way unto this course of fortune.
...
By noting of the lady I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire, To burn the errors that these princes hold Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations, Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,


If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here Under some biting error.

## 1443. LEONATO

1444. Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?
1445. FRIAR FRANCIS
1446. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?
1447. HERO
1448. They know that do accuse me; I know none:

If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!
1449. FRIAR FRANCIS
1450. There is some strange misprision in the princes.
1451. BENEDICK
1452. Two of them have the very bent of honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this, The practise of it lives in John the bastard, Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

## 1453. LEONATO

1454. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
1455. FRIAR FRANCIS
1456. Pause awhile,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
1457. LEONATO
1458. What shall become of this? what will this do?
1460. Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must so be maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost, Why, then we rack the value, then we find The virtue that possession would not show us Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio: When he shall hear she died upon his words, The idea of her life shall sweetly creep Into his study of imagination, And every lovely organ of her life Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit, More moving-delicate and full of life, Into the eye and prospect of his soul, Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn, If ever love had interest in his liver, And wish he had not so accused her, No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life, Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.

## 1461. BENEDICK

1462. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:

And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.
1463. LEONATO
1464. Being that I flow in grief,

The smallest twine may lead me.
1465. FRIAR FRANCIS
1466. 'Tis well consented: presently away;

For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.
1467. Exeunt all but BENEDICK and BEATRICE

## 1468. BENEDICK

1469. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
1470. BEATRICE
1471. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
1472. BENEDICK
1473. I will not desire that.
1474. BEATRICE
1475. You have no reason; I do it freely.
1476. BENEDICK
1477. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.
1478. BEATRICE
1479. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!
1480. BENEDICK
1481. Is there any way to show such friendship?
1482. BEATRICE
1483. A very even way, but no such friend.
1484. BENEDICK
1485. May a man do it?
1486. BEATRICE
1487. It is a man's office, but not yours.
1488. BENEDICK
1489. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is
not that strange?
1490. BEATRICE
1491. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as
possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as
you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I
confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.
1492. BENEDICK
1493. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.
1494. BEATRICE
1495. Do not swear, and eat it.
1496. BENEDICK
1497. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make
him eat it that says I love not you.
1498. BEATRICE
1499. Will you not eat your word?
1500. BENEDICK
1501. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest

I love thee.
1502. BEATRICE
1503. Why, then, God forgive me!
1504. BENEDICK
1505. What offence, sweet Beatrice?
1506. BEATRICE
1507. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.
1508. BENEDICK
1509. And do it with all thy heart.
1510. BEATRICE
1511. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.
1512. BENEDICK
1513. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.
1514. BEATRICE
1515. Kill Claudio.
1516. BENEDICK
1517. Ha! not for the wide world.
1518. BEATRICE
1519. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.
1520. BENEDICK
1521. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.
1522. BEATRICE
1523. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in
you: nay, I pray you, let me go.
1524. BENEDICK
1525. Beatrice,--
1526. BEATRICE
1527. In faith, I will go.
1528. BENEDICK
1529. We'll be friends first.
1530. BEATRICE
1531. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.
1532. BENEDICK
1533. Is Claudio thine enemy?
1534. BEATRICE
1535. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour, --O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.
1536. BENEDICK
1537. Hear me, Beatrice,--
1538. BEATRICE
1539. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!
1540. BENEDICK
1541. Nay, but, Beatrice,--
1542. BEATRICE
1543. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.
1544. BENEDICK
1545. Beat--
1546. BEATRICE
1547. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules

that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.
1548. BENEDICK
1549. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.
1550. BEATRICE
1551. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.
1552. BENEDICK
1553. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?
1554. BEATRICE
1555. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.
1556. BENEDICK
1557. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will
kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand,
Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you
hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your
cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell.
1558. Exeunt

## 1559. SCENE II. A prison.

1560. Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO
1561. DOGBERRY
1562. Is our whole dissembly appeared?
1563. VERGES
1564. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.
1565. Sexton
1566. Which be the malefactors?
1567. DOGBERRY
1568. Marry, that am I and my partner.
1569. VERGES
1570. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.
1571. Sexton
1572. But which are the offenders that are to be
examined? let them come before master constable.
1573. DOGBERRY
1574. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?
1575. BORACHIO
1576. Borachio.
1577. DOGBERRY
1578. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?
1579. CONRADE
1580. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.
1581. DOGBERRY
1582. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?
1583. CONRADE BORACHIO
1584. Yea, sir, we hope.
1585. DOGBERRY
1586. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?
1587. CONRADE
1588. Marry, sir, we say we are none.
1589. DOGBERRY
1590. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you: but I
will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a
word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought
you are false knaves.
1591. BORACHIO
1592. Sir, I say to you we are none.
1593. DOGBERRY
1594. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?
1595. Sexton
1596. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.
1597. DOGBERRY
1598. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.
1599. First Watchman
1600. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.
1601. DOGBERRY
1602. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.
1603. BORACHIO
1604. Master constable,--
1605. DOGBERRY
1606. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.
1607. Sexton
1608. What heard you him say else?
1609. Second Watchman
1610. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of

Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.
1611. DOGBERRY
1612. Flat burglary as ever was committed.
1613. VERGES
1614. Yea, by mass, that it is.
1615. Sexton
1616. What else, fellow?
1617. First Watchman
1618. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly. and not marry her.
1619. DOGBERRY
1620. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

## 1621. Sexton

1622. What else?
1623. Watchman
1624. This is all.
1625. Sexton
1626. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination.
1627. Exit
1628. DOGBERRY
1629. Come, let them be opinioned.
1630. VERGES
1631. Let them be in the hands--
1632. CONRADE
1633. Off, coxcomb!
1634. DOGBERRY
1635. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them.
Thou naughty varlet!
1636. CONRADE
1637. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.
1638. DOGBERRY
1639. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. $O$ that I had been writ down an ass!
1640. Exeunt

## 1641. ACT V

## 1642. SCENE I. Before LEONATO'S house.

1643. Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO
1644. ANTONIO
1645. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself:

And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

## 1646. LEONATO

1647. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,

Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptial medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ache with air and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.
1648. ANTONIO
1649. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
1650. LEONATO
1651. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.
1652. ANTONIO
1653. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;

Make those that do offend you suffer too.
1654. LEONATO
1655. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so. My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince
And all of them that thus dishonour her.
1656. ANTONIO
$\sum[121]$
1657. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.
1658. Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO
1659. DON PEDRO
1660. Good den, good den.
1661. CLAUDIO
1662. Good day to both of you.
1663. LEONATO
1664. Hear you. my lords,--
1665. DON PEDRO
1666. We have some haste, Leonato.
1667. LEONATO
1668. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.
1669. DON PEDRO
1670. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
1671. ANTONIO
1672. If he could right himself with quarreling,

Some of us would lie low.
1673. CLAUDIO
1674. Who wrongs him?
1675. LEONATO
1676. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:--

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
1677. CLAUDIO
1678. Marry, beshrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
1679. LEONATO
1680. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me
That I am forced to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!
1681. CLAUDIO
1682. My villany?
1683. LEONATO
1684. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
1685. DON PEDRO
1686. You say not right, old man.
1687. LEONATO
1688. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practise,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.
1689. CLAUDIO
1690. Away! I will not have to do with you.
1691. LEONATO
1692. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
1693. ANTONIO
1694. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

## 1695. LEONATO

1696. Brother,--
1697. ANTONIO
1698. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!
1699. LEONATO
1700. Brother Antony,--
1701. ANTONIO
1702. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea, And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,--
Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys, That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words, How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.
1703. LEONATO
1704. But, brother Antony,--
1705. ANTONIO
1706. Come, 'tis no matter:

Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

## 1707. DON PEDRO

1708. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience. My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true and very full of proof.
1709. LEONATO
1710. My lord, my lord,--
1711. DON PEDRO
1712. I will not hear you.
1713. LEONATO
1714. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.

## 1715. ANTONIO

1716. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
1717. Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO
1718. DON PEDRO
1719. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.
1720. Enter BENEDICK
1721. CLAUDIO
1722. Now, signior, what news?
1723. BENEDICK
1724. Good day, my lord.
1725. DON PEDRO
1726. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.
1727. CLAUDIO
1728. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

## 1729. DON PEDRO

1730. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.
1731. BENEDICK
1732. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came
to seek you both.
1733. CLAUDIO
1734. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are
high-proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?
1735. BENEDICK
1736. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?
1737. DON PEDRO
1738. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
1739. CLAUDIO
1740. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.
1741. DON PEDRO
1742. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?
1743. CLAUDIO
1744. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

## 1745. BENEDICK

1746. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, and you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.
1747. CLAUDIO
1748. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.
1749. DON PEDRO
1750. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.
1751. CLAUDIO
1752. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.


## 1753. BENEDICK

1754. Shall I speak a word in your ear?
1755. CLAUDIO
1756. God bless me from a challenge!
1757. BENEDICK
1758. [Aside to CLAUDIO] You are a villain; I jest not:

I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.
1759. CLAUDIO
1760. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.
1761. DON PEDRO
1762. What, a feast, a feast?
1763. CLAUDIO
1764. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?
1765. BENEDICK
1766. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.
1767. DON PEDRO
1768. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit:' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.'
'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit:' 'Just,' said she, 'it
hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise:' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues:' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.
1769. CLAUDIO
1770. For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.
1771. DON PEDRO
1772. Yea, that she did: but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.
1773. CLAUDIO
1774. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.
1775. DON PEDRO
1776. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?
1777. CLAUDIO
1778. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

## 1779. BENEDICK

1780. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests
as braggarts do their blades, which God be thanked,
hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank
you: I must discontinue your company: your brother
the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among
you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord
Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and, till
then, peace be with him.
1781. Exit
1782. DON PEDRO
1783. He is in earnest.
1784. CLAUDIO
1785. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.
1786. DON PEDRO
1787. And hath challenged thee.
1788. CLAUDIO
1789. Most sincerely.
1790. DON PEDRO
1791. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!
1792. CLAUDIO
1793. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.
1794. DON PEDRO
1795. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?
1796. Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO
1797. DOGBERRY
1798. Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay,
an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.
1799. DON PEDRO
1800. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio
one!
1801. CLAUDIO
1802. Hearken after their offence, my lord.
1803. DON PEDRO
1804. Officers, what offence have these men done?
1805. DOGBERRY
1806. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.
1807. DON PEDRO
1808. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.
1809. CLAUDIO
1810. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division: and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

## 1811. DON PEDRO

1812. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

## 1813. BORACHIO

1814. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light: who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

## 1815. DON PEDRO

1816. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?
1817. CLAUDIO
1818. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.
1819. DON PEDRO
1820. But did my brother set thee on to this?
1821. BORACHIO
1822. Yea, and paid me richly for the practise of it.
1823. DON PEDRO
1824. He is composed and framed of treachery:

And fled he is upon this villany.
1825. CLAUDIO
1826. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I loved it first.
1827. DOGBERRY
1828. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.
1829. VERGES
1830. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.
1831. Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton
1832. LEONATO
1833. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,

That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?
1834. BORACHIO
1835. If you would know your wronger, look on me.
1836. LEONATO
1837. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child?
1838. BORACHIO
1839. Yea, even I alone.
1840. LEONATO
1841. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:

Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
1842. CLAUDIO
1843. I know not how to pray your patience;

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.
1844. DON PEDRO
1845. By my soul, nor I:

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.
1846. LEONATO
1847. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;

That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour ought in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house, And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter, Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.
1848. CLAUDIO
1849. O noble sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.
1850. LEONATO
1851. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;

To-night I take my leave. This naughty man


Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong, Hired to it by your brother.

## 1852. BORACHIO

1853. No, by my soul, she was not,

Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me, But always hath been just and virtuous In any thing that I do know by her.
1854. DOGBERRY
1855. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call
me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say be wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.
1856. LEONATO
1857. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.
1858. DOGBERRY
1859. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.
1860. LEONATO
1861. There's for thy pains.
1862. DOGBERRY
1863. God save the foundation!
1864. LEONATO
1865. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.
1866. DOGBERRY
1867. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I
beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I
humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.
1868. Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES
1869. LEONATO
1870. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.
1871. ANTONIO
1872. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.
1873. DON PEDRO
1874. We will not fail.
1875. CLAUDIO
1876. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.
1877. LEONATO
1878. [To the Watch] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
1879. Exeunt, severally

## 1880. SCENE II. LEONATO'S garden.

1881. Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting
1882. BENEDICK
1883. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.
1884. MARGARET
1885. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?
1886. BENEDICK
1887. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.
1888. MARGARET
1889. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?
1890. BENEDICK
1891. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.
1892. MARGARET
1893. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.
1894. BENEDICK
1895. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a
woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.
1896. MARGARET
1897. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.
1898. BENEDICK
1899. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the
pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.
1900. MARGARET
1901. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.
1902. BENEDICK
1903. And therefore will come.
1904. Exit MARGARET
1905. Sings
1906. The god of love,

That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,--
I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mangers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for, 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.
$\sum[130]<$
1907.
1908. Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?
1909. BEATRICE
1910. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.
1911. BENEDICK
1912. O, stay but till then!
1913. BEATRICE
1914. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with
knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

## 1915. BENEDICK

1916. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.
1917. BEATRICE
1918. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.
1919. BENEDICK
1920. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee
plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either
I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?
1921. BEATRICE
1922. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?
1923. BENEDICK
1924. Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.
1925. BEATRICE
1926. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart!

If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for
yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.
1927. BENEDICK
1928. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.
1929. BEATRICE
1930. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

## 1931. BENEDICK

1932. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the lime of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.
1933. BEATRICE
1934. And how long is that, think you?
1935. BENEDICK
1936. Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the

wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no
impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his
own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for
praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is
praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?
1937. BEATRICE
1938. Very ill.
1939. BENEDICK
1940. And how do you?
1941. BEATRICE
1942. Very ill too.
1943. BENEDICK
1944. Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave
you too, for here comes one in haste.
1945. Enter URSULA
1946. URSULA
1947. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old
coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been
falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily
abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is
fed and gone. Will you come presently?
1948. BEATRICE
1949. Will you go hear this news, signior?
1950. BENEDICK
1951. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be
buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with
thee to thy uncle's.
1952. Exeunt

## 1953. SCENE III. A church.

1954. Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and three or four with tapers
1955. CLAUDIO
1956. Is this the monument of Leonato?
1957. Lord
1958. It is, my lord.
1959. CLAUDIO
1960. [Reading out of a scroll]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.
SONG.
Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,


Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

## 1961. CLAUDIO

1962. Now, unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite.
1963. DON PEDRO
1964. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.
1965. CLAUDIO
1966. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.
1967. DON PEDRO
1968. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.
1969. CLAUDIO
1970. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's

Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.
1971. Exeunt

## 1972. SCENE IV. A room in LEONATO'S house.

1973. Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR

FRANCIS, and HERO
1974. FRIAR FRANCIS
1975. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
1976. LEONATO
1977. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her

Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
1978. ANTONIO
1979. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
1980. BENEDICK
1981. And so am I, being else by faith enforced

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
1982. LEONATO
1983. Well, daughter, and you gentle-women all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
1984. Exeunt Ladies
1985. The prince and Claudio promised by this hour

To visit me. You know your office, brother:

You must be father to your brother's daughter
And give her to young Claudio.

## 1986. ANTONIO

1987. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
1988. BENEDICK
1989. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
1990. FRIAR FRANCIS
1991. To do what, signior?
1992. BENEDICK
1993. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
1994. LEONATO
1995. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.
1996. BENEDICK
1997. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
1998. LEONATO
1999. The sight whereof I think you had from me,

From Claudio and the prince: but what's your will?
2000. BENEDICK
2001. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
2002. LEONATO
2003. My heart is with your liking.
2004. FRIAR FRANCIS
2005. And my help.

Here comes the prince and Claudio.
2006. Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, and two or three others
2007. DON PEDRO
2008. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
2009. LEONATO
2010. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:

We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
2011. CLAUDIO
2012. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
2013. LEONATO
2014. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.
2015. Exit ANTONIO
2016. DON PEDRO
2017. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter, That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?
2018. CLAUDIO
2019. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.

Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,


As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
2020. BENEDICK
2021. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;

And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
2022. CLAUDIO
2023. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.
2024. Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked
2025. Which is the lady I must seize upon?
2026. ANTONIO
2027. This same is she, and I do give you her.
2028. CLAUDIO
2029. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
2030. LEONATO
2031. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand Before this friar and swear to marry her.
2032. CLAUDIO
2033. Give me your hand: before this holy friar, I am your husband, if you like of me.

## 2034. HERO

2035. And when I lived, I was your other wife:
2036. Unmasking
2037. And when you loved, you were my other husband.
2038. CLAUDIO
2039. Another Hero!
2040. HERO
2041. Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defiled, but I do live, And surely as I live, I am a maid.

## 2042. DON PEDRO

2043. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
2044. LEONATO
2045. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
2046. FRIAR FRANCIS
2047. All this amazement can I qualify:

When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
2048. BENEDICK
2049. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?
2050. BEATRICE
2051. [Unmasking] I answer to that name. What is your will?
2052. BENEDICK
2053. Do not you love me?
2054. BEATRICE
2055. Why, no; no more than reason.
2056. BENEDICK
2057. Why, then your uncle and the prince and Claudio

Have been deceived; they swore you did.
2058. BEATRICE
2059. Do not you love me?
2060. BENEDICK
2061. Troth, no; no more than reason.
2062. BEATRICE
2063. Why, then my cousin Margaret and Ursula

Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.
2064. BENEDICK
2065. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
2066. BEATRICE
2067. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
2068. BENEDICK
2069. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?
2070. BEATRICE
2071. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
2072. LEONATO
2073. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
2074. CLAUDIO
2075. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
2076. HERO
2077. And here's another

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto Benedick.
2078. BENEDICK
2079. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
2080. BEATRICE
2081. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
2082. BENEDICK
2083. Peace! I will stop your mouth.
2084. Kissing her
2085. DON PEDRO
2086. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?
2087. BENEDICK
2088. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my
conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

## 2089. CLAUDIO

2090. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceedingly narrowly to thee.
2091. BENEDICK
2092. Come, come, we are friends: let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.
2093. LEONATO
2094. We'll have dancing afterward.
2095. BENEDICK
2096. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife:
there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.
2097. Enter a Messenger
2098. Messenger
2099. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.
2100. BENEDICK
2101. Think not on him till to-morrow:

I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.
Strike up, pipers.
2102. Dance
2103. Exeunt

## Much Ado About Nothing

In A Nutshell

Much Ado About Nothing is one of William Shakespeare's best-loved comedies. Written around 1598, the play is about a young woman wrongly accused of being unchaste who is later reconciled with her accusing lover. It is also about a second couple - two witty, bright individuals who swear they will never fall in love.

Stories about young women wrongly accused, brought close to death, and then rejoined with their lovers were really popular during the Renaissance. Shakespeare used that trope (which can be traced all the way back to the Greek romances) to make this light and silly comedy. The play trips along at a steady place as characters invent and pass on totally misleading information; watching this process as it undoes characters is like playing a 16th century game of Telephone.

This is a neat chance to watch Shakespeare shake a complex (sometimes unnecessarily complex) plot. Further, it's a cool "study in progress" of Shakespeare: Beatrice and Benedick's acidic romance is a more developed version of the hatred-turned-to-love from The Taming of the Shrew; and Don John, the inexplicably evil villain of this play, is a sort of character study for the inexplicably evil Iago of Shakespeare's later play Othello.

## Why Should I Care?

Much Ado About Nothing is an important insight into Shakespeare's craft and development as a writer. Why should you care about that, you say? Because Shakespeare is one of the most referenced and revered writers through all of literature, even more important than J.K. Rowling, if you can believe it.

In this play, we watch Shakespeare shake out some of the plots, character types, and methods he'll later use in both his comedies and tragedies. In case you don't believe us, here's a bit of Shakespeare trivia for you: Don John is a character sketch for which villain that Shakespeare later created? A) Macbeth, B) Iago of Othello, or C) Iago the parrot. (The correct answer is B, good job.)

Much Ado is built on a lot of the raucous misunderstandings that anchor his earlier work A Midsummer Night's Dream. The misunderstandings that are such a source of comedy here, become the tragic stuff of Othello. Shakespeare had yet to write his intricate and fantastic four tragedies, King Lear, Othello, Macbeth, and Hamlet, and we can imagine that something like Much Ado is a necessary writing exercise to be able to pin down the complex actions and interactions that all of those plays are built upon.

The play is an excellent introduction to Shakespeare's work, because it has all the tragic and comedic components of a complex Shakespearean work and provides them in an accessible way. To the reader whose seen a bit more of Shakespeare, the play is a wonderful opportunity to recognize how the artist is perfecting his craft, taking conceits and tropes from this play and developing them for later plays. Both camps - Shakespeare veterans and Shakespeare amateurs - can appreciate this play as a scaffolding for Shakespeare's more lofty works.

## Antony and Cleopatra



跇
Antony and Cleopatra, by Lawrence Alma-Tadema.
Antony and Cleopatra is a tragedy by William Shakespeare, believed to have been written sometime between 1603 and 1607. It was first printed in the First Folio of 1623. The plot is based on Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's Life of Marcus Antonius and follows the relationship between Cleopatra and Mark Antony from the time of the Parthian War to Cleopatra's suicide. The major antagonist is Octavius Caesar, one of Antony's fellow triumviri and the future first emperor of Rome. The tragedy is a Roman play characterized by swift,

panoramic shifts in geographical locations and in registers, alternating between sensual, imaginative Alexandria and the more pragmatic, austere Rome.

Many consider the role of Cleopatra in this play one of the most complex female roles in Shakespeare's work. ${ }^{[1]}$ She is frequently vain and histrionic, provoking an audience almost to scorn; at the same time, Shakespeare's efforts invest both her and Antony with tragic grandeur. These contradictory features have led to famously divided critical responses. ${ }^{[2]}$

## Contents

- 1 Characters
- 2 Synopsis
- 3 Source
- 4 Date and Text
- 5 Themes and motives
- 6 Adaptations and cultural references
- 6.1 Selected stage productions
- 6.2 Films
- 6.3 Musical adaptations
- 7 Influence
- 8 References
- 9 External links


## Characters

- Mark Antony, Roman general and one of the three men (triumvirs) who rule Rome after the assassination of Julius Caesar in 44 B.C.
- Cleopatra VII, Queen of Egypt
- Octavian, one of the three men (triumvirs) who rule Rome after the assassination of Julius Caesar.
- Marcus Aemilius Lepidus - one of the three men (triumvirs) who rule Rome after the assassination of Julius Caesar.
- Sextus Pompey - Son of the late Pompey the Great.
- Gnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus ${ }^{[3]}$, Follower of Antony
- Octavia the Younger, Octavian's sister.
- Ventidius, Eros, Scarus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Philo: Friends of Antony.
- Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, Military commander and advisor of Octavian.
- Publius Cornelius Dolabella, Friend and attendant of Octavian.
- Mecaenas, Thyreus, Gallus, Proculeius, Friends of Octavian.
- Menecrates, Menas, Varrius, Friends of Sextus Pompey.
- Taurus, Lieutenant-general of Caesar.
- Canidius, Lieutenant-general of Antony.
- Silius, Officer in Ventidius's army.
- Euphronius, Ambassador from Antony to Caesar.
- Alexas, Mardian the Eunuch, Seleucus, Diomedes, Cleopatra's attendants.
- Charmian, Iras, Maids of honor attending Cleopatra.
- Soothsayer
- Clown
- Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants


## Synopsis



This synopsis uses the characters' historical names instead of their Shakespearean names. For instance, in the actual play, Gnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus's name is changed to Domitius Enobarbus.


吅
Cleopatra by John William Waterhouse (1888)
Mark Antony - one of the Triumvirs of Rome along with Octavian and Marcus Aemilius Lepidus - has neglected his soldierly duties after being beguiled by Egypt's Queen, Cleopatra VII. He ignores Rome's domestic problems, including the fact that his third wife Fulvia rebelled against Octavian and then died.

Octavian calls Antony back to Rome from Alexandria in order to help him fight against Sextus Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, three notorious pirates of the Merranean. At Alexandria, Cleopatra begs Antony not to go, and though he repeatedly affirms his love for her, he eventually leaves.

Back in Rome, Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa brings forward the idea that Antony should marry Octavian's sister, Octavia the Younger, in order to cement the bond between the two men. Antony's lieutenant Gnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus, though, knows that Octavia can never satisfy him after Cleopatra. In a famous passage, he delineates Cleopatra's charms in paradoxical terms: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale / Her infinite variety: other women cloy / The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry / Where most she satisfies."

A soothsayer warns Antony that he is sure to lose if he ever tries to fight Octavian.
In Egypt, Cleopatra learns of Antony's marriage to Octavia and takes furious revenge upon the messenger that brings her the news. She grows content only when her courtiers assure her that Octavia is homely by Elizabethan standards: short, low-browed, round-faced and with bad hair.

At a confrontation, the triumvirs parley with Sextus Pompey, and offer him a truce. He can retain Sicily and Sardinia, but he must help them "rid the sea of pirates" and send them tributes. After some hesitation Pompey accedes. They engage in a drunken celebration on Pompey's galley. Menas suggests to Pompey that he kill the three triumvirs and make himself ruler of Rome, but he refuses, finding it dishonorable. Later, Octavian and Lepidus break their truce with Pompey and war against him. This is unapproved by Antony, and he is furious.

Antony returns to Alexandria, Egypt, and crowns Cleopatra and himself as rulers of Egypt and the eastern third of the Roman Empire (which was Antony's share as one of the triumvirs). He accuses Octavian of not giving him his fair share of Pompey's lands, and is angry that Lepidus, whom Octavian has imprisoned, is out of the triumvirate. Octavian agrees to the former demand, but otherwise is very displeased with what Antony has done.


In this Baroque vison, Battle of Actium by Lorenzo A. Castro (1672), Cleopatra flees, lower left, in a barge with a figurehead of Fortuna.

Antony prepares to battle Octavian. Ahenobarbus urges Antony to fight on land, where he has the advantage, instead of by sea, where the navy of Octavius is lighter, more mobile and better manned. Antony refuses, since Octavian has dared him to fight at sea. Cleopatra pledges her fleet to aid Antony. However, in the middle of the Battle of Actium, Cleopatra flees with her sixty ships, and Antony follows her, leaving his army to ruin. Ashamed of what he has done for the love of Cleopatra, Antony reproaches her for making him a coward, but also sets this love above all else, saying "Give me a kiss; even this repays me."

Octavian sends a messenger to ask Cleopatra to give up Antony and come over to his side. She hesitates, and flirts with the messenger, when Antony walks in and angrily denounces her behavior. He sends the messenger to be whipped. Eventually, he forgives Cleopatra and pledges to fight another battle for her, this time on land.

On the eve of the battle, Antony's soldiers hear strange portents, which they interpret as the god Hercules abandoning his protection of Antony. Furthermore, Ahenobarbus, Antony's long-serving lieutenant, deserts him and goes over to Octavian's side. Rather than confiscating Ahenobarbus's goods, which he did not take with him when he fled to Octavian, Antony orders them to be sent to Ahenobarbus. Ahenobarbus is so overwhelmed by Antony's generosity, and so ashamed of his own disloyalty, that he dies from a broken heart.

The battle goes well for Antony, until Octavian shifts it to a sea-fight. Once again, Antony loses when Cleopatra's ships break off action and flee - his own fleet surrenders, and he denounces Cleopatra: "This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me." He resolves to kill her for the treachery. Cleopatra decides that the only way to win back Antony's love is to send him word that she killed herself, dying with his name on her lips. She locks herself in her monument, and awaits Antony's return.

Her plan fails: rather than rushing back in remorse to see the "dead" Cleopatra, Antony decides that his own life is no longer worth living. He begs one of his aides, Eros, to run him through with a sword, but Eros cannot bear to do it, and kills himself. Antony admires Eros' courage and attempts to do the same, but only succeeds in wounding himself. In great pain, he learns that Cleopatra is indeed alive. He is hoisted up to her in her monument, and dies in her arms.

Octavian goes to Cleopatra, trying to persuade her to surrender. She angrily refuses, since she can imagine nothing worse than being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, proclaimed a villain for the ages. She imagines that "the quick comedians / Extemporally will stage us, and present / Our Alexandrian revels: Antony / Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see / Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness / I' th' posture of a whore." This speech is full of dramatic irony, because in Shakespeare's time Cleopatra really was played by a "squeaking boy", and Shakespeare's play does depict Antony's drunken revels.


Cleopatra is betrayed and taken into custody by the Romans. She gives Octavian what she claims is a complete account of her wealth, but is betrayed by her treasurer, who claims she is holding treasure back. Octavian reassures her that he is not interested in her wealth, but Dolabella warns her that he intends to parade her at his triumph.

Cleopatra resolves to kill herself, using the poison of an asp. She dies calmly and ecstatically, imagining how she will meet Antony again in the afterlife. Her serving maids, Iras and Charmian, also kill themselves. Octavian discovers the dead bodies and experiences conflicting emotions. Antony's and Cleopatra's deaths leave him free to become the first Roman Emperor, but he also feels some kind of sympathy for them: "She shall be buried by her Antony. / No grave upon the earth shall clip in it / A pair so famous..." He orders a public military funeral.

## [] Source

The principal source for the story is Plutarch's "Life of Mark Antony" from Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans Compared Together, in the translation made by Sir Thomas North in 1579. A large number of phrases within Shakespeare's play are taken directly from North's prose, including Ahenobarbus's famous description of Cleopatra's barge, beginning "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne/Burned on the water." However, Shakespeare also adds scenes, including many of the ones portraying Cleopatra's domestic life, and the role of Enobarbus is greatly developed. Historical facts are also sometimes changed: in Plutarch Antony's final defeat was many weeks after the battle of Actium, and Octavia lived with Antony for several years and bore him two children: Antonia Major, paternal grandmother of the Emperor Nero and maternal grandmother of the Empress Valeria Messalina, and Antonia Minor, the sister-in-law of the Emperor Tiberius, mother of the Emperor Claudius, and paternal grandmother of the Emperor Caligula and Empress Agrippina the Younger.

## [] Date and Text



Facsimile of the first page of Antony and Cleopatra from the First Folio, published in 1623.
Many scholars believe it was written in 1606-07 ${ }^{[4]}$, although some researchers argue for an earlier dating, around 1603-04. ${ }^{[5]}$ Antony and Cleopatra was entered in the Stationers' Register (an early form of copyright for printed works) in May of 1608, but it does not seem to have been actually printed until the publication of the First Folio in 1623. The Folio is therefore the only authoritative text we have today. Some Shakespeare scholars speculate that it derives from Shakespeare's own draft, or "foul papers," since it contains minor errors in speech labels and stage directions that are thought to be characteristic of the author in the process of composition. ${ }^{[6]}$


Modern editions divide the play into a conventional five act structure, but as in most of his earlier plays, Shakespeare did not create these act divisions. His play is articulated in forty separate 'scenes', more than he used for any other play. Even the word 'scenes' may be inappropriate as a description, as the scene changes are often very fluid, almost montage-like. The large number of scenes are necessary because the action frequently switches between Alexandria, Italy, Messina in Sicily, $\underline{\text { Syria, }} \underline{\text { Athens }}$ and other parts of Egypt and the Roman Empire. The play contains thirty-four speaking characters, fairly typical for a Shakespeare play on such an epic scale.

## [] Themes and motives

Many scholars of the play attempt to come to conclusions about the ambivalent nature of many of the characters. Are Antony and Cleopatra true tragic heroes, or are they too fault-ridden and laughable to be tragic? Is their relationship one of love or lust? Is their passion wholly destructive, or does it also show elements of transcendence? Does Cleopatra kill herself out of love for Antony, or because she has lost political power? ${ }^{[7]}$ In the play, Octavian is another ambivalent character, who can be seen as either a noble and good ruler, only wanting what is right for Rome, or as a cruel and ruthless politician.

One of the major themes running throughout the play is opposition, the main being: Rome/Egypt, Love/Lust, and Male/Female. One of Shakespeare's most famous speeches, Ahenobarbus's description of Cleopatra on her barge, is full of opposites. Cleopatra herself sees Antony as both the Gorgon and Mars (Act 2 Scene 5, lines 118-19)

## [] Adaptations and cultural references

## [] Selected stage productions

- 1931, John Gielgud as Antony and Ralph Richardson as Enobarbus at the Old Vic Theatre.
- 1947, Katharine Cornell won a Tony Award for her Broadway performance of Cleopatra opposite the Antony of Godfrey Tearle. It ran for 126 performances, the longest run of the play in Broadway history.
- 1951, Laurence Olivier as Antony and Vivien Leigh as Cleopatra in a production that played in repertory with George Bernard Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra at the St James's Theatre and later on Broadway.
- 1953, Michael Redgrave played Antony and Peggy Ashcroft played Cleopatra at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.
- 1981, Timothy Dalton played Antony and Carmen Du Sautoy played Cleopatra at the Mermaid Theatre.
- 1986, Timothy Dalton and Vanessa Redgrave in the title roles at Clwyd Theatr Cymru and Haymarket Theatre.
- 1999, Alan Bates and Frances de la Tour in title roles, Guy Henry as Octavius (also David Oyelowo and Owen Oakeshott) at the Royal Shakespeare Company.
- 1999, Paul Shelley as Antony and Mark Rylance as Cleopatra in an all male cast production at Shakespeare's Globe Theatre in London.
- 2006, Patrick Stewart and Harriet Walter in the title roles at the Royal Shakespeare Company.
- 2010, Kim Cattrall and Jeffery Kissoon in the title roles at the Liverpool Playhouse.
- 2010, Owen Oakeshott and Susie Trayling in the title roles at the Nuffield Theatre.
- 2010, Kate Mulgrew and John Douglas Thompson in a production directed by Tina Landau at Hartford Stage.


## [] Films

- Antony and Cleopatra, 1908
- Antony and Cleopatra, 1972, directed by and starring Charlton Heston as Antony, Hildegarde Neil as Cleopatra and also featuring Eric Porter as Enobarbus.
- Antony \& Cleopatra, 1974, a television production of Trevor Nunn's stage version performed by London's Royal Shakespeare Company. This version was shown in the United States to great acclaim in 1975. It stars Janet Suzman (Cleopatra), Richard Johnson (Antony), and Patrick Stewart (Enobarbus).
- Antony \& Cleopatra, 1981, a TV movie made as part of the BBC Shakespeare series. It stars Colin Blakely (Antony), Jane Lapotaire (Cleopatra), and Ian Charleson (Octavius).
- Antony and Cleopatra, a 1983 TV movie. It stars Timothy Dalton (Antony) and Lynn Redgrave (Cleopatra).


## [] Musical adaptations

Samuel Barber's operatic version of the play was premièred in 1966.

## [ Influence

John Dryden's play All for Love was deeply influenced by Shakespeare's treatment of the subject. ${ }^{[8]}$

## [] References

1. ^^ Neill, Michael, ed. Antony and Cleopatra. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1994: 45
2. $\bar{\wedge}$ Bevington, David, ed. Antony and Cleopatra. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990: 12-14.
3. $\bar{\wedge}$ Known in the play as Domitius Enobarbus
4. ^ John Wilders (ed.) "Antony and Cleopatra" (Arden third series, 1995) Introduction p1 and pp6975 ,"Antony and Cleopatra" (Penguin Popular Classics Edition, 1994) introduction p.15, Robert S. Miola "Shakespeare's ancient Rome: difference and identity" in Michael Hattaway (ed.) The Cambridge Companion to Shakespeare's History Plays (Cambridge University Press, 2002) at p209, Harold Bloom "Shakespeare: The Invention of the Human" (Riverhead Books, 1998) p.xvii and p.577, Frank Kermode "Shakespeare's Language" (Penguin, 2000) p217, G. K. Hunter "Shakespeare and the Traditions of Tragedy" in Stanley Wells (ed.)"The Cambridge Companion to Shakespeare Studies" (Cambridge University Press, 1986) at p129, "Chronological Table" to A. R. Braunmuller and Michael Hattaway (eds.) "The Cambridge Companion to English Renaissance Drama" 2nd edition (Cambridge University Press, 2003) at p.433, Dennis Kennedy "Shakespeare Worldwide" in Margreta de Grazia and Stanley Wells "Cambridge Companion to Shakespeare" (Cambridge University Press, 2001) at p258, "Conjectural Chronology of Shakespeare's Works" ibid page xix, "Chronology" in Claire McEachern (ed.) "Cambridge Companion to Shakespearean Tragedy" (Cambridge University Press, 2002) at p.xii, Michael Wood "Shakespeare" (Basic Books, 2003) at p290, Lauria Rozakis "The Complete Idiot's Guide to Shakespeare" at p41
5. ^ Alfred Harbage Pelican/Viking editions of Shakespeare 1969/1977, preface.
6. ^ Wells, Stanley, and Gary Taylor.William Shakespeare: A Textual Companion. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1987: 549.
7. ^ Neill 127
8. ^ Case, A. E., ed. British Dramatists from Dryden to Sheridan. Boston: Riverside Press, 1939: 6


# Antony and Cleopatra <br>  

## 9. ACT I

## 10. SCENE I. Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA's palace.

11. Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO
12. PHILO
13. Nay, but this dotage of our general's

O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.
14. Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her
15. Look, where they come:

Take but good note, and you shall see in him.
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.
16. CLEOPATRA
17. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
18. MARK ANTONY
19. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
20. CLEOPATRA
21. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.
22. MARK ANTONY
23. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.
24. Enter an Attendant
25. Attendant
26. News, my good lord, from Rome.
27. MARK ANTONY
28. Grates me: the sum.
29. CLEOPATRA
30. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'
31. MARK ANTONY
32. How, my love!
33. CLEOPATRA
34. Perchance! nay, and most like:

You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I would say? both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen, Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!
35. MARK ANTONY
36. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space. Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

## 37. Embracing

38. And such a twain can do't, in which I bind, On pain of punishment, the world to weet We stand up peerless.
39. CLEOPATRA
40. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.
41. MARK ANTONY
42. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.

Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport tonight?
43. CLEOPATRA
44. Hear the ambassadors.
45. MARK ANTONY
46. Fie, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger, but thine; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.
47. Exeunt MARK ANTONY and CLEOPATRA with their train
48. DEMETRIUS
49. Is Caesar with Antonius prized so slight?
50. PHILO
51. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,

He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
52. DEMETRIUS
53. I am full sorry

That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
54. Exeunt


## 55. SCENE II. The same. Another room.

56. Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer

## 57. CHARMIAN

58. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!
59. ALEXAS
60. Soothsayer!
61. Soothsayer
62. Your will?
63. CHARMIAN
64. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?
65. Soothsayer
66. In nature's infinite book of secrecy A little I can read.
67. ALEXAS
68. Show him your hand.
69. Enter DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
70. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
71. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.
72. CHARMIAN
73. Good sir, give me good fortune.
74. Soothsayer
75. I make not, but foresee.
76. CHARMIAN
77. Pray, then, foresee me one.
78. Soothsayer
79. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
80. CHARMIAN
81. He means in flesh.
82. IRAS
83. No, you shall paint when you are old.
84. CHARMIAN
85. Wrinkles forbid!
86. ALEXAS
87. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
88. CHARMIAN
89. Hush!
90. Soothsayer
91. You shall be more beloving than beloved.
92. CHARMIAN
93. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
94. ALEXAS
95. Nay, hear him.
96. CHARMIAN
97. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all:
let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius
Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.
98. Soothsayer
99. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.
100. CHARMIAN
101. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
102. Soothsayer
103. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.
104. CHARMIAN
105. Then belike my children shall have no names:
prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
106. Soothsayer
107. If every of your wishes had a womb.

And fertile every wish, a million.
108. CHARMIAN
109. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.
110. ALEXAS
111. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.
112. CHARMIAN
113. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.
114. ALEXAS
115. We'll know all our fortunes.
116. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
117. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be--drunk to bed.
118. IRAS
119. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.
120. CHARMIAN
121. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.
122. IRAS
123. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.
124. CHARMIAN
125. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful
prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.
126. Soothsayer
127. Your fortunes are alike.
128. IRAS
129. But how, but how? give me particulars.
130. Soothsayer
131. I have said.
132. IRAS
133. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?
134. CHARMIAN
135. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than

I, where would you choose it?
136. IRAS
137. Not in my husband's nose.
138. CHARMIAN
139. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,--come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worst follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

## 140. IRAS

141. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people!
for, as it is a heartbreaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!
142. CHARMIAN
143. Amen.
144. ALEXAS
145. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'ld do't!
146. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
147. Hush! here comes Antony.
148. CHARMIAN
149. Not he; the queen.
150. Enter CLEOPATRA
151. CLEOPATRA
152. Saw you my lord?
153. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
154. No, lady.
155. CLEOPATRA
156. Was he not here?
157. CHARMIAN
158. No, madam.
159. CLEOPATRA
160. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!
161. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
162. Madam?
163. CLEOPATRA
164. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?
165. ALEXAS
166. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.
167. CLEOPATRA
168. We will not look upon him: go with us.
169. Exeunt
170. Enter MARK ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants
171. Messenger
172. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.
173. MARK ANTONY
174. Against my brother Lucius?


But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst Caesar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.
177. MARK ANTONY
178. Well, what worst?
179. Messenger
180. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
181. MARK ANTONY
182. When it concerns the fool or coward. On:

Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.
183. Messenger
184. Labienus--

This is stiff news--hath, with his Parthian force, Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia; Whilst--
185. MARK ANTONY
186. Antony, thou wouldst say,--
187. Messenger
188. O, my lord!
189. MARK ANTONY
190. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.
191. Messenger
192. At your noble pleasure.
193. Exit
194. MARK ANTONY
195. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!
196. First Attendant
197. The man from Sicyon,--is there such an one?
198. Second Attendant
199. He stays upon your will.
200. MARK ANTONY
201. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.
202. Enter another Messenger
203. What are you?
204. Second Messenger
205. Fulvia thy wife is dead.
206. MARK ANTONY
207.
208. Second Messenger
209.

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
210. Gives a letter
211. MARK ANTONY
212. Forbear me.
213. Exit Second Messenger
214. There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!
215. Re-enter DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
216. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
217. What's your pleasure, sir?
218. MARK ANTONY
219. I must with haste from hence.
220. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
221. Why, then, we kill all our women:
we see how mortal an unkindness is to them;
if they suffer our departure, death's the word.
222. MARK ANTONY
223. I must be gone.
224. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
225. Under a compelling occasion, let women die; it were
pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between
them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.
226. MARK ANTONY
227. She is cunning past man's thought.
228. Exit ALEXAS
229. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
230. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but
the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her
winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater
storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this
cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a
shower of rain as well as Jove.
231. MARK ANTONY
232. Would I had never seen her.
233. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS

of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.
235. MARK ANTONY
236. Fulvia is dead.
237. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
238. Sir?
239. MARK ANTONY
240. Fulvia is dead.
241. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
242. Fulvia!
243. MARK ANTONY
244. Dead.
245. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
246. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When
it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man
from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth;
comforting therein, that when old robes are worn
out, there are members to make new. If there were
no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.
247. MARK ANTONY
248. The business she hath broached in the state

Cannot endure my absence.
249. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
250. And the business you have broached here cannot be
without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which
wholly depends on your abode.
251. MARK ANTONY
252. No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people, Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the Great and all his dignities Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,


To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

## 253. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS

254. I shall do't.
255. Exeunt
256. SCENE III. The same. Another room.
257. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS
258. CLEOPATRA
259. Where is he?
260. CHARMIAN
261. I did not see him since.
262. CLEOPATRA
263. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.
264. Exit ALEXAS
265. CHARMIAN
266. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
267. CLEOPATRA
268. What should I do, I do not?
269. CHARMIAN
270. In each thing give him way, cross him nothing.
271. CLEOPATRA
272. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.
273. CHARMIAN
274. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.
275. Enter MARK ANTONY
276. CLEOPATRA
277. I am sick and sullen.
278. MARK ANTONY
279. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,--
280. CLEOPATRA
281. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
282. MARK ANTONY
283. Now, my dearest queen,--
284. CLEOPATRA
285. Pray you, stand further from me.
286. MARK ANTONY
287. What's the matter?
288. CLEOPATRA
289. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go:


Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here:
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
290. MARK ANTONY
291. The gods best know,--
292. CLEOPATRA
293. O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.
294. MARK ANTONY
295. Cleopatra,--
296. CLEOPATRA
297. Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

## 298. MARK ANTONY

299. Most sweet queen,--
300. CLEOPATRA
301. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going, But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying, Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
302. MARK ANTONY
303. How now, lady!
304. CLEOPATRA
305. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know

There were a heart in Egypt.
306. MARK ANTONY
307. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace,
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going, Is Fulvia's death.
308. CLEOPATRA
309. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

## 310. MARK ANTONY

311. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awaked; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.
312. CLEOPATRA
313. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see, In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

## 314. MARK ANTONY

315. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease, As you shall give the advice. By the fire That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war As thou affect'st.
316. CLEOPATRA
317. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;

But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.
318. MARK ANTONY
319. My precious queen, forbear;

And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
320. CLEOPATRA
321. So Fulvia told me.

I prithee, turn aside and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Life perfect honour.
322. MARK ANTONY
323. You'll heat my blood: no more.
324. CLEOPATRA
325. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
326. MARK ANTONY
327. Now, by my sword,--
328. CLEOPATRA
329. And target. Still he mends;

But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
330. MARK ANTONY
331. I'll leave you, lady.
332. CLEOPATRA
333. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;


That you know well: something it is I would,
O , my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

## 334. MARK ANTONY

335. But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

## 336. CLEOPATRA

337. 'Tis sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly.
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
338. MARK ANTONY
339. Let us go. Come;

Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee. Away!
340. Exeunt

## 341. SCENE IV. Rome. OCTAVIUS CAESAR's house.

342. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, reading a letter, LEPIDUS, and their Train
343. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
344. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,

It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more man-like
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.
345. LEPIDUS
346. I must not think there are

Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.
347. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
348. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet


With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,--
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,--yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,--'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge, Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.
349. Enter a Messenger
350. LEPIDUS
351. Here's more news.
352. Messenger
353. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,

Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Caesar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.
354. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
355. I should have known no less.

It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love, Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body, Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.
356. Messenger
357. Caesar, I bring thee word,

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

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more


Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this--
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now--
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.
360. LEPIDUS
361. 'Tis pity of him.
362. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
363. Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
364. LEPIDUS
365. To-morrow, Caesar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.
366. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
367. Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell.
368. LEPIDUS
369. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
370. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
371. Doubt not, sir;

I knew it for my bond.
372. Exeunt
373. SCENE V. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA's palace.
374. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN
375. CLEOPATRA
376. Charmian!
377. CHARMIAN
378. Madam?
379. CLEOPATRA
$380 . \quad$ Ha, ha!
Give me to drink mandragora.
381. CHARMIAN
382. Why, madam?
383. CLEOPATRA
384. That I might sleep out this great gap of time

My Antony is away.

CHARMIAN
You think of him too much.

## CLEOPATRA

O, 'tis treason!
CHARMIAN
Madam, I trust, not so.
CLEOPATRA
Thou, eunuch Mardian!
MARDIAN
What's your highness' pleasure?
CLEOPATRA
Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
397. MARDIAN
398. Yes, gracious madam.
399. CLEOPATRA
400. Indeed!
401. MARDIAN
402. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
403. CLEOPATRA
404. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.
405. Enter ALEXAS, from OCTAVIUS CAESAR
406. ALEXAS
407. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
408. CLEOPATRA
409. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
410. ALEXAS
411. Last thing he did, dear queen,

He kiss'd,--the last of many doubled kisses,--
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.
412. CLEOPATRA
413. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
414. ALEXAS
415. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east, Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
416. CLEOPATRA
417. What, was he sad or merry?
418. ALEXAS
419. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
420. CLEOPATRA
421. O well-divided disposition! Note him,

Note him good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?
422. ALEXAS
423. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:

Why do you send so thick?
424. CLEOPATRA
425. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Caesar so?
426. CHARMIAN
427. O that brave Caesar!
428. CLEOPATRA
429. Be choked with such another emphasis!

Say, the brave Antony.
430. CHARMIAN
431. The valiant Caesar!
432. CLEOPATRA
433. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Caesar paragon again
My man of men.
434. CHARMIAN

435. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

## 436. CLEOPATRA

437. My salad days,

When I was green in judgment: cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt.
438. Exeunt

## 439. ACT II

## 440. SCENE I. Messina. POMPEY's house.

441. Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS, in warlike manner
442. POMPEY
443. If the great gods be just, they shall assist

The deeds of justest men.
444. MENECRATES
445. Know, worthy Pompey,

That what they do delay, they not deny.
446. POMPEY
447. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays

The thing we sue for.
448. MENECRATES
449. We, ignorant of ourselves,

Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
450. POMPEY
451. I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Caesar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
452. MENAS
453. Caesar and Lepidus

Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.
454. POMPEY
455. Where have you this? 'tis false.
456. MENAS
457. From Silvius, sir.
458. POMPEY
459. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
$\sum[161] S$

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!
460. Enter VARRIUS
461. How now, Varrius!
462. VARRIUS
463. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.
464. POMPEY
465. I could have given less matter

A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.
466. MENAS
467. I cannot hope

Caesar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.
468. POMPEY
469. I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.
470. Exeunt
471. SCENE II. Rome. The house of LEPIDUS.
472. Enter DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS
473. LEPIDUS
474. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,

And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
475. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
$\sum[162]$
476. I shall entreat him

To answer like himself: if Caesar move him,
Let Antony look over Caesar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.
477. LEPIDUS
478. 'Tis not a time

For private stomaching.
479. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
480. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
481. LEPIDUS
482. But small to greater matters must give way.
483. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
484. Not if the small come first.
485. LEPIDUS
486. Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.
487. Enter MARK ANTONY and VENTIDIUS
488. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
489. And yonder, Caesar.
490. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MECAENAS, and AGRIPPA
491. MARK ANTONY
492. If we compose well here, to Parthia:

Hark, Ventidius.
493. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
494. I do not know,

Mecaenas; ask Agrippa.
495. LEPIDUS
496. Noble friends,

That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
497. MARK ANTONY
498. 'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight.
I should do thus.
499. Flourish
500. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
501. Welcome to Rome.
502. MARK ANTONY
503. Thank you.
504. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
505. Sit.
$\sum[163]<$

Or being, concern you not.

## 512. OCTAVIUS CAESAR

513. I must be laugh'd at,

If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
514. MARK ANTONY
515. My being in Egypt, Caesar,

What was't to you?
516. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
517. No more than my residing here at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
518. MARK ANTONY
519. How intend you, practised?
520. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
521. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent

By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
522. MARK ANTONY
523. You do mistake your business; my brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports, That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach, Having alike your cause? Of this my letters Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel, As matter whole you have not to make it with, It must not be with this.

## 524. OCTAVIUS CAESAR

525. You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
526. MARK ANTONY
527. Not so, not so;

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,


I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
528. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
529. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go
to wars with the women!
530. MARK ANTONY
531. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Caesar

Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.
532. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
533. I wrote to you

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

## 534. MARK ANTONY

535. Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
536. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
537. You have broken

The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
538. LEPIDUS
539. Soft, Caesar!
540. MARK ANTONY
541.

No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Caesar;
The article of my oath.
542. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
543. To lend me arms and aid when I required them;

The which you both denied.
544. MARK ANTONY
545. Neglected, rather;

And then when poison'd hours had bound me up From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may, I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
$\sum[165]<$

So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
546. LEPIDUS
547. 'Tis noble spoken.
548. MECAENAS
549. If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.
550. LEPIDUS
551. Worthily spoken, Mecaenas.
552. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
553. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of
Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to
wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.
554. MARK ANTONY
555. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.
556. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
557. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.
558. MARK ANTONY
559. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.
560. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
561. Go to, then; your considerate stone.
562. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
563. I do not much dislike the matter, but

The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
$\mathrm{O}^{\prime}$ the world I would pursue it.

## 564. AGRIPPA

565. Give me leave, Caesar,--
566. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
567. Speak, Agrippa.
568. AGRIPPA
569. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,

Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
570. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
571. Say not so, Agrippa:

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.
572. MARK ANTONY
573. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear

Agrippa further speak.
574. AGRIPPA
575. To hold you in perpetual amity,

To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims


No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would, each to other and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
576. MARK ANTONY
577. Will Caesar speak?
578. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
579. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd

With what is spoke already.
580. MARK ANTONY
581. What power is in Agrippa,

If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?
582. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
583. The power of Caesar, and

His power unto Octavia.
584. MARK ANTONY
585. May I never

To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace: and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!
586. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
587. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
588. LEPIDUS
589. Happily, amen!
590. MARK ANTONY
591. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
592. LEPIDUS
593. Time calls upon's:

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
594. MARK ANTONY
595. Where lies he?
596. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
$\sum[167]$
597. About the mount Misenum.
598. MARK ANTONY
599. What is his strength by land?
600. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
601. Great and increasing: but by sea

He is an absolute master.
602. MARK ANTONY
603. So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
604. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
605. With most gladness:

And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.
606. MARK ANTONY
607. Let us, Lepidus,

Not lack your company.
608. LEPIDUS
609. Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.
610. Flourish. Exeunt OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MARK ANTONY, and LEPIDUS
611. MECAENAS
612. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
613. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
614. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Mecaenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!
615. AGRIPPA
616. Good Enobarbus!
617. MECAENAS
618. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well
digested. You stayed well by 't in Egypt.
619. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
620. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
621. MECAENAS
622. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?
623. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
624. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.
625. MECAENAS
626. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.
627. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
628. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.
629. AGRIPPA
630. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.
631. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS

632. I will tell you.

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

## 633. AGRIPPA

634. O, rare for Antony!
635. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
636. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides, So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes, And made their bends adornings: at the helm A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands, That yarely frame the office. From the barge A strange invisible perfume hits the sense Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony, Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone, Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy, Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, And made a gap in nature.
637. AGRIPPA
638. Rare Egyptian!
639. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
640. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her, Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest; Which she entreated: our courteous Antony, Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak, Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.
641. AGRIPPA
642. Royal wench!

She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.
643. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
644. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,


That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
645. MECAENAS
646. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
647. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
648. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed: but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her: that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.
649. MECAENAS
650. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.
651. AGRIPPA
652. Let us go.

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
653. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
654. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
655. Exeunt

## 656. SCENE III. The same. OCTAVIUS CAESAR's house.

657. Enter MARK ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CAESAR, OCTAVIA between them, and Attendants
658. MARK ANTONY
659. The world and my great office will sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.
660. OCTAVIA
661. All which time

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
662. MARK ANTONY
663. Good night, sir. My Octavia,

Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.
664. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
665. Good night.
666. Exeunt OCTAVIUS CAESAR and OCTAVIA
667. Enter Soothsayer
668. MARK ANTONY
669. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in Egypt?
670. Soothsayer
671. Would I had never come from thence, nor you Thither!
672. MARK ANTONY
673. If you can, your reason?
674. Soothsayer
675. I see it in

My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.
676. MARK ANTONY
677. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?
678. Soothsayer
679. Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous high, unmatchable,
Where Caesar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.
680. MARK ANTONY
681. Speak this no more.
682. Soothsayer
683. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

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

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:
686. Exit Soothsayer
687. He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,

He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.
688. Enter VENTIDIUS
689. O, come, Ventidius,

You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive't.
690. Exeunt

## 691. SCENE IV. The same. A street.

692. Enter LEPIDUS, MECAENAS, and AGRIPPA
693. LEPIDUS
694. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten

Your generals after.
695. AGRIPPA
696. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
697. LEPIDUS
698. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,

Which will become you both, farewell.
699. MECAENAS
700. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
701. LEPIDUS
702. Your way is shorter;

My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.
703. MECAENAS AGRIPPA
704. Sir, good success!
705. LEPIDUS
706. Farewell.
707. Exeunt

## 708. SCENE V. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA's palace.

709. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS
710. CLEOPATRA
711. Give me some music; music, moody food

Of us that trade in love.
712. Attendants
713. The music, ho!
714. Enter MARDIAN
715. CLEOPATRA
716. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.
717. CHARMIAN
718. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.
719. CLEOPATRA
720. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd

As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?
721. MARDIAN
722. As well as I can, madam.
723. CLEOPATRA
724. And when good will is show'd, though't come
too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'
725. CHARMIAN
726. 'Twas merry when

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
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Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he With fervency drew up.
727. CLEOPATRA
728. That time,--O times!--

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.
729. Enter a Messenger
730. O, from Italy

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears, That long time have been barren.
731. Messenger
732. Madam, madam,--
733. CLEOPATRA
734. Antonius dead!--If thou say so, villain, Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free, If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
735. Messenger
736. First, madam, he is well.
737. CLEOPATRA
738. Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
739. Messenger
740. Good madam, hear me.
741. CLEOPATRA
742. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,--so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
743. Messenger
744. Will't please you hear me?
745. CLEOPATRA
746. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:

Yet if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
747. Messenger
748. Madam, he's well.
749. CLEOPATRA
750. Well said.
751. Messenger
752. And friends with Caesar.
753. CLEOPATRA
754. Thou'rt an honest man.
755. Messenger
756. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.
757. CLEOPATRA
758. Make thee a fortune from me.
759. Messenger
760. But yet, madam,--
761. CLEOPATRA
762. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay

The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar:
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.
763. Messenger
764. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:

He's bound unto Octavia.
765. CLEOPATRA
766. For what good turn?
767. Messenger
768. For the best turn i' the bed.
769. CLEOPATRA
770. I am pale, Charmian.
771. Messenger
772. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
773. CLEOPATRA
774. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
775. Strikes him down
776. Messenger
777. Good madam, patience.
778. CLEOPATRA
779. What say you? Hence,
780. Strikes him again
781. Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
782. She hales him up and down
783. Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.
784. Messenger
785. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.
786. CLEOPATRA
787. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee, And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
788. Messenger
789. He's married, madam.
790. CLEOPATRA
791. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.
792. Draws a knife
793. Messenger
794. Nay, then I'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
795. Exit
796. CHARMIAN
797. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:

The man is innocent.
798. CLEOPATRA
799. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.
800. CHARMIAN
801. He is afeard to come.
802. CLEOPATRA
803. I will not hurt him.
804. Exit CHARMIAN
805. These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.
806. Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger
807. Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message.
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.
808. Messenger
809. I have done my duty.
810. CLEOPATRA
811. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say 'Yes.'
812. Messenger
813. He's married, madam.
814. CLEOPATRA
815. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
816. Messenger
817. Should I lie, madam?
818. CLEOPATRA
819. O, I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
820. Messenger
821. I crave your highness' pardon.
822. CLEOPATRA
823. He is married?
824. Messenger
825. Take no offence that I would not offend you:

To punish me for what you make me do.
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.
826. CLEOPATRA
827. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em!
828. Exit Messenger
829. CHARMIAN
830. Good your highness, patience.
831. CLEOPATRA
832. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Caesar.
833. CHARMIAN
834. Many times, madam.
835. CLEOPATRA
836. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence:
I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.
837. Exit ALEXAS
838. Let him for ever go:--let him not--Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas
839. To MARDIAN
840. Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian, But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.
841. Exeunt

## 842. SCENE VI. Near Misenum.

843. Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one door, with drum and trumpet: at another, OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MARK ANTONY, LEPIDUS, DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, MECAENAS, with Soldiers marching
844. POMPEY
845. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.
846. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
847. Most meet

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

The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want, Having a son and friends; since Julius Caesar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus, With the arm'd rest, courtiers and beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
850. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
851. Take your time.
852. MARK ANTONY
853. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.
854. POMPEY
855. At land, indeed,

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.
856. LEPIDUS
857. Be pleased to tell us--

For this is from the present--how you take
The offers we have sent you.
858. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
859. There's the point.
860. MARK ANTONY
861. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh

What it is worth embraced.
862. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
863. And what may follow,

To try a larger fortune.
864. POMPEY
865. You have made me offer

Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.
866. OCTAVIUS CAESAR MARK ANTONY LEPIDUS
867. That's our offer.
868. POMPEY
869. Know, then,

I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Caesar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.
870. MARK ANTONY
871. I have heard it, Pompey;

And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.
872. POMPEY
873. Let me have your hand:

I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
874. MARK ANTONY
875. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,

That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.
876. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
877. Since I saw you last,

There is a change upon you.
878. POMPEY
879. Well, I know not

What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
880. LEPIDUS
881. Well met here.
882. POMPEY
883. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:

I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
884. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
885. That's the next to do.
886. POMPEY
887. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's

Draw lots who shall begin.
888. MARK ANTONY
889. That will I, Pompey.
890. POMPEY
891. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first

Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Caesar
Grew fat with feasting there.
892. MARK ANTONY
893. You have heard much.
894. POMPEY
895. I have fair meanings, sir.
896. MARK ANTONY
897. And fair words to them.

899. Then so much have I heard:

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried--
900. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
901. No more of that: he did so.
902. POMPEY
903. What, I pray you?
904. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
905. A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress.
906. POMPEY
907. I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?
908. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
909. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.
910. POMPEY
911. Let me shake thy hand;

I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behavior.
912. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
913. Sir,

I never loved you much; but I ha' praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.
914. POMPEY
915. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
916. OCTAVIUS CAESAR MARK ANTONY LEPIDUS
917. Show us the way, sir.
918. POMPEY
919. Come.
920. Exeunt all but MENAS and ENOBARBUS
921. MENAS
922. [Aside] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.--You and I have known, sir.
923. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
924. At sea, I think.
925. MENAS
926. We have, sir.
927. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
928. You have done well by water.
929. MENAS
930. And you by land.
931. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
932. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
933. MENAS
934. Nor what I have done by water.
935. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
936. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.
937. MENAS
938. And you by land.
939. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
940. There I deny my land service. But give me your
hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they
might take two thieves kissing.
941. MENAS
942. All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands are.
943. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
944. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.
945. MENAS
946. No slander; they steal hearts.
947. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
948. We came hither to fight with you.
949. MENAS
950. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking.

Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.
951. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
952. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.
953. MENAS
954. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?
955. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
956. Caesar's sister is called Octavia.
957. MENAS
958. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.
959. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
960. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.
961. MENAS
962. Pray ye, sir?
963. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
964. 'Tis true.
965. MENAS
966. Then is Caesar and he for ever knit together.
967. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
968. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.
969. MENAS
970. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.
971. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
972. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.
973. MENAS
974. Who would not have his wife so?
975. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
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976. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony.

He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.
977. MENAS
978. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?

I have a health for you.
979. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
980. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.
981. MENAS
982. Come, let's away.
983. Exeunt

## 984. SCENE VII. On board POMPEY's galley, off Misenum.

985. Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet
986. First Servant
987. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are
ill-rooted already: the least wind i' the world
will blow them down.
988. Second Servant
989. Lepidus is high-coloured.
990. First Servant
991. They have made him drink alms-drink.
992. Second Servant
993. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.
994. First Servant
995. But it raises the greater war between him and
his discretion.
996. Second Servant
997. Why, this is to have a name in great men's
fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.
998. First Servant
999. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen
to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.
1000. A sennet sounded. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MARK ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECAENAS, DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains
1001. MARK ANTONY
1002. [To OCTAVIUS CAESAR] Thus do they, sir: they take
the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman


Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.
1003. LEPIDUS
1004. You've strange serpents there.
1005. MARK ANTONY
1006. Ay, Lepidus.
1007. LEPIDUS
1008. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.
1009. MARK ANTONY
1010. They are so.
1011. POMPEY
1012. Sit,--and some wine! A health to Lepidus!
1013. LEPIDUS
1014. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.
1015. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1016. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.
1017. LEPIDUS
1018. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies'
pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.
1019. MENAS
1020. [Aside to POMPEY] Pompey, a word.
1021. POMPEY
1022. [Aside to MENAS] Say in mine ear: what is't?
1023. MENAS
1024. [Aside to POMPEY] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.
1025. POMPEY
1026. [Aside to MENAS] Forbear me till anon.

This wine for Lepidus!
1027. LEPIDUS
1028. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?
1029. MARK ANTONY
1030. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.
1031. LEPIDUS
1032. What colour is it of?
1033. MARK ANTONY
1034. Of it own colour too.
1035. LEPIDUS
1036. 'Tis a strange serpent.
1037. MARK ANTONY
1038. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.
1039. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1040. Will this description satisfy him?

## 1041. MARK ANTONY

1042. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.
1043. POMPEY
1044. [Aside to MENAS] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd for?
1045. MENAS
1046. [Aside to POMPEY] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.
1047. POMPEY
1048. [Aside to MENAS] I think thou'rt mad.

The matter?
1049. Rises, and walks aside
1050. MENAS
1051. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
1052. POMPEY
1053. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.
1054. MARK ANTONY
1055. These quick-sands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.
1056. MENAS
1057. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
1058. POMPEY
1059. What say'st thou?
1060. MENAS
1061. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.
1062. POMPEY
1063. How should that be?
1064. MENAS
1065. But entertain it,

And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
1066. POMPEY
1067. Hast thou drunk well?
1068. MENAS
1069. Now, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
1070. POMPEY
1071. Show me which way.
1072. MENAS
1073. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.
1074. POMPEY
$\left.\sum \square 183\right]$
1075. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,

And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.
1076. MENAS
1077. [Aside] For this,

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
1078. POMPEY
1079. This health to Lepidus!
1080. MARK ANTONY
1081. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.
1082. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1083. Here's to thee, Menas!
1084. MENAS
1085. Enobarbus, welcome!
1086. POMPEY
1087. Fill till the cup be hid.
1088. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1089. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
1090. Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS
1091. MENAS
1092. Why?
1093. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1094. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?
1095. MENAS
1096. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!
1097. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1098. Drink thou; increase the reels.
1099. MENAS
1100. Come.
1101. POMPEY
1102. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
1103. MARK ANTONY
1104. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho?

Here is to Caesar!
1105. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1106. I could well forbear't.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.
1107. MARK ANTONY
1108. Be a child o' the time.
1109. OCTAVIUS CAESAR

1110. Possess it, I'll make answer:

But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.
1111. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1112. Ha, my brave emperor!
1113. To MARK ANTONY
1114. Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?
1115. POMPEY
1116. Let's ha't, good soldier.
1117. MARK ANTONY
1118. Come, let's all take hands, Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense In soft and delicate Lethe.

## 1119. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS

1120. All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.
1121. Music plays. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand
1122. THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!
1123. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1124. What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.
Good Antony, your hand.
1125. POMPEY
1126. I'll try you on the shore.
1127. MARK ANTONY
1128. And shall, sir; give's your hand.
1129. POMPEY
1130. O Antony,

You have my father's house,--But, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.
1131. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1132. Take heed you fall not.
1133. Exeunt all but DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS and MENAS
1134. Menas, I'll not on shore.
1135. MENAS
1136. No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!
1137. Sound a flourish, with drums
1138. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1139. Ho! says a' There's my cap.
1140. MENAS
1141. Ho! Noble captain, come.
1142. Exeunt

## 1143. ACT III

## 1144. SCENE I. A plain in Syria.

1145. Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him
1146. VENTIDIUS
1147. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
1148. SILIUS
1149. Noble Ventidius, Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.
1150. VENTIDIUS
1151. O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough; a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Caesar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does $i^{\prime}$ the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss, Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
1152. SILIUS
1153. Thou hast, Ventidius,
that


Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony!
1154. VENTIDIUS
1155. I'll humbly signify what in his name,

That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.
1156. SILIUS
1157. Where is he now?
1158. VENTIDIUS
1159. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste

The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On there; pass along!
1160. Exeunt

## 1161. SCENE II. Rome. An ante-chamber in OCTAVIUS CAESAR's house.

1162. Enter AGRIPPA at one door, DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS at another
1163. AGRIPPA
1164. What, are the brothers parted?
1165. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1166. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Caesar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
1167. AGRIPPA
1168. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
1169. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1170. A very fine one: O, how he loves Caesar!
1171. AGRIPPA
1172. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
1173. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1174. Caesar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
1175. AGRIPPA
1176. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
1177. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1178. Spake you of Caesar? How! the non-pareil!
1179. AGRIPPA
1180. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!
1181. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1182. Would you praise Caesar, say 'Caesar:' go no further.
1183. AGRIPPA
1184. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
1185. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1186. But he loves Caesar best; yet he loves Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!
$\sum[187]$

His love to Antony. But as for Caesar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
1187. AGRIPPA
1188. Both he loves.
1189. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1190. They are his shards, and he their beetle.
1191. Trumpets within
1192. So;

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.
1193. AGRIPPA
1194. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.
1195. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MARK ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA
1196. MARK ANTONY
1197. No further, sir.
1198. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1199. You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
1200. MARK ANTONY
1201. Make me not offended

In your distrust.
1202. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1203. I have said.
1204. MARK ANTONY
1205. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
1206. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1207. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
1208. OCTAVIA
1209. My noble brother!
1210. MARK ANTONY
1211. The April 's in her eyes: it is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.
1212. OCTAVIA
1213. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and--
1214. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1215. What, Octavia?
1216. OCTAVIA
1217. I'll tell you in your ear.


## 1218. MARK ANTONY

1219. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

Her heart inform her tongue,--the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
1220. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1221. [Aside to AGRIPPA] Will Caesar weep?
1222. AGRIPPA
1223. [Aside to DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS] He has a cloud in 's face.
1224. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1225. [Aside to AGRIPPA] He were the worse for that,
were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
1226. AGRIPPA
1227. [Aside to DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS] Why, Enobarbus,

When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
1228. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1229. [Aside to AGRIPPA] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd, Believe't, till I wept too.

## 1230. OCTAVIUS CAESAR

1231. No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
1232. MARK ANTONY
1233. Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
1234. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1235. Adieu; be happy!
1236. LEPIDUS
1237. Let all the number of the stars give light

To thy fair way!
1238. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1239. Farewell, fa rewell!
1240. Kisses OCTAVIA
1241. MARK ANTONY
1242. Farewell!
1243. Trumpets sound. Exeunt

## 1244. SCENE III. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA's palace.

1245. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS
1246. CLEOPATRA
1247. Where is the fellow?
1248. ALEXAS
1249. Half afeard to come.
1250. CLEOPATRA
1251. Go to, go to.
1252. Enter the Messenger as before
1253. Come hither, sir.
1254. ALEXAS
1255. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.
1256. CLEOPATRA
1257. That Herod's head

I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.
1258. Messenger
1259. Most gracious majesty,--
1260. CLEOPATRA
1261. Didst thou behold Octavia?
1262. Messenger
1263. Ay, dread queen.
1264. CLEOPATRA
1265. Where?
1266. Messenger
1267. Madam, in Rome;

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
1268. CLEOPATRA
1269. Is she as tall as me?
1270. Messenger
1271. She is not, madam.
1272. CLEOPATRA
1273. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?
1274. Messenger
1275. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.
1276. CLEOPATRA
1277. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.
1278. CHARMIAN
1279. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
1280. CLEOPATRA
1281. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
1282. Messenger
1283. She creeps:

Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
1284. CLEOPATRA
1285. Is this certain?
1286. Messenger
1287. Or I have no observance.
1288. CHARMIAN

1289. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.
1290. CLEOPATRA
1291. He's very knowing;

I do perceive't: there's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgment.
1292. CHARMIAN
1293. Excellent.
1294. CLEOPATRA
1295. Guess at her years, I prithee.
1296. Messenger
1297. Madam,

She was a widow,--
1298. CLEOPATRA
1299. Widow! Charmian, hark.
1300. Messenger
1301. And I do think she's thirty.
1302. CLEOPATRA
1303. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
1304. Messenger
1305. Round even to faultiness.
1306. CLEOPATRA
1307. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair, what colour?
1308. Messenger
1309. Brown, madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.
1310. CLEOPATRA
1311. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared.
1312. Exit Messenger
1313. CHARMIAN
1314. A proper man.
1315. CLEOPATRA
1316. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him, This creature's no such thing.
1317. CHARMIAN
1318. Nothing, madam.
1319. CLEOPATRA
1320. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
1321. CHARMIAN
1322. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

And serving you so long!
1323. CLEOPATRA
1324. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
1325. CHARMIAN
1326. I warrant you, madam.
1327. Exeunt

## 1328. SCENE IV. Athens. A room in MARK ANTONY's house.

1329. Enter MARK ANTONY and OCTAVIA
1330. MARK ANTONY
1331. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,--

That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,--but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.
1332. OCTAVIA
1333. O my good lord,

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

## 1334. MARK ANTONY

1335. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.
1336. OCTAVIA
1337. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.
1338. MARK ANTONY
1339. When it appears to you where this begins,

Turn your displeasure that way: for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;

Choose your own company, and command what cost Your heart has mind to.
1340. Exeunt

## 1341. SCENE V. The same. Another room.

1342. Enter DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting
1343. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1344. How now, friend Eros!
1345. EROS
1346. There's strange news come, sir.
1347. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1348. What, man?
1349. EROS
1350. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.
1351. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1352. This is old: what is the success?
1353. EROS
1354. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst

Pompey, presently denied him rivality; would not let
him partake in the glory of the action: and not
resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly
wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so
the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.
1355. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1356. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?
1357. EROS
1358. He's walking in the garden--thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.
1359. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1360. Our great navy's rigg'd.
1361. EROS
1362. For Italy and Caesar. More, Domitius;

My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
1363. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1364. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.
1365. EROS
1366. Come, sir.
1367. Exeunt
1368. SCENE VI. Rome. OCTAVIUS CAESAR's house.
1369. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MECAENAS
1370. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1371. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more, In Alexandria: here's the manner of 't:
$\sum[193]<$

I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Caesarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.
1372. MECAENAS
1373. This in the public eye?
1374. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1375. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia.
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
1376. MECAENAS
1377. Let Rome be thus Inform'd.
1378. AGRIPPA
1379. Who, queasy with his insolence

Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
1380. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1381. The people know it; and have now received

His accusations.
1382. AGRIPPA
1383. Who does he accuse?
1384. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1385. Caesar: and that, having in Sicily

Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
1386. AGRIPPA
1387. Sir, this should be answer'd.
1388. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1389. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
1390. MECAENAS
1391. He'll never yield to that.
1392. OCTAVIUS CAESAR

1393. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.
1394. Enter OCTAVIA with her train
1395. OCTAVIA
1396. Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear Caesar!
1397. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1398. That ever I should call thee castaway!
1399. OCTAVIA
1400. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
1401. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1402. Why have you stol'n upon us thus! You come not

Like Caesar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved; we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
1403. OCTAVIA
1404. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.
1405. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1406. Which soon he granted,

Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.
1407. OCTAVIA
1408. Do not say so, my lord.
1409. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1410. I have eyes upon him,

And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
1411. OCTAVIA
1412. My lord, in Athens.
1413. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1414. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire Up to a whore; who now are levying The kings o' the earth for war; he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king


Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

## 1415. OCTAVIA

1416. Ay me, most wretched, That have my heart parted betwixt two friends That do afflict each other!

## 1417. OCTAVIUS CAESAR

1418. Welcome hither:

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

## 1419. AGRIPPA

1420. Welcome, lady.
1421. MECAENAS
1422. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.
1423. OCTAVIA
1424. Is it so, sir?
1425. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1426. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you, Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!
1427. Exeunt
1428. SCENE VII. Near Actium. MARK ANTONY's camp.
1429. Enter CLEOPATRA and DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1430. CLEOPATRA
1431. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
1432. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1433. But why, why, why?
1434. CLEOPATRA
1435. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,

And say'st it is not fit.
1436. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1437. Well, is it, is it?
1438. CLEOPATRA
1439. If not denounced against us, why should not we Be there in person?
1440. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1441. [Aside] Well, I could reply:

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.
1442. CLEOPATRA
1443. What is't you say?
1444. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1445. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain,
from's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.
1446. CLEOPATRA
1447. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot

That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war, And, as the president of my kingdom, will Appear there for a man. Speak not against it:
I will not stay behind.
1448. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1449. Nay, I have done.

Here comes the emperor.
1450. Enter MARK ANTONY and CANIDIUS
1451. MARK ANTONY
1452. Is it not strange, Canidius,

That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on't, sweet?
1453. CLEOPATRA
1454. Celerity is never more admired

Than by the negligent.
1455. MARK ANTONY
1456. A good rebuke,

Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
1457. CLEOPATRA
1458. By sea! what else?
1459. CANIDIUS
1460. Why will my lord do so?
1461. MARK ANTONY
1462. For that he dares us to't.
1463. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1464. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.
1465. CANIDIUS
1466. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia.

Where Caesar fought with Pompey: but these offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, be shakes off;
And so should you.

## 1467. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS

1468. Your ships are not well mann'd;

Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Caesar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.
1469. MARK ANTONY
1470. By sea, by sea.
1471. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1472. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away

The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.
1473. MARK ANTONY
1474. I'll fight at sea.
1475. CLEOPATRA
1476. I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.
1477. MARK ANTONY
1478. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;

And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.
1479. Enter a Messenger
1480. Thy business?
1481. Messenger
1482. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;

Caesar has taken Toryne.
1483. MARK ANTONY
1484. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;

Strange that power should be. Canidius, Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land, And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship: Away, my Thetis!
1485. Enter a Soldier
1486. How now, worthy soldier?
1487. Soldier
1488. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;

Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phoenicians go a-ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
1489. MARK ANTONY

1490. Well, well: away!
1491. Exeunt MARK ANTONY, QUEEN CLEOPATRA, and DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1492. Soldier
1493. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.
1494. CANIDIUS
1495. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows

Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.
1496. Soldier
1497. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
1498. CANIDIUS
1499. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius, Publicola, and Caelius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's
Carries beyond belief.
1500. Soldier
1501. While he was yet in Rome,

His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies.
1502. CANIDIUS
1503. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
1504. Soldier
1505. They say, one Taurus.
1506. CANIDIUS
1507. Well I know the man.
1508. Enter a Messenger
1509. Messenger
1510. The emperor calls Canidius.
1511. CANIDIUS
1512. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth, Each minute, some.
1513. Exeunt

## 1514. SCENE VIII. A plain near Actium.

1515. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, and TAURUS, with his army, marching
1516. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1517. Taurus!
1518. TAURUS
1519. My lord?
1520. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1521. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump.
1522. Exeunt

## 1523. SCENE IX. Another part of the plain.

1524. Enter MARK ANTONY and DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1525. MARK ANTONY
1526. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,

In eye of Caesar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.
1527. Exeunt

## 1528. SCENE X. Another part of the plain.

1529. CANIDIUS marcheth with his land army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of OCTAVIUS CAESAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight
1530. Alarum. Enter DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1531. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1532. Naught, naught all, naught! I can behold no longer:

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see't mine eyes are blasted.
1533. Enter SCARUS
1534. SCARUS
1535. Gods and goddesses,

All the whole synod of them!
1536. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1537. What's thy passion!
1538. SCARUS
1539. The greater cantle of the world is lost

With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
1540. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1541. How appears the fight?
1542. SCARUS
1543. On our side like the token'd pestilence,

Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,--
Whom leprosy o'ertake!--i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.
1544. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1545. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
1546. SCARUS
1547. She once being loof'd,

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
1548. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1549. Alack, alack!
1550. Enter CANIDIUS


## 1551. CANIDIUS

1552. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath, And sinks most lamentably. Had our general Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O , he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own!
1553. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1554. Ay, are you thereabouts?

Why, then, good night indeed.
1555. CANIDIUS
1556. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.
1557. SCARUS
1558. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend

What further comes.
1559. CANIDIUS
1560. To Caesar will I render

My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.
1561. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1562. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.
1563. Exeunt

## 1564. SCENE XI. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA's palace.

1565. Enter MARK ANTONY with Attendants
1566. MARK ANTONY
1567. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;

It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever: I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Caesar.
1568. All
1569. Fly! not we.
1570. MARK ANTONY
1571. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards

To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:


I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.
1572. Sits down
1573. Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS; EROS following
1574. EROS
1575. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
1576. IRAS
1577. Do, most dear queen.
1578. CHARMIAN
1579. Do! why: what else?
1580. CLEOPATRA
1581. Let me sit down. O Juno!
1582. MARK ANTONY
1583. No, no, no, no, no.
1584. EROS
1585. See you here, sir?
1586. MARK ANTONY
1587. O fie, fie, fie!
1588. CHARMIAN
1589. Madam!
1590. IRAS
1591. Madam, O good empress!
1592. EROS
1593. Sir, sir,--
1594. MARK ANTONY
1595. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept

His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the brave squares of war: yet now--No matter.
1596. CLEOPATRA
1597. Ah, stand by.
1598. EROS
1599. The queen, my lord, the queen.
1600. IRAS
1601. Go to him, madam, speak to him:

He is unqualitied with very shame.
1602. CLEOPATRA
1603. Well then, sustain him: O!
1604. EROS
1605. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:

Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
1606. MARK ANTONY
1607. I have offended reputation,

A most unnoble swerving.
1608. EROS
1609. Sir, the queen.


## 1610. MARK ANTONY

1611. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
1612. CLEOPATRA
1613. O my lord, my lord,

Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.
1614. MARK ANTONY
1615. Egypt, thou knew'st too well

My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
1616. CLEOPATRA
1617. O, my pardon!
1618. MARK ANTONY
1619. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
1620. CLEOPATRA
1621. Pardon, pardon!
1622. MARK ANTONY
1623. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates

All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
1624. Exeunt

## 1625. SCENE XII. Egypt. OCTAVIUS CAESAR's camp.

1626. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others
1627. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1628. Let him appear that's come from Antony. Know you him?
1629. DOLABELLA
1630. Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster:

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion off his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.
1631. Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from MARK ANTONY
1632.
1633. Approach, and speak.
1634. EUPHRONIUS
1635. Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

## 1636. OCTAVIUS CAESAR

1637. Be't so: declare thine office.
1638. EUPHRONIUS
1639. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth, A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
1640. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1641. For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
1642. EUPHRONIUS
1643. Fortune pursue thee!
1644. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1645. Bring him through the bands.
1646. Exit EUPHRONIUS
1647. To THYREUS
1648. From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers: women are not In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
1649. THYREUS
1650. Caesar, I go.
1651. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1652. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw, And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
1653. THYREUS
1654. Caesar, I shall.
1655. Exeunt
1656. SCENE XIII. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA's palace.
1657. Enter CLEOPATRA, DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS
1658. CLEOPATRA
1659. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
1660. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1661. Think, and die.
1662. CLEOPATRA
1663. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
1664. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1665. Antony only, that would make his will

Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The meered question: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
1666. CLEOPATRA
1667. Prithee, peace.
1668. Enter MARK ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS, the Ambassador
1669. MARK ANTONY
1670. Is that his answer?
1671. EUPHRONIUS
1672. Ay, my lord.
1673. MARK ANTONY
1674. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she Will yield us up.
1675. EUPHRONIUS
1676. He says so.
1677. MARK ANTONY
1678. Let her know't.

To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
1679. CLEOPATRA
1680. That head, my lord?
1681. MARK ANTONY
1682. To him again: tell him he wears the rose Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Caesar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword, Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.
1683. Exeunt MARK ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS
1684. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS

1685. [Aside] Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show, Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream, Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will Answer his emptiness! Caesar, thou hast subdued His judgment too.
1686. Enter an Attendant
1687. Attendant
1688. A messenger from CAESAR.
1689. CLEOPATRA
1690. What, no more ceremony? See, my women!

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

## 1691. Exit Attendant

1692. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1693. [Aside] Mine honesty and I begin to square.

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer
And earns a place i' the story.
1694. Enter THYREUS
1695. CLEOPATRA
1696. Caesar's will?
1697. THYREUS
1698. Hear it apart.
1699. CLEOPATRA
1700. None but friends: say boldly.
1701. THYREUS
1702. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
1703. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1704. He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has;

Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is we are, and that is, Caesar's.
1705. THYREUS
1706. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Caesar entreats, Not to consider in what case thou stand'st, Further than he is Caesar.
1707. CLEOPATRA
1708. Go on: right royal.
1709. THYREUS
1710. He knows that you embrace not Antony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
1711. CLEOPATRA
1712. O!
1713. THYREUS
$\sum 2$
1714. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.
1715. CLEOPATRA
1716. He is a god, and knows

What is most right: mine honour was not yielded, But conquer'd merely.

## 1717. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS

1718. [Aside] To be sure of that, I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky, That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for Thy dearest quit thee.
1719. Exit
1720. THYREUS
1721. Shall I say to Caesar

What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.
1722. CLEOPATRA
1723. What's your name?
1724. THYREUS
1725. My name is Thyreus.
1726. CLEOPATRA
1727. Most kind messenger, Say to great Caesar this: in deputation I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
1728. THYREUS
1729. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
1730. CLEOPATRA
1731. Your Caesar's father oft,

When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.
1732. Re-enter MARK ANTONY and DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1733. MARK ANTONY
1734. Favours, by Jove that thunders!

What art thou, fellow?
1735. THYREUS

1736. One that but performs

The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
1737. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1738. [Aside] You will be whipp'd.
1739. MARK ANTONY
1740. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods
and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.
1741. Enter Attendants
1742. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
1743. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1744. [Aside] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp

Than with an old one dying.
1745. MARK ANTONY
1746. Moon and stars!

Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,--what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.
1747. THYREUS
1748. Mark Antony!
1749. MARK ANTONY
1750. Tug him away: being whipp'd,

Bring him again: this Jack of Caesar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.
1751. Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS
1752. You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?
1753. CLEOPATRA
1754. Good my lord,--
1755. MARK ANTONY
1756. You have been a boggler ever:

But when we in our viciousness grow hard--
O misery on't!--the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut
To our confusion.
1757. CLEOPATRA
1758. O, is't come to this?
1759. MARK ANTONY
1760. I found you as a morsel cold upon

Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment


Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours, Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
1761. CLEOPATRA
1762. Wherefore is this?
1763. MARK ANTONY
1764. To let a fellow that will take rewards

And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.
1765. Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS
1766. Is he whipp'd?
1767. First Attendant
1768. Soundly, my lord.
1769. MARK ANTONY
1770. Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?
1771. First Attendant
1772. He did ask favour.
1773. MARK ANTONY
1774. If that thy father live, let him repent

Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Caesar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Caesar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone!
1775. Exit THYREUS
1776. CLEOPATRA
1777. Have you done yet?
1778. MARK ANTONY
1779. Alack, our terrene moon

Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!
1780. CLEOPATRA
1781. I must stay his time.
1782. MARK ANTONY
1783. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes

With one that ties his points?
1784. CLEOPATRA
1785. Not know me yet?
1786. MARK ANTONY
1787. Cold-hearted toward me?
1788. CLEOPATRA
1789. Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm, Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
1790. MARK ANTONY
1791. I am satisfied.

Caesar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in't yet.
1792. CLEOPATRA
1793. That's my brave lord!
1794. MARK ANTONY
1795. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,

And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.
1796. CLEOPATRA
1797. It is my birth-day:

I had thought to have held it poor: but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
1798. MARK ANTONY
1799. We will yet do well.

## 1800. CLEOPATRA

1801. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
1802. MARK ANTONY
1803. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
1804. Exeunt all but DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1805. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1806. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,

Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.
1807. Exit
1808. ACT IV
1809. SCENE I. Before Alexandria. OCTAVIUS CAESAR's camp.
1810. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MECAENAS, with his Army; OCTAVIUS CAESAR reading a letter

## 1811. OCTAVIUS CAESAR

1812. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power

To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Caesar to Antony: let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.
1813. MECAENAS
1814. Caesar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.
1815. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1816. Let our best heads

Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight: within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
And feast the army; we have store to do't, And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
1817. Exeunt

## 1818. SCENE II. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA's palace.

1819. Enter MARK ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, with others
1820. MARK ANTONY
1821. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
1822. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1823. No.
1824. MARK ANTONY
1825. Why should he not?
1826. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1827. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, He is twenty men to one.
1828. MARK ANTONY
1829. To-morrow, soldier,

By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
1830. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1831. I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'
1832. MARK ANTONY
1833. Well said; come on.

Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.
1834. Enter three or four Servitors
1835. Give me thy hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest;--so hast thou;--
Thou,--and thou,--and thou:--you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
1836. CLEOPATRA
1837. [Aside to DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS] What means this?
1838. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1839. [Aside to CLEOPATRA] 'Tis one of those odd
tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
1840. MARK ANTONY
1841. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.
1842. All
1843. The gods forbid!
1844. MARK ANTONY
1845. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
1846. CLEOPATRA
1847. [Aside to DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS] What does he mean?
1848. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1849. [Aside to CLEOPATRA] To make his followers weep.
1850. MARK ANTONY
1851. Tend me to-night;

May be it is the period of your duty:

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

## 1852. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS

1853. What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women.
1854. MARK ANTONY
1855. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall!
My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts, I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration.
1856. Exeunt
1857. SCENE III. The same. Before the palace.
1858. Enter two Soldiers to their guard
1859. First Soldier
1860. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
1861. Second Soldier
1862. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1863. First Soldier
1864. Nothing. What news?
1865. Second Soldier
1866. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.
1867. First Soldier
1868. Well, sir, good night.
1869. Enter two other Soldiers
1870. Second Soldier
1871. Soldiers, have careful watch.
1872. Third Soldier
1873. And you. Good night, good night.
1874. They place themselves in every corner of the stage
1875. Fourth Soldier
1876. Here we: and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
1877. Third Soldier
1878. 'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.
1879. Music of the hautboys as under the stage
1880. Fourth Soldier
1881. Peace! what noise?
1882. First Soldier
1883. List, list!
1884. Second Soldier
1885. Hark!
1886. First Soldier
1887. Music i' the air.
1888. Third Soldier
1889. Under the earth.
1890. Fourth Soldier
1891. It signs well, does it not?
1892. Third Soldier
1893. No.
1894. First Soldier
1895. Peace, I say!

What should this mean?
1896. Second Soldier
1897. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,

Now leaves him.
1898. First Soldier
1899. Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do?
1900. They advance to another post
1901. Second Soldier
1902. How now, masters!
1903. All
1904. [Speaking together] How now!

How now! do you hear this?
1905. First Soldier
1906. Ay; is't not strange?
1907. Third Soldier
1908. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1909. First Soldier
1910. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.
1911. All
1912. Content. 'Tis strange.
1913. Exeunt
1914. SCENE IV. The same. A room in the palace.
1915. Enter MARK ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and others attending
1916. MARK ANTONY
1917. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
1918. CLEOPATRA
1919. Sleep a little.

## 1920. MARK ANTONY

1921. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!
1922. Enter EROS with armour
1923. Come good fellow, put mine iron on:

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her: come.
1924. CLEOPATRA
1925. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?
1926. MARK ANTONY
1927. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.
1928. CLEOPATRA
1929. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.
1930. MARK ANTONY
1931. Well, well;

We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.
1932. EROS
1933. Briefly, sir.
1934. CLEOPATRA
1935. Is not this buckled well?
1936. MARK ANTONY
1937. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.
1938. Enter an armed Soldier
1939. Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.
1940. Soldier
1941. A thousand, sir,

Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
1942. Shout. Trumpets flourish
1943. Enter Captains and Soldiers
1944. Captain
1945. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.
1946. All
1947. Good morrow, general.
1948. MARK ANTONY
1949. 'Tis well blown, lads:

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable
1950. Kisses her
1951. And worthy shameful cheque it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. Adieu.
1952. Exeunt MARK ANTONY, EROS, Captains, and Soldiers
1953. CHARMIAN
1954. Please you, retire to your chamber.
1955. CLEOPATRA
1956. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony,--but now--Well, on.
1957. Exeunt

## 1958. SCENE V. Alexandria. MARK ANTONY's camp.

1959. Trumpets sound. Enter MARK ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them
1960. Soldier
1961. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
1962. MARK ANTONY
1963. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!
1964. Soldier
1965. Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
1966. MARK ANTONY
1967. Who's gone this morning?
1968. Soldier
1969. Who!

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'
1970. MARK ANTONY
1971. What say'st thou?
1972. Soldier
1973. Sir,

He is with Caesar.
1974. EROS
1975. Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.
1976. MARK ANTONY
1977. Is he gone?
1978. Soldier
1979. Most certain.
1980. MARK ANTONY

1981. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him--
I will subscribe--gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch.--Enobarbus!
1982. Exeunt

## 1983. SCENE VI. Alexandria. OCTAVIUS CAESAR's camp.

1984. Flourish. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, AGRIPPA, with DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, and others
1985. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1986. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
1987. AGRIPPA
1988. Caesar, I shall.
1989. Exit
1990. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1991. The time of universal peace is near:

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.
1992. Enter a Messenger
1993. Messenger
1994. Antony

Is come into the field.
1995. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
1996. Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.
1997. Exeunt all but DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1998. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
1999. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on

Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Caesar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.
2000. Enter a Soldier of CAESAR's
2001. Soldier
2002. Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.
2003. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
2004. I give it you.
2006. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: best you safed the bringer Out of the host; I must attend mine office, Or would have done't myself. Your emperor Continues still a Jove.
2007. Exit
2008. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
2009. I am alone the villain of the earth,

And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.
2010. Exit

## 2011. SCENE VII. Field of battle between the camps.

2012. Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and others
2013. AGRIPPA
2014. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:

Caesar himself has work, and our oppression Exceeds what we expected.
2015. Exeunt
2016. Alarums. Enter MARK ANTONY and SCARUS wounded
2017. SCARUS
2018. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.
2019. MARK ANTONY
2020. Thou bleed'st apace.
2021. SCARUS
2022. I had a wound here that was like a T,

But now 'tis made an H .
2023. MARK ANTONY
2024. They do retire.
2025. SCARUS
2026. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet

Room for six scotches more.
2027. Enter EROS
2028. EROS
2029. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves

For a fair victory.
2030. SCARUS
2031. Let us score their backs,

And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

## 2032. <br> MARK ANTONY

2033. I will reward thee

Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
2034. SCARUS
2035. I'll halt after.
2036. Exeunt

## 2037. SCENE VIII. Under the walls of Alexandria.

2038. Alarum. Enter MARK ANTONY, in a march; SCARUS, with others
2039. MARK ANTONY
2040. We have beat him to his camp: run one before, And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow, Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.
2041. To SCARUS
2042. Give me thy hand
2043. Enter CLEOPATRA, attended
2044. To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts, Make her thanks bless thee.
2045. To CLEOPATRA
2046. O thou day o' the world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!
2047. CLEOPATRA
2048. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
2049. MARK ANTONY
2050. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!
though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
2051. CLEOPATRA
2052. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
$\sum[219]$

## 2053. MARK ANTONY

2054. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled

Like holy Phoebus' car. Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together, And drink carouses to the next day's fate, Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters, With brazen din blast you the city's ear; Make mingle with rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach.
2055. Exeunt

## 2056. SCENE IX. OCTAVIUS CAESAR's camp.

## 2057. Sentinels at their post

2058. First Soldier
2059. If we be not relieved within this hour, We must return to the court of guard: the night Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle By the second hour i' the morn.
2060. Second Soldier
2061. This last day was

A shrewd one to's.
2062. Enter DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
2063. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
2064. O, bear me witness, night,--
2065. Third Soldier
2066. What man is this?
2067. Second Soldier
2068. Stand close, and list him.
2069. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
2070. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon, When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!
2071. First Soldier
2072. Enobarbus!
2073. Third Soldier
2074. Peace!

Hark further.
2075. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
2076. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy, The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me, That life, a very rebel to my will, May hang no longer on me: throw my heart Against the flint and hardness of my fault: Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder, And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony!
2077. Dies
2078. Second Soldier
2079. Let's speak To him.
2080. First Soldier
2081. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks

May concern Caesar.
2082. Third Soldier
2083. Let's do so. But he sleeps.
2084. First Soldier
2085. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.
2086. Second Soldier
2087. Go we to him.
2088. Third Soldier
2089. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.
2090. Second Soldier
2091. Hear you, sir?
2092. First Soldier
2093. The hand of death hath raught him.
2094. Drums afar off
2095. Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour Is fully out.
2096. Third Soldier
2097. Come on, then;

He may recover yet.
2098. Exeunt with the body

## 2099. SCENE X. Between the two camps.

2100. Enter MARK ANTONY and SCARUS, with their Army
2101. MARK ANTONY
2102. Their preparation is to-day by sea;

We please them not by land.
2103. SCARUS
2104. For both, my lord.
2105. MARK ANTONY
2106. I would they'ld fight $i$ ' the fire or $i$ ' the air;

We'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.
2107. Exeunt

## 2108. SCENE XI. Another part of the same.

2109. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, and his Army
2110. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2111. But being charged, we will be still by land, Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales, And hold our best advantage.
2112. Exeunt

## 2113. SCENE XII. Another part of the same.

2114. Enter MARK ANTONY and SCARUS
2115. MARK ANTONY
2116. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go.
2117. Exit
2118. SCARUS
2119. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly, And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts, His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear, Of what he has, and has not.
2120. Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight
2121. Re-enter MARK ANTONY
2122. MARK ANTONY
2123. All is lost;

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore!
'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.
2124. Exit SCARUS
2125. O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:

Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,--
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,--
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,


Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!
2126. Enter CLEOPATRA
2127. Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!
2128. CLEOPATRA
2129. Why is my lord enraged against his love?
2130. MARK ANTONY
2131. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,

And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.
2132. Exit CLEOPATRA
2133. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't. Eros, ho!
2134. Exit

## 2135. SCENE XIII. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

2136. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN
2137. CLEOPATRA
2138. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad

Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
2139. CHARMIAN
2140. To the monument!

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
2141. CLEOPATRA
2142. To the monument!

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.
To the monument!
2143. Exeunt


## 2144. SCENE XIV. The same. Another room.

2145. Enter MARK ANTONY and EROS
2146. MARK ANTONY
2147. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
2148. EROS
2149. Ay, noble lord.
2150. MARK ANTONY
2151. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen
these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
2152. EROS
2153. Ay, my lord,
2154. MARK ANTONY
2155. That which is now a horse, even with a thought The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct, As water is in water.
2156. EROS
2157. It does, my lord.
2158. MARK ANTONY
2159. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is

Even such a body: here I am Antony:
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt: and the queen,--
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,--she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.
2160. Enter MARDIAN
2161. O! thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.
2162. MARDIAN
2163. No, Antony;

My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

## 2164. MARK ANTONY

2165. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!

She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.
2166. MARDIAN
2167. Death of one person can be paid but once, And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
$\sum>224$

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break The name of Antony; it was divided Between her heart and lips: she render'd life, Thy name so buried in her.
2168. MARK ANTONY
2169. Dead, then?
2170. MARDIAN
2171. Dead.
2172. MARK ANTONY
2173. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done, And we must sleep.
2174. To MARDIAN
2175. That thou depart'st hence safe, Does pay thy labour richly; go.
2176. Exit MARDIAN
2177. Off, pluck off:

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.
2178. Exit EROS
2179. I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out, Lie down, and stray no farther: now all labour Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
Eros!--I come, my queen:--Eros!--Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her AEneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!
2180. Re-enter EROS
2181. EROS
2182. What would my lord?
2183. MARK ANTONY
2184. Since Cleopatra died,

I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Caesar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:


Thou strikest not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
2185. EROS
2186. The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
2187. MARK ANTONY
2188. Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?
2189. EROS
2190. I would not see't.
2191. MARK ANTONY
2192. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
2193. EROS
2194. O, sir, pardon me!
2195. MARK ANTONY
2196. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.
2197. EROS
2198. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance, Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
2199. MARK ANTONY
2200. Lo thee!
2201. Turning from him
2202. EROS
2203. My sword is drawn.
2204. MARK ANTONY
2205. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.
2206. EROS
2207. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
2208. MARK ANTONY
2209. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.
2210. EROS
2211. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
2212. MARK ANTONY
2213. Now, Eros.
2214. EROS
2215. Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death.
2216. Kills himself
2217. MARK ANTONY
2218. Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
2219. Falling on his sword
2220. I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?

The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!
2221. Enter DERCETAS and Guard
2222. First Guard
2223. What's the noise?
2224. MARK ANTONY
2225. I have done my work in, friends: O, make an end

Of what I have begun.
2226. Second Guard
2227. The star is fall'n.
2228. First Guard
2229. And time is at his period.
2230. All
2231. Alas, and woe!
2232. MARK ANTONY
2233. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
2234. First Guard
2235. Not I.
2236. Second Guard
2237. Nor I.
2238. Third Guard
2239. Nor any one.
2240. Exeunt Guard
2241. DERCETAS
2242. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings, Shall enter me with him.
2243. Enter DIOMEDES
2244. DIOMEDES
2245. Where's Antony?
2246. DERCETAS
2247. There, Diomed there.
2248. DIOMEDES
2249. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?
2250. Exit DERCETAS
2251. MARK ANTONY
2252. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.
2253. DIOMEDES
2254. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
2255. MARK ANTONY
2256. When did she send thee?
2257. DIOMEDES
2258. Now, my lord.
2259. MARK ANTONY
2260. Where is she?
2261. DIOMEDES
2262. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw--
Which never shall be found--you did suspect
She had disposed with Caesar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
2263. MARK ANTONY
2264. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.
2265. DIOMEDES
2266. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls!
2267. Enter four or five of the Guard of MARK ANTONY
2268. MARK ANTONY
2269. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
2270. First Guard
2271. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear

All your true followers out.
2272. All
2273. Most heavy day!
2274. MARK ANTONY
2275. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.
2276. Exeunt, bearing MARK ANTONY

## 2277. SCENE XV. The same. A monument.

2278. Enter CLEOPATRA and her maids aloft, with CHARMIAN and IRAS
2279. CLEOPATRA
2280. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
2281. CHARMIAN
2282. Be comforted, dear madam.
2283. CLEOPATRA
2284. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,


Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.
2285. Enter, below, DIOMEDES
2286. How now! is he dead?
2287. DIOMEDES
2288. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.
2289. Enter, below, MARK ANTONY, borne by the Guard
2290. CLEOPATRA
2291. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou movest in!
darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

## 2292. MARK ANTONY

2293. Peace!

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
2294. CLEOPATRA
2295. So it should be, that none but Antony

Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
2296. MARK ANTONY
2297. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only

I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay up thy lips.
2298. CLEOPATRA
2299. I dare not, dear,--

Dear my lord, pardon,--I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs,
serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,--
Help me, my women,--we must draw thee up:
Assist, good friends.
2300. MARK ANTONY
2301. O, quick, or I am gone.
2302. CLEOPATRA
2303. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,--
Wishes were ever fools,--O, come, come, come;
2304. They heave MARK ANTONY aloft to CLEOPATRA

2305. And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:

Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
2306. All
2307. A heavy sight!
2308. MARK ANTONY
2309. I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
2310. CLEOPATRA
2311. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high, That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel, Provoked by my offence.
2312. MARK ANTONY
2313. One word, sweet queen:

Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety. O!
2314. CLEOPATRA
2315. They do not go together.
2316. MARK ANTONY
2317. Gentle, hear me:

None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.
2318. CLEOPATRA
2319. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;

None about Caesar.
2320. MARK ANTONY
2321. The miserable change now at my end

Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,--a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
2322. CLEOPATRA
2323. Noblest of men, woo't die?

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
2324. MARK ANTONY dies
2325. The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!

O , wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.
2326. Faints
2327. CHARMIAN
2328. O, quietness, lady!
2329. IRAS
2330. She is dead too, our sovereign.
2331. CHARMIAN
$\sum[230]$
2332. Lady!
2333. IRAS
2334. Madam!
2335. CHARMIAN
2336. O madam, madam, madam!
2337. IRAS
2338. Royal Egypt, Empress!
2339. CHARMIAN
2340. Peace, peace, Iras!
2341. CLEOPATRA
2342. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is scottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart:
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,
what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
2343. Exeunt; those above bearing off MARK ANTONY's body

## 2344. ACT V

## 2345. SCENE I. Alexandria. OCTAVIUS CAESAR's camp.

2346. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECAENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his council of war
2347. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2348. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;

Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.
2349. DOLABELLA
2350. Caesar, I shall.
2351. Exit
2352. Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of MARK ANTONY
2353. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2354. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest

Appear thus to us?
2355. DERCETAS
2356. I am call'd Dercetas;

Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy


Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
2357. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2358. What is't thou say'st?
2359. DERCETAS
2360. I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.
2361. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2362. The breaking of so great a thing should make

A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
2363. DERCETAS
2364. He is dead, Caesar:

Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
2365. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2366. Look you sad, friends?

The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

## 2367. AGRIPPA

2368. And strange it is,

That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
2369. MECAENAS
2370. His taints and honours

Waged equal with him.
2371. AGRIPPA
2372. A rarer spirit never

Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touch'd.
2373. MECAENAS
2374. When such a spacious mirror's set before him, He needs must see himself.
2375. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2376. O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,


With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,--that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends--
But I will tell you at some meeter season:
2377. Enter an Egyptian
2378. The business of this man looks out of him;

We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?
2379. Egyptian
2380. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,

Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.
2381. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2382. Bid her have good heart:

She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Caesar cannot live
To be ungentle.
2383. Egyptian
2384. So the gods preserve thee!
2385. Exit
2386. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2387. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say, We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts The quality of her passion shall require, Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke She do defeat us; for her life in Rome Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says, And how you find of her.
2388. PROCULEIUS
2389. Caesar, I shall.
2390. Exit
2391. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2392. Gallus, go you along.
2393. Exit GALLUS
2394. Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?
2395. All
2396. Dolabella!
2397. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2398. Let him alone, for I remember now

How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;


How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this.
2399. Exeunt

## 2400. SCENE II. Alexandria. A room in the monument.

2401. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS
2402. CLEOPATRA
2403. My desolation does begin to make

A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Caesar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.
2404. Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS and Soldiers
2405. PROCULEIUS
2406. Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;

And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
2407. CLEOPATRA
2408. What's thy name?
2409. PROCULEIUS
2410. My name is Proculeius.
2411. CLEOPATRA
2412. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
2413. PROCULEIUS
2414. Be of good cheer;

You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
2415. CLEOPATRA
2416. Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
$\sum[234]$

A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

## 2417. PROCULEIUS

2418. This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.
2419. GALLUS
2420. You see how easily she may be surprised:
2421. Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates
2422. To PROCULEIUS and the Guard
2423. Guard her till Caesar come.
2424. Exit
2425. IRAS
2426. Royal queen!
2427. CHARMIAN
2428. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen:
2429. CLEOPATRA
2430. Quick, quick, good hands.
2431. Drawing a dagger
2432. PROCULEIUS
2433. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
2434. Seizes and disarms her
2435. Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this

Relieved, but not betray'd.
2436. CLEOPATRA
2437. What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish?
2438. PROCULEIUS
2439. Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
2440. CLEOPATRA
2441. Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worthy many babes and beggars!
2442. PROCULEIUS
2443. O, temperance, lady!
2444. CLEOPATRA
2445. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
$\sum[235]$

Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!
2446. PROCULEIUS
2447. You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Caesar.
2448. Enter DOLABELLA
2449. DOLABELLA
2450. Proculeius,

What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows, And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.
2451. PROCULEIUS
2452. So, Dolabella,

It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
2453. To CLEOPATRA
2454. To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,

If you'll employ me to him.
2455. CLEOPATRA
2456. Say, I would die.
2457. Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers
2458. DOLABELLA
2459. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
2460. CLEOPATRA
2461. I cannot tell.
2462. DOLABELLA
2463. Assuredly you know me.
2464. CLEOPATRA
2465. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?
2466. DOLABELLA
2467. I understand not, madam.
2468. CLEOPATRA
2469. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony:

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
2470. DOLABELLA
2471. If it might please ye,--
2472. CLEOPATRA
2473. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course,
and lighted
The little O, the earth.
2474. DOLABELLA
2475. Most sovereign creature,--
2476. CLEOPATRA

2477. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm

Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
2478. DOLABELLA
2479. Cleopatra!
2480. CLEOPATRA
2481. Think you there was, or might be, such a man

As this I dream'd of?
2482. DOLABELLA
2483. Gentle madam, no.
2484. CLEOPATRA
2485. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
And Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
2486. DOLABELLA
2487. Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.
2488. CLEOPATRA
2489. I thank you, sir,

Know you what Caesar means to do with me?
2490. DOLABELLA
2491. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
2492. CLEOPATRA
2493. Nay, pray you, sir,--
2494. DOLABELLA
2495. Though he be honourable,--
2496. CLEOPATRA
2497. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
2498. DOLABELLA
2499. Madam, he will; I know't.
2500. Flourish, and shout within, 'Make way there: Octavius Caesar!'
2501. Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECAENAS, SELEUCUS, and others of his Train
2502. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2503. Which is the Queen of Egypt?
2504. DOLABELLA

2505. It is the emperor, madam.
2506. CLEOPATRA kneels
2507. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2508. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
2509. CLEOPATRA
2510. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord I must obey.
2511. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2512. Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us, Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
2513. CLEOPATRA
2514. Sole sir o' the world, I cannot project mine own cause so well To make it clear; but do confess I have Been laden with like frailties which before Have often shamed our sex.
2515. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2516. Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
2517. CLEOPATRA
2518. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we, Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

## 2519. OCTAVIUS CAESAR

2520. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
2521. CLEOPATRA
2522. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels, I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?
2523. SELEUCUS
2524. Here, madam.
2525. CLEOPATRA
2526. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
2527. SELEUCUS
2528. Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril, Speak that which is not.
$\sum<238<$

## 2529. CLEOPATRA

2530. What have I kept back?
2531. SELEUCUS
2532. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
2533. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2534. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve

Your wisdom in the deed.
2535. CLEOPATRA
2536. See, Caesar! O, behold,

How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired! What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!
2537. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2538. Good queen, let us entreat you.
2539. CLEOPATRA
2540. O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this, That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have.
2541. To SELEUCUS
2542. Prithee, go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.
2543. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2544. Forbear, Seleucus.
2545. Exit SELEUCUS
2546. CLEOPATRA
2547. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.
2548. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2549. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged, Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't yours,
$\sum[239<$

Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Caesar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.
2550. CLEOPATRA
2551. My master, and my lord!
2552. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2553. Not so. Adieu.
2554. Flourish. Exeunt OCTAVIUS CAESAR and his train
2555. CLEOPATRA
2556. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.
2557. Whispers CHARMIAN
2558. IRAS
2559. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,

And we are for the dark.
2560. CLEOPATRA
2561. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.
2562. CHARMIAN
2563. Madam, I will.
2564. Re-enter DOLABELLA
2565. DOLABELLA
2566. Where is the queen?
2567. CHARMIAN
2568. Behold, sir.
2569. Exit
2570. CLEOPATRA
2571. Dolabella!
2572. DOLABELLA
2573. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.
2574. CLEOPATRA
2575. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.
2576. DOLABELLA
2577. I your servant,

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar.
2578. CLEOPATRA
2579. Farewell, and thanks.
2580. Exit DOLABELLA
2581. Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

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

## 2582. IRAS

2583. The gods forbid!
2584. CLEOPATRA
2585. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.
2586. IRAS
2587. O the good gods!
2588. CLEOPATRA
2589. Nay, that's certain.
2590. IRAS
2591. I'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.
2592. CLEOPATRA
2593. Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.
2594. Re-enter CHARMIAN
2595. Now, Charmian!

Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?
2596. Exit IRAS. A noise within
2597. Enter a Guardsman
2598. Guard
2599. Here is a rural fellow

That will not be denied your highness presence:
He brings you figs.
2600. CLEOPATRA
2601. Let him come in.
2602. Exit Guardsman
2603. What poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot


I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.
2604. Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket
2605. Guard
2606. This is the man.
2607. CLEOPATRA
2608. Avoid, and leave him.
2609. Exit Guardsman
2610. Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there, That kills and pains not?
2611. Clown
2612. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.
2613. CLEOPATRA
2614. Rememberest thou any that have died on't?
2615. Clown
2616. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.
2617. CLEOPATRA
2618. Get thee hence; farewell.
2619. Clown
2620. I wish you all joy of the worm.
2621. Setting down his basket
2622. CLEOPATRA
2623. Farewell.
2624. Clown
2625. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.
2626. CLEOPATRA
2627. Ay, ay; farewell.
2628. Clown
2629. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in worm.
2630. CLEOPATRA
2631. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.
2632. Clown
2633. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.
2634. CLEOPATRA
2635. Will it eat me?
2636. Clown

2637. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.
2638. CLEOPATRA
2639. Well, get thee gone; farewell.
2640. Clown
2641. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm.
2642. Exit
2643. Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, \& $c$

## 2644. CLEOPATRA

2645. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have

Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
2646. Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies
2647. Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world It is not worth leave-taking.
2648. CHARMIAN
2649. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say, The gods themselves do weep!
2650. CLEOPATRA
2651. This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
2652. To an asp, which she applies to her breast
2653. With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak, That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpolicied!
2654. CHARMIAN
2655. O eastern star!
2656. CLEOPATRA
2657. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
2658. CHARMIAN
2659. O, break! O, break!
2660. CLEOPATRA
2661. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,--

O Antony!--Nay, I will take thee too.
2662. Applying another asp to her arm
2663. What should I stay--
2664. Dies
2665. CHARMIAN
2666. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.
2667. Enter the Guard, rushing in
2668. First Guard
2669. Where is the queen?
2670. CHARMIAN
2671. Speak softly, wake her not.
2672. First Guard
2673. Caesar hath sent--
2674. CHARMIAN
2675. Too slow a messenger.
2676. Applies an asp
2677. O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.
2678. First Guard
2679. Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguiled.
2680. Second Guard
2681. There's Dolabella sent from Caesar; call him.
2682. First Guard
2683. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?
2684. CHARMIAN
2685. It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier!
2686. Dies
2687. Re-enter DOLABELLA
2688. DOLABELLA
2689. How goes it here?
2690. Second Guard
2691. All dead.
2692. DOLABELLA
2693. Caesar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
2694. Within 'A way there, a way for Caesar!'

2695. Re-enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR and all his train marching
2696. DOLABELLA
2697. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;

That you did fear is done.
2698. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2699. Bravest at the last,

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
2700. DOLABELLA
2701. Who was last with them?
2702. First Guard
2703. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:

This was his basket.
2704. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2705. Poison'd, then.
2706. First Guard
2707. O Caesar,

This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropp'd.
2708. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2709. O noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
2710. DOLABELLA
2711. Here, on her breast, There is a vent of blood and something blown:
The like is on her arm.
2712. First Guard
2713. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
2714. OCTAVIUS CAESAR
2715. Most probable

That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.


## Coriolanus

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Jump to: navigation, search
This article is about the Shakespeare play. For other uses, see Coriolanus (disambiguation).


Coriolanus, Act V, Scene III. Engraved by James Caldwell from a painting by Gavin Hamilton.
Coriolanus is a tragedy by William Shakespeare, believed to have been written between 1605 and 1608 . The play is based on the life of the legendary Roman leader, Gaius Marcius Coriolanus.

## Contents

## [hide]

- 1 Characters
- 2 Synopsis
- 3 Source
- 4 Date and text
- 5 Performance history
- 6 Critical appraisal
- 7 References
- 8 Further reading
- 9 External links


## [] Characters

- Caius Martius, later surnamed Coriolanus
- Menenius Agrippa, Senator of Rome
- Aufidius's Servingmen
- Conspirators with Aufidius
$\sum[246]$
- Cominius, Titus Lartius, generals
- Volumnia, Coriolanus's mother
- Virgilia, Coriolanus's wife
- Young Martius, Coriolanus's son
- Valeria, a lady of Rome
- Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, tribunes of Rome
- Citizens of Rome
- Soldiers in the Roman Army
- Tullus Aufidius, general of the Volscian army
- Aufidius's Lieutenant
- Volscian Lords
- Volscian *A gentlewoman, an usher, Roman and Volscian senators and nobles, captains in the Roman army, officers, lictors


## [] Synopsis


"Virgilia bewailing the absence of Coriolanus" by Thomas Woolner
The play opens in Rome shortly after the expulsion of the Tarquin kings. There are riots in progress, after stores of grain were withheld from ordinary citizens. The rioters are particularly angry at Caius Martius, ${ }^{[1]}$ a brilliant Roman general whom they blame for the grain's being taken away. The rioters encounter a patrician named Menenius Agrippa, as well as Caius Martius himself. Menenius tries to calm the rioters, while Martius is openly contemptuous, and says that the plebeians were not worthy of the grain because of their lack of military service. Two of the tribunes of Rome, Brutus and Sicinius, privately denounce Martius. He leaves Rome after news arrives that a Volscian army is in the field.


The commander of the Volscian army, Tullus Aufidius, has fought Martius on several occasions and considers him a blood enemy. The Roman army is commanded by Cominius, with Martius as his deputy. While Cominius takes his soldiers to meet Aufidius' army, Martius leads a rally against the Volscian city of Corioles. The siege of Corioles is initially unsuccessful, but Martius is able to force open the gates of the city, and the Romans conquer it. Even though he is exhausted from the fighting, Martius marches quickly to join Cominius and fight the other Volscian force. Martius and Aufidius meet in single combat, which only ends when Aufidius' own soldiers drag him away from the battle.

In recognition of his great courage, Cominius gives Caius Martius the cognomen of "Coriolanus". When they return to Rome, Coriolanus' mother Volumnia encourages her son to run for consul. Coriolanus is hesitant to do this, but he bows to his mother's wishes. He effortlessly wins the support of the Roman Senate, and seems at first to have won over the commoners as well. However, Brutus and Sicinius scheme to undo Coriolanus and whip up another riot in opposition to his becoming consul. Faced with this opposition, Coriolanus flies into a rage and rails against the concept of popular rule. He compares allowing plebeians to have power over the patricians to allowing "crows to peck the eagles". The two tribunes condemn Coriolanus as a traitor for his words, and order him to be banished.

After being exiled from Rome, Coriolanus seeks out Aufidius in the Volscian capital of Antium, and offers for Aufidius to kill him in order to spite the country that banished him. Moved by his plight and honored to fight alongside the great general, Aufidius and his superiors embrace Coriolanus, and allow him to lead a new assault on the city.

Rome, in its panic, tries desperately to persuade Coriolanus to halt his crusade for vengeance, but both Cominius and Menenius fail. Finally, Volumnia is sent to meet with her son, along with Coriolanus' wife Virgilia and child, and a chaste gentlewoman Valeria. Volumnia succeeds in dissuading her son from destroying Rome, and Coriolanus instead concludes a peace treaty between the Volscians and the Romans. When Coriolanus returns to the Volscian capital, conspirators, organised by Aufidius, kill him for his betrayal.

## [] Source



Facsimile of the first page of The Tragedy of Coriolanus from the First Folio, published in 1623


Coriolanus is largely based on the "Life of Coriolanus" as it is described in Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's Lives of the Noble Greeks and Romans (1579). The wording of Menenius's speech about the body politic is derived from William Camden's Remains (1605). ${ }^{[2]}$

Other sources have been suggested, but are less certain. Shakespeare may also have used Livy's $\underline{A b}$ Urbe condita, as translated by Philemon Holland, and possibly a digest of Livy by Lucius Annaeus Florus; both of these were commonly used texts in Elizabethan schools. Machiavelli's discourses on Livy were available in manuscript translations, and could also have been used by Shakespeare. ${ }^{[3]}$

## [] Date and text

Most scholars date Coriolanus to the period 1605-10, with 1608-9 being considered the most likely, but the available evidence does not permit great certainty.

The earliest date for the play rests on the fact that Menenis's fable of the belly is derived from William Camden's Remaines of a Greater Worke, Concerning Britaine. This book was published in 1605 (although it is possible that Shakespeare could have seen a pre-publication manscript as early as 1603). The later date derives from the fact that several other texts from 1610 or thereabouts seem to allude to Coriolans, including Ben Jonson's Epicoene, Robert Armin's Phantasma and John Fletcher's' The Tamer Tamed. ${ }^{[4]}$

Some scholars note some evidence that may narrow down the dating to the period 1607-9. One line may be inspired by George Chapman's translation of the Iliad (late 1608). ${ }^{[5]}$ References to "the coal of fire upon the ice" (I.i) and to squabbles over ownership of channels of water (III.i) could be inspired by the Thomas Dekker's description of the freezing of the Thames in 1607-8 and Hugh Myddleton's project to bring water to London by channels in 1608-9 respectively. ${ }^{[6]}$ Another possible connection with 1608 is that the surviving text of the play is divided into acts; this suggests that it could have been written for the indoor Blackfriars Theatre, which Shakespeare's company began to perform at in 1608; however, the act-breaks could instead have been introduced later. ${ }^{[7]}$

The play's themes of popular discontent with government have been connected by scholars with the Midlands Uprising, a series of peasant riots in 1607 that would have impacted Shakespeare as an owner of land in Stratford-upon-Avon; and the debates over the charter for the City of London, which Shakespeare would have been aware of, as it affected the legal status of the area surrounding the Blackfriars Theatre. ${ }^{[8]}$

For these reasons, R.B. Parker suggests "late $1608 \ldots$ to early 1609 " as the likeliest date of composition, while Lee Bliss suggests composition by late 1608, and the first public performances in "late December 1609 or February 1610". Parker acknowledges that the evidence is "scanty ... and mostly inferential". ${ }^{[9]}$

The play was first published in the First Folio of 1623. Elements of the text, such as the uncommonly detailed stage directions, lead some Shakespeare scholars to believe the text was prepared from a theatrical prompt book.

## [] Performance history

Like some of Shakespeare's other plays (All's Well That Ends Well; Timon of Athens), there is no recorded performance of Coriolanus prior to the Restoration. After 1660, however, its themes made it a natural choice for times of political turmoil. The first known performance was Nahum Tate's bloody 1682 adaptation at Drury Lane. Seemingly undeterred by the earlier suppression of his Richard II, Tate offered a Coriolanus that was faithful to Shakespeare through four acts before becoming a Websterian bloodbath in the fifth act. A later adaptation, John Dennis's The Invader of His Country, or The Fatal Resentment, was booed off the stage after three performances in 1719. The title and date indicate Dennis's intent, a vitriolic attack on the Jacobite 'Fifteen.
(Similar intentions motivated James Thomson's 1745 version, though this bears only a very slight resemblance to Shakespeare's play. Its principal connection to Shakespeare is indirect; Thomas Sheridan's 1752 production at Smock Alley used some passages of Thomson's. David Garrick returned to Shakespeare's text in a 1754 Drury Lane production. ${ }^{[10]}$

The most famous Coriolanus in history is Laurence Olivier, who first played the part triumphantly at the Old Vic Theatre in 1937 and returned to it to even greater acclaim at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in 1959. In that production, he famously performed Coriolanus's death scene by dropping backwards from a high platform and being suspended upside-down (without the aid of wires), being reminiscent of Mussolini. ${ }^{[11]}$ In 1971 the play returned to the Old Vic in a National Theatre production directed by Manfred Wekwerth and Joachim Tenschert with stage design by Karl von Appen. Anthony Hopkins played Coriolanus, with Constance Cummings as Volumnia and Anna Carteret as Virgilia.

Another notable Coriolanus of the twentieth century was Richard Burton, who also recorded the complete play for Caedmon Records.

Other famous performances of Coriolanus include Ian McKellen, Toby Stephens, Robert Ryan, Christopher Walken and Ralph Fiennes. Alan Howard played Coriolanus in the 1984 BBC production. ${ }^{[12]}$ In 2010, Ralph $\overline{\text { Fiennes }}$ is making his debut as a director with a contemporary retelling, with himself in the main role. ${ }^{[13]}$

## [] Critical appraisal

A. C. Bradley described this play as "built on the grand scale,," ${ }^{[14]}$ like King Lear and Macbeth, but it differs from those two masterpieces in an important way. The warrior Coriolanus is perhaps the most opaque of Shakespeare's tragic heroes, rarely pausing to soliloquize or reveal the motives behind his prideful isolation from Roman society. In this way, he is less like the effervescent and reflective Shakespearean heroes/heroines such as Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear and Cleopatra, and more like figures from ancient classical literature such as Achilles, Odysseus, and Aeneas-or, to turn to literary creations from Shakespeare's time, the Marlovian conqueror Tamburlaine, whose militaristic pride finds a descendant in Coriolanus. Readers and playgoers have often found him an unsympathetic character, although his caustic pride is strangely, almost delicately balanced at times by a reluctance to be praised by his compatriots and an unwillingness to exploit and slander for political gain. The play is less frequently produced than the other tragedies of the later period, and is not so universally regarded as "great." (Bradley, for instance, declined to number it among his famous four in the landmark critical work Shakespearean Tragedy.) In his book Shakespeare's Language, Frank Kermode described Coriolanus as "probably the most fiercely and ingeniously planned and expressed of all the tragedies". ${ }^{[15]}$
T. S. Eliot famously proclaimed Coriolanus' superior to Hamlet in The Sacred Wood, in which he calls the former play, along with Antony and Cleopatra, the Bard's greatest tragic achievement. Eliot alludes to Coriolanus in a passage from his own The Waste Land.

Bertolt Brecht adapted Shakespeare's play in 1952-5, as Coriolan for the Berliner Ensemble. He intended to make it a tragedy of the workers, not the individual, and introduce the alienation effect; his journal notes showing that he found many of his own effects already in the text, he considered staging the play with only minimal changes. The adaptation was unfinished at Brecht's death in 1956; it was completed by Manfred Wekwerth and Joachim Tenschert and staged in Frankfurt in 1962. ${ }^{[16]}$

Coriolanus has the distinction of being among the few Shakespeare plays banned in a democracy in modern times. ${ }^{[17]}$ It was briefly suppressed in France in the late 1930 s because of its use by the fascist element. ${ }^{[18]}$

Coriolanus has less familiar characters than either Troilus and Cressida or Antony and Cleopatra. Yet it shares thematic interests with these plays. ${ }^{[19]}$

## [] References

1. $\wedge$ So spelled in the 1623 Folio, otherwise known as Marcius, i.e., a member of the gens Marcia.
2. ^^R.B. Parker, ed. Coriolanus (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1994), 17-21.
3. $\wedge$ Parker, 18-19
4. $\wedge$ Lee Bliss, ed. Coriolanus (Cambridge University Press, 2000), pp. 1-2; R.B. Parker, Coriolanus (Oxford University Press, 1994), 2-3.
5. ^ Parker, 4-5; Bliss, 6-7.
6. $\wedge$ Parker, 5-6; Bliss,3-4.
7. $\bar{\wedge}$ Bliss, 4-7.
8. $\wedge$ Parker, 6-7.
9. ^ Parker, 7, 2; Bliss, 7
10. ^^ F. E. Halliday, A Shakespeare Companion 1564-1964, Baltimore, Penguin, 1964; p. 116.
11. $\stackrel{\wedge}{\wedge}$
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14. ^ Bradley, Shakespearean Tragedy
15. ^ Kermode, Shakespeare's Language (Penguin Books 2001, p254).
16. ^ Brown, Langdon, ed. Shakespeare Around the Globe: A Guide to Notable Postwar Revivals (New York: Greenwood Press, 1986): 82.
17. $\wedge$ Maurois, Andre. The Miracle of France. Henri Lorin Binsse, trans. New York: Harpers, 1948: 432
18. ^ Parker 123
19. ^_Coriolanus, William Shakespeare and Lee Bliss, Cambridge University Press, 2000, pg. 32.

## THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

by William Shakespeare

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman


TITUS LARTIUS, General against the Volscians
COMINIUS, General against the Volscians
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus
SICINIUS VELUTUS, Tribune of the People
JUNIUS BRUTUS, Tribune of the People
YOUNG MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus
A ROMAN HERALD
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians
LIEUTENANT, to Aufidius
Conspirators with Aufidius
A CITIZEN of Antium
TWO VOLSCIAN GUARDS

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus
VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus
VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia
GENTLEWOMAN attending on Virgilia
Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Aediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants

## SCENE: Partly in Rome, and partly in the territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I. Rome. A street.

[Enter a company of mutinous citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.]
FIRST CITIZEN.
Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.
ALL.
Speak, speak.
FIRST CITIZEN.
You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

## ALL.

Resolved, resolved.

## FIRST CITIZEN.

First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.
ALL.
We know't, we know't.

FIRST CITIZEN. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

## ALL.

No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away!

## SECOND CITIZEN.

One word, good citizens.
FIRST CITIZEN. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.-Let us revenge this with our pikes ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

## SECOND CITIZEN.

Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?
FIRST CITIZEN.
Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

## SECOND CITIZEN.

Consider you what services he has done for his country?
FIRST CITIZEN. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

## SECOND CITIZEN.

Nay, but speak not maliciously.
FIRST CITIZEN. I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

SECOND CITIZEN. What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

FIRST CITIZEN. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

ALL.
Come, come.

## FIRST CITIZEN.

Soft! who comes here?

## SECOND CITIZEN.

Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

## FIRST CITIZEN.

He's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!

## [Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.]

## MENENIUS.

What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.
FIRST CITIZEN. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

## MENENIUS.

Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, Will you undo yourselves?

FIRST CITIZEN.
We cannot, sir; we are undone already.
MENENIUS.
I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment: for the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' th' state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

FIRST CITIZEN. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

## MENENIUS.

Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale't a little more.
FIRST CITIZEN. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

## MENENIUS.

There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:-
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,-

## FIRST CITIZEN.

Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

## MENENIUS.

Sir, I shall tell you.-With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,-
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak,-it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

## FIRST CITIZEN.

Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helps Is this our fabric, if that they,-

## MENENIUS.

What then? -
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!-what then? what then?

## FIRST CITIZEN.

Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,-
MENENIUS.
Well, what then?

## FIRST CITIZEN.

The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?

## MENENIUS.

I will tell you;


If you'll bestow a small,—of what you have little,-
Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

## FIRST CITIZEN.

You are long about it.

## MENENIUS.

Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he, 'That I receive the general food at first Which you do live upon; and fit it is, Because I am the storehouse and the shop Of the whole body: but, if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,-to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once
You, my good friends,'-this says the belly,-mark me,-
FIRST CITIZEN.
Ay, sir; well, well.
MENENIUS.
'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't?

## FIRST CITIZEN.

It was an answer: how apply you this?

## MENENIUS.

The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for, examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.-What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?

## FIRST CITIZEN.

I the great toe? why the great toe?

## MENENIUS.

For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,


Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run, Lead'st first to win some vantage.-
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.-

## [Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.]

Hail, noble Marcius!
MARCIUS.
Thanks.-What's the matter, you dissentious rogues That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, Make yourselves scabs?

## FIRST CITIZEN.

We have ever your good word.

## MARCIUS.

He that will give good words to thee will flatter Beneath abhorring.-What would you have, you curs, That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you, The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, Where he should find you lions, finds you hares; Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no, Than is the coal of fire upon the ic, Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead, And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate, Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter, That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who, Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else Would feed on one another?-What's their seeking?

## MENENIUS.

For corn at their own rates; whereof they say
The city is well stor'd.

## MARCIUS.

Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by th' fire and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,


Who thrives and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

## MENENIUS.

Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion, Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you, What says the other troop?

## MARCIUS.

They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,-
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:-with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them,-a strange one,
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,-they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

## MENENIUS.

What is granted them?

## MARCIUS.

Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms, Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not.-'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
MENENIUS.
This is strange.
MARCIUS.
Go get you home, you fragments!
[Enter a MESSENGER, hastily.]
MESSENGER.
Where's Caius Marcius?


## MARCIUS.

Here: what's the matter?

MESSENGER.
The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
MARCIUS.
I am glad on't: then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity.-See, our best elders.
[Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other SENATORS; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.]

FIRST SENATOR.
Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us:-
The Volsces are in arms.
MARCIUS.
They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I anything but what I am, I would wish me only he.

COMINIUS.
You have fought together.

## MARCIUS.

Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

FIRST SENATOR.
Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COMINIUS.
It is your former promise.
MARCIUS.
Sir, it is;
And I am constant.-Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

TITUS LARTIUS.
No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with the other
Ere stay behind this business.


MENENIUS.
O, true bred!

FIRST SENATOR.
Your company to the Capitol; where, I know, Our greatest friends attend us.

TITUS LARTIUS.
Lead you on.
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy your priority.
COMINIUS.
Noble Marcius!
FIRST SENATOR.
Hence to your homes; be gone!
[To the Citizens.]

## MARCIUS.

Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners.-Worshipful mutineers, Your valour puts well forth: pray follow.
[Exeunt Senators, COM., MAR, TIT., and MENEN. Citizens steal away.]
SICINIUS.
Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
BRUTUS.
He has no equal.
SICINIUS.
When we were chosen tribunes for the people,-
BRUTUS.
Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
SICINIUS.
Nay, but his taunts!

## BRUTUS.

Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

## SICINIUS.

Bemock the modest moon.


BRUTUS.
The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

## SICINIUS.

Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder His insolence can brook to be commanded Under Cominius.

BRUTUS.
Fame, at the which he aims,-
In whom already he is well grac'd,-cannot Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To th' utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'
SICINIUS.
Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.
BRUTUS.
Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius, Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed, In aught he merit not.

SICINIUS.
Let's hence and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion, More than in singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
BRUTUS.
Let's along.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. Corioli. The Senate House.

[Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and certain SENATORS.]


## FIRST SENATOR.

So, your opinion is, Aufidius, That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels And know how we proceed.

## AUFIDIUS.

Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention! 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here;yes, here it is:
[Reads.]
'They have pressed a power, but it is not known Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,-
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman, These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.'

## FIRST SENATOR.

Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

## AUFIDIUS.

Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

## SECOND SENATOR.

Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before's, for the remove Bring up your army; but I think you'll find
They've not prepared for us.

## AUFIDIUS.

O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,

'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike Till one can do no more.

ALL.
The gods assist you!

## AUFIDIUS.

And keep your honours safe!

## FIRST SENATOR.

Farewell.
SECOND SENATOR.
Farewell.

## ALL. Farewell.

## [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III. Rome. An apartmnet in MARCIUS' house.

[Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA; they sit down on two low stools and sew.]
VOLUMNIA. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort; if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,-considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall if renown made it not stir;-was pleased to let him seek danger where he was to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

## VIRGILIA.

But had he died in the business, madam? how then?
VOLUMNIA. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely,-had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

## [Enter a GENTLEWOMAN.]

GENTLEWOMAN.
Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.
VIRGILIA.
Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.


VOLUMNIA.
Indeed you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:-
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear
Though you were born in Rome:' his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes, Like to a harvest-man that's tasked to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

VIRGILIA.
His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

VOLUMNIA.
Away, you fool! It more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba, When she did suckle Hector, looked not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending.-Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome.

## [Exit GENTLEWOMAN.]

VIRGILIA.
Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

VOLUMNIA.
He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.
[Re-enter GENTLEWOMAN, with VALERIA and her Usher.]

VALERIA.
My ladies both, good-day to you.

VOLUMNIA.
Sweet madam.

VIRGILIA.
I am glad to see your ladyship.
VALERIA. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.-How does your little son?

VIRGILIA.
I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.
VOLUMNIA. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

VALERIA. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday, half an hour together: has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

## VOLUMNIA.

One on's father's moods.

VALERIA.
Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.
VIRGILIA.
A crack, madam.
VALERIA. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.
VIRGILIA.
No, good madam; I will not out of doors.
VALERIA.
Not out of doors!
VOLUMNIA.
She shall, she shall.
VIRGILIA. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.
VALERIA. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably; come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.
VIRGILIA. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.
VOLUMNIA.
Why, I pray you?
VIRGILIA.
'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.
VALERIA. You would be another Penelope; yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity.-Come, you shall go with us.

## VIRGILIA.

No, good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.
VALERIA. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.
VIRGILIA.
O, good madam, there can be none yet.

VALERIA. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.
VIRGILIA.
Indeed, madam?
VALERIA. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:-the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

VIRGILIA. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.
VOLUMNIA. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.
VALERIA. In troth, I think she would.-Fare you well, then.-Come, good sweet lady.-Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door and go along with us.

VIRGILIA.
No, at a word, madam; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.
VALERIA.
Well then, farewell.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV. Before Corioli.

[Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and soldiers.]

## MARCIUS.

Yonder comes news:-a wager they have met.

## LARTIUS.

My horse to yours, no.
MARCIUS.
'Tis done.
LARTIUS.
Agreed.
[Enter a Messenger.]
MARCIUS.
Say, has our general met the enemy?
MESSENGER.
They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.


## LARTIUS.

So, the good horse is mine.

## MARCIUS.

I'll buy him of you.
LARTIUS.
No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will
For half a hundred years.-Summon the town.

## MARCIUS.

How far off lie these armies?
MESSENGER.
Within this mile and half.
MARCIUS.
Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.-
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence
To help our fielded friends!-Come, blow thy blast.
[They sound a parley. Enter, on the Walls, some Senators and others.]
Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
FIRST SENATOR.
No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little.
[Drum afar off]
Hark, our drums
Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves.
[Alarum far off.]
Hark you far off!
There is Aufidius; list what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.
MARCIUS.
O, they are at it!

## LARTIUS.

Their noise be our instruction.-Ladders, ho!
[The Volsces enter and pass over.]
MARCIUS.
They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight


With hearts more proof than shields.-Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath.-Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.
[Alarums, and exeunt Romeans and Volsces fighting. Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.]

MARCIUS.
All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome!-you herd of-Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
If you'll stand fast we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches.
[Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.]

So, now the gates are ope:-now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[He enters the gates]
FIRST SOLDIER.
Fool-hardiness: not I.

SECOND SOLDIER.
Nor I.
[MARCIUS is shut in.]
FIRST SOLDIER.
See, they have shut him in.

## ALL.

To th' pot, I warrant him.
[Alarum continues]
[Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.]


## ALL.

Slain, sir, doubtless.

## FIRST SOLDIER.

Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone, To answer all the city.

LARTIUS.
O noble fellow!
Who sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And when it bows stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world Were feverous and did tremble.
[Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.]
FIRST SOLDIER.
Look, sir.
LARTIUS.
O, 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[They fight, and all enter the city.]

## SCENE V. Within Corioli. A street.

[Enter certain Romans, with spoils.]
FIRST ROMAN.
This will I carry to Rome.
SECOND ROMAN.
And I this.
THIRD ROMAN.
A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[Alarum continues still afar off.]

## MARCIUS.

See here these movers that do prize their hours At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons, Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves, Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:-down with them!And hark, what noise the general makes!-To him!-
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, Piercing our Romans; then, valiant Titus, take Convenient numbers to make good the city; Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste To help Cominius.

## LARTIUS.

Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.
MARCIUS.
Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well;
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
LARTIUS.
Now the fair goddess, Fortune, Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman, Prosperity be thy page!

## MARCIUS.

Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest!-So farewell.
LARTIUS.
Thou worthiest Marcius!-
[Exit MARCIUS.]
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town, Where they shall know our mind: away!
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE VI. Near the camp of COMINIUS.

## [Enter COMINIUS and Foreces, retreating.]

## COMINIUS.

Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs, We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck, By interims and conveying gusts we have heard The charges of our friends. The Roman gods, Lead their successes as we wish our own, That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering, May give you thankful sacrifice!-

## [Enter A MESSENGER.]

Thy news?
MESSENGER.
The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
COMINIUS.
Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
MESSENGER.
Above an hour, my lord.

## COMINIUS.

'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums: How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring thy news so late?

## MESSENGER.

Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.
COMINIUS.
Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

MARCIUS.
[Within.] Come I too late?

## COMINIUS.

The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

## [Enter MARCIUS.]

## MARCIUS.

Come I too late?

## COMINIUS.

Ay, if you come not in the blood of others, But mantled in your own.

MARCIUS.
O! let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

## COMINIUS.

Flower of warriors, How is't with Titus Lartius?

## MARCIUS.

As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
COMINIUS.
Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where's he? call him hither.

## MARCIUS.

Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen, The common file,-a plague!-tribunes for them!The mouse ne'er shunned the cat as they did budge From rascals worse than they.

COMINIUS.
But how prevail'd you?


MARCIUS.
Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

## COMINIUS.

Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did Retire, to win our purpose.

## MARCIUS.

How lies their battle? know you on which side They have placed their men of trust?

## COMINIUS.

As I guess, Marcius, Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates, Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius, Their very heart of hope.

MARCIUS.
I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought, By the blood we have shed together, by the vows We have made to endure friends, that you directly Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but, Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts, We prove this very hour.

COMINIUS.
Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
MARCIUS.
Those are they
That most are willing.-If any such be here,-
As it were sin to doubt,-that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus [waving his hand], to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.
[They all shout and wave their swords; take him up in their arms and cast up their caps.]

O, me alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
COMINIUS.
March on, my fellows;
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE VII. The gates of Corioli.

[TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a LIEUTENANT, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.]

LARTIUS.
So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field
We cannot keep the town.

## LIEUTENANT.

Fear not our care, sir.

## LARTIUS.

Hence, and shut your gates upon's.-
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE VIII. A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.

[Alarum. Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.]
MARCIUS.
I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

AUFIDIUS.
We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.
MARCIUS.
Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
AUFIDIUS.
If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

MARCIUS.
Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls, And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge Wrench up thy power to the highest.

## AUFIDIUS.

Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny, Thou shouldst not scape me here.-
[They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.]

Officious, and not valiant,-you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.
[Exeunt fighting, driven in by MAR.]

## SCENE IX. The Roman camp.

[Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter, at one side, COMINIUS and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.]

COMINIUS.
If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou't not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts 'We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.


## LARTIUS.

O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld,-

## MARCIUS.

Pray now, no more: my mother, Who has a charter to extol her blood, When she does praise me grieves me. I have done As you have done,-that's what I can; induced As you have been,-that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.
COMINIUS.
You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you,-
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,-before our army hear me.
MARCIUS.
I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
COMINIUS.
Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,-
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,-of all
The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth
Before the common distribution at
Your only choice.
MARCIUS.
I thank you, general,
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.
[A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius, Marcius!', cast up their caps and lances. COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.]

May these same instruments which you profane
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be Made all of false-fac'd soothing.
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars.
No more, I say! for that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,-
Which, without note, here's many else have done,-
You shout me forth in acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.
COMINIUS.
Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly; by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you,-
Like one that means his proper harm,-in manacles, Then reason safely with you.-Therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause-and clamour of the host,
'Caius Marcius Coriolanus.'-
Bear the addition nobly ever!
[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums]
ALL.
Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

## CORIOLANUS.

I will go wash;
And when my face is fair you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you;-
I mean to stride your steed; and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

## COMINIUS.

So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write To Rome of our success.-You, Titus Lartius, Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome The best, with whom we may articulate
For their own good and ours.

LARTIUS.
I shall, my lord.
CORIOLANUS.
The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
COMINIUS.
Take't: 'tis yours.-What is't?
CORIOLANUS.
I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view, And wrath o'erwhelmed my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

## COMINIUS.

O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

## LARTIUS.

Marcius, his name?

CORIOLANUS.
By Jupiter, forgot:-
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.-
Have we no wine here?

## COMINIUS.

Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE X. The camp of the Volsces.

[A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three soldiers.]

## AUFIDIUS.

The town is ta'en.

FIRST SOLDIER.
'Twill be delivered back on good condition.


## AUFIDIUS.

Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot, Being a Volsce, be that I am.-Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy?-Five times, Marcius, I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.-By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,-
True sword to sword,-I'll potch at him some way, Or wrath or craft may get him.

FIRST SOLDIER.
He's the devil.

## AUFIDIUS.

Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poisoned With only suffering stain by him; for him Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary, Being naked, sick; nor fane nor Capitol, The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice, Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it At home, upon my brother's guard, even there, Against the hospitable canon, would I Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city; Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must Be hostages for Rome.

FIRST SOLDIER.
Will not you go?

## AUFIDIUS.

I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you,'Tis south the city mills,-bring me word thither How the world goes, that to the pace of it I may spur on my journey.

FIRST SOLDIER.
I shall, sir.
[Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. Rome. A public place

[Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.]
MENENIUS.
The augurer tells me we shall have news tonight.
BRUTUS.
Good or bad?

MENENIUS.
Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not
Marcius.
SICINIUS.
Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
MENENIUS.
Pray you, who does the wolf love?
SICINIUS.
The lamb.
MENENIUS.
Ay, to devour him, as the hungry plebeians would the noble
Marcius.

BRUTUS.
He's a lamb indeed, that baas like a bear.
MENENIUS. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

BOTH TRIBUNES.
Well, sir.
MENENIUS. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?
BRUTUS.
He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.
SICINIUS.
Especially in pride.
BRUTUS.
And topping all others in boasting.


MENENIUS. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

## BOTH TRIBUNES.

Why, how are we censured?

## MENENIUS.

Because you talk of pride now,-will you not be angry?

## BOTH TRIBUNES.

Well, well, sir, well.
MENENIUS. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

## BRUTUS.

We do it not alone, sir.
MENENIUS. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

## BOTH TRIBUNES.

What then, sir?
MENENIUS. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates,-alias fools,-as any in Rome.

## SICINIUS.

Menenius, you are known well enough too.
MENENIUS. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,-I cannot call you Lycurguses, -if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

BRUTUS.
Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.
MENENIUS. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience.-When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the

bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

BRUTUS. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

MENENIUS. Our very priests must become mockers if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.
[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire.]
[Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, \&c.]
How now, my as fair as noble ladies,-and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,-whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

VOLUMNIA.
Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

MENENIUS.
Ha! Marcius coming home!
VOLUMNIA.
Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.
MENENIUS. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.-Hoo! Marcius coming home!
VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA.
Nay, 'tis true.
VOLUMNIA. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

MENENIUS.
I will make my very house reel to-night.-A letter for me?
VIRGILIA.
Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.
MENENIUS. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

VIRGILIA.
O, no, no, no.
VOLUMNIA.
O , he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.
MENENIUS. So do I too, if it be not too much.-Brings a victory in his pocket?-The wounds become him.
VOLUMNIA. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.
MENENIUS.
Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?
VOLUMNIA. Titus Lartius writes,-they fought together, but Aufidius got off.
MENENIUS. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate possessed of this?

VOLUMNIA. Good ladies, let's go.-Yes, yes, yes; the Senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

VALERIA.
In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

## MENENIUS.

Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

## VIRGILIA.

The gods grant them true!
VOLUMNIA.
True! pow, wow.
MENENIUS. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded?-[To the TRIBUNES, who come forward.] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud.-Where is he wounded?

## VOLUMNIA.

I' the shoulder and i' the left arm; there will be large
cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place.
He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.
MENENIUS. One $i^{\prime}$ the neck and two i' the thigh,--there's nine that I know.
VOLUMNIA.
He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

## MENENIUS.

Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave.
[A shout and flourish.]
Hark! the trumpets.
VOLUMNIA.
These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.
[A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with CAPTAINS and Soldiers and a HERALD.]

HERALD.
Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus:-
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
[Flourish.]
ALL.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

## CORIOLANUS.

No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

## COMINIUS.

Look, sir, your mother!

## CORIOLANUS.

O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity!
[Kneels.]
VOLUMNIA.
Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,-
What is it?-Coriolanus must I call thee?
But, O, thy wife!

## CORIOLANUS.

My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.


## MENENIUS.

Now the gods crown thee!

## CORIOLANUS.

And live you yet? [To VALERIA]-O my sweet lady, pardon.
VOLUMNIA. I know not where to turn.-O, welcome home;-and welcome, general;-and you are welcome all.

MENENIUS.
A hundred thousand welcomes.-I could weep And I could laugh; I am light and heavy.-Welcome:
A curse begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to see thee!-You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors.
We call a nettle but a nettle; and
The faults of fools but folly.
COMINIUS.
Ever right.

## CORIOLANUS.

Menenius ever, ever.

HERALD.
Give way there, and go on!

## CORIOLANUS.

[To his wife and mother.] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

VOLUMNIA.
I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy; only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but Our Rome will cast upon thee.

## CORIOLANUS.

Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.
COMINIUS.
On, to the Capitol.


## BRUTUS.

All tongues speak of him and the bleared sights Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses; such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

## SICINIUS.

On the sudden
I warrant him consul.
BRUTUS.
Then our office may
During his power go sleep.

## SICINIUS.

He cannot temp'rately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end; but will Lose those he hath won.

## BRUTUS.

In that there's comfort.

## SICINIUS.

Doubt not the commoners, for whom we stand, But they, upon their ancient malice will forget, With the least cause these his new honours; which That he will give them make as little question As he is proud to do't.

## BRUTUS.

I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.


## SICINIUS.

'Tis right.
BRUTUS.
It was his word: O , he would miss it rather Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him, And the desire of the nobles.

## SICINIUS.

I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it In execution.

## BRUTUS.

'Tis most like he will.

## SICINIUS.

It shall be to him then, as our good wills, A sure destruction.

## BRUTUS.

So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end, We must suggest the people in what hatred He still hath held them; that to's power he would Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them, In human action and capacity, Of no more soul nor fitness for the world Than camels in their war; who have their provand Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows For sinking under them.

## SICINIUS.

This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people,-which time shall not want, If it be put upon't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,-will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.
[Enter A MESSENGER.]

## BRUTUS.

What's the matter?

## MESSENGER.

You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and


The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves, Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers, Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

## BRUTUS.

Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time, But hearts for the event.

SICINIUS.
Have with you.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. Rome. The Capitol.

[Enter two OFFICERS, to lay cushions.]

## FIRST OFFICER.

Come, come; they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?
SECOND OFFICER. Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.
FIRST OFFICER. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud and loves not the common people.
SECOND OFFICER. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

FIRST OFFICER. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes,- to flatter them for their love.

SECOND OFFICER. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all, into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

FIRST OFFICER.
No more of him; he is a worthy man.: make way, they are coming.
[A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators
take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.]

## MENENIUS.

Having determined of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.

## FIRST SENATOR.

Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out.-Masters o' the people, We do request your kindest ears; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

## SICINIUS.

We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.
BRUTUS.
Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
MENENIUS.
That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

## BRUTUS.

Most willingly.
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.


## MENENIUS.

He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.-
Worthy Cominius, speak.
[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]
Nay, keep your place.

## FIRST SENATOR.

Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

## CORIOLANUS.

Your Honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.
BRUTUS.
Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.

## CORIOLANUS.

No, sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.

## MENENIUS.

Pray now, sit down.
CORIOLANUS.
I had rather have one scratch my head $i$ ' the sun
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.
[Exit.]
MENENIUS.
Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,-
That's thousand to one good one,-when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on's ears to hear it?-Proceed, Cominius.

## COMINIUS.

I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.-It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world


Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years, When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian chin he drove The bristled lips before him: he bestrid An o'erpress'd Roman and i' the consul's view Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met, And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats, When he might act the woman in the scene, He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last, Before and in Corioli, let me say, I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers; And by his rare example made the coward Turn terror into sport: as weeds before A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword,-death's stamp,-
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all's his:
When, by and by, the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quick'ned what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.
MENENIUS.
Worthy man!
FIRST SENATOR.
He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.
COMINIUS.
Our spoils he kick'd at;
And looked upon things precious as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time to end it.

## MENENIUS.

He's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

FIRST SENATOR.
Call Coriolanus.
OFFICER.
He doth appear.
[Re-enter CORIOLANUS.]
MENENIUS.
The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

CORIOLANUS.
I do owe them still
My life and services.

## MENENIUS.

It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

## CORIOLANUS.

I do beseech you
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them, For my wounds' sake to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.

## SICINIUS.

Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

## MENENIUS.

Put them not to't:-
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

## CORIOLANUS.

It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
BRUTUS.
Mark you that?


## CORIOLANUS.

To brag unto them,--thus I did, and thus;-
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!
MENENIUS.
Do not stand upon't.-
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, Our purpose to them;-and to our noble consul Wish we all joy and honour.

SENATORS.
To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[Flourish. Exeunt all but SICINIUS and BRUTUS.]
BRUTUS.
You see how he intends to use the people.
SICINIUS.
May they perceive's intent! He will require them
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

## BRUTUS.

Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place
I know they do attend us.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE III. Rome. The Forum.

[Enter several citizens.]
FIRST CITIZEN.
Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.
SECOND CITIZEN.
We may, sir, if we will.
THIRD CITIZEN. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.


FIRST CITIZEN. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

THIRD CITIZEN. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured; and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

## SECOND CITIZEN.

Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?
THIRD CITIZEN. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will,-'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty 'twould, sure, southward.

## SECOND CITIZEN.

Why that way?
THIRD CITIZEN. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

## SECOND CITIZEN.

You are never without your tricks:-you may, you may.
THIRD CITIZEN. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man. Here he comes, and in the gown of humility. Mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues; therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

## ALL.

Content, content.

## [Exeunt.]

## [Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.]

## MENENIUS.

O sir, you are not right; have you not known
The worthiest men have done't!
CORIOLANUS.
What must I say? -
'I pray, sir'—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.-'Look, sir,-my wounds;-
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'


## MENENIUS.

O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.
CORIOLANUS.
Think upon me! Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

## MENENIUS.

You'll mar all:
I'll leave you. Pray you speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.

## CORIOLANUS.

Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean.

## [Exit MENENIUS.]

So, here comes a brace:
[Re-enter two citizens.]
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.
FIRST CITIZEN.
We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.
CORIOLANUS.
Mine own desert.
SECOND CITIZEN.
Your own desert?
CORIOLANUS.
Ay, not mine own desire.
FIRST CITIZEN.
How! not your own desire!
CORIOLANUS. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.
FIRST CITIZEN.
You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.
CORIOLANUS.
Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?


FIRST CITIZEN.
The price is to ask it kindly.
CORIOLANUS. Kindly! sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.Your good voice, sir; what say you?

## SECOND CITIZEN.

You shall ha' it, worthy sir.
CORIOLANUS. A match, sir.-There's in all two worthy voices begg'd.-I have your alms: adieu.
FIRST CITIZEN.
But this is something odd.

## SECOND CITIZEN.

An 'twere to give again,- but 'tis no matter.
[Exeunt two citizens.]
[Re-enter other two citizens.]
CORIOLANUS. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

THIRD CITIZEN. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.
CORIOLANUS.
Your enigma?
THIRD CITIZEN. You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends: you have not indeed loved the common people.

CORIOLANUS. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

FOURTH CITIZEN. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

## THIRD CITIZEN.

You have received many wounds for your country.
CORIOLANUS. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

## BOTH CITIZENS.

The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!
[Exeunt citizens.]

## CORIOLANUS.

Most sweet voices!-
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear,
Their needless vouches? custom calls me to't:-
What custom wills, in all things should we do't, The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'erpeer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.-I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.
Here come more voices.
[Re-enter other three citizens.]
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.
FIFTH CITIZEN.
He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.
SIXTH CITIZEN. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

## ALL THREE CITIZENS.

Amen, amen.-God save thee, noble consul!
[Exeunt.]
CORIOLANUS.
Worthy voices!
[Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.]
MENENIUS.
You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice:-remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

## CORIOLANUS.

Is this done?
SICINIUS.
The custom of request you have discharg'd:


The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
CORIOLANUS.
Where? at the senate-house?
SICINIUS.
There, Coriolanus.

## CORIOLANUS.

May I change these garments?
SICINIUS.
You may, sir.

## CORIOLANUS.

That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again, Repair to the senate-house.

## MENENIUS.

I'll keep you company.-Will you along?

## BRUTUS.

We stay here for the people.
SICINIUS.
Fare you well.

## [Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.]

He has it now; and by his looks methinks
'Tis warm at his heart.

## BRUTUS.

With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.
Will you dismiss the people?
[Re-enter citizens.]
SICINIUS.
How now, my masters! have you chose this man?
FIRST CITIZEN.
He has our voices, sir.
BRUTUS.
We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.


## SECOND CITIZEN.

Amen, sir:-to my poor unworthy notice, He mocked us when he begg'd our voices.

## THIRD CITIZEN.

Certainly;
He flouted us downright.

## FIRST CITIZEN.

No, 'tis his kind of speech,-he did not mock us.

## SECOND CITIZEN.

Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for's country.

## SICINIUS

Why, so he did, I am sure.

## CITIZENS.

No, no; no man saw 'em.

## THIRD CITIZEN.

He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he; 'aged custom
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore:' when we granted that,
Here was, 'I thank you for your voices,-thank you,-
Your most sweet voices:-now you have left your voices
I have no further with you:'-was not this mockery?

## SICINIUS.

Why either were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

## BRUTUS.

Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,-when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and

Translate his malice towards you into love, Standing your friendly lord.

SICINIUS.
Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd Either his gracious promise, which you might, As cause had call'd you up, have held him to; Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature, Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage, You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler And pass'd him unelected.

## BRUTUS.

Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

## SICINIUS.

Have you
Ere now denied the asker, and now again,
Of him that did not ask but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?
THIRD CITIZEN.
He's not confirm'd: we may deny him yet.

## SECOND CITIZEN.

And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

## FIRST CITIZEN.

I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

## BRUTUS.

Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends They have chose a consul that will from them take Their liberties, make them of no more voice Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

## SICINIUS.

Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride


And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves, Thinking upon his services, took from you Th' apprehension of his present portance, Which, most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

## BRUTUS.

Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,-
No impediment between,-but that you must
Cast your election on him.

## SICINIUS.

Say you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided By your own true affections; and that your minds, Pre-occupied with what you rather must do Than what you should, made you against the grain To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

## BRUTUS.

Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you, How youngly he began to serve his country, How long continued: and what stock he springs ofThe noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son, Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were, That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people, And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor, Was his great ancestor.

## SICINIUS.

One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past, That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

## BRUTUS.

Say you ne'er had done't,-
Harp on that still,-but by our putting on:
And presently when you have drawn your number, Repair to the Capitol.


CITIZENS.
We will so; almost all
Repent in their election.
[Exeunt.]
BRUTUS.
Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
SICINIUS.
To the Capitol,
Come: we will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward.
[Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. Rome. A street

[Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.]

CORIOLANUS.
Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?

## LARTIUS.

He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

## CORIOLANUS.

So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.
COMINIUS.
They are worn, lord consul, so
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
CORIOLANUS.
Saw you Aufidius?

LARTIUS.
On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town; he is retir'd to Antium.

## CORIOLANUS.

Spoke he of me?

## LARTIUS.

He did, my lord.
CORIOLANUS.
How? What?
LARTIUS.
How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
CORIOLANUS.
At Antium lives he?
LARTIUS.
At Antium.

## CORIOLANUS.

I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.-Welcome home. [To Laertes.]
[Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.]
Behold! these are the tribunes of the people;
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them,
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
SICINIUS.
Pass no further.
CORIOLANUS.
Ha! what is that?

## BRUTUS.

It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
CORIOLANUS.
What makes this change?

MENENIUS.
The matter?
COMINIUS.
Hath he not pass'd the noble and the commons?
BRUTUS.
Cominius, no.

## CORIOLANUS.

Have I had children's voices?
FIRST SENATOR.
Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

## BRUTUS.

The people are incens'd against him.

## SICINIUS.

Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

## CORIOLANUS.

Are these your herd?-
Must these have voices, that can yield them now, And straight disclaim their tongues?-What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
MENENIUS.
Be calm, be calm.

## CORIOLANUS.

It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

## BRUTUS.

Call't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late, When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people,-call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
CORIOLANUS.
Why, this was known before.

## BRUTUS.

Not to them all.


## CORIOLANUS.

Have you inform'd them sithence?

BRUTUS.
How! I inform them!
COMINIUS.
You are like to do such business.

BRUTUS.
Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

## CORIOLANUS.

Why, then, should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me Your fellow tribune.

## SICINIUS.

You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

## MENENIUS.

Let's be calm.
COMINIUS.
The people are abus'd; set on. This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

CORIOLANUS.
Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again,-
MENENIUS.
Not now, not now.

FIRST SENATOR.
Not in this heat, sir, now.

CORIOLANUS.
Now, as I live, I will.-My nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,


In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
MENENIUS.
Well, no more.

## FIRST SENATOR.

No more words, we beseech you.

## CORIOLANUS.

How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

## BRUTUS.

You speak o' the people
As if you were a god, to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

## SICINIUS.

'Twere well
We let the people know't.
MENENIUS.
What, what? his choler?

## CORIOLANUS.

Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

## SICINIUS.

It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

## CORIOLANUS.

Shall remain!-
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?
COMINIUS.
'Twas from the canon.

## CORIOLANUS.

'Shall'!
O good, but most unwise patricians! why, You grave but reckless senators, have you thus Given Hydra leave to choose an officer, That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but The horn and noise o' the monster, wants not spirit To say he'll turn your current in a ditch, And make your channel his? If he have power, Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd, Be not as common fools; if you are not, Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians, If they be senators: and they are no less When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate; And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,' His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself, It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

## COMINIUS.

Well, on to the market-place.

## CORIOLANUS.

Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,-

## MENENIUS

Well, well, no more of that.

CORIOLANUS.
Though there the people had more absolute power,-
I say they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

BRUTUS.
Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

CORIOLANUS.
I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd They ne'er did service for't; being press'd to the war, Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,


They would not thread the gates,-this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:-'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:'- Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.-

## MENENIUS.

Come, enough.
BRUTUS.
Enough, with over-measure.

## CORIOLANUS.

No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human, Seal what I end withal!-This double worship,-
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance-it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,-
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,-at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control't.
BRUTUS.
Has said enough.


## SICINIUS.

Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer As traitors do.

## CORIOLANUS.

Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!-
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion, When what's not meet, but what must be, was law, Then were they chosen; in a better hour Let what is meet be said it must be meet, And throw their power i' the dust.

BRUTUS.
Manifest treason!

## SICINIUS.

This a consul? no.

## BRUTUS.

The aediles, ho!-Let him be apprehended.

## SICINIUS.

Go call the people [Exit BRUTUS.]; in whose name myself Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

CORIOLANUS.
Hence, old goat!
SENATORS and PATRICIANS.
We'll surety him.

COMINIUS.
Aged sir, hands off.

## CORIOLANUS.

Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

## SICINIUS.

Help, ye citizens!
[Re-enter Brutus, with the AEDILES and a rabble of Citizens.]
MENENIUS.
On both sides more respect.


## SICINIUS.

Here's he that would take from you all your power.

## BRUTUS.

Seize him, aediles.
PLEBEIANS.
Down with him! down with him!

## SECOND SENATOR.

Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.]
Tribunes! patricians! citizens!-What, ho!-
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens!
CITIZENS.
Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!
MENENIUS.
What is about to be?-I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak.-You tribunes
To the people,-Coriolanus, patience:-
Speak, good Sicinius.
SICINIUS.
Hear me, people: peace!
CITIZENS.
Let's hear our tribune: peace!-
Speak, speak, speak.
SICINIUS.
You are at point to lose your liberties;
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
MENENIUS.
Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
FIRST SENATOR.
To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

## SICINIUS.

What is the city but the people?
CITIZENS.
True,
The people are the city.

## BRUTUS.

By the consent of all, we were establish'd The people's magistrates.

## CITIZENS.

You so remain.

MENENIUS.
And so are like to do.

## COMINIUS.

That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation, And bury all which yet distinctly ranges, In heaps and piles of ruin.

## SICINIUS.

This deserves death.

## BRUTUS.

Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.-We do here pronounce, Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

## SICINIUS.

Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruction cast him.

BRUTUS.
Aediles, seize him!
CITIZENS.
Yield, Marcius, yield!
MENENIUS.
Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

## AEDILES.

Peace, peace!

MENENIUS.
Be that you seem, truly your country's friends, And temperately proceed to what you would Thus violently redress.

BRUTUS.
Sir, those cold ways,


That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.-Lay hands upon him
And bear him to the rock.

## CORIOLANUS.

No; I'll die here. [Draws his sword.]
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

## MENENIUS.

Down with that sword!-Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

## BRUTUS.

Lay hands upon him.

## MENENIUS.

Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

## CITIZENS.

Down with him, down with him!
[In this mutiny the TRIBUNES, the AEDILES, and the people are beat in.]

## MENENIUS.

Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be nought else.

## SECOND SENATOR.

Get you gone.

## CORIOLANUS.

Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

## MENENIUS.

Shall it be put to that?
FIRST SENATOR.
The gods forbid:
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
MENENIUS.
For 'tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself; be gone, beseech you.
COMINIUS.
Come, sir, along with us.

## CORIOLANUS.

I would they were barbarians,-as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,-not Romans,-as they are not, Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.

## MENENIUS.

Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

## CORIOLANUS.

On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

## MENENIUS.

I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

## COMINIUS.

But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands
Against a falling fabric.-Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
MENENIUS.
Pray you be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

## COMINIUS.

Nay, come away.
[Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.]
FIRST PATRICIAN.
This man has marr'd his fortune.

## MENENIUS.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.
[A noise within.]

Here's goodly work!

## SECOND PATRICIAN.

I would they were a-bed!

## MENENIUS.

I would they were in Tiber!
What the vengeance, could he not speak 'em fair?
[Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.]

## SICINIUS.

Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?

## MENENIUS.

You worthy tribunes,-

## SICINIUS.

He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.
FIRST CITIZEN.
He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths, And we their hands.

CITIZENS.
He shall, sure on't.

## MENENIUS.

Sir, sir,—

SICINIUS.
Peace!
MENENIUS.
Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

## SICINIUS.

Sir, how comes't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

## MENENIUS.

Hear me speak:-
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,-


## SICINIUS.

Consul!-what consul?

## MENENIUS.

The consul Coriolanus.
BRUTUS.
He consul!
CITIZENS.
No, no, no, no, no.

## MENENIUS.

If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

## SICINIUS.

Speak briefly, then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

## MENENIUS.

Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

## SICINIUS.

He's a disease that must be cut away.

## MENENIUS.

O , he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost,-
Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath
By many an ounce,-he dropt it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it
A brand to the end o' the world.

## SICINIUS.

This is clean kam.


## BRUTUS.

Merely awry: when he did love his country, It honour'd him.

## MENENIUS.

The service of the foot, Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.

## BRUTUS.

We'll hear no more.-
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature, Spread further.

## MENENIUS.

One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late, Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process; Lest parties,-as he is belov'd,-break out, And sack great Rome with Romans.

BRUTUS.
If it were so,-

## SICINIUS.

What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our aediles smote? ourselves resisted?-come,-

## MENENIUS.

Consider this:-he has been bred i' the wars Since 'a could draw a sword, and is ill school'd In bolted language; meal and bran together He throws without distinction. Give me leave, I'll go to him and undertake to bring him Where he shall answer, by a lawful form, In peace, to his utmost peril.

FIRST SENATOR.
Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it Unknown to the beginning.

## SICINIUS.

Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.-
Masters, lay down your weapons.


BRUTUS.
Go not home.
SICINIUS.
Meet on the market-place.-We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

## MENENIUS.

I'll bring him to you.-
[To the SENATORS.] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
FIRST SENATOR.
Pray you let's to him.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. Rome. A room in CORIOLANUS'S house.

[Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.]
CORIOLANUS.
Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

## FIRST PATRICIAN.

You do the nobler.
CORIOLANUS.
I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

## [Enter VOLUMNIA.]

I talk of you: [To Volumnia.]
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.


VOLUMNIA.
O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worn it out.

## CORIOLANUS.

Let go.
VOLUMNIA.
You might have been enough the man you are With striving less to be so: lesser had been The thwartings of your dispositions, if You had not show'd them how ye were dispos'd, Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

## CORIOLANUS.

Let them hang.
VOLUMNIA.
Ay, and burn too.
[Enter MENENIUS with the SENATORS.]

## MENENIUS.

Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough; You must return and mend it.

FIRST SENATOR.
There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
VOLUMNIA.
Pray be counsell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

## MENENIUS.

Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
CORIOLANUS.
What must I do?

MENENIUS.
Return to the tribunes.

CORIOLANUS.
Well, what then? what then?

## MENENIUS.

Repent what you have spoke.

## CORIOLANUS.

For them?-I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

## VOLUMNIA.

You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends, I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me In peace what each of them by th' other lose That they combine not there.

## CORIOLANUS.

Tush, tush!
MENENIUS.
A good demand.
VOLUMNIA.
If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not,-which for your best ends
You adopt your policy,-how is it less or worse
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?
CORIOLANUS.
Why force you this?

## VOLUMNIA.

Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rooted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words, Which else would put you to your fortune and The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;

And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard Of what that want might ruin.

## MENENIUS.

Noble lady!-
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so, Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
VOLUMNIA.
I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it,-here be with them,-
Thy knee bussing the stones,-for in such busines
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,-waving thy head,
Which often, thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils, Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess, Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far As thou hast power and person.

## MENENIUS.

This but done
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

## VOLUMNIA.

Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although I know thou had'st rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

## [Enter COMINIUS.]

Here is Cominius.
COMINIUS.
I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.
MENENIUS.
Only fair speech.


## COMINIUS.

I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
VOLUMNIA.
He must, and will.-
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

## CORIOLANUS.

Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? must I
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind.-To the market-place:-
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.

## COMINIUS.

Come, come, we'll prompt you.
VOLUMNIA.
I pr'ythee now, sweet son,-as thou hast said My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
CORIOLANUS.
Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd, Which quired with my drum, into a pipe Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees, Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!-I will not do't; Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth, And by my body's action teach my mind A most inherent baseness.

## VOLUMNIA.

At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.


Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.
CORIOLANUS.
Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.
VOLUMNIA.
Do your will.
[Exit.]

## COMINIUS.

Away! The tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

## CORIOLANUS.

The word is, mildly.-Pray you let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

## MENENIUS.

Ay, but mildly.
CORIOLANUS.
Well, mildly be it then; mildly.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE III. Rome. The Forum.

[Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.]

## BRUTUS

In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.
[Enter an AEDILE.]

## AEDILE.

He's coming.
BRUTUS.
How accompanied?

## AEDILE.

With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
SICINIUS.
Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

## AEDILE.

I have; 'tis ready.

## SICINIUS.

Have you collected them by tribes?

## AEDILE.

I have.
SICINIUS.
Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine!'- if death, cry 'Death;'
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.
AEDILE.
I shall inform them.
BRUTUS.
And when such time they have begun to cry, Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

## AEDILE.

Very well.

## SICINIUS.

Make them be strong, and ready for this hint, When we shall hap to give't them.

BRUTUS.
Go about it.
[Exit AEDILE.]
Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction; being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.
SICINIUS.
Well, here he comes.
[Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, and Patricians.]
MENENIUS.
Calmly, I do beseech you.

## CORIOLANUS.

Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.-The honoured gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

## FIRST SENATOR.

Amen, amen!
MENENIUS.
A noble wish.
[Re-enter the AEDILE, with Citizens.]
SICINIUS.
Draw near, ye people.

## AEDILE.

List to your tribunes; audience: peace, I say!

## CORIOLANUS.

First, hear me speak.
BOTH TRIBUNES.
Well, say.-Peace, ho!

## CORIOLANUS.

Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?


## SICINIUS.

I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices, Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.

## CORIOLANUS.

I am content.

## MENENIUS

Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

## CORIOLANUS.

Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

## MENENIUS.

Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take His rougher accents for malicious sounds, But, as I say, such as become a soldier, Rather than envy you.

COMINIUS.
Well, well, no more.

## CORIOLANUS.

What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?

## SICINIUS.

Answer to us.

CORIOLANUS.
Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

## SICINIUS.

We charge you that you have contriv'd to take From Rome all season'd office, and to wind Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

CORIOLANUS.
How! traitor!


## MENENIUS.

Nay, temperately; your promise.

## CORIOLANUS.

The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!-Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths, In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say, Thou liest unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

## SICINIUS.

Mark you this, people?

## CITIZENS.

To the rock, to the rock, with him!

## SICINIUS.

Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak, Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this, So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

## BRUTUS.

But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,-

## CORIOLANUS.

What do you prate of service?

## BRUTUS.

I talk of that that know it.

## CORIOLANUS.

You?

## MENENIUS.

Is this the promise that you made your mother?
COMINIUS.
Know, I pray you,-

## CORIOLANUS.

I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death, Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger


But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word, Nor check my courage for what they can give, To have't with saying Good-morrow.

## SICINIUS.

For that he has,-
As much as in him lies,-from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it;-in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.
CITIZENS.
It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away; He's banished, and it shall be so.

## COMINIUS.

Hear me, my masters and my common friends,-

## SICINIUS.

He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.
COMINIUS.
Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender, More holy and profound, than mine own life, My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase, And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that,-

## SICINIUS.

We know your drift. Speak what?

## BRUTUS.

There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.
CITIZENS.
It shall be so, it shall be so.


## CORIOLANUS.

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air,-I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length Your ignorance,-which finds not till it feels,-
Making but reservation of yourselves,-
Still your own foes,-deliver you, as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.
[Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, and Patricians.]

## AEDILE.

The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

## CITIZENS.

Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone! Hoo! hoo!
[Shouting, and throwing up their caps.]

## SICINIUS.

Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
CITIZENS.
Come, come, let's see him out at gates; come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.
[Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. Rome. Before a gate of the city.
[Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.]

## CORIOLANUS.

Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:-he beast


With many heads butts me away.-Nay, mother, Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd To say extremities was the trier of spirits; That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves A noble cunning; you were us'd to load me With precepts that would make invincible The heart that conn'd them.

## VIRGILIA.

O heavens! O heavens!

## CORIOLANUS.

Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,-

## VOLUMNIA.

Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome, And occupations perish!

## CORIOLANUS.

What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother, Resume that spirit when you were wont to say, If you had been the wife of Hercules, Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd Your husband so much sweat.-Cominius, Droop not; adieu.-Farewell, my wife,-my mother:
I'll do well yet.-Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are salter than a younger man's, And venomous to thine eyes.-My sometime general, I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.-My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly,-though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,-your son
Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

## VOLUMNIA.

My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.


CORIOLANUS.
O the gods!
COMINIUS.
I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us, And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send O'er the vast world to seek a single man; And lose advantage, which doth ever cool I' the absence of the needer.

## CORIOLANUS.

Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and My friends of noble touch; when I am forth, Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. While I remain above the ground, you shall Hear from me still; and never of me aught But what is like me formerly.

## MENENIUS.

That's worthily
As any ear can hear.-Come, let's not weep.If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods, I'd with thee every foot.

CORIOLANUS.
Give me thy hand:-
Come.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. Rome. A street near the gate.

[Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an AEDILE.]

## SICINIUS.

Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided In his behalf.

## BRUTUS.

Now we have shown our power,


Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.
SICINIUS.
Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
BRUTUS.
Dismiss them home.

## [Exit AEDILE.]

Here comes his mother.
SICINIUS.
Let's not meet her.

BRUTUS.
Why?
SICINIUS.
They say she's mad.
BRUTUS.
They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
[Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.]
VOLUMNIA.
O, you're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
MENENIUS.
Peace, peace, be not so loud.
VOLUMNIA.
If that I could for weeping, you should hear,-
Nay, and you shall hear some.-[To BRUTUS.] Will you be gone?
VIRGILIA.
You shall stay too[To SICINIUS.]: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
SICINIUS.
Are you mankind?
VOLUMNIA.
Ay, fool; is that a shame?-Note but this, fool.-
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship


To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?-

## SICINIUS.

O blessed heavens!

## VOLUMNIA.

Moe noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.-I'll tell thee what;-yet go;-
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:-I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

## SICINIUS.

What then?
VIRGILIA.
What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
VOLUMNIA.
Bastards and all.-
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
MENENIUS.
Come, come, peace.

## SICINIUS.

I would he had continu'd to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

BRUTUS.
I would he had.
VOLUMNIA.
I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble;-
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

BRUTUS.
Pray, let us go.
VOLUMNIA.
Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this,-
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,-
This lady's husband here; this, do you see?-
Whom you have banish'd does exceed you all.

BRUTUS.
Well, well, we'll leave you.

SICINIUS.
Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
VOLUMNIA.
Take my prayers with you.-

## [Exeunt TRIBUNES.]

I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

## MENENIUS.

You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

VOLUMNIA.
Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself, And so shall starve with feeding.-Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling and lament as I do, In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
[Exeunt.]
MENENIUS.
Fie, fie, fie!

## SCENE III. A highway between Rome and Antium.

[Enter a ROMAN and a VOLSCE, meeting.]
ROMAN. I know you well, sir, and you know me; your name, I think, is Adrian.

VOLSCE.
It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
ROMAN. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?
VOLSCE.
Nicanor? no!

ROMAN.
The same, sir.


VOLSCE. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there; you have well saved me a day's journey.

ROMAN. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

VOLSCE. Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

ROMAN. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

VOLSCE.
Coriolanus banished!
ROMAN.
Banished, sir.

## VOLSCE.

You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.
ROMAN. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

VOLSCE. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you; you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

ROMAN. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

VOLSCE. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

ROMAN. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

VOLSCE. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.
ROMAN.
Well, let us go together.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV. Antium. Before AUFIDIUS'S house.

[Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.]

## CORIOLANUS.

A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not.
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones, In puny battle slay me.
[Enter a CITIZEN.]

Save you, sir.

CITIZEN.
And you.
CORIOLANUS.
Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies; is he in Antium?
CITIZEN.
He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.
CORIOLANUS.
Which is his house, beseech you?
CITIZEN.
This, here, before you.
CORIOLANUS.
Thank you, sir; farewell.

## [Exit CITIZEN.]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn, Whose double bosoms seems to wear one heart, Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love Unseparable, shall within this hour, On a dissension of a doit, break out To bitterest enmity; so fellest foes, Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:-
My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon


This enemy town.-I'll enter; if he slay me, He does fair justice; if he give me way, I'll do his country service.

## SCENE V. Antium. A hall in AUFIDIUS'S house.

[Music within. Enter A SERVANT.]
FIRST SERVANT.
Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep.
[Exit.]
[Enter a second SERVANT.]
SECOND SERVANT.
Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.-Cotus!
[Exit.]
[Enter CORIOLANUS.]
CORIOLANUS.
A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.
[Re-enter the first SERVANT.]
FIRST SERVANT. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray go to the door.

CORIOLANUS.
I have deserv'd no better entertainment
In being Coriolanus.
[Re-enter second SERVANT.]
SECOND SERVANT. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

CORIOLANUS.
Away!
SECOND SERVANT.
Away? Get you away.
CORIOLANUS.
Now the art troublesome.

## SECOND SERVANT.

Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.
[Enter a third SERVANT. The first meets him.]
THIRD SERVANT.
What fellow's this?
FIRST SERVANT. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee call my master to him.

## THIRD SERVANT.

What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you avoid the house.

## CORIOLANUS.

Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

## THIRD SERVANT.

What are you?
CORIOLANUS.
A gentleman.
THIRD SERVANT.
A marvellous poor one.
CORIOLANUS.
True, so I am.
THIRD SERVANT. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you avoid; come.

## CORIOLANUS.

Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits.
[Pushes him away.]
THIRD SERVANT. What, you will not?-Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

## SECOND SERVANT.

And I shall.
[Exit.]
THIRD SERVANT.
Where dwell'st thou?
CORIOLANUS.
Under the canopy.

CORIOLANUS.
Ay.

## THIRD SERVANT.

Where's that?

## CORIOLANUS.

I' the city of kites and crows.
THIRD SERVANT. I' the city of kites and crows!-What an ass it is!-Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

## CORIOLANUS.

No, I serve not thy master.

## THIRD SERVANT.

How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

## CORIOLANUS.

Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress.
Thou prat'st and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!
[Beats him away.]
[Enter AUFIDIUS and the second SERVANT.]

## AUFIDIUS.

Where is this fellow?
SECOND SERVANT. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

## AUFIDIUS.

Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?
Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

## CORIOLANUS.

[Unmuffling.] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.
AUFIDIUS.
What is thy name?
[Servants retire.]


## CORIOLANUS.

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

## AUFIDIUS.

Say, what's thy name?
Thou has a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

## CORIOLANUS.

Prepare thy brow to frown:-know'st thou me yet?

## AUFIDIUS.

I know thee not:-thy name?

## CORIOLANUS.

My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces, Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest,
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope, Mistake me not, to save my life; for if I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite, To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Th'art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast, And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do thee service.

## AUFIDIUS.

O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say "Tis true,' I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius.-Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke
And scar'd the moon with splinters; here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first, I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here, Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep, Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat, And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O, come, go in, And take our friendly senators by the hands; Who now are here, taking their leaves of me, Who am prepar'd against your territories, Though not for Rome itself.

CORIOLANUS.
You bless me, gods!

## AUFIDIUS.

Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have The leading of thine own revenges, take Th' one half of my commission; and set down,As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st Thy country's strength and weakness,-thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,


Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in;
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!
[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]

FIRST SERVANT.
Here's a strange alteration!
SECOND SERVANT. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

FIRST SERVANT. What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

SECOND SERVANT. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him; he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,-I cannot tell how to term it.

FIRST SERVANT. He had so, looking as it were, -would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

SECOND SERVANT. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.
FIRST SERVANT.
I think he is; but a greater soldier than he you wot on.

## SECOND SERVANT.

Who, my master?
FIRST SERVANT.
Nay, it's no matter for that.

## SECOND SERVANT.

Worth six on him.
FIRST SERVANT.
Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.
SECOND SERVANT. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

FIRST SERVANT.
Ay, and for an assault too.
[Re-enter third SERVANT.]

THIRD SERVANT.
O slaves, I can tell you news,-news, you rascals!
FIRST and SECOND SERVANT.
What, what, what? let's partake.
THIRD SERVANT. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemned man.
FIRST and SECOND SERVANT.
Wherefore? wherefore?
THIRD SERVANT.
Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,-Caius
Marcius.
FIRST SERVANT.
Why do you say, thwack our general?
THIRD SERVANT. I do not say thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.
SECOND SERVANT. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

## FIRST SERVANT.

He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't; before
Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.
SECOND SERVANT. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.
FIRST SERVANT.
But more of thy news?
THIRD SERVANT. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table: no question asked him by any of the senators but they stand bald before him: our general himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut $i^{\prime}$ the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears; he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.

## SECOND SERVANT.

And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.
THIRD SERVANT. Do't! he will do't; for look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends, whilst he's in dejectitude.

FIRST SERVANT.
Dejectitude! what's that?
THIRD SERVANT. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

FIRST SERVANT.
But when goes this forward?
THIRD SERVANT. To-morrow; to-day; presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis as it were parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

SECOND SERVANT. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

FIRST SERVANT. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

SECOND SERVANT. 'Tis so: and as war in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

FIRST SERVANT.
Ay, and it makes men hate one another.
THIRD SERVANT. Reason: because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

ALL.
In, in, in, in!
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE VI. Rome. A public place.

[Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.]
SICINIUS.
We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.
BRUTUS.
We stood to't in good time.-Is this Menenius?
SICINIUS.
'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most kind Of late.

## BRUTUS.

Hail, sir!
MENENIUS.
Hail to you both!

## SICINIUS.

Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

## MENENIUS.

All's well, and might have been much better if He could have temporiz'd.

SICINIUS.
Where is he, hear you?
MENENIUS.
Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.
[Enter three or four Citizens.]
CITIZENS. The gods preserve you both!

## SICINIUS.

God-den, our neighbours.

## BRUTUS.

God-den to you all, God-den to you all.
FIRST CITIZEN.
Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

SICINIUS.
Live and thrive!

BRUTUS.
Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus Had lov'd you as we did.

CITIZENS.
Now the gods keep you!
BOTH TRIBUNES.
Farewell, farewell.

## SICINIUS.

This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets
Crying confusion.

## BRUTUS.

Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,-

## SICINIUS.

And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

## MENENIUS.

I think not so.

## SICINIUS.

We should by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

## BRUTUS.

The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.
[Enter an AEDILE.]
AEDILE.
Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,-the Volsces with several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

## MENENIUS.

'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
SICINIUS.
Come, what talk you of Marcius?

## BRUTUS.

Go see this rumourer whipp'd.-It cannot be The Volsces dare break with us.

## MENENIUS.

Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like hath been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

## SICINIUS.

Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.
BRUTUS.
Not possible.

## [Enter A MESSENGER.]

## MESSENGER.

The nobles in great earnestness are going All to the senate-house: some news is come That turns their countenances.

## SICINIUS.

'Tis this slave,-
Go whip him fore the people's eyes:-his raising;
Nothing but his report.
MESSENGER.
Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
SICINIUS.
What more fearful?

## MESSENGER.

It is spoke freely out of many mouths,-
How probable I do not know,-that Marcius, Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome, And vows revenge as spacious as between The young'st and oldest thing.

## SICINIUS.

This is most likely!
BRUTUS.
Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish Good Marcius home again.

## SICINIUS.

The very trick on 't.

## MENENIUS

This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.
[Enter a second MESSENGER.]

## SECOND MESSENGER.

You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire and took
What lay before them.

## [Enter COMINIUS.]

COMINIUS.
O, you have made good work!

## MENENIUS.

What news? what news?

COMINIUS.
You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,-

MENENIUS.
What's the news? what's the news?
COMINIUS.
Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

MENENIUS.
Pray now, your news?-
You have made fair work, I fear me.-Pray, your news.
If Marcius should be join'd wi' the Volscians,-
COMINIUS.
If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence

Than boys pursuing summer butterflies, Or butchers killing flies.

## MENENIUS.

You have made good work,
You and your apron men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
COMINIUS.
He'll shake
Your Rome about your ears.
MENENIUS.
As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit.-You have made fair work!
BRUTUS.
But is this true, sir?
COMINIUS.
Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

## MENENIUS.

We are all undone unless
The noble man have mercy.

## COMINIUS.

Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

## MENENIUS.

'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say 'Beseech you, cease.'-You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! You have crafted fair!
COMINIUS.
You have brought


A trembling upon Rome, such as was never So incapable of help.

## BOTH TRIBUNES.

Say not, we brought it.

## MENENIUS.

How! Was it we? we lov'd him, but, like beasts, And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters, Who did hoot him out o' the city.

## COMINIUS.

But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius, The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:-desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.
[Enter a troop of citizens.]

## MENENIUS.

Here comes the clusters.-
And is Aufidius with him?-You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal
We have deserv'd it.
CITIZENS.
Faith, we hear fearful news.

## FIRST CITIZEN.

For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

## SECOND CITIZEN.

And so did I.
THIRD CITIZEN. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

COMINIUS.
You are goodly things, you voices!

## MENENIUS.

You have made
Good work, you and your cry!-Shall's to the Capitol?
COMINIUS.
O, ay; what else?
[Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.]

## SICINIUS.

Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd;
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.
FIRST CITIZEN. The gods be good to us!-Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

SECOND CITIZEN.
So did we all. But come, let's home.
[Exeunt Citizens.]
BRUTUS.
I do not like this news.
SICINIUS.
Nor I.

BRUTUS.
Let's to the Capitol:-would half my wealth Would buy this for a lie!

SICINIUS.
Pray let's go.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE VII. A camp at a short distance from Rome.

[Enter AUFIDIUS and his LIEUTENANT.]
AUFIDIUS.
Do they still fly to the Roman?

## LIEUTENANT.

I do not know what witcheraft's in him, but Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;


And you are darken'd in this action, sir, Even by your own.

## AUFIDIUS.

I cannot help it now,
Unless by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.
LIEUTENANT.
Yet I wish, sir,-
I mean, for your particular,-you had not Join'd in commission with him; but either Had borne the action of yourself, or else To him had left it solely.

## AUFIDIUS.

I understand thee well; and be thou sure, When he shall come to his account, he knows not What I can urge against him. Although it seems, And so he thinks, and is no less apparent To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state, Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone That which shall break his neck or hazard mine Whene'er we come to our account.

## LIEUTENANT.

Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

## AUFIDIUS.

All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his;
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride, Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment, To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace


Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these,-
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him, -made him fear'd, So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a cheer
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. Rome. A public place

[Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS and BRUTUS, and others.]

## MENENIUS.

No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.
COMINIUS.
He would not seem to know me.
MENENIUS.
Do you hear?

## COMINIUS.

Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name $i$ ' the fire Of burning Rome.

## MENENIUS.

Why, so!-you have made good work!


A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome, To make coals cheap,-a noble memory!

COMINIUS.
I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

## MENENIUS.

Very well:
Could he say less?

## COMINIUS.

I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And still to nose the offence.
MENENIUS.
For one poor grain
Or two! I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too- we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

## SICINIUS.

Nay, pray be patient: if you refuse your aid In this so never-needed help, yet do not Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue, More than the instant army we can make, Might stop our countryman.

MENENIUS.
No; I'll not meddle.

## SICINIUS.

Pray you, go to him.

## MENENIUS.

What should I do?
BRUTUS.
Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
MENENIUS.
Well, and say that Marcius

Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

## SICINIUS.

Yet your good-will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

## MENENIUS.

I'll undertake't;
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius much unhearts me.
He was not taken well: he had not din'd;
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts. Therefore I'll watch him Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

## BRUTUS.

You know the very road into his kindness
And cannot lose your way.

## MENENIUS.

Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge Of my success.
[Exit.]
COMINIUS.
He'll never hear him.
SICINIUS.
Not?

COMINIUS.
I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise'; dismissed me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do, He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother and his wife;


Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence, And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. An Advanced post of the Volscian camp before Rome. The Guards at their station.

[Enter to them MENENIUS.]

## FIRST GUARD.

Stay: whence are you?
SECOND GUARD.
Stand, and go back.

## MENENIUS.

You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
FIRST GUARD.
From whence?

MENENIUS.
From Rome.
FIRST GUARD.
You may not pass; you must return: our general Will no more hear from thence.

## SECOND GUARD.

You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.
MENENIUS.
Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.
FIRST GUARD.
Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.
MENENIUS.
I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read

His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,-
Of whom he's chief,-with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow, I must have leave to pass.

FIRST GUARD. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

MENENIUS. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.
SECOND GUARD. Howsoever you have been his liar,-as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

MENENIUS. Has he dined, canst thou tell? For I would not speak with him till after dinner.

## FIRST GUARD.

You are a Roman, are you?

## MENENIUS.

I am as thy general is.
FIRST GUARD. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

MENENIUS. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here he would use me with estimation.

## SECOND GUARD.

Come, my captain knows you not.

## MENENIUS.

I mean thy general.
FIRST GUARD. My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;-back; that's the utmost of your having:-back.

MENENIUS.
Nay, but fellow, fellow,-

## [Enter CORIOLANUS with AUFIDIUS.]

CORIOLANUS.
What's the matter?

MENENIUS. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess but by my entertainment with him if thou standest not $i^{\prime}$ the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.-The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

## CORIOLANUS.

Away!

## MENENIUS.

How! away!

## CORIOLANUS.

Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.-Therefore be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[Gives a letter.]
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.-This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

## AUFIDIUS.

You keep a constant temper.
[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]
FIRST GUARD.
Now, sir, is your name Menenius?
SECOND GUARD. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.
FIRST GUARD.
Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

## SECOND GUARD.

What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?


MENENIUS. I neither care for the world nor your general; for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, away!
[Exit.]
FIRST GUARD.
A noble fellow, I warrant him.
SECOND GUARD. The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE III. The tent of CORIOLANUS.

[Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.]

## CORIOLANUS.

We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.-My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly I have borne this business.

## AUFIDIUS.

Only their ends
You have respected; stopped your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

## CORIOLANUS.

This last old man,
Whom with crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,-
Though I show'd sourly to him,-once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only, That thought he could do more, a very little I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits, Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.-
[Shout within.]
Ha! what shout is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

[Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading YOUNG MARCIUS, VALERIA, and attendants.]

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.-
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsworn?-I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.-My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession which
Great nature cries "Deny not.'-Let the Volsces
Plough Rome and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

## VIRGILIA.

My lord and husband!

## CORIOLANUS.

These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
VIRGILIA.
The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.

## CORIOLANUS.

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, 'Forgive our Romans.'-O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge;
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip Hath virgin'd it e'er since.-You gods! I prate, And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth;

## [Kneels.]

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
VOLUMNIA.
O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,


I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent.
[Kneels.]
CORIOLANUS.
What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,;
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

## VOLUMNIA.

Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

## CORIOLANUS.

The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle That's curded by the frost from purest snow, And hangs on Dian's temple:-dear Valeria!

VOLUMNIA.
This is a poor epitome of yours, Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show like all yourself.

## CORIOLANUS.

The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

## VOLUMNIA.

Your knee, sirrah.
CORIOLANUS.
That's my brave boy.
VOLUMNIA.
Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
CORIOLANUS.
I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,-


The thing I have forsworn to grant may never Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate Again with Rome's mechanics.-Tell me not Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not To allay my rages and revenges with Your colder reasons.

VOLUMNIA.
O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us anything;
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.

## CORIOLANUS.

Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark: for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.-Your request?
VOLUMNIA.
Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment And state of bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself, How more unfortunate than all living women Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts, Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound,-together with thy victory, Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person, Our comfort in the country. We must find An evident calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win; for either thou Must, as a foreign recreant, be led With manacles through our streets, or else Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin, And bear the palm for having bravely shed Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son, I purpose not to wait on fortune till These wars determine: if I can not persuade thee Rather to show a noble grace to both parts Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread,-

Trust to't, thou shalt not,—on thy mother's womb That brought thee to this world.

VIRGILIA.
Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
BOY.
'A shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger; but then I'll fight.
CORIOLANUS.
Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.
[Rising.]

## VOLUMNIA.

Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say 'This mercy we have show'd,' the Romans
'This we receiv'd,' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, 'Be bless'd
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ:-'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods,
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?-Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.-Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.-There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;

When she,-poor hen,-fond of no second brood, Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home, Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust, And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee, That thou restrain'st from me the duty which To a mother's part belongs.-He turns away:
Down, ladies: let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last.-So we will home to Rome, And die among our neighbours.-Nay, behold's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.-Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance.-Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.
CORIOLANUS.
[After holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, in silence.]
O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope, The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But for your son,-believe it, O, believe it, Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.-
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

## AUFIDIUS.

I was mov'd withal.

## CORIOLANUS.

I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir, What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part, I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and, pray you
Stand to me in this cause.-O mother! wife!

## AUFIDIUS.

[Aside.] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee; out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.
[The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.]

## CORIOLANUS.

[To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, \&c.] Ay, by and by;
But we'll drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV. Rome. A public place.

## [Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.]

## MENENIUS.

See you yond coign o' the Capitol,—yond corner-stone?

## SICINIUS.

Why, what of that?

MENENIUS. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

SICINIUS. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

MENENIUS. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

## SICINIUS.

He loved his mother dearly.
MENENIUS. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye, talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

SICINIUS.
Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

MENENIUS. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him. There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

## SICINIUS.

The gods be good unto us!
MENENIUS. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

## [Enter a MESSENGER

MESSENGER.
Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home
They'll give him death by inches.
[Enter a second MESSENGER.]

## SICINIUS.

What's the news?

## SECOND MESSENGER.

Good news, good news;-the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

## SICINIUS.

Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is't most certain?

## SECOND MESSENGER.

As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!
[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, drums beaten, aand shouting within.]
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!
[Shouting within.]

## MENENIUS.

This is good news.
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia


Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full: of tribunes such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
Ied not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[Shouting and music.]
SICINIUS.
First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

## SECOND MESSENGER.

Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
SICINIUS.
They are near the city?
MESSENGER.
Almost at point to enter.

## SICINIUS.

We'll meet them,
And help the joy.
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE V. Rome. A street near the gate.

[Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, \&c., accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and Citizens.]

## FIRST SENATOR.

Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'-
ALL.
Welcome, ladies,
Welcome!
[Exeunt.]


## SCENE VI. Antium. A public place.

[Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with attendants.]

## AUFIDIUS

Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper; having read it, Bid them repair to the market-place: where I, Even in theirs and in the commons' ears, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse The city ports by this hath enter'd and Intends t' appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words: despatch.
[Exeunt attendants.]
[Enter three or four CONSPIRATORS of AUFIDIUS' faction.]
Most welcome!

FIRST CONSPIRATOR.
How is it with our general?

## AUFIDIUS

## Even so

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

## SECOND CONSPIRATOR.

Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

## AUFIDIUS

Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.
THIRD CONSPIRATOR.
The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

## AUFIDIUS

I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and to this end


He bow'd his nature, never known before But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

THIRD CONSPIRATOR.
Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,-

## AUFIDIUS.

That I would have spoken of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he made all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance as if
I had been mercenary.
FIRST CONSPIRATOR.
So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last, When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,-

## AUFIDIUS.

There was it;-
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!
[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.]
FIRST CONSPIRATOR.
Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.

## SECOND CONSPIRATOR.

And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
THIRD CONSPIRATOR.
Therefore, at your vantage,


Ere he express himself or move the people With what he would say, let him feel your sword, Which we will second. When he lies along, After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury His reasons with his body.

## AUFIDIUS.

Say no more:
Here come the lords.
[Enter the LORDS of the city.]
LORDS.
You are most welcome home.

## AUFIDIUS.

I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
LORDS.
We have.

## FIRST LORD.

And grieve to hear't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge: making a treaty where
There was a yielding.-This admits no excuse.

## AUFIDIUS.

He approaches: you shall hear him.
[Enter CORIOLANUS, with drum and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.]

## CORIOLANUS.

Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,


Together with the seal o' the senate, what We have compounded on.

## AUFIDIUS.

Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
CORIOLANUS.
Traitor!-How now?

## AUFIDIUS.

Ay, traitor, Marcius.

## CORIOLANUS.

Marcius!

## AUFIDIUS.

Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius! Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?-
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,-
I say your city,-to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at others.
CORIOLANUS.
Hear'st thou, Mars?
AUFIDIUS.
Name not the god, thou boy of tears,-
CORIOLANUS.
Ha!

AUFIDIUS.
No more.
CORIOLANUS.
Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!-
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion,-
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that must bear


My beating to his grave,—shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.
FIRST LORD.
Peace, both, and hear me speak.

## CORIOLANUS.

Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads, Stain all your edges on me.-Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.-Boy!

## AUFIDIUS.

Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
CONSPIRATORS.
Let him die for't.

CITIZENS. Tear him to pieces, do it presently:-he killed my son; my daughter; he killed my cousin Marcus; he killed my father,-

SECOND LORD.
Peace, ho!-no outrage;-peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.-Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
CORIOLANUS.
O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

## AUFIDIUS.

Insolent villain!
CONSPIRATORS.
Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[AUFIDIUS and the CONSPIRATORS draw, and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls. AUFIDIUS stands on him.]
LORDS.
Hold, hold, hold, hold!

## AUFIDIUS.

My noble masters, hear me speak.

## SECOND LORD.

Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
THIRD LORD.
Tread not upon him.-Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

## AUFIDIUS.

My lords, when you shall know,-as in this rage, Provok'd by him, you cannot,-the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

## FIRST LORD.

Bear from hence his body, And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded As the most noble corse that ever herald Did follow to his um.

SECOND LORD.
His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.
AUFIDIUS.
My rage is gone;
And I am struck with sorrow.-Take him up:-
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.-
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.-
Assist.
[Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS. A dead march sounded.]

## Pericles, Prince of Tyre

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Jump to: navigation, search


This article is about Shakespeare's play. For other uses, see Pericles (disambiguation).


The 1609 quarto edition title page.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre is a play written at least in part by William Shakespeare and included in modern editions of his collected works despite questions over its authorship, as it was not included in the First Folio. Modern editors generally agree that Shakespeare is responsible for almost exactly half the play-827 lines-the main portion after scene 9 that follows the story of Pericles and Marina. ${ }^{[1 /[2] 3 / \sqrt{4]}}$ The first two acts of 835 lines detailing the many voyages of Pericles are thought to have been written by a mediocre collaborator, most probably George Wilkins. ${ }^{[5]}$

## Contents

[hide]

- 1 Background
- 1.1 Origins
- 1.2 Date and Text
- 2 Characters
- 3 Synopsis
- 3.1 Act I
- 3.2 Act II
- 3.3 Act III
- 3.4 Act IV
- 3.5 Act V
- 4 Productions
- 5 Critical response
- 6 References
- 7 Further reading
- 8 External links



## [] Background

## [] Origins

The play draws upon two sources for the plot. The first is Confessio Amantis (1393) of John Gower, an English poet and contemporary of Geoffrey Chaucer. This provides the story of Apollonius of Tyre. The second source is the Lawrence Twine prose version of Gower's tale, The Pattern of Painful Adventures, dating from ca. 1576, reprinted in 1607. Moreover, a third related work is The Painful Adventures of Pericles by George Wilkins, published in 1608. But this seems to be a "novelization" of the play, stitched together with bits from Twine; Wilkins mentions the play in the Argument to his version of the story ${ }^{[6]}$ - so that Wilkins' novel derives from the play, not the play from the novel. Wilkins, who with Shakespeare was a witness in the Bellott v. Mountjoy lawsuit of $1612,{ }^{[7]}$ has been an obvious candidate for the author of the non-Shakespearean matter in the play's first two acts; Wilkins wrote plays very similar in style, and no better candidate has been found.

The choruses spoken by Gower were influenced by Barnabe Barnes's The Diuils Charter (1607) and by The Trauailes of the Three English Brothers (1607), by John Day, William Rowley, and Wilkins. ${ }^{[8]}$

## [] Date and Text

Most scholars support 1607 or early 1608 as most likely, which accords well with what is known about the play's likely co-author, George Wilkins, whose extant literary career seems to span only three years, 1606 to $1608 .{ }^{[9][10]}$ The only published text of Pericles, the 1609 quarto (all subsequent quartos were reprints of the original), is manifestly corrupt; it is often clumsily-written and incomprehensible and has been interpreted as a pirated text reconstructed from memory by someone who witnessed the play (much like theories surrounding the 1603 "bad quarto" of Hamlet). ${ }^{[11]}$ The play was printed in quarto twice in 1609 by the stationer Henry Gosson. Subsequent quarto printings appeared in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635; it was one of Shakespeare's most popular plays in his own historical era. The play was not included in the First Folio in 1623; it was one of seven plays added to the original Folio thirty-six in the second impression of the Third Folio in 1664. [See: Folios and Quartos (Shakespeare).] William Jaggard included Pericles in his 1619 False Folio.

The editors of the Oxford and Arden editions of Pericles accept Wilkins as Shakespeare's collaborator, citing stylistic links between the play and Wilkins's style that are found nowhere else in Shakespeare. ${ }^{[12]}$ The Cambridge editors reject this contention, arguing that the play is entirely by Shakespeare and that all the oddities can be defended as a deliberately old-fashioned style; however, they do not discuss the stylistic links with Wilkins's work or any of the scholarly papers demonstrating contrary opinions. ${ }^{[13]}$ If the play was cowritten or revised by Wilkins, this would support a later date, as it is believed Wilkins' career as a writer spanned only the years 1606-8. ${ }^{[14]}$ The 1986 Oxford University Press edition of the Complete Works and the subsequent individual edition include a "reconstructed text" of Pericles, which adapts passages from Wilkins' novel on the assumption that they are based on the play and record the dialogue more accurately than the quarto.

The play has been recognized as a probable collaboration since 1709, although some critics thought it was either an early Shakespeare work or not written by him at all. ${ }^{[15]}$ Wilkins has been proposed as the co-author since 1868. ${ }^{[16]}$ In 1919, H. Dugdale Sykes published a detailed comparison of numerous parallels between the first half of Pericles and four of Wilkins's works, but he thought that Wilkins's novelization of the play preceded its composition. ${ }^{[17]}$ Many other scholars followed Sykes in his identification of Wilkins, most notably Jonathan Hope in 1994 and MacDonald P. Jackson in 1993 and 2003. ${ }^{[18]}$ In 2002, Vickers summarised the historical evidence and took the Cambridge editors to task for ignoring more than a century of scholarship. ${ }^{[19]}$

## [] Characters

- Antiochus - king of Antioch
- Pericles - Prince of Tyre
- Helicanus and Escanes - two lords of Tyre
- Simonides - king of Pentapolis
- Cleon - governor of Tarsus
- Lysimachus - governor of Mytilene
- Cerimon - a lord of Ephesus
- Thaliard - a lord of Antioch
- Philmon - servant to Cerimon
- Leonine - servant to Dionyza
- Marshal
- A Pandar
- Boult - his servant
- The Daughter of Antiochus
- Dionyza - wife to Cleon
- Thaisa - daughter to Simonides
- Marina - daughter to Pericles and Thaisa
- Lychorida - nurse to Marina
- A Bawd
- Diana
- Gower as Chorus
- Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fisherman, and Messengers


## [] Synopsis

## [] Act I

John Gower introduces each act with a prologue. The play opens in the court of Antiochus, king of Antioch, who has offered the hand of his beautiful daughter to any man who answers his riddle; but those who fail shall die.

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.
Pericles, the young Prince (ruler) of Tyre in Phoenicia (Lebanon), hears the riddle, and instantly understands its meaning: Antiochus is engaged in an incestuous relationship with his daughter. If he reveals this truth, he will be killed, but if he answers incorrectly, he will also be killed. Pericles hints that he knows the answer, and asks for more time to think. Antiochus grants him forty days, and then sends an assassin after him. However, Pericles has fled the city.

Pericles returns to Tyre, where his trusted friend and counsellor Helicanus advises him to leave the city, for Antiochus surely will hunt him down. Pericles leaves Helicanus as regent and sails to Tarsus, a city beset by famine. The generous Pericles gives the governor of the city, Cleon, and his wife Dionyza, grain from his ship to save their people. The famine ends, and after being thanked profusely by Cleon and Dionyza, Pericles continues on.

## [] Act II

A storm wrecks Pericles' ship and washes him up on the shores of Pentapolis. He is rescued by a group of poor fishermen who inform him that Simonedes, King of Pentapolis, is holding a tournament the next day and that the winner will receive the hand of his daughter Thaisa in marriage. Fortunately, one of the fishermen drags Pericles' suit of armor on shore that very moment, and the prince decides to enter the tournament. Although his equipment is rusty, Pericles wins the tournament and the hand of Thaisa (who is deeply attracted to him) in
marriage. Simonedes initially expresses doubt about the union, but soon comes to like Pericles and allows them to wed.

## [] Act III

A letter sent by the noblemen reaches Pericles in Pentapolis, who decides to return to Tyre with the pregnant Thaisa. Again, a storm arises while at sea, and Thaisa appears to die giving birth to her child, Marina. The sailors insist that Thaisa's body be set overboard in order to calm the storm. Pericles grudgingly agrees, and decides to stop at Tarsus because he fears that Marina may not survive the storm.

Luckily, Thaisa's casket washes ashore at Ephesus near the residence of Lord Cerimon, a physician who revives her. Thinking that Pericles died in the storm, Thaisa becomes a priestess in the temple of Diana.

Pericles departs to rule Tyre, leaving Marina in the care of Cleon and Dionyza.

## [] Act IV

Marina grows up more beautiful than the daughter of Cleon and Dionyza, so Dionyza plans Marina's murder. The plan is thwarted when pirates kidnap Marina and then sell her to a brothel in Mytilene. There, Marina manages to keep her virginity by convincing the men that they should seek virtue. Worried that she is ruining their market, the brothel rents her out as a tutor to respectable young ladies. She becomes famous for music and other decorous entertainments.

Meanwhile, Pericles returns to Tarsus for his daughter. The governor and his wife claim she has died; in grief, he takes to the sea.

## [] Act V

Pericles' wanderings bring him to Mytilene where the governor Lysimachus, seeking to cheer him up, brings in Marina. They compare their sad stories and joyfully realize they are father and daughter. Next, the goddess Diana appears in a dream to Pericles, and tells him to come to the temple where he finds Thaisa. The wicked Cleon and Dionyza are killed when their people revolt against their crime. Lysimachus will marry Marina.

## [] Productions

The Venetian ambassador to England, Zorzi Giustinian, saw a play titled Pericles during his time in London, which ran from Jan. 5, 1606 to Nov. 23, 1608. As far as is known, there was no other play with the same title that was acted in this era; the logical assumption is that this must have been Shakespeare's play. ${ }^{[20]}$ The title page of the play's first printed edition states that the play was often acted at the Globe Theatre, which was most likely true.

The earliest performance of Pericles known with certainty occurred in May 1619, at Court, "in the King's great chamber" at Whitehall. The play was also performed at the Globe Theatre on June 10, 1631. ${ }^{[21]}$ A play called Pericles was in the repertory of a recusant group of itinerant players arrested for performing a religious play in Yorkshire in 1609; however, it is not clear if they performed Pericles, or if theirs was Shakespeare's play.

John Rhodes staged Pericles at the Cockpit Theatre soon after the theatres re-opened in 1660; it was one of the earliest productions, and the first Shakespearean revival, of the Restoration period. Thomas Betterton made his stage debut in the title role. Yet the play's pseudo-naive structure placed it at odds with the neoclassical tastes of the Restoration era. It vanished from the stage for nearly two centuries, until Samuel Phelps staged a production
at Sadler's Wells Theatre in Clerkenwell in 1854. Phelps cut Gower entirely, satisfying his narrative role with new scenes, conversations between unnamed gentlemen like those in The Winter's Tale, 5.2. In accordance with Victorian notions of decorum, the play's frank treatment of incest and prostitution was muted or removed.

Walter Nugent Monck revived the play in 1929 at his Maddermarket Theatre in Norwich, cutting the first act. This production was revived at Stratford after the war, with Paul Scofield in the title role.

The play has risen somewhat in popularity since Monck, though it remains difficult to stage convincingly, an aspect played with in Paris Belongs to Us (filmed 1957-1960). In 1958, Tony Richardson directed the play at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford. The scene design, by Loudon Sainthill, ${ }^{[22]}$ unified the play; the stage was dominated by a large ship in which Gower related the tale to a group of sailors. Geraldine McEwan played Marina; Richard Johnson was Pericles; and Mark Dignam was Simonides. Angela Baddeley was the Bawd. The production was a success; it was later viewed as a model for "coherent" or thematically unified approaches, in contrast to the postmodern or disintegrative approaches of the seventies and eighties.

The 1969 production by Terry Hands at Stratford also received favorable reviews. The set was almost bare, with a hanging replica of Leonardo da Vinci's Vitruvian Man above a bare stage. Hands also introduced extensive doubling, which has since become a staple of productions of this play. Emrys James played Gower (as a Welsh bard) and Helicanus. Susan Fleetwood doubled Thaisa and Marina (with Susan Sheers playing Marina when the two characters appear together in the final scene). ${ }^{[23]}$ Ian Richardson played the title role. For the performances on the nights of the Apollo landing, Hands added a special acknowledgment of the event to Gower's lines.

Ron Daniels directed the play in 1979 at The Other Place, an unlikely venue for such an expansive play. Daniels compensated for the lack of space by canny use of lighting and offstage music and sound effects. Peter McEnery played Pericles; Julie Peasgood was Marina. Griffith Jones was Gower.


The Shakespeare Theatre Company's 2007 production of Pericles, Prince of Tyre in Washington, DC, as part of the National Endowment for the Arts' Shakespeare for a New Generation initiative.

In 1989, David Thacker directed the play at the Swan. The production was centered on a grid-covered trap suspended in air; the brothel scenes were played below, as in a basement; the shipboard scenes were played on and around the grid. Rudolph Walker was Gower, dressed as a bureaucrat; Nigel Terry played Pericles, and Suzan Sylvester and Sally Edwards were Marina and Thaisa, respectively.

Productions in the 1990s differed from earlier productions in that they generally stressed the dislocation and diversity inherent in the play's setting, rather than striving for thematic and tonal coherence. As early as 1983, Peter Sellars directed a production in Boston that featured extras dressed as contemporary American homeless

people; devices such as these dominated English main stages in the nineties. Phyllida Lloyd directed the play at the Royal National Theatre in 1994. The production used extensive doubling. Kathryn Hunter played Antiochus, Cerimon, and the Bawd. The production made extensive use of the mechanized wheel in the theater to emphasize movement in time and space; however, the wheel's noise made some scenes difficult to hear, and some critics disparaged what they saw as pointless gimmickry in the staging.

Adrian Noble's 2002 production at the Roundhouse (his last before leaving the RSC) stressed diversity in another way. Responding to critical interest in Orientalism, Noble accentuated the multicultural aspects of the play's setting. Ray Fearon took the title role to Lauren Ward's Thaisa; Kananu Kirimi played Marina. Brian Protheroe was Gower. In an echo of the music played during the interval of the 1619 Whitehall performance, Noble featured belly dancing and drumming during the intermission of his production.

## [] Critical response



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Harold Bloom said that the play works well on the stage despite its problems. ${ }^{\text {[24][clarification needed] }}$ In 2005, The New Globe in London and The Shakespeare Theatre in Washington, DC presented two very different but, nonetheless, critically acclaimed productions of the play. In 1660, at the start of the Restoration when the theatres had just re-opened, Thomas Betterton played the title role in a new production of Pericles at the Cockpit Theatre, the first production of any of Shakespeare's works in the new era. ${ }^{\text {[citation needed] }}$

Critical response to the play has not been warm, to say the least. In 1629, Ben Jonson lamented the audiences' enthusiastic responses to the play:

No doubt some mouldy tale, Like Pericles ; and stale As the Shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish- Scraps out of every dish Throwne forth, and rak't into the common tub (Ben Jonson, Ode (to Himself))

By "mouldy," Jonson did not impugn the age of the play (20 years), but rather, impugned the episodic form of the play, which scrapped genre and narrative "out of every dish." This form combines with its content, the medieval Apollonius legend, to present a play that reeks of the utter medievalism that Jonson's neoclassicism eschewed. ${ }^{\text {[citation needed] }}$

After Jonson and until the mid-twentieth century, critics found little to like or praise in the play. For example, nineteenth-century scholar Edward Dowden wrestled with the text and found that the play "as a whole is singularly undramatic" and "entirely lacks unity of action." ${ }^{[25]}$ The episodic nature of the play combined with the Act Four's lewdness troubled Dowden because these traits problemetized his idea of Shakespeare. Dowden also banished Titus Andronicus from the canon because it belonged to "the pre-Shakespearean school of bloody dramas". ${ }^{[26]}$
T. S. Eliot found more to admire, saying of the moment of Pericles' reunion with his daughter: "To my mind the finest of all the 'recognition scenes' is Act V,i of that very great play Pericles. It is a perfect example of the 'ultra-dramatic', a dramatic action of beings who are more than human... or rather, seen in a light more than that of day."

The New Bibliographers of the early twentieth century Alfred W. Pollard, Walter Wilson Greg, and R. B. McKerrow gave increased attention to the examination of quarto editions of Shakespearean plays published before the First Folio (1623).Pericles was among the most notorious "bad quartos." In the second half of the

twentieth century, critics began to warm to the play. After John Arthos' 1953 article "Pericles, Prince of Tyre: A Study in the Dramatic Use of Romantic Narrative, ${ }^{[27]}$ scholars began to find merits and interesting facets within the play's dramaturgy, narrative and use of the marvelous. And, while the play's textual critics have sharply disagreed about editorial methodology in the last half-century, almost all of them, beginning with F. D. Hoeniger with his 1963 Arden 2 edition, have been enthusiastic about Pericles (Other, more recent, critics have been Stephen Orgel (Pelican Shakespeare), Suzanne Gossett (Arden 3), Roger Warren (Reconstructed Oxford), and Doreen DelVecchio and Antony Hammond (Cambridge)).

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## PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE

by William Shakespeare

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

31. ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.

PERICLES, prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, ESCANES, two lords of Tyre.
SIMONIDES, kIng of Pentapolis.
CLEON, governor of Tarsus.
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.
CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.
PFIILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.
Marshal.
A Pandar.
BOULT, his servant.
The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.
THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.
A Bawd.
Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and
Messengers.
DIANA.
GOWER, as Chorus.

## 32.SCENE: Dispersedly in various countries.

## 33. ACT I.

34. [Enter GOWER.]
35. [Before the palace of Antioch.]
36. To sing a song that old was sung,

From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,

On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times, When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, so blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgement your eye
I give, my cause who lest can justify.
37. [Exit.]

## 38.SCENE I. Antioch. A room in the palace.

39. [Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, and followers.] 40. ANTIOCHUS.

Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.
41. PERICLES.

I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.


## 42. ANTIOCHUS.

Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride, For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.
43. [Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.]
44. PERICLES

See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring, Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestal tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!
45. ANTIOCHUS.

Prince Pericles, -
46. PERICLES.

That would be son to great Antiochus.
47. ANTIOCHUS.

Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale, That without covering, save yon field of stars, Here they stand Martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.
48. PERICLES.

Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did;


So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
49. [To the daughter of Antiochus.]
50. Thus ready for the way of life or death,

I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.
51. ANTIOCHUS.

Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.
52. DAUGHTER.

Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!
53. PERICLES

Like a bold champion, I assume THe lists, Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.
54. [He reads the riddle.]
55. I am no viper, yet I feed

On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.
Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts, Why cloud they not their sights perpetually, If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
56. [Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]
57. Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:

But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate,
You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.
58. ANTIOCHUS.

Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Tour time's expired:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.
59. PERICLES.

Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kind are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.
60. ANTIOCHUS.[Aside]

Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him. - Young prince of Tyre.
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.
61. [Exeunt all but Pericles.]
62. PERACLES.

How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite, The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false, Then were it certain you were not so bad As with foul incest to abuse your soul; Where now you're both a father and a son, By your untimely claspings with your child, Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father; And she an eater of her mother's flesh, By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:

Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I 'II shun the danger which I fear.
63. [Exit.]
64. [Re-enter Antiochus.]
65. ANTIOCHUS.

He gath found the meaning, for which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?
66. [Enter Thaliard.]
67. THALIARD.

Doth your highness call?
68. ANTIOCHUS.

Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we Bid it. Say, is it done?
69. THALIARD.

My lord,
Tis done.
70. ANTIOCHUS.

Enough.
71. [Enter a Messenger.]
72. Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
73. MESSENGER.

My lord, prlnce Pericles is fled.
74. [Exit.]
75. ANTIOCHUS.

As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'
76. THALIARD.

My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.
77. ANTIOCHUS.

Thaliard! adieu!
78. [Exit Thaliard.]
79. Till

Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

## 81.SCENE II. Tyre. A room in the palace.

## 82. [Enter Pericles.]

83. PERICLES. [To Lords without.]

Let none disturb us. - Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour, In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night, The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them, And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch, Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here: Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits, Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind, That have their first conception by mis-dread Have after-nourishment and life by care; And what was first but fear what might he done, Grows elder now and cares it be not done. And so with me: the great Antiochus, 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend, Since he 's so great can make his will his act, Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him.
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known, He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he' 11 o'erspread the land, And with the ostent of war will look so huge, Amazement shall drive courage from the state; Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist, And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence: Which care of them, not pity of myself, Who am no more but as the tops of trees, Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them, Makes both my body pine and soul to languish, And punish that before that he would punish. 84. [Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.]
85. FIRST LORD.

Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
86. SECOND LORD.

And keep your mind, till you return to us, Peaceful and comfortable!
87. HELICANUS.

Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,

To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing:
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace, He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
88. PERICLES.

All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading is in our haven,
And then return to us.
89. [Exeunt Lords.]
90. Helicanus, thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?
91. HELICANUS.

An angry brow, dread lord.
92. PERICLES.

If there be such a dart in princes' frowns, How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
93. HELICANUS.

How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
94. PERICLES.

Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.
95. HELICANUS. [Kneeling.]

I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
96. PERICLES.

Rise, prithee, rise.
Sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
97. HELICANUS.

To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
98. PERICLES.

Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus, That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
And there as thou know'st, against the face of death, I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty, From whence an issue I might propagate, Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest - hark in thine ear - as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this, 'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss. Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it, -
99. HELICANUS.

Alas, sir!
100. PERICLES.

Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.
101. HELICANUS.

Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
102. PERICLES.

I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?
103. HELCANUS.

We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
104. PERICLES.

Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:


But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

## 105. [Exeunt.]

## 106. SCENE III. Tyre. An ante-chamber in the Palace.

107. [Enter Thaliard.]
108. THALIARD. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I Kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.
109. [Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.]
110. HELICANUS.

You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.
111. THALIARD. [Aside.]

How! the king gone!
112. HELICANUS.

If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I 'II give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch -
113. THALIARD. [Aside.]

What from Antioch?
114. HELICANUS.

Royal Antiochus - on what cause I know not
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he 'ld correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
115. THALIARD. [Aside.]

Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he 's gone, the king's seas must please
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.
I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
116. HELICANUS.

Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
117. THALIARD.

From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
118. HELICANUS.

We have no reason to desire it,
$\sum<389<$

Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
119. [Exeunt.]
120. SCENE IV. Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.
121. [Enter Cleon, the governor of Tarsus, with Dionyza, and others.]
122. CLEON.

My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forqet our own?
123. DIONYZA.

That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
124. CLEON.

O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.
125. DIONYZA.

I'll do my best, sir.
126. CLEON.

This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government, A city on whom plenty held full hand, For riches strew'd herself even in the streets; Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd, Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
127. DIONYZA.

O, 'tis too true.
128. CLEON.

But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,


Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two sumMers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?
129. DIONYZA.

Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.
130. CLEON.

O , let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superflous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.
131. [Enter a Lord.]
132. LORD.

Where's the lord governor?
133. CLEON.

Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste, For comfort is too far for us to expect.
134. LORD.

We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.
135. CLEON.

I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir, That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation, Taking advantage of our misery, Math stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power, To beat us down, the which are down already; And make a conquest of unhappy me, Whereas no glory's got to overcome.
136. LORD.

That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace, And come to us as favourers, not as foes.
137. CLEON.

Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?


The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.
138. LORD.

I go, my lord.
139. [Exit.]
140. CLEON.

Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.
141. [Enter Pericles with Attendants.]
142. PERICLES.

Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.
143. ALL.

The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.
144. PERICLES.

Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love, And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.
145. CLEON.

The which when any shall not gratify, Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought, Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves, The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, - the which I hope shall ne'er be seen, Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
146.

PERICLES.
Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile, Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.
147. [Exeunt.]

## 148. ACT II.

149. [Enter Gower.]
150. GOWER.

Mere have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,

That will prove awful both in deed word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

## 151. DUMB SHOW.

152. [Enter at one door Pericles talking with Cleon talking with CLEON; all the train with them.

Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.]
153. Good Helicane, that stay'd at home.

Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfil his prince' desire, Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with $\sin$
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He , doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower, - this longs the text.
154. [Exit.]

## 155. SCENE I. Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.

156. [Enter Pericles, wet.]
157. PERICLES.

Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;

And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.
158. [Enter three Fishermen.]
159. FIRST FISHERMAN.

What, ho, Pilch!
160. SECOND FISHERMAN.

Ha, come and bring away the nets!
161. FIRST FISHERMAN.

What, Patch-breech, I say!
162. THIRD FISHERMAN.

What say you, master?
163. FIRST FISHERMAN. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.
164. THIRD FISHERMAN. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.
165. FIRST FISHERMAN. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.
166. THIRD FISHERMAN. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
167. FIRST FISHERMAN. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.
168. PERICLES. [Aside.]

A pretty moral.
169. THIRD FISHERMAN. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.
170. SECOND FISHERMAN.

Why, man?
171.
belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells,
steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind, -
172. PERICLES. [Aside.]

Simonides!
173. THIRD FISHERMAN. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey. 174. PERICLES. [Aside.]

How from the finny subjec of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.
175. SECOND FISHERMAN. Honest! good fellow, what's that; If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.
176. PERICLES.

May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

## 177.

SECOND FISHERMAN.
What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!
178. PERICLES.

A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.
179. FIRST FISHERMAN. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets
more with begging than we can do with working.
180. SECOND FISHERMAN.

Canst thou catch any fishes, then?
181. PERICLES.

I never practised it.
182. SECOND FISHERMAN. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-adays, unless thou canst fish for 't.
183. PERICLES.

What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.
184. FIRST FISHERMAN. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome. 185. PERICLES.

I thank you, sir.
186. SECOND FISHERMAN.

Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.
187. PERICLES.

I did but crave.
188. SECOND FISHERMAN. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.
189. PERICLES.

Why, are your beggars whipped, then?
190. SECOND FISHERMAN.

O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were
whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle.
But, master, I'll go draw up the net.
191. [Exit with Third Fisherman.]
192. PERICLES. [Aside.]

How well this honest mirth becomes their 1abour!
193. FIRST FISHERMAN.

Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?
194. PERICLES.

Not well.
195. FIRST FISHERMAN. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.
196. PERICLES.

The good King Simonides, do you call him?
197. FIRST FISHERMAN. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.
198. PERICLES. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good government. How far is his court distant from this shore?
199. FIRST FISHERMAN. Marry sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.
200. PERICLES. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.
201. FIRST FISHERMAN. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for - his wife' soul.
202. [Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.]
203. SECOND FISHERMAN. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour. 204. PERICLES.
An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses, Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself, And though it was mine own, part of my heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, even as he left his life.
'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death;' - and pointed to this brace; -
For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity -
The which the gods protect thee from! - may defend thee.'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't again:
I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.
205. FIRST FISHERMAN.

What mean you' sir?
206. PERICLES.

To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'ld guide me to your sovereign court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my fortune's better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.
207. FIRST FISHERMAN.

Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?
208. PERICLES.

I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.
209. FIRST FISHERMAN.

Why, do'e take it, and the gods give thee good on 't!
210. SECOND FISHERMAN. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.
211. PERICLES.

Believe't I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.
212. SECOND FISHERMAN. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.
213. PERICLES.

Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.
214. [Exeunt.]

## 215. SCENE II. The same. A public way, or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, etc.

216. [Enter Simonides, Lords and Attendants.]
217. SIMONIDES.

Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?
218. FIRST LORD.

They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.
219. SIMONIDES.

Return them, we are ready; and our daughter, In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.
220. [Exit a Lord.]
221. THALIARD.

It pleaseth you1 my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.
222. SIMONIDES.

It's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.
223. THALIARD.

Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.
224. [Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.]
225. SIMONIDES.

Who is the first that doth prefer himself?
226. THALIARD.

A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun:
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'


## 227. SIMONIDES.

He loves you well that holds his life of you.
228. [The Second Knight passes over.]
229. Who is the second that presents himself?
230. THALIARD.

A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.'
231. [The Third Knight passes over.]
232. SIMONIDES.

And what's the third?
233. THALIARD.

The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, 'Me pompae provexit apex.'
234. [The Fourth Knight passes over.]
235. SIMONIDES.

What is the fourth?
236. THALIARD.

A burning torch that's turned upside down;
The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit.'
237. SIMONIDES.

Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
238. [The Fifth Knight passes over.]
239. THALIARD.

The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'
240. [The Sixith Knight, Pericles, passes over.]
241. SIMONIDES.

And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
242. THALIARD.

He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'
243. SIMONIDES.

A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
244. FIRST LORD.

He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.
245. SECOND LORD.

He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

246. THIRD LORD.

And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
247. SIMONIDES.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery.
248. [Exeunt.]
249. [Great shouts within, and all cry 'The mean knight!']

## 250. SCENE III. The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.

251. [Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Attendants, and Knights, from tilting.]
252. SIMONIDES.

Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
253. THAISA.

But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
254. PERICLES.
'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
255. SIMONIDES.

Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come queen of the feast, -
For, daughter, so you are, - here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
256. KNIGHTS.

We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
257. SIMONIDES.

Your presence glads our days; honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.
258. MARSHALL.

Sir, yonder is your place.
259. PERICLES.

Some other is more fit.
260. FIRST KNIGHT.

Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

## 261. <br> PERICLES.

You are right courteous knights.
262. SIMONIDES.

Sit, sir, sit.
263. PERICLES.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she but thought upon.
264. THAISA.

By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.
265. SIMONIDES.

He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.
266. THAISA.

To me he seems like diamond to glass.
267. PERICLES.

Yon king's to me like to my father's picture, Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
268. SIMONIDES.

What, are you merry, knights?
269. KNIGHTS.

Who can be other in this royal presence?
270. SIMONIDES.

Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim, -
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips, -
We drink this health to you.
271. KNIGHTS.

We thank your grace.
272. SIMONIDES.

Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
273. THAISA.

What is it
To me, my father?
274. SIMONIDES.

O attend, my daughter:
Princes in this should live like god's above,


Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
275. THAISA.

Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
276. SIMONIDES.

How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
277. THAISA. [Aside]

Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
278. SIMONIDES.

And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
279. THAISA.

The king my father, sir, has drunk to you. 280. PERICLES.

I thank him.
281. THAISA.

Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
282. PERICLES.

I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely. 283. THAISA.

And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
284. PERICLES.

A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.
285. THAISA.

He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.
286. SIMONIDES.

Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy. Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles, And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this,
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.


Come, sir;
Here is a lady which wants breathing too:
And I have heard you nights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as exceltent.
289. PERICLES.

In those that practise them they are, my lord.
290. SIMONIDES.

O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy.
291. [The Knights and Ladies dance.]
292. Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks gentlemen, to all; all have done well.
293. [To Pericles.]
294. But you the you the best. Pages and lights to conduct

These knights unto their several lodging.
295. [To Pericles.]
296. Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own.
297. PERICLES.

I am at your grace's pleasure.
298. SIMONIDES.

Princes, it is too late to talk of love;
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.
299. [Exeunt.]

## 300. SCENE IV. Tyre. A room in the Govenor's house.

301. [Enter Helicanus and Escanes.]
302. HELICANUS.

No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heavn came and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
303. ESCANES.
'Twas very strange
304. HELICANUS.

And yet but justice; for though


This king were great; his greatness was no guard.
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
305. ESCANES.
'Tis very true.
306. [Enter two or three Lords.]
307. FIRST LORD.

See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.
308. SECOND LORD.

It shall no longer grieve with out reproof.
309. THIRD LORD.

And cursed be he that will not second it.
310. FIRST LORD.

Follow me, then. Lord Helicane, a word.
311. HELICANE.

With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.
312. FIRST LORD.

Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
313. HELICANE.

Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince your love.
314. FIRST LORD.

Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him.
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him there;
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.
315. SECOND LORD.

Whose death indeed 's the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head, -
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin, - your noble self,
That best know how to rulle and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, - our sovereign.
316. ALL.

Live, noble Helicane!
317. HELICANUS.

For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelve month longer, let me entreat you to
Forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;


Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.
318. FIRST LORD.

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour us.
319. HELICANUS.

Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
320. [Exeunt.]

## 321. SCENE V. Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

322. Enter Simonides, reading a letter at one door: the Knights meet him.]
323. FIRST KNIGHT.]

Good morrow to the good Simonides.
324. SIMONIDES.

Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.
325. SECOND KNIGHT.

May we not get access to her, my lord?
326. SIMONIDES.
'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied
Her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
327. THIRD KNIGHT.

Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
328. [Exeunt Knights.]
329. SIMONIDES.

So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight.
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.
330. [Enter Pericles.]
331. PERICLES.

All fortune to the good Simonides!
332. SIMONIDES.

To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do


Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
333. PERICLES.

It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
334. SIMONIDES.

Sir, you are music's master.
335. PERICLES.

The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
336. SIMONIDES.

Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
337. PERICLES.

A most virtuous princess.
338. SIMONIDES.

And she is fair too, is she not?
339. PERICLES.

As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.
340. SIMONIDES.

Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
341. PERICLES.

I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
342. SIMONIDES.

She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
343. PERICLES. [Aside.]

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
344. SIMONIDES.

Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
345. PERICLES.

By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
346. SIMONIDES.

Traitor, thou liest.
347. PERICLES.

Traitor!
348. SIMONIDES.

Ay, traitor;
349. PERICLES.

Even in his throat - unless it be the king -
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

350. SIMONIDES. [Aside.]

Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage. 351. PERICLES.

My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.
352. SIMONIDES.

No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.
353. [Enter Thaisa.]
354. PERICLES.

Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.
355. THAISA.

Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
356. SIMONIDES.

Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[Aside.]
I am glad on't with all my heart. -
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger?
[Aside.]
who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself. -
Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine, - and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I will make you -
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief, - God give you joy! -
What, are you both pleased?
357. THAISA.

Yes, if you love me, sir.
358. PERICLES.

Even as my life my blood that fosters it.
359. SIMONIDES.

What, are you both agreed?
360 . BOTH.
Yes, if it please your majesty.


It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then with what haste you can get you to bed.
362. [Exeunt.]

## 363. ACT III.

364. [Enter Gower.]
365. GOWER.

Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.
366. [Dumb Show.]
367. [Enter, Pericles and Simonides, at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida a nurse. The King shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart, with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.]
368. By many a dern and painful perch

Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre, Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons, He , obedient to their dooms, Will take the crown. The sum of this, Brought hither to Pentapolis Y-ravished the regions round, And every one with claps can sound,

'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire -
Which who shall cross? - along to go:
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.

## SCENE I.

371. [Enter Pericles, on shipboard.]
372. PERICLES.

Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash forth both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida! - Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!
373. [Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.]
374. Now, Lychorida!
375. LYCHORIDA.

Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your aims this piece
Of your dead queen.


How, how, Lychorida!
377. LYCHORIDA.

Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
378. PERICLES.

O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.
379. LYCHORIDA.

Patience, good sir.
Even for this charge.
380 PERICLES.
Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thiou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here, Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon't!
381. [Enter two Sailors.]
382. FIRST SAILOR.

What courage, sir? God save you!
383. PERICLES.

Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of ths poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
384. FIRST SAILOR. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.
385. SECOND SAILOR. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.
386. FIRST SAILOR. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.
387. PERICLES.

That's your superstition.
388. FIRST SAILOR. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it has been still observed; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.
389. PERICLES.

As you think meet. Most wretched queen!
390. LYCHORIDA.

Here she lies, sir.
391. PERICLES.

A terrible childben hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements


Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse, Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida.
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
392. [Exit Lychorida.]
393. SECOND SAILOR. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.
394. PERICLES.

I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?
395. SECOND SAILOR.

We are near Tarsus.
396. PERICLES.

Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When, canst thou reach it?
397. SECOND SAILOR.

By break of day, if the wind cease.
398. PERICLES.

O, make for Tarsus!
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I'll bring the body presently.
399. [Exeunt.]

## 400. SCENE II. Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

401. [Enter Cerimon, with a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.]
402. CERIMON.

Philemon, ho!
403. [Enter Philemon.]
404. PHILEMON.

Doth my lord call?
405. CERIMON.

Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
406. SERVANT.

I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endured.
407. CERIMON.

Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him.

408. [To Philemon.]

Give this to the 'pothecary, And tell me how it works.
409. [Exeunt all but Cerimon.]
410. [Enter two Gentlemen.]
411. FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Good morrow.
412. SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Good morrow to your lordship.
413. CERIMON.

Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
414. FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea, Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend, And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear Made me to quit the house.
415. SECOND GENTLEMAN.

That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.
416. CERIMON.

O, you say well.
417. FIRST GENTLEMAN.

But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain.
Being thereto not compell'd.
418. CERIMON.

I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.
419. SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth


Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.
420. [Enter two or three Servants with a chest.]
421. FIRST SERVANT.

So; lift there.
422. CERIMON.

What is that?
423. FIRST SERVANT.

Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
'Tis of some wreck.
424. CERIMON.

Set 't down, let's look upon 't.
425. SECOND GENTLEMAN.
'Tis like a coffin, sir.
426. CERIMON.

Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.
427. SECOND GENTLEMAN.
'Tis so, my lord.
428. CERIMON.

How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed!
Did the sea cast it up?
429. FIRST SERVANT.

I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.
430. CERIMON.

Wrench it open;
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.
431. SECOND GENTLEMAN.

A delicate odour.
432. CERIMON.

As ever hit my nostril. So up with it.
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!
433. FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Most strange!
434. CERIMON.

Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasured
With full bags of spices! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!
435. [Reads from a scroll.]
436. 'Here I give to understand, If e'er this coffin drive a-land, I, King Pericles, have lost This queen, worth all our mundane cost. Who her, give her burying;


She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!'
If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced tonight.
437. SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Most likely, sir.
438. CERIMON.

Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
439. [Exit a Servant.]
440. Death may usurp on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.
441. [Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.
442. Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.

The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! - I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours: see how she gins to blow
Into life's flower again!
443. FIRST GENTLEMAN.

The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder and set up
Your fame for ever.
444. CERIMON.

She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich.
Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be.
445. [She moves.]
446. THAISA.

O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?
447. SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Is not this strange?
448. FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Most rare.


## 449. CERIMON.

Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her, relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And AEsculapius guide us!
450. [Exeunt, carrying her away.]

## 451. SCENE III. Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.

452. [Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.] 453. PERICLES.

Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!
454. CLEON.

Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.
455. DIONYZA.

O, your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!
456. PERICLES.

We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.
457. CLEON.

Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!
458. PERICLES.

I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave


Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.
459. DIONYZA.

I have one myself,
Who shall not be mere dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.
460. PERICLES.

Madam, my thanks and prayers.
461. CLEON.

We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.
462. PERICLES.

I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.
463. [Exeunt.]

## 464. SCENE IV. Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

465. [Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.]
466. CERIMON.

Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels, Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?
467. THAISA.

It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember, Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
468. CERIMON.

Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
469. THAISA.

My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
470. [Exeunt.]
471. ACT IV.
472. [Enter Gower.]


Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre, Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind, Whom our fast-growing scene must find At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd In music, letters; who hath gain'd Of education all the grace, Which makes her both the heart and place Of general wonder. But, alack, That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound,
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts, And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks, That Cleon's wife, with envy rare, A present murderer does prepare For good Marina, that her daughter Might stand peerless by this slaughter. The sooner her vile thoughts to stead, Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey, Unless your thoughts went on my way.


Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.
474. [Exit.]

## 475. Scene I. Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

476. [Enter Dionyza and Leonine.]
477. DIONYZA.

Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.
478. LEONINE.

I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.
479. DIONYZA. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here she comes weeping for her only
mistress' death. Thou art resolved?
480. LEONINE.

I am resolved.
481. [Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.]
482. MARINA.

No, I will rob Tellus of her weed
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.
483. DIONYZA.

How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's changed
With this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
484. MARINA.

No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.
485. DIONYZA.

Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come and find


Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.
486. MARINA.

Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.
487. DIONYZA.

Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.
488. LEONINE.

I warrant you, madam.
489. DIONYZA.

I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.
490. MARINA.

My thanks, sweet madam.
491. [Exit Dionyza.]
492. Is this wind westerly that blows?
493. LEONINE.

South-west.
494. MARINA.

When I was born, the wind was north.
495. LEONINE.

Was 't so?
496. MARINA.

My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.
497. LEONINE.

When was this?
498. MARINA.

When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
499. LEONINE.

Come, say your prayers.
500. MARINA.

What mean you?

501. LEONINE.

If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
502. MARINA.

Why will you kill rne?
503. LEONINE.

To satisfy my lady.
504. MARINA.

Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spoke bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
505. LEONINE.

My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.
506. MARINA.

You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
507. LEONINE.

I am sworn,
And will dispatch.
508. [He seizes her.]
509. [Enter Pirates.]
510. FIRST PIRATE.

Hold, villain!
511. [Leonine runs away.]
512. SECOND PIRATE.

A prize! a prize!
513. THIRD PIRATE.

Half-part, mates, half-part,
Comes, let's have her aboard suddenly.
514. [Exeunt Pirates with Marina.]
515. [Re-enter Leonine.]
516. LEONINE.

These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they hav seized Marina. Let her go:
Thre's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:


Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
517. [Exit.]

## 518. Scene II. Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

519. [Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.]
520. PANDAR.

Boult!
521. BOULT.

Sir?
522. PANDAR. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.
523. BAWD. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.
524. PANDAR. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'r we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.
525. BAWD. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards, - as, I think, I have bought up some eleven -
526. BOULT. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?
527. BAWD. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blo it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.
528. PANDAR. Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.
529. BOULT.

Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms.
But I'll go search the market.
530. [Exit.]
531. PANDAR. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.
532. BAWD. Wgy to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?
533. PANDAR. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therfore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.
534. BAWD.

Come, others sorts offend as well as we.
535. PANDAR. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.
536. [Re-enter Boult, with the Pirates and Marina.]
537. BOULT
[To Marina.]
Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?
538. FIRST PIRATE.

O, sir, we doubt it not.
539. BOULT. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.
540. BAWD.

Boult, has she any qualities?

541. BOULT. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent clothes: ther's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.
542. BAWD.

What is her price, Boult?
543. BOULT.

I cannot be baited one doit of a thousand pieces.
544. PANDAR.

Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently.
Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.
545. [Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.]
546. BAWD. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.
547. BOULT.

Performance shall follow.
548. [Exit.
549. MARINA.

Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!
550. BARD.

Why lament you, pretty one?
551. MARINA.

That I am pretty.
552. BAWD.

Come, the gods have done their part in you.
553. MARINA.

I accuse them not.
554. BAWD.

You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.
555. MARINA.

The more my fault
To scape his hands where I was like to die.
556. BAWD.

Ay , and you shall live in pleasure.
557. MARINA.

No.
558. BAWD.

Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you
shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions.
What! do you stop your ears?
559. MARINA.

Are you a woman?
560. BAWD.

What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?
561. MARINA.

An honest woman, or not a woman.
562. BAWD. Marry, whip the, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.


The gods defend me!
564. BAWD. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult's returned.
565. [Re-enter Boult.]
566. Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?
567. BOULT. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.
568. BAWD. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?
569. BOULT. 'Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.
570. BAWD.

We shall have him here to-morrow: with his best ruff on.
571. BOULT. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?
572. BAWD.

Who, Monsieur Veroles?
573. BOULT. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.
574. BAWD. Well. well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.
575. BOULT. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.
576. [To Marina.] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.
577. MARINA.

I understand you not.
578. BOULT. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.
579. BAWD. Thou sayest true, i' faith so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.
580. BOULT. 'Faith, some do and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint, -
581. BAWD.

Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.
582. BOULT.

I may so.
583. BAWD. Who should deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.
584. BOULT.

Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.
585. BAWD. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.
586. BOULT.

I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her Beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined.
I'll bring home some to-night.
587. BAWD.

Come your ways; follow me.

588. MARINA.

If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!
589. BAWD.

What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us?
590. [Exeunt.]

## 591. SCENE III. Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.

592. [Enter Cleon and Dionyza.]
593. DIONYZA.

Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?
594. CLEON.

O, Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!
595. DIONYZA.

I think
You'll turn a child agan.
596. CLEON.

Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'ld give it to undo the deed. 0 lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?
597. DIONYZA.

That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'11 say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'
598 CLEON.
O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.
599. DIONYZA.

Be one of those that think.
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.
600. CLEON.

To such proceeding
Whoever but his approbation added,


Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources,
601. DIONYZA.

Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.
602. CLEON.

Heavens forgive it!
603. DIONYZA.

And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.
604. CLEON.

Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.
605. DIONYZA.

You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise.
606. [Exeunt.]

## 607. SCENE IV.

608. [Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.]
609. GOWER.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;
Making, to take your imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas
Attended on by many a lord and knight,


To see his daughter, all his life's deight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate.
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus, - think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on, -
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.
610. [Dumb Show.]
611. [Enter Pericles, at one door, with all his train; Cleon and

Dionyza, at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb; whereat
Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a
mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon and Dionyza.]
612. See how belief may suffer by foul show;

This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through; and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.
613. [Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.]
'The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'
614. No visor does become black villany

So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilene.
615. [Exit.]


## 616. SCENE V. Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

617. [Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.]
618. FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Did you ever hear the like?
619. SECOND GENTLEMAN. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.
620. FIRST GENTLEMAN. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?
621. SECOND GENTLEMAN. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall's go hear the vestals sing?
622. FIRST GENTLEMAN. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.
623. [Exeunt.]

## 624. SCENE VI. The same. A room in the brothel.

625. [Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.]
626. PANDAR. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.
627. BAWD. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.
628. BOULT. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our swearers priests.
629. PANDAR.

Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!
630. BAWD.
'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox.
Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.
631. BOULT. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.
632. [Enter Lysimachus.]
633. LYSIMACHUS.

How now! How a dozen of virginities?
634. BAWD.

Now, the gods to bless your honour!
635. BOULT.

I am glad to see your honour in good health.
636. LYSIMACHUS. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs.

How now! wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?
637. BAWD. We have here one, sir, if she would - but there never came her like in Mytilene.
638. LYSIMACHUS.

If she'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.
639. BAWD.

Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.
640. LYSIMACHUS.

Well, call forth, call forth.
641. BOULT. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed,
if she had but -
642. LYSIMACHUS.

What, prithee?


O, sir, I can be modest.
644. LYSIMACHUS. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.
645. [Exit Boult.]
646. BAWD. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.
647. [Re-enter Boult with Marina.]
648. Is she not a fair creature?
649. LYSIMACHUS. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave
us.
650. BAWD. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.
651. LYSIMACHUS.

I beseech you, do.
652. BAWD.
[To Marina.]
First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.
653. MARINA.

I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.
654. BAWD. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.
655. MARINA. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.
656. BAWD. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.
657. MARINA.

What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.
658. LYSIMACHUS.

Ha' you done?
659. BAWD. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage.

Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.
660. [Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.]
661. LYSIMACHUS.

Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?
662. MARINA.

What trade, sir?
663. LYSIMACHUS.

Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.
664. MARINA.

I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.
665. LYSIMACHUS.

How long have you been of this profession?
666. MARINA.

E'er since I can remember?
667. LYSIMACHUS. Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?
668. MARINA.

Earlier, too, sir, if now I be one.
669. LYSIMACHUS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.
670. MARINA. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.
671. LYSIMACHUS.

Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?


Who is my principal?
673. LYSIMACHUS. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.
674. MARINA.

If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.
675. LYSIMACHUS.

How 's this? how 's this? Some more; be sage.
676. MARINA.

For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O , that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!
677. LYSIMACHUS.

I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!
678. MARINA.

The good gods preserve you!
679. LYSIMACHUS.

For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.
680. [Re-enter Boult.]
681. BOULT.

I beseech your honour, one piece for me.
682. LYSIMACHUS.

Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away!
683. [Exit.]
684. BOULT. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.


Whither would you have me?
686. BOULT. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it.

Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.
687. [Re-enter Bawd.]
688. BAWD.

How now! what's the matter?
689. BOULT.

Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the
Lord Lysimachus.
690. BAWD.

O Abominable!
691. BOULT. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.
692. BAWD.

Marry, hang her up for ever!
693. BOULT. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.
694. BAWD. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.
695. BOULT. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.
696. MARINA.

Hark, hark, you gods!
697. BAWD. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!
698. [Exit.]
699. BOULT.

Come, mistress; come your ways with me.
700. MARINA.

Whither wilt thou have me?
701. BOULT.

To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.
702. MARINA.

Prithee, tell me one thing first.
703. BOULT.

Come now, your one thing.
704. MARINA.

What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?
705. BOULT.

Why, I could wish him to he my master, or rather, my mistress.
706. MARINA.

Neither of these are so had as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable, thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

707. BOULT. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?
708. MARINA.

Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.
709. BOULT.

But can you teach all this you speak of?
710. MARINA.

Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.
711. BOULT. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.
712. MARINA.

But amongst honest women.
713. BOULT. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. ome, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.
714. [Exeunt.]

## 715. ACT V.

716. [Enter Gower.]
717. GOWER.

Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sistrs the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again, Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived


Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark.
718. [Exit.]

## 719. SCENE I. On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

720. [Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.]
721. TYRIAN SAILOR.
[To the Sailor of Mytilene.]
Where is lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
O , here he is.
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
722. HELICANUS.

That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
723. TYRIAN SAILOR.

Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.
724. [Enter two or three Gentlemen.]
725. FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Doth your lordship call?
726. HELICANUS.

Gentlemen, there s some of worth would come aboard;
I pray ye, greet them fairly.
727. [The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.
728. Enter, from thence, Lysimachus and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two sailors.
729. TYRIAN SAILOR.

Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.
730. LYSIMACHUS.

Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!
731. HELICANUS.

And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.
732. LYSIMACHUS.

You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.


## 733. HELICANUS.

First, what is your place?
734. LYSIMACHUS.

I am the governor of this place you lie before.
735. HELICANUS.

Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.
736. LYSIMACHUS.

Upon what ground is his distemperature?
737. HELICANUS.
'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
738. LYSIMACHUS.

May we not see him?
739. HELICANUS.

You may;
But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
To any.
740. LYSIMACHUS.

Yet let me obtain my wish.
741. HELICANUS.

Behold him.
[Pericles discovered.]
This was a goodly person.
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
742. LYSIMACHUS.

Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
743. HELICANUS.

It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
744. FIRST LORD.

Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
745. LYSIMACHUS.
'Tis well bethought.
She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.
746. [Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.]


## 747.

HELICANUS.
Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
748. LYSIMACHUS.

O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a catepillar,
And so afflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
749. HELICANUS.

Sit, sir, I will recount it to you:
But, see, I am prevented.
750. [Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady.]
751. LYSIMACHUS.

O , here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?
752. HELICANUS.

She's a gallant lady.
753. LYSIMACHUS.

She's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'ld wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
754. MARINA.

Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.
755. LYSIMACHUS.

Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!
756. [Marina sings.]
757. LYSIMACHUS.

Mark'd he your music?
758. MARINA.

No, nor look'd on us,
759. LYSIMACHUS.

See, she will speak to him.

760. MARINA.

Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
761. PERICLES.

Hum, ha!
762. MARINA.

I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a cornet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.
[Aside.]
I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'
763. PERICLES.

My fortunes - parentage - good parentage -
To equal mine! - was it not thus? what say you?
764. MARINA.

I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage.
You would not do me violence.
765. PERICLES.

I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that - What country-woman?
Here of these shores?
766. MARINA.

No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
767. PERICLES.

I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?
768. MARINA.

Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
769. PERICLES.

Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

770. MARINA.

If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
771. PERICLES.

Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back -
Which was when I perceived thee - that thou earnest
From good descending?
772. MARINA.

So indeed I did.
773. PERICLES.

Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
774. MARINA.

Some such thing,
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
775. PERICLES.

Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.
776. MARINA.

My name is Marina.
777. PERICLES.

O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
778. MARINA.

Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
779. PERICLES.

Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
780. MARINA.

The name
Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king.


How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
782. MARINA.

You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
783. PERICLES.

But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
784. MARINA.

Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.
785. PERICLES.

At sea! what mother?
786. MARINA.

My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
787. PERICLES.

O, stop there a little!
788. [Aside.]
789. This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried. Well: where were: you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
790. MARINA. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er. -
791. PERICLES.

I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
792. MARINA.

The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir.
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.
793. PERICLES.

Ho, Helicanus!
794. HELICANUS.

Calls my lord?


Thou art a grave and noble counsellor, Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst, What this maid is, or what is like to be, That thus hath made me weep?
796. HELICANUS.

I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.
797. LYSIMACHUS.

She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
798. PERICLES.

O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me O'erbear the shores of my mortality, And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither, Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget; Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus, And found at sea again! O Helicanus, Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep
799. MARINA.

First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?
800. PERICLES.

I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,
The heir of kingdoms and another like
To Pericles thy father.
801. MARINA.

Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.
802. PERICLES.

Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?
803. HELICANUS.

Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,


Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
804. PERICLES.

I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?
805. HELICANUS.

My lord, I hear none.
806. PERICLES.

None!
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.
807. LYSIMACHUS.

It is not good to cross him; give him way
808. PERICLES.

Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
809. LYSIMACHUS.

My lord, I hear.
810. [Music.]
811. PERICLES.

Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest.
812. [Sleeps.]
813. LYSIMACHUS.

A pillow for his head:
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.
814. [Exeunt all but Pericles.]
815. [Diana appears to Pericles as in a vision.]
816. DIANA.

My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither, And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together, Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call
And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe:
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream.
817. [Disappears.]
818. PERICLES.

Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus!
819. [Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina.]
820. HELICANUS.

Sir?


## 821.

PERICLES.
My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why
822. [To Lysimachus.]
823. Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,

And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
824. LYSIMACHUS.

Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.
825. PERICLES.

You shall prevail,
Were you to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
826. LYSIMACHUS.

Sir, lend me your arm.
827. PERICLES.

Come, my Marina.
828. [Exeunt.]

## 829. SCENE II. Enter Gower, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

830. GOWER.

Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice, As Dian bade: whereto being bound, The interim, pray you, all confound. In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd, And wishes fall out as they're will'd. At Ephesus, the temple see, Cur king and all his company. That he can hither come so soon, Is by your fancy's thankful doom.
831. [Exit.]


## 832. SCENE III. The temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as

high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other inhabitants of

## Ephesus attending.

833. [Enter Pericles, with his train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.]
834. PERICLES.

Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command, I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess, Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
835. THAISA.

Voice and favour!
You are, you are - O royal Pericles!
836. [Faints.]
837. PERICLES.

What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!
838. CERIMON.

Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
839. PERICLES.

Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.
840. CERIMON.

Upon this coast, I warrant you.
841. PERICLES.
'Tis most certain.
842. CERIMON.

Look to the lady; O, she's but o'er-joy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.
843. PERICLES.

May we see them?
844. CERIMON.

Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.
845. THAISA.

O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity


Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
846. PERICLES.

The voice of dead Thaisa!
847. THAISA.

That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.
848. PERICLES.

Immortal Dian!
849. THAISA.

Now I know you better,
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.
850. [Shows a ring.]
851. PERICLES.

This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
852. MARINA.

My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
853. [Kneels to Thaisa.]
854. PERICLES.

Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.
855. THAISA.

Blest, and mine own!
856. HELICANUS.

Hail, madam, and my queen!
857. THAISA.

I know you not.
858. PERICLES.

You have heard me say, when did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man
I have named him oft.
859. THAISA.
'Twas Helicanus then.
860. PERICLES.

Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found:
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.


Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.
862. PERICLES.

Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
863. CERIMON.

I will, my lord
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
864. PERICLES.

Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.
865. THAISA.

Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.
866. PERICLES.

Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way.
867. [Exeunt.]
868. [Enter Gower.]
869. GOWER.

In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen, Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;


The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them although not done but meant.
So, on your patence evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
870.
[Exit.]
871. End of Project Gutenberg Etext of Pericles by Shakespeare PG has multiple editions of William Shakespeare's Complete Works

## The Phoenix and the Turtle

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Jump to: navigation, search
The Phoenix and the Turtle is an allegorical poem about the death of ideal love by William Shakespeare. It is widely considered to be one of his most obscure works and has led to many conflicting interpretations. ${ }^{[1]}$ It has also been called "the first great published metaphysical poem". ${ }^{[2]}$ The title "The Phoenix and the Turtle" is a conventional label. As published, the poem was untitled.

## Contents

[hide]

- 1 Context
- 2 Interpretations
- 2.1 John and Ursula Salusbury
- 2.2 Elizabeth and Essex
- 2.3 Catholic martyrs
- 3 Text of the poem
- 4 References
- 5 Bibliography


## [] Context

It was first published in 1601 as a supplement to a long poem by Robert Chester, entitled Love's Martyr. The full title of Chester's book explains the content:

Love's Martyr: or Rosalins Complaint. Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue, in the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle. A Poeme enterlaced with much varietie and raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caeliano, by Robert Chester. With the true legend of famous King Arthur the last of the nine Worthies, being the first Essay of a new Brytish Poet: collected out of diuerse


The "turtle" in the title is the turtle dove, not the shelled reptile. Chester prefaced his poem with a short dedication addressed to the phoenix and turtle-dove, traditional emblems of devoted love:

Phoenix of beautie, beauteous, Bird of any
To thee I do entitle all my labour,
More precious in mine eye by far then many
That feedst all earthly sences with thy savour:
Accept my home-writ praises of thy loue,
And kind acceptance of thy Turtle-doue
Chester's main poem is a long allegory, incorporating the story of King Arthur, in which the relationship between the birds is explored, and its symbolism articulated. It is followed by a brief collection of short poems by the "least and chiefest of our moderne writers, with their names sub-scribed to their particular workes". These include, in addition to Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, George Chapman, John Marston and the anonymous "Vatum Chorus" and "Ignoto". All use the same imagery.

## [] Interpretations

In addition to an allegory of an ideal marriage, the poem can be seen as an elucidation of the relationship between truth and beauty, or of fulfilled love, in the context of Renaissance Neoplatonism. ${ }^{[3]}$ Shakespeare introduces a number of other birds, drawing on earlier literature about the "parliament of birds", to portray the death of the lovers as the loss of an ideal that can only be lamented.

Several attempts have been made to link the lovers of the poem to historical individuals:

## [] John and Ursula Salusbury

Because Chester dedicated the main poem to Sir John Salusbury and his wife Ursula Stanley, it has been argued that all the poems in the collection, including Shakespeare's, also celebrate the couple. Salusbury was a courtier at the court of Elizabeth I, and was a member of the powerful Salusbury Family of Wales. A difficulty with this view is the fact that the couple are known to have had ten children, but the poem refers to the relationship as a childless "married chastity". This seeming "error" is commented on elsewhere in the collection by John Marston. The identification of the Salusburys as the subject was first argued in detail by Carleton Brown in 1913. ${ }^{[4]}$

## [] Elizabeth and Essex

The theory that both Chester's and Shakespeare's poems were intended to refer to the relationship between Queen Elizabeth I and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex was first proposed by A.B. Grossart in 1878, and was revived by William Matchett in 1965. ${ }^{[5]}$ Many authors who reject the identification of the lovers as Essex and Elizabeth nevertheless argue that the events of Essex's rebellion and execution in early 1601 may lie behind some of the more obscure symbolism in the poem and the others in the collection. ${ }^{[6]}$

## [] Catholic martyrs

A different interpretation is that the poem is a secretly Catholic eulogy. This argument is linked to claims that Shakespeare was a secret Catholic sympathiser. Clare Asquith has suggested that it commemorates the Jesuit

martyrs Robert Southwell and Henry Walpole. ${ }^{[7]}$ John Finnis and Patrick Martin argue that it is about Anne Line, a Catholic executed at Tyburn in 1601. ${ }^{[8]}$ Anne Line and her young husband Roger were separated when he was exiled due to his Catholic activism. He died on the continent. She was later convicted for illegal performance of the Mass and the harbouring of priests, leading to her execution. Like Shakespeare's couple the Lines had no children. ${ }^{[9]}$

Hildegard Hammerschmidt-Hummel, another proponent of the view that Shakespeare was a secret Catholic, argued that it was intended as a memorial to the Earl of Essex and his friend Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton. They were both sentenced to death on the first day of their trial for treason, on February 19th, 1601, though Southampton's sentence was later commuted.

According to these interpretations the poem is an allegory containing an imaginary Catholic requiem to the deceased couples. In Hammerschmidt-Hummel's view, other "birds" mentioned are Anthony Shirley, Francis Bacon, Robert Cecil, James of Scotland and Queen Elizabeth I. ${ }^{[10]}$ Finnis and Martin argue that the "bird of loudest lay" is the composer William Byrd and that the crow is Father Henry Garnet.

## [] Text of the poem

## The Phoenix and the Turtle

Let the bird of loudest lay, On the sole Arabian tree, Herald sad and trumpet be, To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou, shriking harbinger, Foul pre-currer of the fiend, Augur of the fever's end, To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.
Let the priest in surplice white, That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.
And thou, treble-dated crow, That thy sable gender mak'st With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st, 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.


So they lov'd, as love in twain Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.
Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen;
But in them it were a wonder.
So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.
Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.
Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together; To themselves yet either-neither, Simple were so well compounded

That it cried how true a twain Seemeth this concordant one! Love hath reason, reason none If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne To the phoenix and the dove, Co-supreme and stars of love; As chorus to their tragic scene.

## THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity.
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,
Leaving no posterity:--
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.


Truth may seem, but cannot be:
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.
To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

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## Cymbeline

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This article is about Shakespeare's play. For other uses, see Cymbeline (disambiguation).


跇
Imogen Discovered in the Cave of Belarius by George Dawe
Cymbeline (pronounced $/ \square$ simbili : $\mathrm{n} /$ ) is a play by William Shakespeare, based on legends concerning the early Celtic British King Cunobelinus. Although listed as a tragedy in the First Folio, modern critics often classify Cymbeline as a romance. Like Othello, Measure for Measure, and The Winter's Tale, it deals with the themes of innocence and jealousy. While the precise date of composition remains unknown, the play was certainly produced as early as 1611 . ${ }^{[1]}$

## Contents

## [hide]

- 1 Sources
- 2 Date and text
- 3 Characters
- 4 Synopsis
- 5 Performance
- 6 Adaptations and cultural references
- 7 References
- 8 External links


## [] Sources

The plot of Cymbeline is loosely based on a tale by Geoffrey of Monmouth about the real-life British monarch Cunobelinus. Shakespeare, however, freely adapts the legend to a large extent and adds entirely original subplots. Iachimo's wager and subsequent hiding-place within a chest in order to gather details of Imogen's room derive from story II. 9 of Giovanni Boccaccio's Decameron. ${ }^{[2]}$

## [] Date and text




Facsimile of the first page of Cymbeline from the First Folio
Cymbeline cannot be precisely dated. The Yale edition suggests a collaborator had a hand in the authorship, and some scenes (e.g. Act III scene 7 and Act V scene 2) may strike the reader as particularly un-Shakespearean when compared with others. The play shares notable similarities in language, situation and plot with Beaumont and Fletcher's tragicomedy Philaster, or Love Lies a-Bleeding, (c.1609-10). Both plays concern themselves with a princess who, after disobeying her father in order to marry a lowly lover, is wrongly accused of infidelity and thus ordered to be murdered, before escaping and having her faithfulness proven. Furthermore, both were written for the same theatre company and audience. ${ }^{[3]}$ Some scholars believe this supports a dating of approximately 1609 , though it is not clear which play preceded the other. ${ }^{[4]}$ Cymbeline was first published in the


Some have taken the convoluted plot as evidence of the play's parodic origins. In Act V Scene IV, "Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt." After stating that Posthumus' fortunes will improve, Jupiter returns to heaven on his eagle.

Though once held in very high regard Cymbeline has lost favour over the past century. Some have held that Shakespeare, by frivolously spinning absurd tales, merely wrote it to amuse himself. ${ }^{[6]}$ William Hazlitt and John Keats, however, number it among their favorite plays. It is sometimes referred to as a "problem play", because its central character confronts a specific moral or social concern.

The editors of the Oxford and Norton Shakespeare believe the name of Imogen is a misspelling of Innogenthey draw several comparisons between Cymbeline and Much Ado About Nothing, in which a ghost character named Innogen was supposed to be Leonato's wife (Posthumus being also known as "Leonatus", the Latin form of the Italian name in the other play). Stanley Wells and Michael Dobson point out that Holinshed's Chronicles, which Shakespeare used as a source, mention an Innogen, and that Forman's eyewitness account of the April 1611 performance refers to "Innogen" throughout. ${ }^{[5]}$ In spite of these arguments, most editions of the play have continued to use the name Imogen.

## [] Characters

CYMBELINE, King of Britain
CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces
QUEEN, Wife to Cymbeline
PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus


IMOGEN / INNOGEN ${ }^{[7]}$, Daughter to Cymbeline by aA Roman Captain former Queen

Two British Captains

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen

BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan

GUIDERIUS \& ARVIRAGUS, Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Morgan

PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus
IACHIMO / JACHIMO / GIACOMO ${ }^{[7]}$, Friend to Philario

HELEN, a Lady attending on Imogen

## [] Synopsis



Postumus and Imogen by John Faed
Posthumus, a man of low birth but exceeding personal merit, has secretly married his childhood friend Imogen, daughter of King Cymbeline. Cymbeline, upon finding out, banishes Posthumus from the kingdom. His faithful servant Pisanio, however, remains.

Iachimo, a soldier in the Roman army, makes a bet with Posthumus that he can tempt Imogen to commit adultery. Iachimo sneaks into her bedchamber and examines her while she sleeps, stealing a bracelet. Then he tells Posthumus he has won the bet, offering the bracelet as proof, along with details of Imogen's bedchamber
and naked body. Posthumus orders his faithful servant Pisanio to murder the falsely besmirched Imogen. Pisanio warns her instead, then helps her fake her death, and tells her to disguise herself as a boy. He sends her to Milford Haven on the West Coast of Wales. There she befriends "Polydore" and "Cadwal" who, unbeknownst to her, are really Guiderius and Arviragus, her own brothers.

Twenty years before the action of the play, two British noblemen swore false oaths charging that Belarius had conspired with the ancient Romans, which led Cymbeline to banish him. Belarius kidnapped Cymbeline's young sons in retaliation, to hinder him from having heirs to the throne. The sons were raised by the nurse Euriphile, whom they called mother and took her for such.

At the play's resolution, virtually the entire cast comes forth one at a time to add a piece to the puzzle. Cornelius, the court doctor, arrives to dazzle everyone with news that the Queen, Imogen's stepmother, is dead, reporting that with her last breath she confessed her wicked deeds: she never loved old Cymbeline, she unsuccessfully attempted to have Imogen poisoned by Pisanio (without Pisanio's knowledge), and she was ambitious to poison Cymbeline so Cloten, her own son, could assume the throne.

Cymbeline concludes with an oration to the gods, declares peace and friendship between Britain and Rome, and great feasting in Lud's Town (London), concluding "Never was a war did cease, / Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a peace."

## [] Performance

Following the performance mentioned by Forman, the play was revived at court for Charles I and Henrietta Maria in 1634. ${ }^{[8]}$ In the Restoration era, Thomas D'Urfey staged an adaptation of Cymbeline, titled The Injur'd Princess, or The Fatal Wager. John Rich staged the play with his company at Lincoln's Inn Fields; the performance was not long-remembered, as Rich's company was less famous for its work with Shakespeare than for its pantomimes and spectacles. Theophilus Cibber revived Shakespeare's text in 1758. In November 1761, David Garrick returned to a more-or-less original text, with good success: Posthumus became one of his star roles. ${ }^{[9]}$ Garrick rearranged some scenes; in particular, he shortened Imogen's burial scene and the entire fifth act, omitting the dream of Posthumus. The production was highly praised.

The play entered the Romantic era with John Philip Kemble's company in 1801. ${ }^{[10]}$ Kemble's productions made use of lavish spectacle and scenery; one critic noted that during the bedroom scene, the bed was so large that Jachimo all but needed a ladder to view Imogen in her sleep. ${ }^{[11]}$ Kemble added a dance to the Cloten's comic wooing of Imogen. In 1827, his brother Charles mounted an antiquarian production at Covent Garden; it featured costumes designed after the descriptions of the ancient British by such writers as Julius Caesar and Diodorus Siculus.

William Charles Macready mounted the play several times between 1837 and $1842 .{ }^{[12]}$ At the Theatre Royal, Marylebone, an epicene production was staged with Mary Warner, Fanny Vining, Anna Cora Mowatt, and Edward Loomis Davenport.


吅
Dame Ellen Terry as Imogen
In 1864, as part of the celebrations of Shakespeare's birth, Samuel Phelps performed the title role at Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Helen Faucit returned to the stage for this performance.

The play was also one of Ellen Terry's last performances with Henry Irving at the Lyceum in 1896. Terry's performance was widely praised, though Irving was judged an indifferent Iachimo. Like Garrick, Irving removed the dream of Posthumus; he also curtailed Iachimo's remorse and attempted to render Cloten's character consistent. A review in the Athenaeum compared this trimmed version to pastoral comedies such as $\underline{A s}$ You Like It. The set design, overseen by Lawrence Alma-Tadema, was lavish and advertised as historically accurate, though the reviewer for the time complained of such anachronisms as gold crowns and printed books as props. ${ }^{[13]}$

Similarly lavish but less successful was Margaret Mather's production in New York in 1897. The sets and publicity cost $\$ 40,000$, but Mather was judged too emotional and undisciplined to succeed in a fairly cerebral role.

Barry Vincent Jackson staged a modern-dress production for the Birmingham Rep in 1923, two years before his influential modern-dress Hamlet. ${ }^{[14]}$ Walter Nugent Monck brought his Maddermarket Theatre production to Stratford in 1946, inaugurating the post-war tradition of the play.

London saw two productions in the 1956 season. Michael Benthall directed the less successful production, at the Old Vic. The set design by Audrey Cruddas was notably minimal, with only a few essential props. She relied instead on a variety of lighting effects to reinforce mood; actors seemed to come out of darkness and return to darkness. Barbara Jefford was criticized as too cold and formal for Imogen; Leon Gluckman played Posthumus, Derek Godfrey Iachimo, and Derek Francis Cymbeline. Following Victorian practice, Benthall drastically shortened the last act. ${ }^{[15]}$

By contrast, Peter Hall's production at the Shakespeare Memorial presented nearly the entire play, including the long-neglected dream scene (although a golden eagle designed for Jupiter turned out too heavy for the stage

machinery and was not used). ${ }^{[16]}$ Hall presented the play as a distant fairy tale, with stylized performances. The production received favorable reviews, both for Hall's conception and, especially, for Peggy Ashcroft's Imogen. ${ }^{[17]}$ Richard Johnson played Posthumus, and Robert Harris Cymbeline. Iachimo was played by Geoffrey Keen, whose father Malcolm had played Jachimo with Ashcroft at the Old Vic in 1932. ${ }^{[18]}$

Hall's approach attempted to unify the play's diversity by means of a fairy-tale topos. The next major Royal Shakespeare Company production, in 1962, went in the opposite direction. Working on a set draped with heavy white sheets, director William Gaskill employed Brechtian alienation effects, to mixed critical reviews. Bernard Levin complained that the bare set deprived the play of necessary scenic splendor. ${ }^{[19]}$ The acting, however, was widely praised. Vanessa Redgrave as Imogen was often compared favorably to Ashcroft; Eric Porter was a success as Jachimo, as was Clive Swift as Cloten. Patrick Allen was Posthumus, and Tom Fleming played the title role.

A decade later, John Barton's 1974 production for the RSC (with assistance from Clifford Williams) featured Sebastian Shaw in the title role, Tim Pigott-Smith as Posthumus, Ian Richardson as Jachimo, and Susan Fleetwood as Imogen. Charles Keating was Cloten. As with contemporary productions of Pericles, this one used a narrator (Cornelius) to signal changes in mood and treatment to the audience. Robert Speaight disliked the set design, which he called too minimal, but he approved the acting. ${ }^{[20]}$

In 1980, David Jones revived the play for the RSC; the production was in general a disappointment, although Judi Dench as Imogen received reviews that rivalled Ashcroft's. Ben Kingsley played Jachimo; Roger Rees was Posthumus. In 1987, Bill Alexander directed the play in The Other Place (later transferring to the Pit in London's Barbican Centre) with Harriet Walter playing Imogen, David Bradley as Cymbeline and Nicholas Farrell as Posthumus.

At the Stratford Festival, the play was directed in 1970 by Jean Gascon and in 1987 by Robin Phillips. The latter production, which was marked by much-approved scenic complexity, featured Colm Feore as Jachimo, and Martha Burns as Imogen. The play was again at Stratford in 2005, directed by David Latham. A large medieval tapestry unified the fairly simple stage design and underscored Latham's fairy-tale inspired direction.

At the new Globe Theatre in 2001, a cast of six (including Abigail Thaw, Mark Rylance, and Richard Hope) used extensive doubling for the play. The cast wore identical costumes even when in disguise, allowing for particular comic effects related to doubling (as when Cloten attempts to disguise himself as Posthumus.) ${ }^{[21]}$

The play is rarely performed, and has thus far never been filmed. Elijah Moshinsky directed the 1983 made-fortelevision videotaped production, ignoring the ancient British period setting in favour of a more timeless and snow-laden atmosphere inspired by Rembrandt and his contemporary Dutch painters. Richard Johnson, Helen Mirren, and Robert Lindsay play Cymbeline, Imogen, and Jachimo, respectively, with Michael Pennington as Posthumus. ${ }^{[22]}$

Despite a lack of cinematic adaptations, there have been some well-received major theatrical productions including 1998's Public Theatre production in New York City directed by Andrei Serban. Cymbeline was also performed in Cambridge in October 2007 in a production directed by Sir Trevor Nunn, who sought to re-capture the essence of the play as a story narrative, and in November 2007 at the Chicago Shakespeare Theatre.

Cheek by Jowl's 2007 production, directed by Declan Donnellan, featured an Olivier Award winning performance by Tom Hiddleston who doubled as Posthumous and Cloten.

The next high-profile performance is set for early 2011, at the Shakespeare Theatre Company of Washington, DC, ${ }^{[23]}$

## [] Adaptations and cultural references



Imogen by Herbert Gustave Schmalz
The play was adapted by Thomas d'Urfey as The Injured Princess, or, the Fatal Wager; this version was produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, presumably by the united King's Company and Duke's Company, in 1682. ${ }^{[24]}$ The play changes some names and details, and adds a subplot, typical of the Restoration, in which a virtuous waiting-woman escapes the traps laid by Cloten. D'Urfey also changes Pisanio's character so that he at once believes in Imogen's (Eugenia, in D'Urfey's play) guilt. For his part, D'Urfey's Posthumus is ready to accept that his wife might have been untrue, as she is young and beautiful. ${ }^{[25]}$ Some details of this alteration survived in productions at least until the middle of the century.

William Hawkins revised the play again in 1759. His was among the last of the heavy revisions designed to bring the play in line with Aristotelean unities. He cut the Queen, reduced the action to two places (the court and a forest in Wales). ${ }^{[26]}$ The dirge "With fairest flowers..." was set to music by Thomas Arne. ${ }^{[27]}$

Nearer the end of the century, Henry Brooke wrote an adaptation which was apparently never staged. ${ }^{[28]}$ His version eliminates the brothers altogether as part of a notable enhancement of Posthumus' role in the play.

George Bernard Shaw, who criticized the play perhaps more harshly than he did any of Shakespeare's other works, took aim at what he saw as the defects of the final act in his 1937 Cymbeline Refinished; as early as 1896, he had complained about the absurdities of the play to Ellen Terry, then preparing to act Imogen.

Probably the most famous verses in the play come from the funeral song of Act IV, Scene 2, which begins:
Fear no more the heat o' the sun, Nor the furious winter's rages; Thou thy worldly task hast done, Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

These last two lines appear to have inspired T. S. Eliot; in "Lines to a Yorkshire Terrier" (in Five-Finger Exercises), he writes:

Pollicle dogs and cats all must
Jellicle cats and dogs all must
Like undertakers, come to dust.
The first two lines of the song appear in Virginia Woolf's Mrs. Dalloway. The lines, which turn Mrs. Dalloway's thoughts to the trauma of the First World War, are at once an elegiac dirge and a profoundly dignified declaration of endurance. The song provides a major organizational motif for the novel.

At the end of Stephen Sondheim's The Frogs, William Shakespeare is competing against George Bernard Shaw for the title of best playwright, deciding which of them is to be brought back from the dead in order to improve the world. Shakespeare sings the funeral song of Act IV, Scene 2, when asked about his view of death (the song is titled "Fear No More").

The last two lines of the Act IV-scene 2 funeral song may also have inspired the lines W. H. Auden, the librettist for Stravinsky's The Rake's Progress, puts into the mouth of Anne Truelove at the end of the opera: "Every wearied body must late or soon return to dust". [ciation needed]

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82. *END*THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS*Ver.04.29.93*END*
83. Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's The Tragedie of Cymbeline
84. Executive Director's Notes:
85. In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:
86. Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand \& vnfold your selfe
87. Bar. Long liue the King
88. ***
89. As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of $u$ for $v, v$ for $u$, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .
90. The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used " vv " in place of some " w "'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.
91. You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by


Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.
92. So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .
93. So. . . with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The Tragedie of Cymbeline.
94. Michael S. Hart

Project Gutenberg
Executive Director
95. ***
96. Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.
97. The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.
98. Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.
99. If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.
100. David Reed
101. The Tragedie of Cymbeline
102. Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.
103. Enter two Gentlemen.
104. 1.Gent. You do not meet a man but Frownes.

Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings
105.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom

He purpos'd to his wiues sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart

106. 2 None but the King? 1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene, That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier, Although they weare their faces to the bent Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowle at
107. 2 And why so?

1 He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man, And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee
108. 2 You speake him farre
109. 1 I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe, Crush him together, rather then vnfold His measure duly
110. 2 What's his name, and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd Sicillius, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with Cassibulan,
But had his Titles by Tenantius, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, Leonatus.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th' time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, cals him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th' more Mature, A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electio[ $n$ ] may be truly read, what kind of man he is
111. 2 I honor him, euen out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th' King?
1 His onely childe:
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I'th' swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
Which way they went
112. 2 How long is this ago? 1 Some twenty yeares

113. 2 That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd, So slackely guarded, and the search so slow That could not trace them
114. 1 Howsoere, 'tis strange, Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at: Yet is it true Sir
115. 2 I do well beleeue you
116. 1 We must forbeare. Heere comes the Gentleman, The Queene, and Princesse.
117. Exeunt.
118. Scena Secunda.
119. Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.
120. Qu. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)

After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes
That locke vp your restraint. For you Posthumus,
So soone as I can win th' offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisedome may informe you
121. Post. 'Please your Highnesse,

I will from hence to day
122. Qu . You know the perill:

Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together.
123. Exit
124. Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds? My deerest Husband, I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reseru'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourely shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may see againe
125. Post. My Queene, my Mistris:

O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Filorio's,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.
Enter Queene.
126. Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:

If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences

127. Post. Should we be taking leaue

As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu 128. Imo. Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe, Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When Imogen is dead
129. Post. How, how? Another?

You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And seare vp my embracements from a next, With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere, While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner
130. Imo. O the Gods!

When shall we see againe?
Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.
131. Post. Alacke, the King
132. Cym. Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:

If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood
133. Post. The Gods protect you,

And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone
134. Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharpe then this is
135. Cym. O disloyall thing,

That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st
A yeares age on mee
136. Imo. I beseech you Sir,

Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares
137. Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace
138. Cym. That might'st haue had

The sole Sonne of my Queene
139. Imo. O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle, And did auoyd a Puttocke
140. Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my

Throne, a Seate for basenesse
141. Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it
142. Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd Posthumus:


You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almost the summe he payes
143.

Cym. What? art thou mad?
Imo. Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my Leonatus
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.
Enter Queene.
144. Cym. Thou foolish thing;

They were againe together: you haue done Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp
145. Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace

Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best aduice
146. Cym. Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly.
Enter.
147. Enter Pisanio.
148. Qu. Fye, you must giue way:

Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?
Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master
149. Qu. Hah?

No harme I trust is done?
Pisa. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand
150. Qu. I am very glad on't
151. Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part

To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?
Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me
152. Qu . This hath beene

Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so
153. Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse
154. Qu. Pray walke a-while
155. Imo. About some halfe houre hence,

Pray you speake with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboord.
For this time leaue me.
156. Exeunt.

157. Scena Tertia.
158. Enter Clotten, and two Lords.
159. 1. Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent 160. Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.

Haue I hurt him?
2 No faith: not so much as his patience
161. 1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee
not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt
162. 2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th' Backe-side the

Towne
163. Clot. The Villaine would not stand me
164. 2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face
165. 1 Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:

But he added to your hauing, gaue you some ground
166. 2 As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs
167. 2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole
you were vpon the ground
168. Clot. And that shee should loue this Fellow, and refuse
mee
169. 2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd
170. 1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty \& her Braine go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue seene small reflection of her wit
171. 2 She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection

Should hurt her
172. Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had
beene some hurt done
173. 2 I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse, which is no great hurt
174. Clot. You'l go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordship
175. Clot. Nay come, let's go together
176. 2 Well my Lord.
177. Exeunt.
178. Scena Quarta.
179. Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.
180. Imo. I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th' Hauen,

And questioned'st euery Saile: if he should write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene
181. Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam
182. Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:

And that was all?
Pisa. No Madam: for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,


Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife, Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship
183. Imo. Thou should'st haue made him

As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him
184. Pisa. Madam, so I did
185. Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-strings;

Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pisanio,
When shall we heare from him
186. Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,

With his next vantage
187.

Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres, Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T' encounter me with Orisons, for then
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,
Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.
Enter a Lady.
188. La. The Queene (Madam)

Desires your Highnesse Company
189. Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,

I will attend the Queene
190. Pisa. Madam, I shall.
191. Exeunt.
192. Scena Quinta.
193. Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.
194. Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woorthy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items
195. Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within
196. French. I haue seene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee

197. Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter
198. French. And then his banishment
199. Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to soiourne with you? How creepes acquaintance? Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no lesse then my life. Enter Posthumus.
200. Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained among'st you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his owne hearing
201. French. Sir, we haue knowne togither in Orleance
202. Post. Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay still
203. French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene pitty you should haue beene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so slight and triuiall a nature
204. Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traueller, rather shun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether slight
205. French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood haue confounded one the other, or haue falne both
206. Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference? French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in Fraunce
207. Iach. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out
208. Post. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind
209. Iach. You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy
210. Posth. Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not her Friend
211. Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if she went before others. I haue seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I haue beheld, I could not beleeue she excelled many: but I haue not seene the most pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady
212. Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone
213. Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Post. More then the world enioyes
214. Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Mistris is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle
215. Post. You are mistaken: the one may be solde or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the guift of the Gods
216. Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?
Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe
217. Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolne too, so your brace of vnprizeable Estimations, the one is but fraile, and

the other Casuall; A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and last
218. Post. Your Italy, containes none so accomplish'd a Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Mistris: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue store of Theeues, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring
219. Phil. Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I
thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first
220. Iach. With fiue times so much conuersation, I should get ground of your faire Mistris; make her go backe, euen to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend
221. Post. No, no
222. Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o'revalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world
223. Post. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perswasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt
224. Iach. What's that?

Posth. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call
it) deserue more; a punishment too
225. Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too sodainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted
226. Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors on th' approbation of what I haue spoke
227. Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile? Iach. Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so reseru'd
228. Posthmus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it
229. Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserue it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion in you, that you feare
230. Posthu. This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a grauer purpose I hope
231. Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would vnder-go what's spoken, I sweare
232. Posthu. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Couenants drawne between's. My Mistris exceedes in goodnesse, the hugenesse of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring
233. Phil. I will haue it no lay
234. Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I haue enioy'd the deerest bodily part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your Iewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment
235. Post. I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vnderstand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnseduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th' assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword
236. Iach. Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded

238. French. Will this hold, thinke you
239. Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let vs follow 'em.
240. Exeunt.
241. Scena Sexta.
242. Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.
243. Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,

Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?
Lady. I Madam
244. Queen. Dispatch.
245. Exit Ladies.
246. Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,
Which are the moouers of a languishing death:
But though slow, deadly
247. Qu. I wonder, Doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a Question: Haue I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserue? Yea so,
That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,
(Vnlesse thou think'st me diuellish) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my iudgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their seuerall vertues, and effects
248. Cor. Your Highnesse

Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome, and infectious
249. Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.
250. Heere comes a flattering Rascall, vpon him

Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now Pisanio?
Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way
251. Cor. I do suspect you, Madam,

But you shall do no harme
252. Qu. Hearke thee, a word
253. Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's

Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with


A drugge of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's, Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while, Which first (perchance) shee'l proue on Cats and Dogs, Then afterward vp higher: but there is No danger in what shew of death it makes, More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reuiuing. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I, the truer,
So to be false with her
254. Qu. No further seruice, Doctor,

Vntill I send for thee
255. Cor. I humbly take my leaue.

Enter.
256.

Qu. Weepes she still (saist thou?)
Dost thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:
When thou shalt bring me word she loues my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being, Is to exchange one misery with another, And euery day that comes, comes to decay A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect To be depender on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour, It is a thing I made, which hath the King Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it, It is an earnest of a farther good That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe; Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne, Who shall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King To any shape of thy Preferment, such As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I cheefely, That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women.
257. Exit Pisa.
258. Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knaue,

Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that, Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, she after
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd


To taste of too.
Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.
259. So, so: Well done, well done:

The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses
Beare to my Closset: Fare thee well, Pisanio.
Thinke on my words.
260. Exit Qu. and Ladies
261. Pisa. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you.
Enter.
262. Scena Septima.
263. Enter Imogen alone.
264. Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,

A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supreame Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.
Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.
265. Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,

Comes from my Lord with Letters
266. Iach. Change you, Madam:

The Worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greetes your Highnesse deerely
267. Imo. Thanks good Sir,

You're kindly welcome
268. Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone th' Arabian-Bird; and I
Haue lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly
269. Imogen reads. He is one of the Noblest note, to whose
kindnesses I am
most infinitely
tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value your
trust. Leonatus.
So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th' rest, and take it thankefully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do


What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The firie Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th' iudgment:
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor i'th' Appetite.
Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed
271. Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:
That satiate yet vnsatisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rauening first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage
272. Imo. What, deere Sir,

Thus rap's you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's strange and peeuish
273. Pisa. I was going Sir,

To giue him welcome.
Enter.
274. Imo. Continues well my Lord?

His health beseech you?
Iach. Well, Madam
275. Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is
276. Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,

So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller
277. Imo. When he was heere

He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why
278. Iach. I neuer saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine, (Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs: cries oh, Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes By History, Report, or his owne proofe What woman is, yea what she cannot choose But must be: will's free houres languish: For assured bondage?
$\sum[472]$

Imo. Will my Lord say so?
Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know some men are much too blame
279. Imo. Not he I hope
280. Iach. Not he:

But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too
281. Imo. What do you pitty Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartyly
282. Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
Deserues your pitty?
Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe
283. Imo. I pray you Sir,

Deliuer with more opennesse your answeres
To my demands. Why do you pitty me? Iach. That others do,
(I was about to say) enioy your- but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't
284.

Imo. You do seeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discouer to me
What both you spur and stop
285. Iach. Had I this cheeke

To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch, (Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule
To'th' oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)
Slauuer with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourely falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such reuolt
286. Imo. My Lord, I feare

Has forgot Brittaine
$\sum<$

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my mutest Conscience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out
288. Imo. Let me heare no more
289. Iach. O deerest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart

With pitty, that doth make me sicke. A Lady
So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stuffe
As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke
290. Imo. Reueng'd:

How should I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue such a Heart, that both mine eares
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reueng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Liue like Diana's Priest, betwixt cold sheets, Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes
In your despight, vpon your purse: reuenge it. I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure
291. Imo. What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. Let me my seruice tender on your lippes
292. Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue

So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'st haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, Pisanio?
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hoa, Pisanio?
Iach. O happy Leonatus I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her assur'd credit. Blessed liue you long,


A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Mistris, onely
For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his
293. Imo. You make amends
294. Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;

He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princesse) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffelesse. Pray your pardon
295. Imo. All's well Sir:

Take my powre i'th' Court for yours
296.

Iach. My humble thankes: I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace, but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the businesse
297. Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) haue mingled summes
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Iewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To haue them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in protection
298. Imo. Willingly:

And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber
299. Iach. They are in a Trunke

Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, onely for this night:
I must aboord to morrow
300. Imo. O no, no
301. Iach. Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word

By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace
$\sum[475]$
302. Imo. I thanke you for your paines:

But not away to morrow
303. Iach. O I must Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-stood my time, which is materiall
To'th' tender of our Present
304. Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept, And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome.
305. Exeunt.
306. Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.
307. Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.
308. Clot. Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kist the Iacke vpon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorson Iacke-an-Apes, must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure
309. 1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle
310. 2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out
311. Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare: it is not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?
2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them
312. Clot. Whorson dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke
313. 2. To haue smell'd like a Foole
314. Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th' earth: a pox on't I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: euery Iacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match
315. 2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow

Cock, with your combe on
$316 . \quad$ Clot. Sayest thou?
2. It is not fit your Lordship should vndertake euery

Companion, that you giue offence too
317. Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors
318. 2. I, it is fit for your Lordship onely
319. Clot. Why so I say
320. 1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court
night?
Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?
2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not
321. 1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus Friends
322. Clot. Leonatus? A banisht Rascall; and he's another, whatsoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages

2. Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?
3. You cannot derogate my Lord
4. Clot. Not easily I thinke
5. 2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate
1. Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go
2. 2. Ile attend your Lordship.

Enter.
328. That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother

Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princesse, Thou diuine Imogen, what thou endur'st, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,
A Mother hourely coyning plots: A Wooer, More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
T' enioy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land.
329. Exeunt.
330. Scena Secunda.
331. Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.
332. Imo. Who's there? My woman: Helene?

La. Please you Madam
333. Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam
334. Imo. I haue read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
And if thou canst awake by foure o'th' clock, I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly. To your protection I commend me, Gods, From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night, Guard me beseech yee.
335. Sleepes.
336. Iachimo from the Trunke.
337. Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense

Repaires it selfe by rest: Our Tarquine thus
Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastitie he wounded. Cytherea,
How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,
$\sum[477]$

How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th' Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.
To see th' inclosed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
338. Such, and such pictures: There the window, such

Th' adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th' Story.
Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thousand meaner Moueables
Would testifie, $\mathrm{t}^{\prime}$ enrich mine Inuentorie.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
To'th' madding of her Lord. On her left brest
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th' bottome of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of Tereus, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
Where Philomele gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th' Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.
339. Clocke strikes
340. One, two, three: time, time.

Enter.
341. Scena Tertia.
342. Enter Clotten, and Lords.
343. 1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace
344. Clot. It would make any man cold to loose
345. 1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish Imogen, I should haue Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not? 1 Day, my Lord
346. Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am aduised to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate. Enter Musitians.
347. Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.
$\sum 478<$

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings, and Phoebus gins arise, His Steeds to water at those Springs on chalic'd Flowres that lyes: And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise: Arise, arise. So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpaued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amend. Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.
350. 2 Heere comes the King
351. Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason

I was vp so earely: he cannot choose but take this Seruice
I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Maiesty, and to my gracious Mother
352. Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will she not forth?
Clot. I haue assayl'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice
353. Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,

She hath not yet forgot him, some more time
Must weare the print of his remembrance on't,
And then she's yours
354. Qu. You are most bound to'th' King,

Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe
To orderly solicity, and be friended
With aptnesse of the season: make denials
Encrease your Seruices: so seeme, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Saue when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senselesse
355. Clot. Senselesse? Not so
356. Mes. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;

The one is Caius Lucius
357. Cym. A worthy Fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him
According to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs
We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistris,
Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede
T' employ you towards this Romane.
Come our Queene.
358. Exeunt.
359. Clot. If she be vp , Ile speake with her: if not

Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselues, yeeld vp
Their Deere to'th' stand o'th' Stealer: and 'tis Gold
$\sum[479]$

Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe:
Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe.
By your leaue.
360 Knockes.
361. Enter a Lady.
362. La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman
363. La. No more
364. Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne
365. La. That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can iustly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?
Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?
La. I, to keepe her Chamber
366. Clot. There is Gold for you,

Sell me your good report
367. La. How, my good name? or to report of you

What I shall thinke is good. The Princesse.
Enter Imogen.
368. Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand
369.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchasing but trouble: the thankes I giue, Is telling you that I am poore of thankes, And scarse can spare them
370. Clot. Still I sweare I loue you
371. Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me:

If you sweare still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not
372. Clot. This is no answer
373. Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,

I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith
I shall vnfold equall discourtesie
To your best kindnesse: one of your great knowing
Should learne (being taught) forbearance
374. Clot. To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,

I will not
375. Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes
376. Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir)
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being so verball: and learne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so neere the lacke of Charitie
To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boast


Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch, One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th' Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties (Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules
(On whom there is no more dependancie
But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by
The consequence o'th' Crowne, and must not foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
A Hilding for a Liuorie, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent
378. Imo. Prophane Fellow:

Wert thou the Sonne of Iupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,
To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made
Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be stil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd so well
379. Clot. The South-Fog rot him
380. Imo. He neuer can meete more mischance, then come

To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires aboue thee,
Were they all made such men: How now Pisanio?
Enter Pisanio.
381. Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell
382. Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently
383. Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a Iewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would loose it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse aught but he
384. Pis. 'Twill not be lost
385. Imo. I hope so: go and search
386. Clot. You haue abus'd me:

His meanest Garment?
Imo. I, I said so Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witnesse to't
387. Clot. I will enforme your Father

388 Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will concieue, I hope


But the worst of me. So I leaue you Sir,
To'th' worst of discontent.
Enter.
389. Clot. Ile be reueng'd:

His mean'st Garment? Well.
Enter.
390.
391.
392. Post. Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour Will remaine her's
393. Phil. What meanes do you make to him?

Post. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue; they fayling
I must die much your debtor
394. Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,

Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great Augustus: Caius Lucius, Will do's Commission throughly. And I think Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th' Arrerages, Or looke vpon our Romaines, whose remembrance Is yet fresh in their griefe
395. Post. I do beleeue
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will proue a Warre; and you shall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when Iulius Caesar
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, such
That mend vpon the world.
Enter Iachimo.
396. Phi. See Iachimo
397. Post. The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by land;

And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
To make your vessell nimble
398. Phil. Welcome Sir
399. Post. I hope the briefenesse of your answere, made

The speedinesse of your returne
$400 . \quad$ Iachi. Your Lady,
Is one of the fayrest that I haue look'd vpon
Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them


Too dull for your good wearing? Iach. If I haue lost it,
I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold, Ile make a iourney twice as farre, t ' enioy A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne
406. Post. The Stones too hard to come by
407. Iach. Not a whit,

Your Lady being so easy
408. Post. Make note Sir

Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we Must not continue Friends
409. Iach. Good Sir, we must

If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your willes
410. Post. If you can mak't apparant

That you haue tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or looses,
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leaue both
To who shall finde them
411. Iach. Sir, my Circumstances

Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to beleeue; whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not
You'l giue me leaue to spare, when you shall finde
You neede it not
412. Post. Proceed
413. Iach. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confesse I slept not, but professe Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd With Tapistry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, And Sidnus swell'd aboue the Bankes, or for The presse of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke So brauely done, so rich, that it did striue In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder'd

Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was-
Post. This is true:
And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other
414. Iach. More particulars

Must iustifie my knowledge
415. Post. So they must,

Or doe your Honour iniury
$416 . \quad$ Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaste Dian, bathing: neuer saw I figures
So likely to report themselues; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out
417. Post. This is a thing

Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
Being, as it is, much spoke of
418. Iach. The Roofe o'th' Chamber,

With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands
419. Post. This is her Honor:

Let it be granted you haue seene all this (and praise
Be giuen to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saues
The wager you haue laid
420 Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See, And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them
Post. Ioue-
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue it me,
And said, she priz'd it once
422. Post. May be, she pluck'd it off

To send it me
423. Iach. She writes so to you? doth shee?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too, It is a Basiliske vnto mine eye, Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor, Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Loue, Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women, Of no more bondage be, to where they are made, Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing: O , aboue measure false


Diuide themselues betweene you
428. Phil. Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be beleeu'd
Of one perswaded well of
429. Post. Neuer talke on't:

She hath bin colted by him
430. Iach. If you seeke

For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
(Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kist it, and it gaue me present hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This staine vpon her?
Post. I, and it doth confirme
Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it
431. Iach. Will you heare more?

Post. Spare your Arethmaticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million
432. Iach. Ile be sworne
433. Post. No swearing:

If you will sweare you haue not done't, you lye, And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold
434. Iach. Ile deny nothing
435. Post. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:

I will go there and doo't, i'th' Court, before
Her Father. Ile do something.
Enter.
436. Phil. Quite besides

The gouernment of Patience. You haue wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruert the present wrath
He hath against himselfe

437. Iach. With all my heart.
438. Exeunt.
439. Enter Posthumus.
440. Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women

Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was stampt. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow Iachimo in an houre, was't not?
Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For euen to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.
Enter.
441. Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.
442. Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius; and Attendants.
443. Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with vs?

Luc. When Iulius Caesar (whose remembrance yet
Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, Cassibulan thine Vnkle
(Famous in Caesars prayses, no whit lesse
Then in his Feats deseruing it) for him,


And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute, Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately Is left vntender'd
444. Qu. And to kill the meruaile,

Shall be so euer
445. Clot. There be many Caesars,

Ere such another Iulius: Britaine's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noses
446. Qu. That opportunity

Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters, With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates, But sucke them vp to'th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with shame
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-shels mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibulan, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to master Caesars Sword,
Made Luds-Towne with reioycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines strut with Courage
447. Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I said) there is no mo such Caesars, other of them may haue crook'd Noses, but to owe such straite Armes, none
448. Cym. Son, let your Mother end
449. Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard as Cassibulan, I doe not say I am one: but I haue a hand. Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Caesar can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now
450. Cym. You must know,

Till the iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. Caesars Ambition, Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th' World, against all colour heere, Did put the yoake vpon's; which to shake off Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Our selues to be, we do. Say then to Caesar, Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vse the Sword of Caesar
Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise, Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed, Tho Rome be therfore angry. Mulmutius made our lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put


His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himselfe a King
451. Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar
(Caesar, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
In Caesars name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Looke
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my selfe
452. Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,

Thy Caesar Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
Behooues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:
So Caesar shall not finde them
453. Luc. Let proofe speake
454. Clot. His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pastime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs afterwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Saltwater-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the aduenture, our Crowes shall fare the better for you: and there's an end
455. Luc. So sir
456. Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:

All the Remaine, is welcome.
457. Exeunt.
458. Scena Secunda.
459. Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.
460. Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not

What Monsters her accuse? Leonatus:
Oh Master, what a strange infection
Is falne into thy eare? What false Italian,
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.
She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murther her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer
Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
That I haue sent her, by her owne command,
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,


Art thou a Foedarie for this Act; and look'st So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes. Enter Imogen. 461. I am ignorant in what I am commanded
462. Imo. How now Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord
463. Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonatus?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters, Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods, Let what is heere contain'd, rellish of Loue, Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not That we two are asunder, let that grieue him; Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them, For it doth physicke Loue, of his content, All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Louers, And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike, Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet You claspe young Cupids Tables: good Newes Gods. Iustice and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the deerest of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he wishes you all happinesse, that remaines loyall to his Vow, and your encreasing
in Loue. Leonatus Posthumus.
Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanio,
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke (Loues Counsailor should fill the bores of hearing,
To'th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
To this same blessed Milford. And by'th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' inherite such a Hauen. But first of all, How we may steale from hence: and for the gap That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going, And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,
How many store of Miles may we well rid
Twixt houre, and houre?
Pis. One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too

464. Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man, Could neuer go so slow: I haue heard of Riding wagers, Where Horses haue bin nimbler then the Sands That run i'th' Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie, Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sicknesse, say She'le home to her Father; and prouide me presently A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit A Franklins Huswife
466. Imo. I see before me (Man) nor heere, nor heere;

Nor what ensues but haue a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
Accessible is none but Milford way.
467. Exeunt.
468. Scena Tertia.
469. Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.
470. Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,

Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
We house i'th' Rocke, yet vse thee not so hardly
As prouder liuers do
471. Guid. Haile Heauen
472. Aruir. Haile Heauen
473. Bela. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill

Your legges are yong: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,
And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Seruice, is not Seruice; so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we finde
The sharded-Beetle, in a safer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then rustling in vnpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Booke vncros'd: no life to ours
474. Gui. Out of your proofe you speak: we poore vnfledg'd

Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you


That haue a sharper knowne. Well corresponding
With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit
475. Arui. What should we speake of

When we are old as you? When we shall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse
The freezing houres away? We haue seene nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely
476 Bel. How you speake.
Did you but know the Citties Vsuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th' Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whose top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or so slipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th' Warre,
A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th' search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deserue, by doing well: what's worse
Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the best of Note. Cymbeline lou'd me, And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night, A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues, And left me bare to weather
477. Gui. Vncertaine fauour
478. Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)

But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, swore to Cymbeline,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu'd at honest freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th' Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will feare no poyson, which attends


In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleyes.
479. Exeunt.
480. How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?

These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th' King,
Nor Cymbeline dreames that they are aliue.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanely
I'th' Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This Paladour,
The heyre of Cymbeline and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd Guiderius. Ioue,
When on my three-foot stoole I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I haue done, his spirits flye out
Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I set my foote on's necke, euen then
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats, Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himselfe in posture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother Cadwall,
Once Aruiragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd, Oh Cymbeline, Heauen and my Conscience knowes
Thou didd'st vniustly banish me: whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes, Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as Thou refts me of my Lands. Euriphile, Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother, And euery day do honor to her graue:
My selfe Belarius, that am Mergan call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp.
Enter.
481. Scena Quarta.
482. Enter Pisanio and Imogen.
483. Imo. Thou told'st me when we came fro[m] horse, y place

Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To see me first, as I haue now. Pisanio, Man:
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe
Into a hauiour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse
Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?
Why render'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st


But keepe that count'nance stil. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extreamitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me
484. Pis. Please you reade,

And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune
485. Imogen reades. Thy Mistris (Pisanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in my Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I speak not out of weake Surmises, but from proofe as strong as my greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou (Pisanio) must acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter for the purpose; where, if thou feare to strike, and to make mee certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyall
486. Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper

Hath cut her throat alreadie? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States, Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue This viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam?
Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
And cry my selfe awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?
Pisa. Alas good Lady
487. Imo. I false? Thy Conscience witnesse: Iachimo,

Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes
Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th' walles, I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies
488. Pisa. Good Madam, heare me
489. Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Aeneas,

Were in his time thought false: and Synons weeping
Did scandall many a holy teare: tooke pitty
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, Posthumus
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periur'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witnesse my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit

The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a Coward
490. Pis. Hence vile Instrument,

Thou shalt not damne my hand
491. Imo. Why, I must dye:

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Diuine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall Leonatus,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may pooru Fooles
Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
Do feele the Treason sharpely, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou Posthumus, That didd'st set vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde
It is no acte of common passage, but
A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeue my selfe, To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her, That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch, The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife? Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too
492. Pis. Oh gracious Lady:

Since I receiu'd command to do this businesse, I haue not slept one winke
493. Imo. Doo't, and to bed then
494. Pis. Ile wake mine eye-balles first
495. Imo. Wherefore then

Didd'st vndertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I neuer
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be vn-bent? when thou hast 'tane thy stand,
Th' elected Deere before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To loose so bad employment, in the which
I haue consider'd of a course: good Ladie
Heare me with patience

Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, speake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But speake
Pis. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe 498. Imo. Most like,

Bringing me heere to kill me
499. Pis. Not so neither:

But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed iniurie
500. Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pisa. No, on my life:
Ile giue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirme it
501. Imo. Why good Fellow,

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How liue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
Pis. If you'l backe to'th' Court
502. Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe

With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:
That Clotten, whose Loue-suite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege
503. Pis. If not at Court,

Then not in Britaine must you bide
504. Imo. Where then?

Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th' worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine
505. Pis. I am most glad

You thinke of other place: Th' Ambassador, Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t ' appeare it selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of Posthumus; so nie (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yut
Report should render him hourely to your eare, As truely as he mooues


Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would aduenture
507. Pis. Well then, heere's the point:

You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great Iuno angry
508. Imo. Nay be breefe?

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already
509. Pis. First, make your selfe but like one,

Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit
('Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble Lucius
Present your selfe, desire his seruice: tell him Wherein you're happy; which will make him know, If that his head haue eare in Musicke, doubtlesse
With ioy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor supplyment
510. Imo. Thou art all the comfort

The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away, There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l euen All that good time will giue vs. This attempt, I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee
511. Pis. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell, Least being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris, Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene, What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea, Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best
512. Imo. Amen: I thanke thee.
513. Exeunt.

514. Scena Quinta.
515. Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.
516. Cym. Thus farre, and so farewell
517. Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir:

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy
518. Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)

Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe
To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs
Appeare vn-Kinglike
519. Luc. So Sir: I desire of you

A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you
520. Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:

The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble Lucius
521. Luc. Your hand, my Lord
522. Clot. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth

I weare it as your Enemy
523. Luc. Sir, the Euent

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well
524. Cym. Leaue not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords

Till he haue crost the Seuern. Happines.
525. Exit Lucius, \&c

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him cause
526. Clot. 'Tis all the better,

Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it
527. Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor

How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine
528. Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,

But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly
529. Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus

Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue beene too slight in sufferance
530. Qu. Royall Sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retyr'd Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Maiesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;


And strokes death to her.
Enter a Messenger.
531. Cym. Where is she Sir? How

Can her contempt be answer'd?
Mes. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be giuen to'th' lowd of noise, we make
532. Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmitie,
She should that dutie leaue vnpaide to you
Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory
533. Cym. Her doores lock'd?

Not seene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, proue false.
Enter.
534.

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King
535. Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old Seruant

I haue not seene these two dayes.
Enter.
536.

Qu. Go, looke after:
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus, He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleeues It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:
Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, she's flowne
To her desir'd Posthumus: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good vse of either. Shee being downe, I haue the placing of the Brittish Crowne.
Enter Cloten.
537. How now, my Sonne?

Clot. 'Tis certaine she is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him
538. Qu. All the better: may

This night fore-stall him of the comming day.
539. Exit Qu.
540. Clo. I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her iudgement, That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,


To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles shall-
Enter Pisanio.
541. Who is heere? What, are you packing sirrah?

Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends
542. Pis. Oh, good my Lord
543. Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,

I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
Ile haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne
544. Pis. Alas, nay Lord,

How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome
545. Clot. Where is she Sir? Come neerer:

No farther halting: satisfie me home,
What is become of her?
Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord
546. Clo. All-worthy Villaine,

Discouer where thy Mistris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death
547. Pis. Then Sir:

This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight
548. Clo. Let's see't: I will pursue her

Euen to Augustus Throne
549. Pis. Or this, or perish.

She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,
May proue his trauell, not her danger
550. Clo. Humh
551. Pis. Ile write to my Lord she's dead: Oh Imogen,

Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen
552. Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I thinke
553. Clot. It is Posthumus hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vndergo those Imployments wherin I should haue cause to vse thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment
554. Pis. Well, my good Lord
555. Clot. Wilt thou serue mee? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that Begger Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serue mee? Pis. Sir, I will
556. Clo. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any
of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?
Pisan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie \& Mistresse

557. Clo. The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite
hither, let it be thy first seruice, go
558. Pis. I shall my Lord.

Enter.
559. Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou villaine Posthumus will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She saide vpon a time (the bitternesse of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very Garment of Posthumus, in more respect, then my Noble and naturall person; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I rauish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insulment ended on his dead bodie, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath despis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee merry in my Reuenge. Enter Pisanio.
560. Be those the Garments?

Pis. I, my Noble Lord
561. Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Hauen?

Pis. She can scarse be there yet
562. Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I haue commanded thee.

The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it selfe to thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true.
563. Exit
564. Pis. Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee,

Were to proue false, which I will neuer bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You Heauenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede
Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his meede.

## 565. Exit

566. Scena Sexta.
567. Enter Imogen alone.
568. Imo. I see a mans life is a tedious one,

I haue tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together Haue made the ground my bed. I should be sicke, But that my resolution helpes me: Milford, When from the Mountaine top, Pisanio shew'd thee, Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane, Where they should be releeu'd. Two Beggers told me, I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder, When Rich-ones scarse tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord, Thou art one o'th' false Ones: Now I thinke on thee, My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis some sauage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine


Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse euer
Of Hardinesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if sauage,
Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarsely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heauens.
Enter.
569.
570. Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus
571. Bel. You Polidore haue prou'd best Woodman, and

Are Master of the Feast: Cadwall, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's homely, sauoury: Wearinesse
Can snore vpon the Flint, when restie Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe
572. Gui. I am throughly weary
573. Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite
574. Gui. There is cold meat $i$ 'th' Caue, we'l brouz on that

Whil'st what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd
575. Bel. Stay, come not in:

But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
Heere were a Faiery
$576 . \quad$ Gui. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuinenesse
No elder then a Boy.
Enter Imogen.
577. Imo. Good masters harme me not:

Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
I haue stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th' Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, so soone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Prouider
578. Gui. Money? Youth
579. Aru. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship durty Gods
580. Imo. I see you're angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Haue dyed, had I not made it
581. Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen


Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence
583. Bel. Prythee (faire youth)

Thinke vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thankes to stay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome
584. Gui. Were you a woman, youth, I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:
I bid for you, as I do buy
585. Arui. Ile make't my Comfort

He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'ld giue to him
(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends 586. Imo. 'Mongst Friends?

If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting
To thee Posthumus
587. Bel. He wrings at some distresse
588. Gui. Would I could free't
589. Arui. Or I, what ere it be,

What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!
Bel. Hearke Boyes
590. Imo. Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themselues, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods, I'ld change my sexe to be Companion with them,
Since Leonatus false
591. Bel. It shall be so:

Boyes wee'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Discourse is heauy, fasting: when we haue supp'd
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story, So farre as thou wilt speake it
592. Gui. Pray draw neere
593. Arui. The Night to'th' Owle,

And Morne to th' Larke lesse welcome
594. Imo. Thankes Sir
595. Arui. I pray draw neere.
596. Exeunt.
597. Scena Octaua.

599. 1.Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;

That since the common men are now in Action
'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to vndertake our Warres against
The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long liue Caesar
600. Tri. Is Lucius Generall of the Forces?
2.Sen. I
601. Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1.Sen. With those Legions

Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuie
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch
602. Tri. We will discharge our duty.
603. Exeunt.
604. Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.
605. Enter Clotten alone.
606. Clot I am neere to'th' place where they should meet, if Pisanio haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments serue me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (sauing reuerence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnesse comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in Birth, alike conuersant in generall seruices, and more remarkeable in single oppositions; yet this imperseuerant Thing loues him in my despight. What Mortalitie is? Posthumus, thy head (which now is growing vppon thy shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris inforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough vsage: but my Mother hauing power of his testinesse, shall turne all into my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp safe, out Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceiue me. Enter.
607. Scena Secunda.
608. Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and Imogen from the Caue.
609. Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,

Wee'l come to you after Hunting
610. Arui. Brother, stay heere:

Are we not Brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,
Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him


But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leaue me,
Sticke to your Iournall course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,
Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye
Stealing so poorely
612. Gui. I loue thee: I haue spoke it, How much the quantity, the waight as much, As I do loue my Father 613. Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say,
Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'ld say
My Father, not this youth
614. Bel. Oh noble straine!

O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!
"Cowards father Cowards, \& Base things Syre Bace;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,
Doth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th' Morne
615. Arui. Brother, farewell
616. Imo. I wish ye sport
617. Arui. You health. - So please you Sir
618. Imo. These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers say, all's sauage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou disproou'st Report.
Th' emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as sweet Fish:
I am sicke still, heart-sicke; Pisanio,
Ile now taste of thy Drugge
619. Gui. I could not stirre him:

He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest
620. Arui. Thus did he answer me: yet said heereafter,

I might know more
621. Bel. To'th' Field, to'th' Field:

Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest
622. Arui. Wee'l not be long away
623. Bel. Pray be not sicke,

For you must be our Huswife
$624 . \quad$ Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Enter.

625.

Bel. And shal't be euer.
This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors
626. Arui. How Angell-like he sings?

Gui. But his neate Cookerie?
Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And sawc'st our Brothes, as Iuno had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter
627. Arui. Nobly he yoakes

A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sighe
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From so diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylors raile at
628. Gui. I do note,

That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spurres together
629. Arui. Grow patient,

And let the stinking-Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine
630. Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.
631. Clo. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine

Hath mock'd me. I am faint
632. Bel. Those Runnagates?

Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare some Ambush:
I saw him not these many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence
633. Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother search

What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him
634. Clot. Soft, what are you

That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I haue heard of such. What Slaue art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slauish did I ne're, then answering
A Slaue without a knocke
635. Clot. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe
636. Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I

An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:
Why I should yeeld to thee?
Clot. Thou Villaine base,
Know'st me not by my Cloathes?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee

637. Clo. Thou precious Varlet,

My Taylor made them not
638. Gui. Hence then, and thanke

The man that gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee
639. Clot. Thou iniurious Theefe,

Heare but my name, and tremble
640. Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou Villaine
641. Gui. Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,

I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould moue me sooner
642. Clot. To thy further feare,

Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to'th' Queene
643. Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming

So worthy as thy Birth
644. Clot. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wise:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them
645. Clot. Dye the death:

When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,
Ile follow those that euen now fled hence:
And on the Gates of Luds-Towne set your heads:
Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer.
646. Fight and Exeunt.
647. Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.
648. Bel. No Companie's abroad?

Arui. None in the world: you did mistake him sure
649. Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,

But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Fauour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten
650. Arui. In this place we left them;

I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell
651. Bel. Being scarse made vp,

I meane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cause of Feare.
Enter Guiderius.
652. But see thy Brother
653. Gui. This Cloten was a Foole, an empty purse,

There was no money in't: Not Hercules
Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his
654. Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Clotens head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)


Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore With his owne single hand heel'd take vs in, Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on Luds-Towne
Bel. We are all vndone
656. Gui. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose, But that he swore to take our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?
For we do feare the Law. What company
Discouer you abroad?
Bel. No single soule
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so vndertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head
657.

Arui. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoere,
My Brother hath done well
658. Bel. I had no minde

To hunt this day: The Boy Fideles sickenesse
Did make my way long forth
659. Gui. With his owne Sword,

Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, Cloten, That's all I reake.
Enter.
660
Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:
Would (Polidore) thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough
661. Arui. Would I had done't:

So the Reuenge alone pursu'de me: Polidore
I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That possible strength might meet, wold seek vs through And put vs to our answer

662.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and Fidele play the Cookes: Ile stay
Till hasty Polidore returne, and bring him
To dinner presently
663. Arui. Poore sicke Fidele.

Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
Il'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise my selfe for charity.
Enter.
664. Bel. Oh thou Goddesse, Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle As Zephires blowing below the Violet, Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough (Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde, That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine, And make him stoope to th' Vale. 'Tis wonder That an inuisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught, Ciuility not seene from other: valour That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange
What Clotens being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.
Enter Guidereus.
665. Gui. Where's my Brother?

I haue sent Clotens Clot-pole downe the streame, In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage For his returne.
666. Solemn Musick.
667. Bel. My ingenuous Instrument, (Hearke Polidore) it sounds: but what occasion Hath Cadwal now to giue it motion? Hearke
$668 . \quad$ Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence euen now
669. Gui. What does he meane?

Since death of my deer'st Mother
It did not speake before. All solemne things Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes, Is iollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is Cadwall mad?
Enter Aruiragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.
670. Bel. Looke, heere he comes,

And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for
671. Arui. The Bird is dead

That we haue made so much on. I had rather
Haue skipt from sixteene yeares of Age, to sixty:


To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue seene this
672. Gui. Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly:

My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew'st thy selfe
673. Bel. Oh Melancholly,

Who euer yet could sound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou might'st haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?
Arui. Starke, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Reposing on a Cushion
$674 . \quad$ Gui. Where?
Arui. O'th' floore:
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too lowd
675. Gui. Why, he but sleepes:

If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee
$676 . \quad$ Arui. With fayrest Flowers
Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I liue heere, Fidele,
Ile sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-Bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming
Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Mosse besides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse-
Gui. Prythee haue done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th' graue
677. Arui. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our Mother
678. Arui. Bee't so:

And let vs (Polidore) though now our voyces
Haue got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th' ground
As once to our Mother: vse like note, and words,
Saue that Euriphile, must be Fidele
679. Gui. Cadwall,

I cannot sing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;


For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Then Priests, and Phanes that lye
680. Arui. Wee'l speake it then
681.

Bel. Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince
682. Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,

Thersites body is as good as Aiax,
When neyther are aliue
683. Arui. If you'l go fetch him,

Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin
684. Gui. Nay Cadwall, we must lay his head to th' East,

My Father hath a reason for't
685. Arui. 'Tis true
686. Gui. Come on then, and remoue him
687. Arui. So, begin.

## 688. SONG.

Guid. Feare no more the heate o'th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust
690. Arui. Feare no more the frowne o'th' Great,

Thou art past the Tirants stroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust
691. Guid. Feare no more the Lightning flash
692. Arui. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunderstone
693. Gui. Feare not Slander, Censure rash
694. Arui. Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone
695. Both. All Louers young, all Louers must,

Consigne to thee and come to dust
696. Guid. No Exorcisor harme thee,

Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee
697. Guid. Ghost vnlaid forbeare thee
698. Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee
699. Both. Quiet consumation haue,

And renowned be thy graue.
Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.
$\sum \sqrt{510} \leq$

Come lay him downe
701. Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:

The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th' night
Are strewings fit'st for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen so
These Herbelets shall, which we vpon you strew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them first, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.
702. Exeunt.
703. Imogen awakes.
704. Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?

I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins: can it be sixe mile yet?
I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot of nothing, Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes, Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
I tremble still with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headlesse man? The Garments of Posthumus?
I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
The brawnes of Hercules: but his Iouiall faceMurther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. Pisanio, All Curses madded Hecuba gaue the Greekes, And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell Cloten, Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read, Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd Pisanio, Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd Pisanio)
From this most brauest vessell of the world
Strooke the maine top! Oh Posthumus, alas, Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisanio might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, Pisanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: Malice, and Lucre in them
Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gaue me, which hee said was precious
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
Murd'rous to'th' Senses? That confirmes it home:
This is Pisanio's deede, and Cloten: Oh!


Giue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seeme to those
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!
Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.
705. Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia

After your will, haue crost the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readinesse
706. Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Seruice: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's Brother
707. Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' winde
708. Luc. This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose
709. Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision (I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Vnlesse my sinnes abuse my Diuination)
Successe to th' Roman hoast
710. Luc. Dreame often so,

And neuer false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face
711. Cap. Hee's aliue my Lord
712. Luc. Hee'l then instruct vs of this body: Young one,

Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
They craue to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Seruice,


Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer
Finde such another Master
713. Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:

Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend
714. Imo. Richard du Champ: If I do lye, and do

No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele Sir
715. Luc. Thou doo'st approue thy selfe the very same:

Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me
716. Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,

Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaues \& weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue
And on it said a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
And leauing so his seruice, follow you,
So please you entertaine mee
717. Luc. I good youth,

And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise.
718. Exeunt.
719. Scena Tertia.
720. Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.
721. Cym. Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,

A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;
A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
Vpon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By a sharpe Torture
722. Pis. Sir, my life is yours,

I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris,


I nothing know where she remaines: why gone,
Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Seruant
723. Lord. Good my Liege,

The day that she was missing, he was heere;
I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
All parts of his subiection loyally. For Cloten, There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found
724. Cym. The time is troublesome:

Wee'l slip you for a season, but our iealousie Do's yet depend
725. Lord. So please your Maiesty,

The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne, Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent
726. Cym. Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen, I am amaz'd with matter
727. Lord. Good my Liege,

Your preparation can affront no lesse
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,
That long to moue
728. Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw

And meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greeue at chances heere. Away.
729. Exeunt.
730. Pisa. I heard no Letter from my Master, since

I wrote him Imogen was slaine. 'Tis strange:
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to Cloten, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heauens still must worke:
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th' King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd, Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.
Enter.
731. Scena Quarta.
732. Enter Belarius, Guiderius, \& Aruiragus.
733. Gui. The noyse is round about vs
734. Bel. Let vs from it
735. Arui. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it

From Action, and Aduenture
736. Gui. Nay, what hope

Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
Must, or for Britaines slay vs, or receiue vs


For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts
During their vse, and slay vs after
737. Bel. Sonnes,

Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure vs.
To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse Of Clotens death (we being not knowne, nor muster'd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that
Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture
738. Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt

In such a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor satisfying vs
739.

Arui. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh, Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
And eares so cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time vpon our note,
To know from whence we are
740. Bel. Oh, I am knowne

Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though Cloten then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deseru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse
To haue the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaues of Winter
741. Gui. Then be so,

Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th' Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe
So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,
Cannot be question'd
742. Arui. By this Sunne that shines

Ile thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
Did see man dye, scarse euer look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
Neuer bestrid a Horse saue one, that had A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell, Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
So long a poore vnknowne
743. Gui. By heauens Ile go,

If you will blesse me Sir, and giue me leaue,
Ile take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines
744. Arui. So say I, Amen


So slight a valewation) should reserue
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn
Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne.
746. Exeunt.
747. Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.
748. Enter Posthumus alone.
749. Post. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones, If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther Wiues much better then themselues
For wrying but a little? Oh Pisanio,
Euery good Seruant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued
The noble Imogen, to repent, and strooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue
To haue them fall no more: you some permit
To second illes with illes, each elder worse, And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
But Imogen is your owne, do your best willes, And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th' Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,
Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe
As do's a Britaine Pezant: so Ile fight
Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
For thee (O Imogen) euen for whom my life
Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o'th'Leonati in me:
To shame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,
The fashion lesse without, and more within.
Enter.
750. Scena Secunda.
751. Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore: and the Britaine

Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus following like a poore
Souldier. They
march ouer, and goe out. Then enter againe in Skirmish Iachimo
and
Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then
leaues him.
752. Iac. The heauinesse and guilt within my bosome,

Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
The Princesse of this Country; and the ayre on't
Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'de me
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we scarse are men, and you are Goddes.
Enter.
753. The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is taken: Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.
754. Bel. Stand, stand, we haue th' aduantage of the ground,

The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
The villany of our feares
755. Gui. Arui. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and
Exeunt.
756. Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.
757. Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:

For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such
As warre were hood-wink'd
758. Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies
759. Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes

Let's re-inforce, or fly.
760. Exeunt.
761. Scena Tertia.
762. Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.
763. Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did,
Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?
Lo. I did
764. Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,

But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-heart'd,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: hauing worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: strooke downe
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
To dye with length'ned shame

Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, \& wall'd with turph, Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour (An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd So long a breeding, as his white beard came to, In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane, He , with two striplings (Lads more like to run The Country base, then to commit such slaughter, With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer Then those for preseruation cas'd, or shame) Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled. Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men, To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand, Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three, Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
For three performers are the File, when all The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand, Accomodated by the Place; more Charming With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes; Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre, Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne A stop i'th' Chaser; a Retyre: Anon A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaues The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards Like Fragments in hard Voyages became The life o'th' need: hauing found the backe doore open Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound, Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends Ore-borne i'th' former waue, ten chac'd by one, Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty: Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th' Field
766. Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes
767. Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made

Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
"Preseru'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane
768. Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir
769. Post. Lacke, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:
For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,


I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.
You haue put me into Rime
770. Lord. Farewell, you're angry.

Enter.
771. Post. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery

To be i'th' Field, and aske what newes of me:
To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
To haue sau'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't, And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane, Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster, 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds, Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we That draw his kniues i'th' War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue resum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Heere made by'th' Romane; great the Answer be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by some meanes for Imogen.
Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.
772. 1 Great Iupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels
773. 2 There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gaue th' Affront with them
774. 1 So 'tis reported:

But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Post. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had answer'd him
775. 2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,

A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his seruice
As if he were of note: bring him to'th' King.
Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pisanio, and
Romane
Captiues. The Captaines present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who deliuers him
ouer to a Gaoler.
776. Scena Quarta.
777. Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.
778. Gao. You shall not now be stolne,

You haue lockes vpon you:
So graze, as you finde Pasture
779. 2.Gao. I, or a stomacke
780. Post. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's sicke o'th' Gowt, since he had rather
Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th' sure Physitian, Death; who is the key
T' vnbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, \& wrists: you good Gods giue me
The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixt, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For Imogens deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not euery stampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures sake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,
Ile speake to thee in silence.
781. man, attyred like a warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, \& Mother to Posthumus) with Musicke before them. Then after other Musicke, followes the two young Leonati (Brothers to Posthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.
782. Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies: With Mars fall out with Iuno chide, that thy Adulteries Rates, and Reuenges. Hath my poore Boy done ought but well, whose face I neuer saw: I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staide, attending Natures Law. Whose Father then (as men report, thou Orphanes Father art) Thou should'st haue bin, and sheelded him, from this earth-vexing smart
783. Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde, but tooke me in my Throwes, That from me was Posthumus ript, came crying 'mong'st his Foes. A thing of pitty
784. Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie, moulded the stuffe so faire: That he deseru'd the praise o'th' World, as great Sicilius heyre
785. 1.Bro. When once he was mature for man, in Britaine where was hee That could stand vp his paralell? Or fruitfull obiect bee? In eye of Imogen, that best could deeme his dignitie
786. Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt to be exil'd, and throwne From Leonati Seate, and cast from her, his deerest one: Sweete Imogen? Sic. Why did you suffer Iachimo, slight thing of Italy, To taint his Nobler hart \& braine, with needlesse ielousy, And to become the geeke and scorne o'th' others vilany? 2 Bro. For this, from stiller Seats we came, our Parents, and vs twaine, That striking in our Countries cause, fell brauely, and were slaine, Our Fealty, \& Tenantius right, with Honor to maintaine
787. 1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath to Cymbeline perform'd: Then Iupiter, y King of Gods, why hast y thus adiourn'd The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?

788. Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke, looke out, no longer exercise Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent iniuries:
789. Moth. Since (Iupiter) our Son is good, take off his miseries
790. Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe, or we poore Ghosts will cry To'th' shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity
791. Brothers. Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale, and from thy iustice flye.
792. Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vppon an Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on their knees.
793. Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low

Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents opprest,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are spent:
Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his Affliction made
This Tablet lay vpon his Brest, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And so away: no farther with your dinne
Expresse Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.
794. Ascends
795. Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is
More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd
796. All. Thankes Iupiter
797. Sic. The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd

His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest
Let vs with care performe his great behest.
798. Vanish
799. Post. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandsire, and begot

A Father to me: and thou hast created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:
And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatnesse, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,
And yet are steep'd in Fauours; so am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:

What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.
800. Reades.
801. When as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe vnknown, without seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioynted to the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie. 'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is, The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe If but for simpathy. Enter Gaoler.
802. Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Ouer-roasted rather: ready long ago
803. Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for that, you are well Cook'd
804. Post. So if I proue a good repast to the Spectators, the dish payes the shot
805. Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tauerne Bils, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: sorrie that you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Brain the heauier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being drawne of heauinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so the Acquittance followes
806. Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue
807. Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepes, feeles not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you shall go
808. Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow
809. Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your selfe that which I am sure you do not know: or iump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne to tell one
810. Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and will not vse them
811. Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindnesse: I am sure hanging's the way of winking. Enter a Messenger.
812. Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King
813. Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee made free
814. Gao. Ile be hang'd then
815. Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for the dead
816. Gao. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, \& beget yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were desolation of Gaolers and Galowses: I speake against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

818. Scena Quinta.
819. Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pisanio, and

Lords.
820. Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made

Preseruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,
Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest
Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him so
821. Bel. I neuer saw

Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought
But beggery, and poore lookes
822. Cym. No tydings of him?

Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, \& liuing;
But no trace of him
823. Cym. To my greefe, I am

The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) she liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it
824. Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
Vnlesse I adde, we are honest
825. Cym. Bow your knees:

Arise my Knights o'th' Battell, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your estates.
Enter Cornelius and Ladies.
826. There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly

Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th' Court of Britaine
827. Corn. Hayle great King,

To sowre your happinesse, I must report
The Queene is dead
828. Cym. Who worse then a Physitian

Would this report become? But I consider, By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when she finish'd
829. Cym. Prythee say

830. Cor. First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely

Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your person
831. Cym. She alone knew this:

And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed
832. Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to loue

With such integrity, she did confesse
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life
(But that her flight preuented it) she had
Tane off by poyson
833. Cym. O most delicate Fiend!

Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?
Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Orecome you with her shew; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th' adoption of the Crowne:
But fayling of her end by his strange absence, Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight
Of Heauen, and Men) her purposes: repented
The euils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Dispayring, dyed
834. Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, so please your Highnesse
835. Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart, That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious
To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.
Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners, Leonatus
behind, and
Imogen.
836. Thou comm'st not Caius now for Tribute, that The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted, So thinke of your estate
837. Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day

Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
May be call'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth,


A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer: Augustus liues to thinke on't: and so much For my peculiar care. This one thing onely I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ransom'd: Neuer Master had
A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,
So tender ouer his occasions, true,
So feate, so Nurse-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my request, which Ile make bold your Highnesse
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue seru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And spare no blood beside
838. Cym. I haue surely seene him:

His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Master, liue;
And aske of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt, Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile giue it:
Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest tane
839. Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse
840. Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,

And yet I know thou wilt
841. Imo. No, no, alacke,

There's other worke in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it selfe
842. Luc. The Boy disdaines me,

He leaues me, scornes me: briefely dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.
Why stands he so perplext?
Cym. What would'st thou Boy?
I loue thee more, and more: thinke more and more
What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak
Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?
Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile
Am something neerer
843. Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. Ile tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you please
To giue me hearing
844. Cym. I, with all my heart,

And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele Sir
845. Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page

Ile be thy Master: walke with me: speake freely
846. Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?

Arui. One Sand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:


Who dyed, and was Fidele: what thinke you?
Gui. The same dead thing aliue
847. Bel. Peace, peace, see further: he eyes vs not, forbeare

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would haue spoke to vs
848. Gui. But we see him dead
849. Bel. Be silent: let's see further
850. Pisa. It is my Mistris:

Since she is liuing, let the time run on,
To good, or bad
851. Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,

Make thy demand alowd. Sir, step you forth,
Giue answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him
852. Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render

Of whom he had this Ring
853. Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee
854. Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas Leonatus Iewell,
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeue thee,
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this
855. Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint
856. Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength

I had rather thou should'st liue, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: striue man, and speake
857.

Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Those which I heau'd to head:) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly, Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerua,
Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man


Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairenesse, which strikes the eye
858. Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter
859. Iach. All too soone I shall,

Vnlesse thou would'st greeue quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his description
Prou'd vs vnspeaking sottes
860. Cym. Nay, nay, to'th' purpose
861. Iach. Your daughters Chastity, (there it beginnes)

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreames,
And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No lesser of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,
And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phoebus Wheele; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poste I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operate
Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practise so preuayl'd
That I return'd with simular proofe enough,
To make the Noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I see him now
862. Post. I so thou do'st,

Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole, Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyson, Some vpright Iusticer. Thou King, send out


For Torturors ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend
By being worse then they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe.
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set
The dogges o'th' street to bay me: euery villaine
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh Imogen!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh Imogen, Imogen, Imogen
863. Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare
864. Post. Shall's haue a play of this?

Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part
865. Pis. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,

Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord Posthumus,
You ne're kill'd Imogen till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honour'd Lady
866. Cym. Does the world go round?

Posth. How comes these staggers on mee?
Pisa. Wake my Mistris
867. Cym. If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me

To death, with mortall ioy
868. Pisa. How fares my Mistris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gau'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are
869. Cym. The tune of Imogen
870. Pisa. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulpher on me, if

That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene
871. Cym. New matter still
872. Imo. It poyson'd me
873. Corn. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approue thee honest. If Pasanio
Haue (said she) giuen his Mistris that Confection
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, she is seru'd,
As I would serue a Rat
874. Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poysons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine stuffe, which being tane, would cease
The present powre of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should againe


Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead
875. Bel. My Boyes, there was our error
876. Gui. This is sure Fidele
877. Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro[m] you?

Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe
878. Post. Hang there like fruite, my soule,

Till the Tree dye
879. Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Childe?

What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?
Imo. Your blessing, Sir
880. Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,

You had a motiue for't
881. Cym. My teares that fall

Proue holy-water on thee; Imogen,
Thy Mothers dead
882. Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord
883. Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was

That we meet heere so strangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where
884. Pisa. My Lord,

Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord Cloten
Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discouer'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes
With vnchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not
885. Gui. Let me end the Story: I slew him there
886. Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.

I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips
Plucke a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe
887. Gui. I haue spoke it, and I did it
888. Cym. He was a Prince
889. Gui. A most inciuill one. The wrongs he did mee

Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing heere
To tell this tale of mine

890. Cym. I am sorrow for thee:

By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead
891. Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our presence
892. Bel. Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he slew,
As well descended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of Clotens
Had euer scarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage
893. Cym. Why old Soldier:

Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arui. In that he spake too farre
894. Cym. And thou shalt dye for't
895. Bel. We will dye all three,

But I will proue that two one's are as good
As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you
896. Arui. Your danger's ours
897. Guid. And our good his
898. Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue

Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subiect, who
Was call'd Belarius
899. Cym. What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor
900. Bel. He it is, that hath

Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,
I know not how, a Traitor
901. Cym. Take him hence,

The whole world shall not saue him
902. Bel. Not too hot;

First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiscate all, so soone
As I haue receyu'd it
903. Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy: heere's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting
904. Cym. How? my Issue
905. Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old Morgan)

Am that Belarius, whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,


Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares
Haue I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse Euriphile
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Vpon my Banishment: I moou'd her too't,
Hauing receyu'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The benediction of these couering Heauens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay Heauen with Starres
906. Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:

The Seruice that you three haue done, is more
Vnlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A payre of worthier Sonnes
907. Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;

This Gentleman, whom I call Polidore,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This Gentleman, my Cadwall, Aruiragus.
Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce
908. Cym. Guiderius had

Vpon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder
909. Bel. This is he,

Who hath vpon him still that naturall stampe:
It was wise Natures end, in the donation
To be his euidence now
910. Cym. Oh, what am I

A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Reioyc'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be, That after this strange starting from your Orbes, You may reigne in them now: Oh Imogen, Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome
911. Imo. No, my Lord:

I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say heereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
When we were so indeed
912. Cym. Did you ere meete?

Arui. I my good Lord
$\sum 531<$
913. Gui. And at first meeting lou'd,

Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed
914. Corn. By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd
915. Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment, Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motiues to the Battaile? with I know not how much more should be demanded, And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors vpon Imogen;
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each obiect with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee euer
916. Imo. You are my Father too, and did releeue me:

To see this gracious season
917. Cym. All ore-ioy'd

Saue these in bonds, let them be ioyfull too, For they shall taste our Comfort
918. Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you seruice
919. Luc. Happy be you
920. Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that so Nobly fought

He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King
921. Post. I am Sir

The Souldier that did company these three
In poore beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, Speake Iachimo, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you finish
922. Iach. I am downe againe:

But now my heauie Conscience sinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse
That euer swore the Faith
923. Post. Kneele not to me:

The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue
And deale with others better
924. Cym. Nobly doom'd:

Wee'l learne our Freenesse of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all
$\sum \square 532<$
925. Arui. You holpe vs Sir,

As you did meane indeed to be our Brother, Ioy'd are we, that you are
926. Post. Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome

Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction
927. Luc. Philarmonus
928. Sooth. Heere, my good Lord
929. Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.
930. Reades.
931. When as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe vnknown, without seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioynted to the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie.
Thou Leonatus art the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being Leonatus, doth import so much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call Mollis Aer, and Mollis Aer
We terme it Mulier; which Mulier I diuine
Is this most constant Wife, who euen now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Aire
932. Cym. This hath some seeming
933. Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline

Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by Belarius stolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd
To the Maiesticke Cedar ioyn'd; whose Issue
Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty
934. Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And Caius Lucius, Although the Victor, we submit to Caesar, And to the Romane Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were disswaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Iustice both on her, and hers,
Haue laid most heauy hand
935. Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune

The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to Lucius ere the stroke
Of yet this scarse-cold-Battaile, at this instant


Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th' Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th' Imperiall Caesar, should againe vnite
His Fauour, with the Radiant Cymbeline, Which shines heere in the West
936. Cym. Laud we the Gods,

And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittish Ensigne waue
Friendly together: so through Luds-Towne march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.
937. Exeunt.

## 938. FINIS. THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

## The Winter's Tale

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Jump to: navigation, search
This article is about Shakespeare's play. For the 2009 film, see The Winter's Tale (film). For other uses, see Winter's Tale (disambiguation).


Act II, scene 3: Antigonus swears his loyalty to Leontes, in an attempt to save Leontes' young daughter's life. From a painting by John Opie commissioned by the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery for printing and display.


The Winter's Tale is a play by William Shakespeare, originally published in the First Folio of 1623. Although it was grouped among the comedies, ${ }^{[1]}$ some modern editors have relabeled the play as one of Shakespeare's late romances. Some critics, among them W. W. Lawrence, ${ }^{[2]}$ consider it to be one of Shakespeare's "problem plays", because the first three acts are filled with intense psychological drama, while the last two acts are comedic and supply a happy ending.

Nevertheless, the play has been intermittently popular, revived in productions in various forms and adaptations by some of the leading theatre practitioners in Shakespearean performance history, beginning after a long interval with David Garrick in his adaptation called Florizel and Perdita (first performed in 1754 and published in 1756. The Winter's Tale was revived again in the 19th century, when the third "pastoral" act was widely popular). In the second half of the 20th century The Winter's Tale in its entirety, and drawn largely from the First Folio text, was often performed, with varying degrees of success.


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Autolycus (1836) by Charles Robert Leslie

## Contents

## [hide]

- 1 Sources
- 2 Date and text
- 3 Performance
- 4 Characters
- 5 Synopsis
- 6 Debates
- 6.1 The statue
- 6.2 The seacoast of Bohemia
- 6.3 The Isle of Delphos
- 6.4 The Bear
- 6.5 Dildos
- 7 Who is "A man ... Dwelt by a Church-yard"?
- 8 Film/Television adaptions
- 9 References
- 10 Sources
- 11 External links



## [] Sources

The main plot of The Winter's Tale is taken from Robert Greene's pastoral romance Pandosto, published in 1588. Shakespeare's changes to the plot are uncharacteristically slight, especially in light of the romance's undramatic nature, and Shakespeare's fidelity to it gives The Winter's Tale its most distinctive feature: the sixteen-year gap between the third and fourth acts.

There are minor changes in names, places, and minor plot details, but the largest changes lie in the survival and reconciliation of Hermione and Leontes (Greene's Pandosto) at the end of the play. The character equivalent to Hermione in Pandosto dies after being accused of adultery, while Leontes' equivalent looks back upon his deeds (including an incestuous fondness for his daughter) and slays himself. The survival of Hermione, while presumably intended to create the last scene's coup de théâtre involving the statue, creates a distinctive thematic divergence from Pandosto. Greene follows the usual ethos of Hellenistic romance, in which the return of a lost prince or princess restores order and provides a sense of closure that evokes Providence's control. Shakespeare, by contrast, sets in the foreground the restoration of the older, indeed aged, generation, in the reunion of Leontes and Hermione. Leontes not only lives, but seems to insist on the happy ending of the play.

It has been suggested that the use of a pastoral romance from the 1590s indicates that at the end of his career, Shakespeare felt a renewed interest in the dramatic contexts of his youth. Minor influences also suggest such an interest. As in Pericles, he uses a chorus to advance the action in the manner of the naive dramatic tradition; the use of a bear in the scene on the Bohemian seashore is almost certainly indebted to Mucedorus, ${ }^{[3]}$ a chivalric romance revived at court around 1610.

Eric Ives, the biographer of Anne Boleyn (1986), ${ }^{[4]}$ believes that the play is really a parallel of the fall of the queen, who was beheaded on false charges of adultery on the orders of her husband Henry VIII in 1536. There are numerous parallels between the two stories - including the fact that one of Henry's closest friends, Sir Henry Norreys, was beheaded as one of Anne's supposed lovers and he refused to confess in order to save his life claiming that everyone knew the Queen was innocent. If this theory is followed then Perdita becomes a dramatic presentation of Anne's only daughter, Queen Elizabeth I.

## [] Date and text



Facsimile of the first page of The Winter's Tale from the First Folio, published in 1623


The play was not published until the First Folio of 1623. In spite of tentative early datings (see below), most critics believe the play is one of Shakespeare's later works, possibly written in 1610 or $1611 .{ }^{[5]}$ A 1611 date is suggested by an apparent connection with Ben Jonson's Masque of Oberon, performed at Court 1 January 1611, in which appears a dance of ten or twelve satyrs; The Winter's Tale includes a dance of twelve satyrs, and the servant announcing their entry says "one three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the King." (IV.iv.337-38). Arden Shakespeare editor J.H.P. Pafford found that "the language, style, and spirit of the play all point to a late date. The tangled speech, the packed sentences, speeches which begin and end in the middle of a line, and the high percentage of light and weak endings are all marks of Shakespeare's writing at the end of his career. But of more importance than a verse test is the similarity of the last plays in spirit and themes." $[6]$

In the late 18th century, Edmund Malone suggested that a "book" listed in the Stationers' Register on May 22, 1594, under the title "a Wynters nightes pastime" might have been Shakespeare's, though no copy of it is known. ${ }^{[7]}$ In 1933, Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum wrote that Malone subsequently "seems to have assigned it to 1604; later still, to 1613; and finally he settled on 1610-11. Hunter assigned it to about 1605."[8]

## [] Performance

The earliest recorded performance of the play was recorded by Simon Forman, the Elizabethan "figure caster" or astrologer, who noted in his journal on 11 May 1611 that he saw The Winter's Tale at the Globe playhouse. The play was then performed in front of King James at Court on 5 November 1611. The play was also acted at Whitehall during the festivities preceding Princess Elizabeth's marriage to Frederick V, Elector Palatine, on 14 February 1613. Later Court performances occurred on 7 April 1618, 18 January 1623, and 16 January 1634. ${ }^{[9]}$

The Winter's Tale was not revived during the Restoration, unlike many other Shakespearean plays. It was performed in 1741 at Goodman's Fields Theatre and in 1742 at Covent Garden. Adaptations, titled The SheepShearing and Florizal and Perdita, were acted at Covent Garden in 1754 and at Drury Lane in 1756. ${ }^{[10]}$

One of the most famous modern productions was staged by Peter Brook in London in 1951 and starred John Gielgud as Leontes. Other notable stagings featured John Philip Kemble in 1811, Samuel Phelps in 1845, and Charles Kean in an 1856 production that was famous for its elaborate sets and costumes. Johnston ForbesRobertson played Leontes memorably in 1887, and Herbert Beerbohm Tree took on the role in 1906. The longest-running Broadway production ${ }^{[11]}$ the longest one starred Henry Daniell and Jessie Royce Landis, and ran for 39 performances in 1946. In 1980, David Jones (director), former Associate Artistic Director of the Royal Shakespeare Company chose to launch his new theatre company at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (BAM) with The Winter's Tale starring Brian Murray supported by Jones' new company at BAM ${ }^{[12]}$ In 1983, the Riverside Shakespeare Company mounted a production based on the First Folio text at The Shakespeare Center in Manhattan. In 1993 Adrian Noble won a Globe Award for Best Director for his Royal Shakespeare Company adaptation, which then was successfully brought to the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1994. ${ }^{[13]}$

In 2009, three separate productions were staged. Sam Mendes inaugurated his transatlantic "Bridge Project" directing The Winter's Tale with a cast featuring Simon Russell Beale (Leontes), Rebecca Hall (Hermione), Ethan Hawke (Autolycus) and Sinéad Cusack (Paulina). The Royal Shakespeare Company ${ }^{[14]}$ and Theatre Delicatessen ${ }^{[15]}$ also staged productions of The Winter's Tale in 2009. The play is in the repertory of the Stratford Festival of Canada and was seen at the New York Shakespeare Festival, Central Park, in 2010.

## [] Characters

- Leontes - The King of Sicilia, and the childhood friend of the Bohemian King Polixenes. He is gripped by jealous fantasies, which convince him that Polixenes has been having an affair with his wife, Hermione; his jealousy leads to the destruction of his family.

- Hermione - The virtuous and beautiful Queen of Sicilia. Falsely accused of infidelity by her husband, Leontes, she apparently dies of grief just after being vindicated by the Oracle of Delphos, but is restored to life at the play's close.
- Perdita - The daughter of Leontes and Hermione. Because her father believes her to be illegitimate, she is abandoned as a baby on the coast of Bohemia, and brought up by a Shepherd. Unaware of her royal lineage, she falls in love with the Bohemian Prince Florizel.
- Polixenes - The King of Bohemia, and Leontes's boyhood friend. He is falsely accused of having an affair with Leontes's wife, and barely escapes Sicilia with his life. Much later in life, he sees his only son fall in love with a lovely Shepherd's daughter-who is, in fact, a Sicilian princess.
- Florizel - Polixenes's only son and heir; he falls in love with Perdita, unaware of her royal ancestry, and defies his father by eloping with her.
- Camillo - An honest Sicilian nobleman, he refuses to follow Leontes's order to poison Polixenes, deciding instead to flee Sicily and enter the Bohemian King's service.
- Paulina - A noblewoman of Sicilia, she is fierce in her defense of Hermione's virtue, and unrelenting in her condemnation of Leontes after Hermione's death. She is also the agent of the (apparently) dead Queen's resurrection.
- Autolycus - A roguish peddler, vagabond, and pickpocket; he steals the Clown's purse and does a great deal of pilfering at the Shepherds' sheepshearing, but ends by assisting in Perdita and Florizel's escape.
- Shepherd - An old and honorable sheep-tender, he finds Perdita as a baby and raises her as his own daughter.
- Antigonus - Paulina's husband, and also a loyal defender of Hermione. He is given the unfortunate task of abandoning the baby Perdita on the Bohemian coast. He inevitably meets his doom (as ascribed to him through a dream) upon abandoning the newborn baby on the island.
- Clown - The Shepherd's buffoonish son, and Perdita's adopted brother.
- Mamillius - The young prince of Sicilia, Leontes and Hermione's son. He dies, perhaps of grief, after his father wrongly imprisons his mother.
- Cleomenes - A lord of Sicilia, sent to Delphos to ask the Oracle about Hermione's guilt.
- Dion - A Sicilian lord, he accompanies Cleomenes to Delphos.
- Emilia - One of Hermione's ladies-in-waiting.
- Archidamus - A lord of Bohemia.
- Mopsa - A 'loose' shepherdess enthralled with Clown.
- Dorcas - Another 'loose' shepherdess fighting over Clown
- The Bear


## [] Synopsis



John Fawcett as Autolycus in "The Winter's Tale" (1828) by Thomas Charles Wageman
Following a brief setup scene the play begins with the appearance of two childhood friends: Leontes, King of Sicilia, and Polixenes, the King of Bohemia. Polixenes is visiting the kingdom of Sicilia, and is enjoying catching up with his old friend. However, after nine months, Polixenes yearns to return to his own kingdom to tend to affairs and see his son. Leontes desperately attempts to get Polixenes to stay longer, but is unsuccessful. Leontes then sends his wife, Queen Hermione, to try to persuade Polixenes. Hermione agrees and with three short speeches is successful. Leontes is puzzled as to how Hermione convinced Polixenes so easily, and is suddenly consumed with an insane paranoia that his pregnant wife has been having an affair with Polixenes and that the child is a bastard. Leontes orders Camillo, a Sicilian Lord, to poison Polixenes.

When Camillo instead warns Polixenes and they both flee to Bohemia, Leontes arrests Hermione on charges of adultery and conspiracy against his life. Paulina, a woman of the court and an ardent friend to Hermione, attempts to visit Hermione but must settle with seeing her handmaid, who reports Hermione has prematurely given birth to a daughter in prison. Paulina, hoping the sight of his child will convince him where words have not, takes the child to Leontes. Leontes angrily dismisses all attempts to convince him he is wrong and he believes Antigonus, a Sicilian courtier and Paulina's husband, has conspired against him alongside Paulina. Paulina having gone, Leontes considers killing this child-which he believes to be the bastard of Polixenes and Hermione-before ordering Antigonus, instead, to abandon the infant far away.

At her trial for treason, Hermione delivers a heart-rending speech that fails to move Leontes. A report from the Oracle on the Isle of Delphos pronounces her innocent, but Leontes defies the oracle. But he then immediately receives word that his young son, Mamillius, has died of grief, a fulfillment of another of the Oracle's prophecies. Hermione faints and is reported to have died. Leontes laments his poor judgment and promises to grieve for his dead wife and son every day for the rest of his life.

Antigonus, unaware of Leontes' change of heart, follows Leontes' earlier instructions to abandon Hermione's newborn daughter on the seacoast of Bohemia. Antigonus recalls a vision the night before of Hermione, who told him to name the child "Perdita" (Latin: 'lost'). He wishes to take pity on the child, but Antigonus is then suddenly pursued and eaten by a bear. Fortunately, Perdita is rescued by a shepherd and his simpleton son also known as "Clown." There is a large amount of money with the baby and the shepherd is now very rich.


Time enters and announces the passage of sixteen years. Leontes has spent the sixteen years mourning his wife and children. In Bohemia, Polixenes and Camillo become aware that Florizel (Polixenes' son) has become infatuated with a shepherdess. They attend a sheep-shearing festival (in disguise) and confirm that the young Prince Florizel plans to marry a shepherd's beautiful young daughter (Perdita, who knows nothing of her royal heritage). Polixenes objects to the marriage and threatens the young couple. Quickly, the lovers flee to Sicilia with the help of Camillo, and Polixenes pursues them. Eventually, with a bit of help from a comical rogue/pickpocket named Autolycus, Perdita's heritage is revealed and she reunites with her father Leontes. The kings are reconciled and both approve of Florizel and Perdita's marriage. They all go to visit a statue of Hermione kept by Paulina. Miraculously, the statue comes to life and speaks, appearing to be the real Hermione, who went into hiding to await the fulfilment of the oracle's prophecy and be reunited with her daughter.

## [] Debates



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Perdita by Anthony Frederick Augustus Sandys

## [] The statue

While the language Paulina uses in the final scene evokes the sense of a magical ritual, one often-overlooked moment in 5.2 shows the far likelier case - that Paulina hid Hermione at a remote location to protect her from Leontes' wrath and that the re-animation of Hermione does not derive from any magic. When the Third Gentleman announces that the members of the court have gone to Paulina's dwelling to see the statue, the Second Gentleman offers this exposition: "I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she [Paulina] hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house" (5.2.104106). What's more, Leontes is surprised that the statue is wrinkled, unlike the Hermione he remembers. Paulina answers his concern by claiming that the age-progression attests to the "carver's excellence", which makes her look "as [if] she lived now." Hermione later asserts that her desire to see her daughter allowed her to endure 16 years of separation: "thou shalt hear that I, / Knowing by Paulina that the oracle / Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved / Myself to see the issue" (5.3.126-129)

However, the action of 3.2 calls into question the "rational" explanation that Hermione was spirited away and sequestered for 16 years. Hermione swoons upon the news of Mamilius' death, and is rushed from the room. Paulina returns after a short monologue from Leontes, bearing the news of Hermione's death. After some discussion, Leontes demands to be led toward the bodies of his wife and son: "Prithee, bring me / To the dead bodies of my queen and son: / One grave shall be for both: upon them shall / The causes of their death appear,

unto / Our shame perpetual" (3.2) Paulina seems convinced of Hermione's death, and Leontes order to visit both bodies and see them interred is never called into question by later events in the play.

Such contradictory (or vague) evidence renders any definitive answer about the nature of the statue elusive.

## [] The seacoast of Bohemia



Shakespeare's fellow playwright Ben Jonson ridiculed the presence in the play of a seacoast and a desert in Bohemia, since the kingdom of Bohemia (which roughly corresponds to the modern-day Czech Republic) had neither a coast (being landlocked) nor a desert. ${ }^{[16[17]}$ Shakespeare's source, the romance Pandosto by Robert Greene, had the shipwreck instead take place on the Sicilian coast. ${ }^{[18]}$ However, in the 13 th century under Ottokar II of Bohemia the kingdom of Bohemia did stretch to the Adriatic, and it was, in fact, possible to sail from a kingdom of Sicily to the seacoast of Bohemia. ${ }^{[19]}$ Moreover, in Shakespeare's time, Rudolph, king of Bohemia, also was Holy Roman Emperor and ruled over the Adriatic coast neighboring the Venetian Republic, a fact noted by some Oxfordian scholars [See: authorship], who find it significant that the Earl of Oxford was traveling in the Adriatic region during this brief span of time. Jonathan Bate offers the simple explanation that the court of King James was politically allied with that of Rudolph, and the characters and dramatic roles of the rulers of Sicily and Bohemia were reversed for reasons of political sensitivity. Indeed, had not Shakespeare made this departure from his sources the play's performance at the wedding celebrations of Princess Elizabeth, a future queen of Bohemia, could not have taken place. ${ }^{[20]}$

In 1891, Edmund O. von Lippmann pointed out that "Bohemia" was also a rare name for Apulia in southern Italy. ${ }^{[21]}$ However, Apulia was at this time a province of the Kingdom of Sicily. More influential was Thomas Hanmer's $\underline{1744}$ argument that Bohemia is a printed error for Bithynia, an ancient nation in Asia Minor, ${ }^{[22]}$ this theory was adopted in Charles Kean's influential 19th century production of the play, which featured a resplendent Bythinian court. At the time of the Kingdom of Sicily, however, Bithynia was long extinct and its territories were controlled by the Byzantine Empire.

The pastoral genre is not known for precise verisimilitude, and, like the assortment of mixed references to ancient religion and contemporary religious figures and customs, this possible inaccuracy may have been included to underscore the play's fantastical and chimeric quality. As Andrew Gurr puts it, Bohemia may have been given a seacoast "to flout geographical realism, and to underline the unreality of place in the play". ${ }^{[23]}$

Another theory explaining the existence of the seacoast in Bohemia is suggested in Shakespeare's chosen title of the play. A winter's tale is something associated with parents telling children stories of legends around a fireside: by using this title it is implying to the audience not to take these details too seriously. ${ }^{[24]}$

## [] The Isle of Delphos

Likewise, Shakespeare's apparent mistake of placing the Oracle of Delphi on a small island has been used as evidence of Shakespeare's limited education. However, Shakespeare again copied this locale directly from "Pandosto". Moreover, the erudite Robert Greene was not in error, as the Isle of Delphos does not refer to Delphi, but to the Cycladic island of Delos, the mythical birth place of Apollo, which from the 15 th to the late 17th century in England was known as "Delphos". ${ }^{[25]}$ Greene's source for an Apollonian oracle on this island likely was the Aeneid, in which Virgil wrote that Priam consulted the Oracle of Delos before the outbreak of the Trojan War and that Aeneas after escaping from Troy consulted the same Delian oracle regarding his future. ${ }^{[26]}$

## [] The Bear

The play contains one of the most famous Shakespearean stage directions: Exit, pursued by a bear, presaging the offstage death of Antigonus. It is not known whether Shakespeare used a real bear from the London bearpits, ${ }^{[27]}$ or an actor in bear costume. The Royal Shakespeare Company, in one production of this play, used a large sheet of silk which moved and created shapes, to symbolise both the bear and the gale in which Antigonus is travelling.

## [] Dildos

One comic moment in the play deals with a servant not realizing that poetry featuring references to dildos is vulgar, presumably from not knowing what the word means. This play and Ben Jonson's play The Alchemist (1610) are typically cited as the first usage of the word in publication. ${ }^{[28]}$ The Alchemist was printed first, but the debate about the date of the play's composition makes it unclear which was the first scripted use of the word, which is much older. ${ }^{[29]}$

## [] Who is "A man ... Dwelt by a Church-yard"?

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    Mam, There was a man.
    Her. Nay,come fit downe: then on.
    Mam. Dwelt bya Church-yard: I will cell it foftly,
Yond Crickets fhall not heare it.
    Her. Come on then, and giu'sme in mine eare.
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Top left corner of page 282 from the First Folio of The Winter's Tale. ${ }^{[30]}$
What, exactly is the "winter's tale" referred to in the title? One possible answer was suggested in a 1983 production of the uncut First Folio script of The Winter's Tale by the Riverside Shakespeare Company at The Shakespeare Center, in which the director, W. Stuart McDowell, posited an answer to who the man is in the story told by Mamillius, and hence what, exactly, is the "winter's tale". The production, which combined modern (Grace Kelly's Monaco) and historical (pastoral 18th century England) periods, staged a magical transformation when Mamillius begins to recount the "winter's tale" to his mother, Hermione. According the program note, the concept arose from the moment in the First Folio text when Mamillius is asked to "tell's a Tale", to which the boy responds with "There was a man ... dwelt by a Church-yard ..." According to the

Riverside program, McDowell's interpretation posited that these eight words - the entirety of "A sad Tale" that is "best for Winter" - are nothing less than a prophecy concerning Leontes, who would some day dwell by a graveyard (i.e., church-yard), mourning the passing of Hermione and Mamillius for whose deaths he had himself to blame. ${ }^{[31]}$

## [] Film/Television adaptions

There have been two film versions, one silent version in $\underline{1910^{[32]}}$ and a $\underline{1967}$ version starring Laurence Harvey as Leontes. ${ }^{[33]}$

An "orthodox" BBC production was televised in 1981. It was produced by Jonathan Miller, directed by Jane Howell and starred Robert Stephens as Polixenes and Jeremy Kemp as Leontes. ${ }^{[34]}$ There have been several other BBC versions televised as well. ${ }^{[\text {citation needed] }}$

## [] References

1. $\hat{\_} W T$ comes last, following Twelfth Night which uncharacteristically ends with a blank recto page, suggesting to Arden editor J.H.P. Pafford there was some hesitation as to where $W T$ belonged at the time of printing the Folio. (J.H.P. Pafford, ed. The Winter's Tale (Arden Shakespeare) 3rd ed. 1933:xv-xvii.)
2. ^Lawrence, 9-13,
3. $\wedge$ C. F. Tucker Brooke, The Shakespeare Apocrypha, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1908; pp. 103-26.
4. $\bar{\wedge}$ Ives, The Life and Death of Anne Boleyn 2004:421: in spite of other scholars' rejection of any parallels between Henry VIII and Leontes, asserts "the parallels are there", noting his article "Shakespeare and History: divergencies and agreements", in Shakespeare Survey 38 (1985:19-35), p 24f.
5. ^ F. E. Halliday, A Shakespeare Companion 1564-1964, Baltimore, Penguin, 1964; p. 532.
6. $\underset{\wedge}{\wedge}$ Pafford, J.H.P., ed. "Introduction", The Winter's Tale Arden Shakespeare 2nd. series (1963, 1999), xxiii.
7. $\_$Malone, Edmund. "An Attempt to Ascertain the Order in which the Plays Attributed to Shakspeare Were Written," The Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare in Ten Volumes. Eds. Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. 2nd ed. London, 1778, Vol. I: 269-346; 285.
8. ^ Tannenbaum, "The Forman Notes", Shakespearean Scraps, 1933
9. $\wedge$ All dates new style.
10. ^ Halliday, pp. 532-3.
11. $\hat{\sim}$ Four previous productions in New York, the earliest that of 1795 are noted in the Internet Broasdway Database; The Winter's Tale has not played on Broadway since 1946.
12. ^^ "Brooklyn Bets on Rep", T. E. Kalem, Time Magazine, 3 March 1980
13. $\bar{\wedge}$ " "Critics Notebook", Ben Brantley, The New York Times, 22 April 1994.
14. $\wedge$ RSC listing
15. $\bar{\wedge} \underline{\text { The Stage review of [Theatre Delicatessen]'s The Winter's Tale }}$
16. ^^ Wylie, Laura J., ed (1912). The Winter's Tale. New York: Macmillan. p. 147. OCLC 2365500.
"Shakespeare follows Greene in giving Bohemia a seacoast, an error that has provoked the discussion of critics from Ben Jonson on."
17. ^ Ben Jonson, 'Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden', in Herford and Simpson, ed. Ben Jonson, vol. 1, p. 139.
18. $\wedge$ Greene's 'Pandosto' or 'Dorastus and Fawnia': being the original of Shakespeare's 'Winter's tale', P.G. Thomas, editor. Oxford University Press, 1907
19. ^ See J.H. Pafford, ed. The Winter's Tale, Arden Edition, 1962, p. 66
20. $\wedge$ Bate, Jonathan (2008). "Shakespeare and Jacobean Geopolitics". Soul of the Age. London: Viking. p. 305. ISBN 978-0-670-91482-1.
21. ^_ Edmund O. von Lippmann, 'Shakespeare's Ignorance?', New Review 4 (1891), 250-4.
22. ^ Thomas Hanmer, The Works of Shakespeare (Oxford, 1743-4), vol. 2.
23. $\wedge$ Andrew Gurr, 'The Bear, the Statue, and Hysteria in The Winter's Tale, Shakespeare Quarterly 34 (1983), p. 422.
24. ^ See C.H. Herford, ed. The Winter's Tale, The Warwick Shakespeare edition, p.xv.
25. ^ Terence Spencer, Shakespeare's Isle of Delphos, The Modern Language Review, Vol. 47, No. 2 (Apr., 1952), pp. 199-202.
26. ^ Virgil, Aeneid, In. 73-101
27. ${ }^{\wedge}$ The main bear-garden in London was the Paris Garden at Southwark, near the Globe Theatre.
28. ${ }^{\wedge}$ See, for instance, "dildo ${ }^{1}$ ". OED Online (2nd ed.). Oxford: Oxford University Press. 1989. http://dictionary.oed.com/cgi/entry/50064101. Retrieved 21 April 2009, which cites Jonson's 1610 edition of The Alchemist ("Here I find ... The seeling fill'd with poesies of the candle: And Madame, with a Dildo, writ o' the walls.": Act V, scene iii) and Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale (dated 1611, "He has the prettiest Loue-songs for Maids ... with such delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings.": Act IV, scene iv).
29. ^ The first reference in the Oxford English Dictionary is Thomas Nashe's Choise of Valentines or the Merie Ballad of Nash his Dildo (c. 1593); in the 1899 edition, the following sentence appears: "Curse Eunuke dilldo, senceless counterfet."
30. ^ Page 282 from the First Folio of Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale, reproduced on the program cover of the Riverside Shakespeare Company's production of the play, 25 February 1983.
31. ^ Seymour Isenberg, "Sunny Winter", in The New York Shakespeare Society Bulletin, (Dr. Bernard Beckerman, Chairman; Columbia University) March 1983, p. 25.
32. $\wedge$ The Winter's Tale (1910)
33. $\wedge$ The Winter's Tale (1968)
34. "The Winter's Tale (1981, TV)". IMDB. http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0081761/fullcrs. Retrieved 22 January 2010.

The Winters Tale
Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.
Enter Camillo and Archidamus.
Arch. If you shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my seruices are now onfoot, you shall see (as I haue said) great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of Sicilia meanes to pay Bohemia the Visitation, which hee iustly owes him

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be iustified in our Loues: for indeed- Cam. 'Beseech you- Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence- in so rareI know not what to say- Wee will giue you sleepie Drinkes, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our insufficience) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little accuse vs

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's given freely

Arch. 'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vtterance


Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himselfe ouer-kind to Bohemia: They were trayn'd together in their Childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attornyed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that euer came into my Note

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subiect, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man

Arch. Would they else be content to die?
Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to liue

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to liue on Crutches till he had one.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.
Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.
Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been
The Shepheards Note, since we haue left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuitie, Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one we thanke you, many thousands moe, That goe before it

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them when you part

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance, Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say, This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd To tyre your Royaltie

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
Then you can put vs to't


Leo. One Seue' night longer
Pol. Very sooth, to morrow
Leo. Wee'le part the time betweene's then: and in that Ile no gaine-saying

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so:
There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessitie in your request, although
'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both, Farewell (our Brother.)
Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you
Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill
You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaym'd, say this to him, He's beat from his best ward

Leo. Well said, Hermione
Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him goe;
But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,
Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.
Yet of your Royall presence, Ile aduenture
The borrow of a Weeke. When at Bohemia
You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) Leontes,
I loue thee not a Iarre o'th' Clock, behind
What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay?
Pol. No, Madame
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verely
Her. Verely?
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would seek t' vnsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely
You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely 'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?

Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely, One of them you shall be

Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall
Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th' two?
Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours
Her. By this we gather
You haue tript since
Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for
In those vnfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow
Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,
Th' offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answere,
If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any, but with vs
Leo. Is he woon yet?
Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord.)


Leo. At my request, he would not:
Hermione (my dearest) thou neuer spoak'st
To better purpose
Her. Neuer?
Leo. Neuer, but once
Her. What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse, Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.
Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:
My last good deed, was to entreat his stay. What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister, Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace. But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had sowr'd themselues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy selfe, my Loue; then didst thou vtter,
I am yours for euer
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I haue spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th' other, for some while a Friend
Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue Tremor Cordis on me: my heart daunces,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:
But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers, As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. Mamillius, Art thou my Boy?
Mam. I, my good Lord
Leo. I'fecks:
Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine, We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,


Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, \& the shoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine, Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not so held, Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-ioyne with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it, (And that to the infection of my Braines, And hardning of my Browes.)
Pol. What meanes Sicilia?
Her. He something seemes vnsetled
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tendernesse? and make it selfe a Pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes
Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite it's Master, and so proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell, This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend, Will you take Egges for Money?
Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight
Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe seeme to be of ours?
Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parasite, my Souldier: States-man; all:

He makes a Iulyes day, short as December,
And with his varying childnesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood
Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leaue you to your grauer steps. Hermione,
How thou lou'st vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparant to my heart
Her. If you would seeke vs, We are yours i'th' Garden: shall's attend you there?
Leo. To your owne bents dispose you: you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now, (Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.
How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue Will hisse me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (euen at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme, That little thinkes she ha's been sluyc'd in's absence, And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by Sir Smile, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't, Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd (As mine) against their will. Should all despaire That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind Would hang themselues. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded, No Barricado for a Belly. Know't, It will let in and out the Enemy, With bag and baggage: many thousand on's Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy? Mam. I am like you say

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? Camillo there?

## Cam. I, my good Lord

Leo. Goe play (Mamillius) thou'rt an honest man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer


Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold, When you cast out, it still came home

Leo. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Businesse more materiall
Leo. Didst perceiue it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall gust it last. How cam't (Camillo)
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie
Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent, But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't, But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say
Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand Bohemia stayes here longer

Leo. Ha?
Cam. Stayes here longer
Leo. I, but why?
Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistresse
Leo. Satisfie?
Th' entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (Camillo)
With all the neerest things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been
Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd
In that which seemes so
Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)
Leo. To bide vpon't: thou art not honest: or If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward, Which hoxes honestie behind, restrayning From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust, And therein negligent: or else a Foole,


That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne, And tak'st it all for ieast

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull, In euery one of these, no man is free, But that his negligence, his folly, feare, Among the infinite doings of the World, Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence, Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted, Whereof the execution did cry out Against the non-performance, 'twas a feare Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord) Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine
Leo. Ha' not you seene Camillo?
(But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye-glasse Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)
My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse, Or else be impudently negatiue,
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deserues a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and iustify't
Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart, You neuer spoke what did become you lesse Then this; which to reiterate, were sin As deepe as that, though true

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honestie) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,

That would vnseene be wicked? Is this nothing? Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing, The couering Skie is nothing, Bohemia nothing, My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings, If this be nothing

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes, For 'tis most dangerous

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true
Cam. No, no, my Lord
Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I say thou lyest Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slaue,
Or else a houering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill, Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer Infected (as her life) she would not liue The running of one Glasse

Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (Bohemia) who, if I
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits, (Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that Which should vndoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see
Plainely, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heauen, How I am gall'd, might'st be-spice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a lasting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion, But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke
Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse
(So soueraignely being Honorable.)
I haue lou'd thee,
Leo. Make that thy question, and goe rot:
Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so vnsetled,
To appoint my selfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes
(Which to preserue, is Sleepe; which being spotted,
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waspes)
Giue scandall to the blood o'th' Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)
Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?
Could man so blench?
Cam. I must beleeue you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first, Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes Knowne, and ally'd to yours

Leo. Thou do'st aduise me,
Euen so as I mine owne course haue set downe:
Ile giue no blemish to her Honor, none
Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with Bohemia, And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer, If from me he haue wholesome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne
Cam. Ile do't, my Lord
Leo. I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast aduis'd me.

## Exit

Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me, What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't, Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue All that are his, so too. To doe this deed, Promotion followes: If I could find example Of thousand's that had struck anoynted Kings, And flourish'd after, Il'd not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now, Here comes Bohemia.

## Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: Me thinkes
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?
Good day Camillo

## Cam. Hayle most Royall Sir

Pol. What is the Newes i'th' Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance, As he had lost some Prouince, and a Region Lou'd, as he loues himselfe: euen now I met him With customarie complement, when hee Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and So leaues me, to consider what is breeding, That changes thus his Manners

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must, And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo, Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror, Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alter'd with't
Cam. There is a sicknesse
Which puts some of vs in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.
I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: Camillo, As you are certainely a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names, In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you, If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge, Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealement
Cam. I may not answere
Pol. A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare Camillo, I coniure thee, by all the parts of man, Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere, Which way to be preuented, if to be:
If not, how best to beare it


Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as
I meane to vtter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night
Pol. On, good Camillo
Cam. I am appointed him to murther you
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the King
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly
Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best:
Turne then my freshest Reputation to A sauour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill
Where I arriue, and my approch be shun'd, Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read
Cam. Sweare his thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to Auoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honestie, That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night, Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse, And will by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes, Cleare them o'th' Citie: For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here
By this discouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine, For by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue vttred Truth: which if you seeke to proue,


I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer, Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth: Thereon his Execution sworne

Pol. I doe beleeue thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This Iealousie
Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare, Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie, Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceiue,
He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer
Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges must
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come Camillo,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let vs auoid

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away.

## Exeunt.

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

## Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring
Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, Ile none of you
Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)
Mam. You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if I were a Baby still. I loue you better
2.Lady. And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)
2.Lady. Who taught 'this?


Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now, What colour are your eye-browes?
Lady. Blew (my Lord.)
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes
Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall Present our seruices to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then youl'd wanton with vs, If we would haue you
2.Lady. She is spread of late

Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)
Her. What wisdome stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,
And tell's a Tale

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?
Her. As merry as you will
Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins
Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best, To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it

Mam. There was a man
Her. Nay, come sit downe: then on
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly, Yond Crickets shall not heare it

Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare
Leon. Was hee met there? his Traine? Camillo with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer
Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them
Euen to their Ships
Leo. How blest am I
In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart, And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge Is not infected) but if one present
Th' abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne


How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and seene the Spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discouer'd my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so,
On your command
Leo. I know't too well.
Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you
Haue too much blood in him
Her. What is this? Sport?
Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her, Away with him, and let her sport her selfe
With that shee's big-with, for 'tis Polixenes
Ha's made thee swell thus
Her. But Il'd say he had not;
And Ile be sworne you would beleeue my saying,
How e're you leane to th' Nay-ward
Leo. You (my Lords)
Looke on her, marke her well: be but about
To say she is a goodly Lady, and
The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pitty shee's not honest: Honorable;
Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands
That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will seare
Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's, When you haue said shee's goodly, come betweene, Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne (From him that ha's most cause to grieue it should be)
Shee's an Adultresse
Her. Should a Villaine say so, (The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Doe but mistake


Leo. You haue mistooke (my Lady) Polixenes for Leontes: O thou Thing, (Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place, Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent) Should a like Language vse to all degrees, And mannerly distinguishment leaue out, Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue said Shee's an Adultresse, I haue said with whom:
More; shee's a Traytor, and Camillo is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What she should shame to know her selfe,
But with her most vild Principall: that shee's
A Bed-swaruer, euen as bad as those
That Vulgars giue bold'st Titles; I, and priuy
To this their late escape
Her. No (by my life)
Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you, When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus haue publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake

Leo. No: if I mistake
In those Foundations which I build vpon, The Centre is not bigge enough to beare A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison: He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie, But that he speakes

Her. There's some ill Planet raignes:
I must be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The Kings will be perform'd
Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris
Ha's deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on, Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)


I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue
Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence
Lord. Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe
Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Iustice
Proue violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne
Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
Please you t' accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse
I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane
In this, which you accuse her.)
Antig. If it proue
Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:
For euery ynch of Woman in the World,
I, euery dram of Womans flesh is false,
If she be
Leo. Hold your peaces
Lord. Good my Lord
Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selues:
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine, I would Land-damne him: be she honor-flaw'd, I haue three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;
The second, and the third, nine: and some fiue: If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are co-heyres, And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue
Leo. Cease, no more:
You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and see withall
The Instruments that feele
Antig. If it be so,
We neede no graue to burie honesty,
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth


Leo. What? lacke I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Vpon this ground: and more it would content me
To haue her Honor true, then your suspition
Be blam'd for't how you might
Leo. Why what neede we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogatiue
Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
Rellish a truth, like vs: informe your selues,
We neede no more of your aduice: the matter, The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't, Is all properly ours

Antig. And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it, Without more ouerture

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: Camillo's flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as grosse, as euer touch'd coniecture,
That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation
But onely seeing, all other circumstances
Made vp to'th deed) doth push-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Most pitteous to be wilde) I haue dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Appollo's Temple,
Cleomines and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had
Shall stop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?
Lord. Well done (my Lord.)
Leo. Though I am satisfide, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Giue rest to th' mindes of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulitie, will not
Come vp to th' truth. So haue we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confinde,
Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
We are to speake in publique: for this businesse
Will raise vs all
Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne.


Exeunt.
Scena Secunda.
Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.
Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene
Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I haue expresse commandment
Pau. Here's ado, to locke vp honesty \& honour from
Th' accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? Emilia?
Gao. So please you (Madam)
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth
Pau. I pray now call her:
With-draw your selues
Gao. And Madam,
I must be present at your Conference
Pau. Well: be't so: prethee.
Heere's such adoe, to make no staine, a staine, As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman, How fares our gracious Lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliuer'd
Pau. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore prisoner,
I am innocent as you,
Pau. I dare be sworne:
These dangerous, vnsafe Lunes i'th' King, beshrew them:
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't vpon me,


If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee
The Trumpet any more: pray you (Emilia)
Commend my best obedience to the Queene, If she dares trust me with her little babe, I'le shew't the King, and vndertake to bee Her Aduocate to th' lowd'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th' Childe:
The silence often of pure innocence
Perswades, when speaking failes
Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,
That your free vndertaking cannot misse
A thriuing yssue: there is no Lady liuing
So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship
To visit the next roome, Ile presently
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour
Least she should be deny'd
Paul. Tell her (Emilia)
Ile vse that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't
As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted
I shall do good,
Emil. Now be you blest for it.
Ile to the Queene: please you come something neerer
Gao. Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe, I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it, Hauing no warrant

Pau. You neede not feare it (sir)
This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and processe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trespasse of the Queene
Gao. I do beleeue it
Paul. Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

## Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.
Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.


Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse To beare the matter thus: meere weaknesse, if The cause were not in being: part o'th cause, She, th' Adultresse: for the harlot-King Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke And leuell of my braine: plot-proofe: but shee, I can hooke to me: say that she were gone, Giuen to the fire, a moity of my rest Might come to me againe. Whose there?
Ser. My Lord
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd His sicknesse is discharg'd

Leo. To see his Noblenesse, Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother. He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply, Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe: Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe, And down-right languish'd. Leaue me solely: goe, See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him, The very thought of my Reuenges that way Recoyle vpon me: in himselfe too mightie, And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be, Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeance Take it on her: Camillo, and Polixenes Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow: They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor Shall she, within my powre.
Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter
Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,
More free, then he is iealous
Antig. That's enough
Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded None should come at him

Pau. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you
That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sighe
At each his needlesse heauings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;

(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor, That presses him from sleepe

Leo. Who noyse there, hoe?
Pau. No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference, About some Gossips for your Highnesse

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. Antigonus, I charg'd thee that she should not come about me, I knew she would

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)
On your displeasures perill, and on mine, She should not visit you

Leo. What? canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonestie he can: in this (Vnlesse he take the course that you haue done) Commit me, for committing honor, trust it, He shall not rule me:
Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When she will take the raine, I let her run, But shee'l not stumble

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beseech you heare me, who professes
My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,
Your most obedient Counsailor: yet that dares Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles, Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene
Leo. Good Queene?
Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene, I say good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good so, were I A man, the worst about you

Leo. Force her hence
Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off, But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene (For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter, Heere 'tis. Commends it to your blessing

Leo. Out:
A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o' dore:
A most intelligencing bawd


Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In so entit'ling me: and no lesse honest
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest:
Leo. Traitors;
Will you not push her out? Giue her the Bastard, Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnroosted By thy dame Partlet heere. Take vp the Bastard, Take't vp, I say: giue't to thy Croane

Paul. For euer
Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st vp the Princesse, by that forced basenesse
Which he ha's put vpon't
Leo. He dreads his Wife

Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
Youl'd call your children, yours
Leo. A nest of Traitors
Ant. I am none, by this good light
Pau. Nor I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he, The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes, His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander, Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not (For as the case now stands, it is a Curse He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was sound
Leo. A Callat
Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband, And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine, It is the Issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam, Commit them to the fire

Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th' old Prouerb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley, The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddesse Nature, which hast made it


So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least she suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands
Leo. A grosse Hagge:
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd, That wilt not stay her Tongue

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your selfe Hardly one Subiect

Leo. Once more take her hence
Paul. A most vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord Can doe no more

Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt
Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell vsage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accusation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) something sauors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World
Leo. On your Allegeance, Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant, Where were her life? she durst not call me so, If she did know me one. Away with her

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, lle be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: Ioue send her A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes, Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewell, we are gone.
Enter.
Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? euen thou, that hast
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life, With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse, And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;


The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy Wife
Antig. I did not, Sir:
These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please, Can cleare me in't

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither
Leo. You're lyers all
Lord. Beseech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:
We haue alwayes truly seru'd you, and beseech'
So to esteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare seruices
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose, Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele
Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I liue on, to see this Bastard kneele, And call me Father? better burne it now, Then curse it then. But be it: let it liue.
It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that haue beene so tenderly officious
With Lady Margerie, your Mid-wife there, To saue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard, So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture, To saue this Brats life?
Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much;
Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,
To saue the Innocent: any thing possible
Leo. It shall be possible: Sweare by this Sword Thou wilt performe my bidding

Antig. I will (my Lord.)
Leo. Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the faile Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife, (Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee, As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it To some remote and desart place, quite out Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it (Without more mercy) to it owne protection, And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune

It came to vs, I doe in Iustice charge thee, On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture, That thou commend it strangely to some place, Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp

Antig. I sweare to doe this: though a present death Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rauens
To be thy Nurses. Wolues and Beares, they say, (Casting their sauagenesse aside) haue done Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side (Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.)
Enter.
Leo. No: Ile not reare
Anothers Issue.
Enter a Seruant.
Seru. Please' your Highnesse, Posts
From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come
An houre since: Cleomines and Dion,
Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th' Court
Lord. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath beene beyond accompt
Leo. Twentie three dayes
They haue beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great Apollo suddenly will haue
The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords, Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publikely accus'd, so shall she haue
A iust and open Triall. While she liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaue me, And thinke vpon my bidding.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.
Enter Cleomines and Dion.
Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet, Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common prayse it beares


Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits, (Me thinkes I so should terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemne, and vn-earthly
It was i'th' Offring?
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle, Kin to Ioues Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence, That I was nothing

Dio. If th' euent o'th' Iourney
Proue as successefull to the Queene ( O be't so)
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vse on't
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations, So forcing faults vpon Hermione,
I little like
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great Diuine seal'd vp)
Shall the Contents discouer: something rare
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses, And gracious be the issue.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.
Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies:
Cleomines, Dion.
Leo. This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Prisoner
Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Appeare in person, here in Court. Silence
Leo. Reade the Indictment


Officer. Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Soueraigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (Hermione) contrary to the Faith and Allegeance of a true Subiect, didst counsaile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by Night

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guiltie: mine Integritie
Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life
Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Then Historie can patterne, though deuis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,
'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,
And onely that I stand for. I appeale
To your owne Conscience (Sir) before Polixenes
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so vncurrant, I
Haue strayn'd t' appeare thus; if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin
Cry fie vpon my Graue
Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did, Then to performe it first

Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me
Leo. You will not owne it


Her. More then Mistresse of, Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not At all acknowledge. For Polixenes (With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:
With such a kind of Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such, So, and no other, as your selfe commanded: Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke, Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely, That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie, I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselues
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know What you haue vnderta'ne to doe in's absence

Her. Sir,
You speake a Language that I vnderstand not:
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame, (Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auailes: for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Ioy, And first Fruits of my body, from his presence I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort (Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast (The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on euery Post
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs

To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried Here, to this place, $\mathrm{i}^{\prime}$ th' open ayre, before I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I haue here aliue,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life, (I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor, Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else, But what your Iealousies awake) I tell you 'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all, I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge
Lord. This your request
Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth
(And in Apollo's Name) his Oracle
Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father. Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge
Officer. You here shal sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice, That you (Cleomines and Dion) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This seal'd-vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great Apollo's Priest; and that since then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't
Cleo. Dio. All this we sweare
Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read
Officer. Hermione is chast, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo a true Subiect, Leontes a iealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King shall liue without an Heire, if that which is lost, be not found

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo
Her. Praysed
Leo. Hast thou read truth?
Offic. I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:
The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood
Ser. My Lord the King: the King?
Leo. What is the businesse?


Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone
Leo. How? gone?
Ser. Is dead

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heauens themselues
Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?
Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe
And see what Death is doing
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recouer.
I haue too much beleeu'd mine owne suspition:
'Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo pardon
My great prophanenesse 'gainst thine Oracle.
Ile reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woe my Queene, recall the good Camillo
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being transported by my Iealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poyson
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest
Vnclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he glisters
Through my Rust? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?
Paul. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)
Breake too
Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?
Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?
What Wheeles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
Must I receiue? whose euery word deserues
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Iealousies, Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,
And then run mad indeed: starke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.

That thou betrayed'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing, (That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant, And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much.
Thou would'st haue poyson'd good Camillo's Honor,
To haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses, More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter, To be or none, or little; though a Deuill Would haue shed water out of fire, ere don't; Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no, Layd to thy answere: but the last: O Lords, When I haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene, The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead: \& vengeance for't Not drop'd downe yet

Lord. The higher powres forbid
Pau. I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant, Do not repent these things, for they are heauier Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees, Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru'd
All tongues to talke their bittrest
Lord. Say no more;
How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I'th boldnesse of your speech
Pau. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue shew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greefe: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)

Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing
Leo. Thou didst speake but well, When most the truth: which I receyue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both: Vpon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (vnto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long
I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes.
Exeunt.
Scaena Tertia.
Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepeheard, and Clowne.
Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Desarts of Bohemia
Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly, And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's
Ant. Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-boord, Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before I call vpon thee

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather, Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't
Antig. Go thou away, Ile follow instantly

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so ridde o'th businesse.

Exit


Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th' dead May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame So like a waking. To me comes a creature, Sometimes her head on one side, some another, I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes Like very sanctity she did approach My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me, And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon Did this breake from her. Good Antigonus, Since Fate (against thy better disposition) Hath made thy person for the Thrower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath, Places remote enough are in Bohemia, There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe Is counted lost for euer, Perdita
I prethee call't: For this vngentle businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
Thy Wife Paulina more: and so, with shriekes
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toyes,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeue
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the issue
Of King Polixenes) it should heere be laide (Either for life, or death) vpon the earth Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well, There lye, and there thy charracter: there these, Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch, That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
A lullabie too rough: I neuer saw
The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?
Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer.
Exit pursued by a Beare.
Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing, fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boyldebraines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Maister; if any
where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of Iuy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has beene some staire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some behinde-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet Ile tarry till my sonne come: he hallow'd but euen now. Whoa-ho-hoa. Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa
Shep. What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'st thou, man? Clo. I haue seene two such sights, by Sea \& by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point

Shep. Why boy, how is it? Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp the shore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the most pitteous cry of the poore soules, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'ld thrust a Corke into a hogshead. And then for the Land-seruice, to see how the Beare tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee for helpe, and said his name was Antigonus, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flapdragon'd it: but first, how the poore soules roared, and the sea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the sea, or weather

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?
Clo. Now, now: I haue not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the
Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now
Shep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde man

Clo. I would you had beene by the ship side, to haue help'd her; there your charity would haue lack'd footing

Shep. Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee heere boy. Now blesse thy selfe: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a sight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: so, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: open't: what's within, boy? Clo. You're a mad olde man: If the sinnes of your youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all Gold

Shep. This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue so: vp with't, keepe it close: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee so still requires nothing but secrecie. Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next way home

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are neuer curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayest discerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him

Clowne. 'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him i'th' ground

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't.

## Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.
Time. I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolds error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vse my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
Ore sixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne howre
To plant, and orewhelme Custome. Let me passe
The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witnesse to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my Tale
Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glasse, and giue my Scene such growing
As you had slept betweene: Leontes leauing
Th' effects of his fond iealousies, so greeuing
That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well, I mentioned a sonne o'th' Kings, which Florizell
I now name to you: and with speed so pace
To speake of Perdita, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her insues
I list not prophesie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daughter
And what to her adheres, which followes after,
Is th' argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you haue spent time worse, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you neuer may.
Enter.

Scena Secunda.
Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good Camillo) be no more importunate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to grant this

Cam. It is fifteene yeeres since I saw my Countrey: though I haue (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrowes I might be some allay, or I oreweene to thinke so) which is another spurre to my departure

Pol. As thou lou'st me (Camillo) wipe not out the rest of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made me Businesses, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe, or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done: which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankefull to thee, shall bee my studie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes. Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee speake no more, whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene \& Children, are euen now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they haue approued their Vertues

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (missingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared

Pol. I haue considered so much (Camillo) and with some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice, which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnspeakable estate

Cam. I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue some question with the shepheard; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vneasie to get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. 'Prethe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicillia

Cam. I willingly obey your command
Pol. My best Camillo, we must disguise our selues.
Exit

## Scena Tertia.

## Enter Autolicus singing

When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale, Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere, For the red blood raigns in y winters pale. The white sheete bleaching on the hedge, With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing: Doth set my pugging tooth an edge, For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King. The Larke, that tirra Lyra chaunts,


With heigh, the Thrush and the Iay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.
I haue seru'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three
pile, but now I am out of seruice.
But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)
the pale Moone shines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do most go right.
If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue, and beare the Sow-skin Bowget, Then my account I well may giue, and in the Stockes auouch-it.
My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to
lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me Autolicus, who being (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a snapper-vp of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennew is the silly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee:
For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A
prize, a prize.
Enter Clowne.
Clo. Let me see, euery Leauen-weather toddes, euery tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fifteene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?
Aut. If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine
Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the shearers (threeman song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes. I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seuen; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Sun

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne
Clo. I'th' name of me

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these
ragges: and then, death, death
Clo. Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more rags
to lay on thee, rather then haue these off
Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee, more then the stripes I haue receiued, which are mightie ones and millions

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter


Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell tane from me, and these detestable things put vpon me
Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?
Aut. A footman (sweet sir) a footman
Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horsemans Coate, it hath seene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh
Clo. Alas poore soule
Aut. Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my shoulder-blade is out

Clo. How now? Canst stand?
Aut. Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office

Clo. Doest lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for thee

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I haue a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you? Aut. A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a seruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainely Whipt out of the Court

Clo. His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-seruer (a Bayliffe) then hee compast a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer many knauish professions) he setled onely in Rogue: some call him Autolicus

Clo. Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts
Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings
Aut. Very true sir: he sir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Bohemia; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'ld haue runne
Aut. I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am
false of heart that way, \& that he knew I warrant him

Clo. How do you now?
Aut. Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, \& pace softly towards my Kinsmans

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?
Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir

Clo. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. Enter.

Aut. Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheerers proue sheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue. Song. Iog-on, Iog-on, the foot-path way, And merrily hent the Stile-a: A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tyres in a Mile-a. Enter.

## Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa,
Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.
Flo. These your vnvsuall weeds, to each part of you Do's giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but Flora
Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't
Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe
The gracious marke o'th' Land, you haue obscur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Most Goddesse-like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts
In euery Messe, haue folly; and the Feeders
Digest with a Custome, I should blush
To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke,
To shew my selfe a glasse
Flo. I blesse the time
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse
Thy Fathers ground
Perd. Now Ioue affoord you cause:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse
Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by some accident
Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,


Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold The sternnesse of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselues
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Iupiter, Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I seeme now. Their transformations,
Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts
Burne hotter then my Faith
Perd. O but Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it must be) by th' powre of the King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speake, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life
Flo. Thou deer'st Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th' Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are comming:
Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two haue sworne shall come
Perd. O Lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious

Flo. See, your Guests approach,
Addresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke, Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all, Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere
At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it She would to each one sip. You are retyred,


As if you were a feasted one: and not The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne. Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast. Come on, And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing, As your good flocke shall prosper

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee The Hostesseship o'th' day: you're welcome sir. Giue me those Flowres there (Dorcas.) Reuerend Sirs, For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe Seeming, and sauour all the Winter long: Grace, and Remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our Shearing

Pol. Shepherdesse, (A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages With flowres of Winter

Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors, (Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not To get slips of them

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them
Perd. For I haue heard it said, There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares With great creating-Nature

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art, (Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of baser kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature
Perd. So it is


Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly' vors, And do not call them bastards

Perd. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twer well: and onely therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with' Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome
Cam. I should leaue grasing, were I of your flocke, And onely liue by gazing

Perd. Out alas:
You'ld be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst Friend,
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O Proserpina,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From Dysses Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of Iuno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath) pale Prime-roses,
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds, (The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke, To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend, To strew him o're, and ore

Flo. What? like a Coarse?
Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinkes I play as I haue seene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my disposition:
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'ld haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'ld haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you


A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes
Perd. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Shepherd
With wisedome, I might feare (my Doricles)
You woo'd me the false way
Flo. I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray, Your hand (my Perdita:) so Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part
Perd. Ile sweare for 'em
Pol. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that euer
Ran on the greene-sord: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place
Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame
Clo. Come on: strike vp
Dorcas. Mopsa must be your Mistris: marry Garlick to mend her kissing with
Mop. Now in good time
Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners, Come, strike vp.

Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and Shephearddesses.
Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this, Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleeue it:
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,


I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose Who loues another best

## Pol. She dances featly

Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it That should be silent: If yong Doricles Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that Which he not dreames of.
Enter Seruant.
Ser. O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee singes seuerall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: hee vtters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to his Tunes

Clo. He could neuer come better: hee shall come in: I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and sung lamentably

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues: he has the prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bawdrie (which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings: Iump-her, and thump-her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to answere, Whoop, doe me no harme good man: put's him off, slights him, with Whoop, doe mee no harme good man

Pol. This is a braue fellow
Clo. Beleeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares? Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainebow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in Bohemia, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' grosse: Inckles, Caddysses, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he sings em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would thinke a Smocke were a shee-Angell, he so chauntes to the sleeue-hand, and the worke about the square on't

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach singing
Perd. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words in's tunes

Clow. You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in them, then youl'd thinke (Sister.)
Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.
Enter Autolicus singing.
Lawne as white as driuen Snow, Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow, Gloues as sweete as Damaske Roses, Maskes for faces, and for noses: Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber, Perfume for a Ladies Chamber: Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to giue their deers:
Pins, and poaking-stickes of steele.

What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy, Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy

Clo. If I were not in loue with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to giue him againe

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more

Mop. I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdrylace, and a paire of sweet Gloues

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therfore it behooues men to be wary

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here
Aut. I hope so sir, for I haue about me many parcels
of charge
Clo. What hast heere? Ballads?
Mop. Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, a
life, for then we are sure they are true
Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vsurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how she long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?
Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old
Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer
Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Mist[ris]. Tale-Porter, and fiue or six honest Wiues, that were present.
Why should I carry lyes abroad?
Mop. 'Pray you now buy it


Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Ballads:
Wee'l buy the other things anon

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared vpon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of April, fortie thousand fadom aboue water, \& sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she wold not exchange flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you
Autol. Fiue Iustices hands at it, and witnesses more then my packe will hold
Clo. Lay it by too; another
Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one
Mop. Let's haue some merry ones
Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarse a Maide westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three parts
Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe
Aut. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation:
Haue at it with you:

## Song

Get you hence, for I must goe
Aut. Where it fits not you to know
Dor. Whether?
Mop. O whether?
Dor. Whether?
Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell
Dor: Me too: Let me go thether:
Mop: Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,
Dor: If to either thou dost ill,
Aut: Neither

Dor: What neither?
Aut: Neither:
Dor: Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,
Mop: Thou hast sworne it more to mee.
Then whether goest? Say whether?
Clo. Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues: My

Father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, \& wee'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the first choice; folow me girles

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.
Song.
Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?
My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?
Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare-a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,
That doth vtter all mens ware-a.

## Exit

Seruant. Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds y haue made themselues all men of haire, they cal themselues Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gally-maufrey of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselues are o'th' minde (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully

Shep. Away: Wee'l none on't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you
Pol. You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let's see these foure-threes of Heardsmen
Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th' squire

Shep. Leaue your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now
Ser. Why, they stay at doore Sir.
Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.
Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter:
Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them,
He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire shepheard)
Your heart is full of something, that do's take
Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed loue, as you do; I was wont
To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ransackt
The Pedlers silken Treasury, and haue powr'd it
To her acceptance: you haue let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply at least, if you make a care
Of happie holding her


Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt
Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already, But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme) Hath sometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as Doues-downe, and as white as it, Or Ethyopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted By th' Northerne blasts, twice ore

Pol. What followes this?
How prettily th' yong Swaine seemes to wash The hand, was faire before? I haue put you out, But to your protestation: Let me heare What you professe

Flo. Do, and be witnesse too't
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all;
That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch
Thereof most worthy: were I the fayrest youth
That euer made eye swerue, had force and knowledge
More then was euer mans, I would not prize them
Without her Loue; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice, Or to their owne perdition

Pol. Fairely offer'd
Cam. This shewes a sound affection
Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him
Per. I cannot speake
So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better
By th' patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his
Shep. Take hands, a bargaine;
And friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't:
I giue my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall his
Flo. O, that must bee
I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead, I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet,

Enough then for your wonder: but come-on, Contract vs fore these Witnesses

Shep. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours
Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you, Haue you a Father?
Flo. I haue: but what of him?
Pol. Knowes he of this?
Flo. He neither do's, nor shall
Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest
That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more
Is not your Father growne incapeable
Of reasonable affayres? Is he not stupid
With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare?
Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing
But what he did, being childish?
Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength indeede
Then most haue of his age
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be so) a wrong
Something vnfilliall: Reason my sonne
Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason
The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else
But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile
In such a businesse
Flo. I yeeld all this;
But for some other reasons (my graue Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this businesse
Pol. Let him know't
Flo. He shall not

Pol. Prethee let him
Flo. No, he must not
Shep. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeue
At knowing of thy choice
Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Marke our Contract

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong sir)
Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,
That thus affects a sheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor, I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know The royall Foole thou coap'st with

Shep. Oh my heart
Pol. Ile haue thy beauty scratcht with briers \& made More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)
If I may euer know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer
I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Farre then Deucalion off: (marke thou my words)
Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Heardsman: yea him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou
These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces, I will deuise a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't.
Enter.
Perd. Euen heere vndone:
I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainely, The selfe-same Sun, that shines vpon his Court, Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone? I told you what would come of this: Beseech you Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther, But milke my Ewes, and weepe

Cam. Why how now Father, Speake ere thou dyest

Shep. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You haue vndone a man of fourescore three,
That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea,
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye close by his honest bones; but now
Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me

Where no Priest shouels-in dust. Oh cursed wretch, That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst aduenture To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:
If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd
To die when I desire.
Enter.
Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leash vnwillingly
Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse
You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle
Come not before him
Flo. I not purpose it:
I thinke Camillo
Cam. Euen he, my Lord
Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twer knowne?
Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together, And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection
Cam. Be aduis'd
Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient: I haue reason:
If not, my sences better pleas'd with madnesse,
Do bid it welcome
Cam. This is desperate (sir.)
Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs must thinke it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides
In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,

As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend, When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not To see him any more) cast your good counsailes
Vpon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know, And so deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore: And most opportune to her neede, I haue
A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this designe. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting
Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for aduice, Or stronger for your neede

Flo. Hearke Perdita,
Ile heare you by and by
Cam. Hee's irremoueable,
Resolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if His going, I could frame to serue my turne, Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor, Purchase the sight againe of deere Sicillia, And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom I so much thirst to see

Flo. Now good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious businesse, that I leaue out ceremony

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue
That I haue borne your Father?
Flo. Very nobly
Haue you deseru'd: It is my Fathers Musicke To speake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on
Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I loue the King, And through him, what's neerest to him, which is Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction, If your more ponderous and setled proiect May suffer alteration. On mine honor, Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing As shall become your Highnesse, where you may Enioy your Mistris; from the whom, I see There's no disiunction to be made, but by (As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,


And with my best endeuours, in your absence, Your discontenting Father, striue to qualifie And bring him vp to liking

Flo. How Camillo
May this (almost a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee something more then man,
And after that trust to thee
Cam. Haue you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' vnthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildely do, so we professe
Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and flyes
Of euery winde that blowes
Cam. Then list to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But vndergo this flight: make for Sicillia,
And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princesse,
(For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th' one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer, Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe, The which shall point you forth at euery sitting What you must say: that he shall not perceiue, But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there, And speake his very Heart

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sappe in this
Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selues
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,


To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters
Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind

Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres
Be borne another such
Flo. My good Camillo,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' reare' our Birth
Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pitty
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach
Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this, Ile blush you Thanks

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (Camillo)
Preseruer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in Sicilia
Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To haue you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir, That you may know you shall not want: one word.
Enter Autolicus.
Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Pettytoes, till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sencelesse; 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a

Purse: I would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd and cut most of their Festiuall Purses: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole Army

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt
Flo. And those that you'le procure from King Leontes?
Cam. Shall satisfie your Father
Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, shewes faire
Cam. Who haue we here?
Wee'le make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may giue vs aide
Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging
Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee
Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir
Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouertie, we must make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)
Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe fled already

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)
Flo. Dispatch, I prethee
Aut. Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may

(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vndescry'd
Perd. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must beare a part
Cam. No remedie:
Haue you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my Father, He would not call me Sonne

Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)
Aut. Adieu, Sir
Flo. O Perdita: what haue we twaine forgot?
'Pray you a word
Cam. What I doe next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so preuaile,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall re-view Sicilia; for whose sight,
I haue a Womans Longing
Flo. Fortune speed vs:
Thus we set on (Camillo) to th' Sea-side
Cam. The swifter speed, the better.
Enter.

Aut. I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out worke for th' other Sences. I see this is the time that the vniust man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am I constant to my Profession. Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke

Clowne. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood

Shep. Nay, but heare me
Clow. Nay; but heare me
Shep. Goe too then


Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whistle: I warrant you

Shep. I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies.)
Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this
Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard
Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Master

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at' Pallace
Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound? Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.) Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discouer? Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Trades-men, and they often giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye

Clo. Your Worship had like to haue giuen vs one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner
Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir? Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receiues not thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Basenesse, Court-Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, at toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier Capape; and one that will eyther pushon, or pluck-back, thy Businesse there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire

Shep. My Businesse, Sir, is to the King
Aut. What Aduocate ha'st thou to him?
Shep. I know not (and't like you.)
Clo. Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say
you haue none
Shep. None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen
Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men?
Yet Nature might haue made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdaine


Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier
Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handsomely
Clo. He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantasticall: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box? Shep. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech of him

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour
Shep. Why Sir? Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboord a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for if thou bee'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of griefe

Shep. So 'tis said (Sir:) about his Sonne, that should haue marryed a Shepheards Daughter
Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him flye; the Curses he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feele, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster

Clo. Thinke you so, Sir? Aut. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Iermaine to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vnder the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepe-whistling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some say hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him (say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir? Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flayd aliue, then 'noynted ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Waspes Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hotest day Prognostication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a Southward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall? Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you haue to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboord, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfes; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it

Clow. He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd aliue

Shep. And't please you (Sir) to vndertake the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you

Aut. After I haue done what I promised?
Shep. I Sir
Aut. Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

Clow. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pittifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne:
hang him, hee'le be made an example
Clow. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else. Sir, I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you

Aut. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Seaside, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you

Clow. We are bless'd, in this man: as I may say, euen bless'd

Shep. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboord him: if he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am proofe against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

## Exeunt.

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe
More penitence, then done trespas: At the last Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill, With them, forgiue your selfe

Leo. Whilest I remember
Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much, That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true
Paul. Too true (my Lord:)
If one by one, you wedded all the World,


Or from the All that are, tooke something good, To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd,
Would be vnparallell'd
Leo. I thinke so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now, Say so but seldome

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would
Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindnesse better
Paul. You are one of those
Would haue him wed againe
Dio. If you would not so, You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little, What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue, May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy, Then to reioyce the former Queene is well? What holyer, then for Royalties repayre, For present comfort, and for future good, To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe With a sweet Fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods
Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For ha's not the Diuine Apollo said?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King Leontes shall not haue an Heire, Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our humane reason, As my Antigonus to breake his Graue, And come againe to me: who, on my life, Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your councell, My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary, Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue, The Crowne will find an Heire. Great Alexander
Left his to th' Worthiest: so his Successor
Was like to be the best

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memorie of Hermione
I know in honor: O, that euer I
Had squar'd me to thy councell: then, euen now,


I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes, Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yeelded
Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worse, And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage (Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext, And begin, why to me?
Paul. Had she such power,
She had iust such cause
Leo. She had, and would incense me To murther her I marryed

Paul. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then Il'd shrieke, that euen your eares Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd, Should be, Remember mine

Leo. Starres, Starres, And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife; Ile haue no Wife, Paulina

Paul. Will you sweare
Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?
Leo. Neuer (Paulina) so be bless'd my Spirit
Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath
Cleo. You tempt him ouer-much
Paul. Vnlesse another,
As like Hermione, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye
Cleo. Good Madame, I haue done
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office
To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy
To see her in your armes


Leo. My true Paulina, We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs

Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.
Enter a Seruant.

Ser. One that giues out himselfe Prince Florizell, Sonne of Polixenes, with his Princesse (she The fairest I haue yet beheld) desires accesse To your high presence

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells vs, 'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?
Ser. But few,
And those but meane
Leo. His Princesse (say you) with him?
Ser. I: the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on
Paul. Oh Hermione,
As euery present Time doth boast it selfe
Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Graue
Giue way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe
Haue said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you haue seene a better
Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors else; make Proselytes
Of who she but bid follow
Paul. How? not women?
Ser. Women will loue her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women
Leo. Goe Cleomines,
Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,

He thus should steale vpon vs.
Enter
Paul. Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) seene this houre, he had payr'd Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth Betweene their births

Leo. 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches Will bring me to consider that, which may Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come. Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off, Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly By vs perform'd before. Most dearely welcome, And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas, I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost (All mine owne Folly) the Societie, Amitie too of your braue Father, whom (Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life Once more to looke on him

Flo. By his command
Haue I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie (Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his, Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues (He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters, And those that beare them, liuing

Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stirre
Afresh within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearefull vsage
(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,


Th' aduenture of her person?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libia

Leo. Where the Warlike Smalus, That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?
Flo. Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we haue cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,
For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine
I haue from your Sicilian Shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signifie
Not onely my successe in Libia (Sir)
But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in safetie
Here, where we are

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father, A graceful Gentleman, against whose person
(So sacred as it is) I haue done sinne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Haue left me Issue-lesse: and your Father's bless'd
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you, Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been, Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on, Such goodly things as you?
Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will beare no credit, Were not the proofe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himselfe, by me:
Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with A Shepheards Daughter

Leo. Where's Bohemia? speake:
Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes, Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted, With this young Prince


Flo. Camillo ha's betray'd me;
Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your Father
Leo. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo (Sir:) I spake with him: who now Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;
Forsweare themselues as often as they speake:
Bohemia stops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death
Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heauen sets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated

Leo. You are marryed?
Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleyes first:
The oddes for high and low's alike
Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife
Leo. That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed, Will come-on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking, Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry, Your Choice is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie, That you might well enioy her

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though Fortune, visible an Enemie,
Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot
Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your request,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles
Leo. Would he doe so, I'ld beg your precious Mistris, Which he counts but a Trifle

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth
'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes, Then what you looke on now

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires, I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand I now goe toward him: therefore follow me, And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.
Aut. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation? Gent.1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it
Gent.1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse; but the changes I perceiued in the King, and Camillo, were very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to teare the Cases of their Eyes. There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if th' importance were Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must needs be. Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:
The Newes, Rogero
Gent.2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expresse it. Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's Steward, hee can deliuer you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in strong suspition: Ha's the King found his Heire? Gent.3. Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which you heare, you'le sweare you see, there is such vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene Hermiones: her Iewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Maiestie of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse, which Nature shewes aboue her Breeding, and many other Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings? Gent.2. No

Gent.3. Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue beheld one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor. Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of his

found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a Losse, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes Bohemia forgiuenesse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I neuer heard of such another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it

Gent.2. What, 'pray you, became of Antigonus, that carryed hence the Child? Gent.3. Like an old Tale still, which will haue matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) to iustifie him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that Paulina knowes

Gent.1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers? Gent.3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were euen then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of loosing

Gent.1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted

Gent.3. One of the prettyest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how shee came to't, brauely confess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiuenesse wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to another) shee did (with an Alas) I would faine say, bleed Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: some swownded, all sorrowed: if all the World could haue seen't, the Woe had beene vniuersall

Gent.1. Are they returned to the Court? Gent.3. No: The Princesse hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of Paulina) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, Iulio Romano, who (had he himselfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape: He so neere to Hermione, hath done Hermione, that they say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup

Gent.2. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for shee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer since the death of Hermione, visited that remoued House. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Reioycing? Gent.1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Accesse? euery winke of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge. Let's along. Enter.

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboord the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but he at that time ouer-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (so he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Mysterie remained vndiscouer'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue rellish'd among my other discredits. Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come those I haue done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune
Shep. Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy
Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne


Clow. You are well met (Sir:) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne
Clow. I, and haue been so any time these foure houres
Shep. And so haue I, Boy
Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princesse (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father; and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that euer we shed

Shep. We may liue (Sonne) to shed many more
Clow. I: or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are
Aut. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I haue committed to your Worship, and to giue me your good report to the Prince my Master

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?
Aut. I, and it like your good Worship
Clow. Giue me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in Bohemia

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it
Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let
Boores and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it
Shep. How if it be false (Sonne?) Clow. If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile sweare to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of thy hands

Aut. I will proue so (Sir) to my power
Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and Princes (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Masters.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.


Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, \&c.
Leo. O graue and good Paulina, the great comfort That I haue had of thee?
Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchsaf'd (With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may last to answere
Leo. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Haue we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother
Paul. As she liu'd peerelesse,
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleeue
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?
Leo. Her naturall Posture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (Paulina)
Hermione was not so much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this seemes
Pol. Oh, not by much
Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellence, Which lets goe-by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her As she liu'd now

Leo. As now she might haue done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,
Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warme Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me, For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:


There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which ha's My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits, Standing like Stone with thee

Perd. And giue me leaue, And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady, Deere Queene, that ended when I but began, Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse

Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd-on,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Ioy
Did euer so long liue; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selfe much sooner
Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre
To take-off so much griefe from you, as he
Will peece vp in himselfe
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
Il'd not haue shew'd it
Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues
Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veines
Did verily beare blood?
Pol. 'Masterly done:
The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe
Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't, As we are mock'd with Art

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that Hee'le thinke anon it liues


Leo. Oh sweet Paulina,
Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:
No setled Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone
Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but I could afflict you farther

Leo. Doe Paulina:
For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kisse her
Paul. Good my Lord, forbeare:
The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne With Oyly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine

Leo. No: not these twentie yeeres
Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on
Paul. Either forbeare,
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolue you
For more amazement: if you can behold it, Ile make the Statue moue indeed; descend, And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke (Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers
Leo. What you can make her doe, I am content to looke on: what to speake, I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie
To make her speake, as moue
Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse
I am about, let them depart
Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall stirre

Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numnesse: (for from him,


Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue she stirres:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age, Is she become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh, she's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Lawfull as Eating
Pol. She embraces him
Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If she pertaine to life, let her speake too
Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd, Or how stolne from the dead?
Paul. That she is liuing,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares she liues, Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady, Our Perdita is found

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin preseru'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I
Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle
Gaue hope thou wast in being, haue preseru'd
My selfe, to see the yssue
Paul. There's time enough for that, Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together You precious winners all: your exultation Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost
Leo. O peace Paulina:
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many
A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre

(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted: and heere iustified
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place. What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons, That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill suspition: This your Son-in-law, And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina, Leade vs from hence, where we may leysurely Each one demand, and answere to his part Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first We were disseuer'd: Hastily lead away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.
Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo.
Antigonus.
Cleomines.
Dion.
Foure
Lords of Sicillia.
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shephearddesses.
FINIS. The Winters Tale.

## The Tempest

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Jump to: navigation, search
This article is about the Shakespeare comedy. For other uses, see The Tempest (disambiguation).



The shipwreck in Act I, Scene 1, in a 1797 engraving based on a painting by George Romney
The Tempest is a play by William Shakespeare, believed written in 1610-11, and thought by many critics to be the last play that Shakespeare wrote alone. It is set on a remote island, where Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan, plots to restore his daughter Miranda to her rightful place using illusion and skillful manipulation. He conjures up a storm, the eponymous tempest, to lure his usurping brother Antonio and the complicit King Alonso of Naples to the island. There, his machinations bring about the revelation of Antonio's low nature, the redemption of the King, and the marriage of Miranda to Alonso's son, Ferdinand.

There is no obvious single source for the plot of The Tempest, but researchers have seen parallels in Erasmus's Naufragium, Peter Martyr's De orbo novo, and an eyewitness report by William Strachey of the real-life shipwreck of the Sea Venture on the islands of Bermuda. In addition, one of Gonzalo's speeches is derived from Montaigne's essay Of the Canibales, and much of Prospero's renunciative speech is taken word for word from a speech by Medea in Ovid's poem Metamorphoses. The masque in Act 4 may have been a later addition, possibly in honour of the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Frederick V in 1613. The play was first published in the First Folio of 1623.

The story draws heavily on the tradition of the romance, and it was influenced by tragicomedy and the courtly masque and perhaps by the commedia dell'arte. It differs from Shakespeare's other plays in its observation of a stricter, more organised neoclassical style. Critics see The Tempest as explicitly concerned with its own nature as a play, frequently drawing links between Prospero's "art" and theatrical illusion, and early critics saw Prospero as a representation of Shakespeare, and his renunciation of magic as signalling Shakespeare's farewell to the stage. The play portrays Prospero as a rational, and not an occultist, magician by providing a contrast to him in Sycorax: her magic is frequently described as destructive and terrible, where Prospero's is said to be wondrous and beautiful. Beginning in about 1950, with the publication of Psychology of Colonization by Octave Mannoni, The Tempest was viewed more and more through the lens of postcolonial theoryexemplified in adaptations like Aimé Césaire's Une Tempête set in Haiti-and there is even a scholarly journal on post-colonial criticism named after Caliban. Miranda is typically viewed as having completely internalised the patriarchal order of things, thinking of herself as subordinate to her father.

The Tempest did not attract a significant amount of attention before the closing of the theatres in 1642, and only attained popularity after the Restoration, and then only in adapted versions. In the mid-19th century, theatre productions began to reinstate the original Shakespearean text, and in the 20th century, critics and scholars undertook a significant re-appraisal of the play's value, to the extent that it is now considered to be one of Shakespeare's greatest works. It has been adapted numerous times in a variety of styles and formats: in music, at

least 46 operas by composers such as Fromental Halévy, Zdeněk Fibich and Thomas Adès; orchestral works by Tchaikovsky, Arthur Sullivan and Arthur Honegger; and songs by such diverse artists as Ralph Vaughan Williams, Michael Nyman and Pete Seeger; in literature, Percy Bysshe Shelley's poem With a Guitar, To Jane and W. H. Auden's The Sea and the Mirror; novels by Aimé Césaire and The Diviners by Margaret Laurence; in paintings by William Hogarth, Henry Fuseli, and John Everett Millais; and on screen, ranging through a handtinted version of Herbert Beerbohm Tree's 1905 stage performance, the science fiction film Forbidden Planet in 1956, to Peter Greenaway's 1991 Prospero's Books featuring John Gielgud as Prospero.

## Contents

[hide]

- 1 Characters
- 2 Synopsis
- 3 Date and sources
- 3.1 Date
- 3.2 Contemporary sources
- 3.3 Other sources
- 4 Text
- 5 Themes and motifs
- 5.1 The theatre
- 5.2 Magic
- 6 Criticism and interpretation
- 6.1 Genre
- 6.2 Dramatic structure
- 6.3 Postcolonial
- 6.4 Feminist
- 7 Afterlife
- 7.1 Shakespeare's day
- 7.2 Restoration and 18th century
- 7.3 19th century
- 7.4 20th century and beyond
- 7.5 Music
- 7.6 Literature and art
- 7.7 Screen
- 8 References
- 8.1 Notes
- 8.2 Secondary sources
- 9 Further reading
- 10 External links


## [] Characters

- Prospero is the usurped Duke of Milan, a magician and the play's protagonist
- Miranda is Prospero's daughter
- Ariel is an airy spirit
- Caliban, enslaved by Prospero, is the son of the
- Gonzalo is a counsellor who gave aid to Prospero and Miranda
- Adrian and Francisco are lords
- Trinculo is a jester
- Stephano is a drunken butler
$\sum[620]$
witch Sycorax
- Alonso is the King of Naples
- Sebastian is Alonso's brother
- Antonio, the usurping Duke of Milan, is

Prospero's brother

- Ferdinand is Alonso's son


## [] Synopsis



Prospero and Miranda from a painting by William Maw Egley; ca. 1850
The magician Prospero, rightful Duke of Milan, and his daughter, Miranda, have been stranded for twelve years on an island after Prospero's jealous brother Antonio-helped by Alonso, the King of Naples-deposed him and set him adrift with the then three-year-old Miranda. Gonzalo, the King's counsellor, had secretly supplied their boat with plenty of food, water, clothes and the most-prized books from Prospero's library. Possessing magic powers due to his great learning, Prospero is reluctantly served by a spirit, Ariel, whom Prospero had rescued from a tree in which he had been trapped by the witch Sycorax. Prospero maintains Ariel's loyalty by repeatedly promising to release the "airy spirit" from servitude. Sycorax had been banished to the island, and had died before Prospero's arrival. Her son, Caliban, a deformed monster and the only non-spiritual inhabitant before the arrival of Prospero, was initially adopted and raised by him. He taught Prospero how to survive on the island, while Prospero and Miranda taught Caliban religion and their own language. Following Caliban's attempted rape of Miranda, he had been compelled by Prospero to serve as the magician's slave. In slavery, Caliban has come to view Prospero as a usurper and has grown to resent him and his daughter. Prospero and Miranda in turn view Caliban with contempt and disgust.

The play opens as Prospero, having divined that his brother, Antonio, is on a ship passing close by the island, has raised a tempest which causes the ship to run aground. Also on the ship are Antonio's friend and fellow conspirator, King Alonso of Naples, Alonso's brother and son (Sebastian and Ferdinand), and Alonso's advisor, Gonzalo. All these passengers are returning from the wedding of Alonso's daughter Claribel with the King of Tunis. Prospero contrives to separate the shipwreck survivors into several groups by his spells, and so Alonso and Ferdinand are separated believing the other to be dead.


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Miranda by John William Waterhouse
Three plots then alternate through the play. In one, Caliban falls in with Stephano and Trinculo, two drunkards, whom he believes to have come from the moon. They attempt to raise a rebellion against Prospero, which ultimately fails. In another, Prospero works to establish a romantic relationship between Ferdinand and Miranda; the two fall immediately in love, but Prospero worries that "too light winning [may] make the prize light", and compels Ferdinand to become his servant, pretending that he regards him as a spy. In the third subplot, Antonio and Sebastian conspire to kill Alonso and Gonzalo so that Sebastian can become King. They are thwarted by Ariel, at Prospero's command. Ariel appears to the "three men of sin" (Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian) as a harpy, reprimanding them for their betrayal of Prospero. Prospero manipulates the course of his enemies' path through the island, drawing them closer and closer to him.

In the conclusion, all the main characters are brought together before Prospero, who forgives Alonso. He also forgives Antonio and Sebastian, but warns them against further betrayal. Ariel is charged to prepare the proper sailing weather to guide Alonso and his entourage (including Prospero and Miranda) back to the Royal fleet and then to Naples, where Ferdinand and Miranda will be married. After discharging this task, Ariel will finally be free. Prospero pardons Caliban, who is sent to prepare Prospero's cell, to which Alonso and his party are invited for a final night before their departure. Prospero indicates that he intends to entertain them with the story of his life on the island. Prospero has resolved to break and bury his magic staff, and "drown" his book of magic, and in his epilogue, shorn of his magic powers, he invites the audience to set him free from the island with their applause.

## [] Date and sources



A depiction of the opening stage direction of the 1674 adaption from Nicholas Rowe's 1709 edition of Shakespeare's plays

## ] Date

The Tempest is thought by most scholars to have been written in 1610-11, and is generally accepted as the last play that Shakespeare wrote alone, although some have questioned either or both assertions. ${ }^{[1]}$ Scholars also note that it is impossible to determine if the play was written before, after, or at the same time as The Winter's Tale, whose dating has been equally problematic. ${ }^{[2]}$ Edward Blount entered The Tempest into the Stationers' Register on 8 November 1623. It was one of 16 Shakespearean plays that Blount registered on that date. ${ }^{[3]}$

## ] Contemporary sources

There is no obvious single source for the plot of The Tempest; it seems to have been created out of an amalgamation of sources. ${ }^{[4]}$ Since source scholarship began in the 18th century, researchers have suggested that passages from Erasmus's Naufragium (1523), (translated into English 1606) ${ }^{[5]}$ and Richard Eden's 1555 translation of Peter Martyr's De orbo novo (1530). ${ }^{[6]}$ In addition, William Strachey's A True Reportory of the Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight, an eyewitness report of the real-life shipwreck of the Sea Venture in 1609 on the island of Bermuda while sailing towards Virginia, is considered by most critics to be one of Shakespeare's a primary sources because of certain verbal, plot and thematic similarities. ${ }^{[7]}$ Although not published until 1625, Strachey's report, one of several describing the incident, is dated 15 July 1610, and critics say that Shakespeare must have seen it in manuscript sometime during that year. E.K. Chambers identified the True Reportory as Shakespeare's "main authority" for The Tempest, ${ }^{[8]}$ and the modern Arden editors say Shakespeare "surely drew" on Strachey and Montaigne for specific passages in the play. ${ }^{[9]}$ There has, however, been some scepticism about the alleged influence of Strachey in the play. Kenneth Muir argued that although " $[t]$ here is little doubt that Shakespeare had read ... William Strachey's True Reportory" and other accounts, " $[t]$ he extent of the verbal echoes of [the Bermuda] pamphlets has, I think, been exaggerated. There is hardly a

shipwreck in history or fiction which does not mention splitting, in which the ship is not lightened of its cargo, in which the passengers do not give themselves up for lost, in which north winds are not sharp, and in which no one gets to shore by clinging to wreckage," and goes on to say that "Strachey's account of the shipwreck is blended with memories of St Paul's - in which too not a hair perished - and with Erasmus' colloquy." ${ }^{[10]}$


Sylvester Jourdain's A Discovery of the Barmudas
Both the Victorian antiquarian Joseph Hunter (1839) and Karl Elze (1874) challenged the 1610-11 dating, and this challenge was revived by Roger Stritmatter and Lynne Kositsky in 2007 and 2009, , ${ }^{111]}$ who also argue that sources earlier than Strachey's letter account for Shakespeare's imagery and wording. In their 2009 article, the authors maintain that Richard Eden's text is the key source, and the Oxfordian scholar William Leahy described this paper as a 'devastating critique'. ${ }^{[12]}$ Mainstream scholars such as Alden T. Vaughan, Gabriel Egan, Michael Neill and independent researcher Tom Reedy remain unconvinced. ${ }^{[13][14] \mid 15] \mid 16]}$

- Another Sea Venture survivor, Sylvester Jourdain, also published an account, A Discovery of The Barmudas dated 13 October 1610, and Edmond Malone argued for the 1610-11 date on the account by Jourdain and the Virginia Council of London's A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia dated 8 November 1610. ${ }^{[17]}$


## [] Other sources

Modern researchers have recently added Ariosto's 1516 Orlando Furioso as a possible source for the play, as it contains many of the storm references also found in Naufragium. ${ }^{[18]}$

The Tempest may take its overall structure from traditional Italian commedia dell'arte, which sometimes featured a magus and his daughter, their supernatural attendants, and a number of rustics. The commedia often featured a clown known as Arlecchino (or his predecessor, Zanni) and his partner Brighella, who bear a striking resemblance to Stephano and Trinculo; a lecherous Neapolitan hunchback named Pulcinella, who corresponds to Caliban; and the clever and beautiful Isabella, whose wealthy and manipulative father, Pantalone, constantly seeks a suitor for her, thus mirroring the relationship between Miranda and Prospero. ${ }^{[19]}$

It is traditionally argued that one of Gonzalo's speeches is derived from Montaigne's essay Of the Canibales, translated into English in a version published by John Florio in 1603. Montaigne praises the society of the Caribbean natives: "It is a nation ... that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no

contracts, no successions, no dividences, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparrell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousnes, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them. ${ }^{[20]}$ However, the ultimate source of Montaigne's passage is an account of Gonzalo Oviedo published in English for the first time in Richard Eden's 1555 Decades of the New Worlde, with which Shakespeare was evidently familiar. ${ }^{[21]}$

In addition, much of Prospero's renunciative speech ${ }^{[22]}$ is taken word for word from a speech by Medea in Ovid's poem Metamorphoses. ${ }^{\text {[23] }}$

## [] Text

The Tempest presents relatively few textual problems in comparison with many of Shakespeare's other plays. The text in its current form has a simple history: it was first published in the First Folio in December 1623. In that volume, The Tempest is the first play in the section of Comedies, and therefore the opening play of the collection. This printing includes more stage directions than any of Shakespeare's other plays, although these directions seem to have been written more for a reader than for an actor. This leads scholars to infer that the editors of the First Folio, John Heminges and Henry Condell, added the directions to the folio to aid the reader, and that they were not necessarily what Shakespeare originally intended. Scholars have also wondered about the masque in Act 4, which seems to have been added as an afterthought, possibly in honor of the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Frederick V in 1613. However, other scholars see this as unlikely, arguing that to take the masque out of the play creates more problems than it solves. ${ }^{[24]}$

## [] Themes and motifs

```
"Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And - like the baseless fabric of this vision -
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. ..."
-Prospero }\mp@subsup{}{}{[25]
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## [] The theatre

The Tempest is explicitly concerned with its own nature as a play, frequently drawing links between Prospero's Art and theatrical illusion; the shipwreck was a spectacle that Ariel performed, while Antonio and Sebastian are cast in a troop to act. ${ }^{[26]}$ Prospero may even refer to the Globe Theatre when he describes the whole world as an illusion: "the great globe ... shall dissolve ... like this insubstantial pageant". ${ }^{[27]}$ Ariel frequently disguises himself as figures from Classical mythology, for example a nymph, a harpy and Ceres, acting as the latter in a masque and anti-masque that Prospero creates. ${ }^{[28]}$

Early critics, such as Thomas Campbell in 1838, saw this constant allusion to the theatre as an indication that Prospero was meant to represent Shakespeare; the character's renunciation of magic thus signalling Shakespeare's farewell to the stage. This theory persists among later critics, and remains solidly within the critical canon. ${ }^{[29]}$


## [] Magic

Magic was a controversial subject in Shakespeare's day. In Italy in 1600, Giordano Bruno was burnt at the stake for his occult studies. Outside the Catholic world, in Protestant England where Shakespeare wrote The Tempest, magic was also taboo; not all "magic", however, was considered evil. ${ }^{[30]}$ Several thinkers took a more rational approach to the study of the supernatural, with the determination to discover the workings of unusual phenomena. The German Henricus Cornelius Agrippa was one such thinker, who published in De Occulta Philosophia $(1531,1533)$ his observations of "divine" magic. Agrippa's work influenced Dr. John Dee, an Englishman and student of supernatural phenomena. Both Agrippa and Dee describe a kind of magic similar to Prospero's: one that is based on 16th-century science, rationality, and divinity, rather than the occult. When King James took the throne, Dee found himself under attack for his beliefs, but was able to defend himself successfully by explaining the divine nature of his profession. However, he died in disgrace in 1608. ${ }^{[31]}$

Shakespeare is also careful to make the distinction that Prospero is a rational, and not an occultist, magician. He does this by providing a contrast to him in Sycorax. Sycorax is said to have worshipped the devil and been full of "earthy and abhored commands". She was unable to control Ariel, who was "too delicate" for such dark tasks. Prospero's rational goodness enables him to control Ariel where Sycorax can only trap him in a tree. Sycorax's magic is frequently described as destructive and terrible, where Prospero's is said to be wondrous and beautiful. Prospero seeks to set things right in his world through his magic, and once that is done, he renounces it, setting Ariel free. ${ }^{[31]}$

## [] Criticism and interpretation

## [] Genre

The story draws heavily on the tradition of the romance, a fictitious narrative set far away from ordinary life. Romances were typically based around themes such as the supernatural, wandering, exploration and discovery. They were often set in coastal regions, and typically featured exotic, fantastical locations and themes of transgression and redemption, loss and retrieval, exile and reunion. As a result, while The Tempest was originally listed as a comedy in the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays, subsequent editors have chosen to give it the more specific label of Shakespearean romance. Like the other romances, the play was influenced by the then-new genre of tragicomedy, introduced by John Fletcher in the first decade of the 17th century and developed in the Beaumont and Fletcher collaborations, as well as by the explosion of development of the courtly masque form by such as Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones at the same time. ${ }^{[32]}$

## [] Dramatic structure

The Tempest differs from Shakespeare's other plays in its observation of a stricter, more organised neoclassical style. The clearest indication of this is Shakespeare's respect for the three unities in the play: the Unities of Time, Place, and Action. Shakespeare's other plays rarely respected the three unities, taking place in separate locations miles apart and over several days or even years. ${ }^{[33]}$ The play's events unfold in real time before the audience, Prospero even declaring in the last act that everything has happened in, more or less, three hours. ${ }^{[34][35]}$ All action is unified into one basic plot: Prospero's struggle to regain his dukedom; it is also confined to one place, a fictional island, which many scholars agree is meant to be located in the Mediterranean Sea. ${ }^{[36]}$ Another reading suggests that it takes place in the New World, as some parts read like records of English and Spanish conquest in the Americas. ${ }^{[37]}$ Still others argue that the Island can represent any land that has been colonised. ${ }^{[38]}$

## [] Postcolonial



Ferdinand Lured by Ariel by John Everett Millais, 1851
In Shakespeare's day, most of the planet was still being "discovered", and stories were coming back from distant islands, with myths about the Cannibals of the Caribbean, faraway Edens, and distant tropical Utopias. With the character Caliban (whose name rhymes with "Cariban", the term then used for natives in the West Indies, which is roughly anagrammatic to Cannibal), Shakespeare may be offering an in-depth discussion into the morality of colonialism. Different views of this are found in the play, with examples including Gonzalo's Utopia, Prospero's enslavement of Caliban, and Caliban's subsequent resentment. Caliban is also shown as one of the most natural characters in the play, being very much in touch with the natural world (and modern audiences have come to view him as far nobler than his two Old World friends, Stephano and Trinculo, although the original intent of the author may have been different). There is evidence that Shakespeare drew on Montaigne's essay $\underline{O f}$ $\frac{\text { Cannibals-which discusses the values of societies insulated from European influences-while writing The }}{\text { Tempest } t^{391}}$ Tempest. ${ }^{[39]}$

Beginning in about 1950, with the publication of Psychology of Colonization by Octave Mannoni, The Tempest was viewed more and more through the lens of postcolonial theory. This new way of looking at the text explored the effect of the coloniser (Prospero) on the colonised (Ariel and Caliban). Though Ariel is often overlooked in these debates in favor of the more intriguing Caliban, he is nonetheless an essential component of them. ${ }^{[40]}$ The French writer Aimé Césaire, in his play Une Tempête sets The Tempest in Haiti, portraying Ariel as a mulatto who, unlike the more rebellious Caliban, feels that negotiation and partnership is the way to freedom from the colonisers. Fernandez Retamar sets his version of the play in Cuba, and portrays Ariel as a wealthy Cuban (in comparison to the lower-class Caliban) who also must choose between rebellion or negotiation. ${ }^{[41]}$ Although scholars have suggested that his dialogue with Caliban in Act two, Scene one, contains hints of a future alliance between the two when Prospero leaves, Ariel is generally viewed by scholars as the good servant, in comparison with the conniving Caliban-a view which Shakespeare's audience may well have shared. ${ }^{[42]}$ Ariel is used by some postcolonial writers as a symbol of their efforts to overcome the effects of colonisation on their culture. Michelle Cliff, for example, a Jamaican author, has said that she tries to combine Caliban and Ariel within herself to create a way of writing that represents her culture better. Such use of Ariel in postcolonial thought is far from uncommon; the spirit is even the namesake of a scholarly journal covering post-colonial criticism. ${ }^{[40]}$

## [] Feminist



Prospero, Ariel and sleeping Miranda from a painting by William Hamilton
The Tempest has only one female character, Miranda. Other women, such as Caliban's mother Sycorax, Miranda's mother and Alonso's daughter Claribel, are only mentioned. Because of the small role women play in the story in comparison to other Shakespeare plays, The Tempest has not attracted much feminist criticism. Miranda is typically viewed as being completely deprived of freedom by her father. Her only duty in his eyes is to remain chaste. Ann Thompson argues that Miranda, in a manner typical of women in a colonial atmosphere, has completely internalised the patriarchal order of things, thinking of herself as subordinate to her father. ${ }^{[43]}$

The less-prominent women mentioned in the play are subordinated as well, as they are only described through the men of the play. Most of what is said about Sycorax, for example, is said by Prospero. Further, Stephen Orgel notes that Prospero has never met Sycorax - all he learned about her he learned from Ariel. According to Orgel, Prospero's suspicion of women makes him an unreliable source of information. Orgel suggests that he is skeptical of female virtue in general, citing his ambiguous remark about his wife's fidelity. ${ }^{[44]}$

## [] Afterlife

## [] Shakespeare's day

The first recorded performance of The Tempest occurred on 1 November 1611, when the King's Men acted the play before James I and the English royal court at Whitehall Palace on Hallowmas night. It was also one of the eight Shakespearean plays acted at court during the winter of 1612-13 as part of the festivities surrounding the marriage of Princess Elizabeth with Frederick V, the Elector Palatine of the Rhine. ${ }^{[45]}$ There is no further public performance recorded prior to the Restoration; but in his preface to the 1667 Dryden/Davenant version, Sir William Davenant states that The Tempest had been performed at the Blackfriars Theatre. Careful consideration of stage directions within the play supports this, strongly suggesting that the play was written with Blackfriars Theatre rather than the Globe Theatre in mind. ${ }^{[46]}$

## [] Restoration and 18th century

Adaptations of the play, not Shakespeare's original, dominated the performance history of The Tempest from the English Restoration until the mid-19th century. ${ }^{[47]}$ All theatres were closed down by the puritan government during the Commonwealth. Upon the restoration of the monarchy in 1660, two patent companies-the King's Company and the Duke's Company-were established, and the existing theatrical repertoire divided between them. Sir William Davenant's Duke's Company had the rights to perform The Tempest. ${ }^{[48]}$ In 1667 Davenant and John Dryden made heavy cuts and adapted it as The Tempest or, The Enchanted Island. They tried to appeal to upper-class audiences by emphasising royalist political and social ideals: monarchy is the natural form of government; patriarchal authority decisive in education and marriage; and patrilineality preeminent in inheritance and ownership of property. ${ }^{[47]}$ They also added characters and plotlines: Miranda has a sister, named Dorinda; and Caliban a sister, also named Sycorax. As a parallel to Shakespeare's Miranda/Ferdinand plot, Prospero has a foster-son, Hippolito, who has never set eyes on a woman. ${ }^{[49]}$ Hippolito was a popular breeches role, a man played by a woman, popular with Restoration theatre management for the opportunity to reveal actresses' legs. ${ }^{[50]}$ Scholar Michael Dobson has described Enchanted Island as "the most frequently revived play of the entire Restoration" and as establishing the importance of enhanced and additional roles for women. ${ }^{[51]}$


Oil sketch of Emma Hart, as Miranda, by George Romney
In 1674, Thomas Shadwell re-adapted Dryden and Davenant's Enchanted Island as an opera (although in Restoration theatre "opera" did not have its modern meaning, instead referring to a play with added songs, closer in style to a modern musical comedy). ${ }^{[52]}$ Restoration playgoers appear to have regarded the Dryden/Davenant/Shadwell version as Shakespeare's: Samuel Pepys, for example, described it as "an old play of Shakespeares" ${ }^{[47]}$ in his diary. The opera was extremely popular, and "full of so good variety, that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy" ${ }^{[47]}$ according to Pepys. ${ }^{[53]}$ The Prospero in this version is very different from Shakespeare's: Eckhard Auberlen describes him as "... reduced to the status of a Polonius-like overbusy father, intent on protecting the chastity of his two sexually naive daughters while planning advantageous dynastic marriages for them. ${ }^{[54]}$ Enchanted Island was successful enough to provoke a parody, The Mock Tempest, written by Thomas Duffett for the King's Company in 1675. It opened with what appeared to be a tempest, but turns out to be a riot in a brothel. ${ }^{[55]}$

In the early 18th century, the Dryden/Davenant/Shadwell version dominated the stage. Ariel was-with two exceptions-played by a woman, and invariably by a graceful dancer and superb singer. Caliban was a comedian's role, played by actors "known for their awkward figures". In 1756, David Garrick staged another operatic version, a "three-act extravaganza" with music by John Christopher Smith. ${ }^{[56]}$

The Tempest was one of the staples of the repertoire of Romantic Era theatres. John Philip Kemble produced an acting version which was closer to Shakespeare's original, but nevertheless retained Dorinda and Hippolito. ${ }^{[56]}$

Kemble was much-mocked for his insistence on archaic pronunciation of Shakespeare's texts, including "aitches" for "aches". It was said that spectators "packed the pit, just to enjoy hissing Kemble's delivery of 'I'll rack thee with old cramps, / Fill all they bones with aches'." ${ }^{[57]}$ The actor-managers of the Romantic Era established the fashion for opulence in sets and costumes which would dominate Shakespeare performances until the late 19th century: Kemble's Dorinda and Miranda, for example, were played "in white ornamented with spotted furs". ${ }^{[58]}$

In 1757, a year after the debut of his operatic version, David Garrick produced a heavily cut performance of Shakespeare's script at Drury Lane, and it was revived, profitably, throughout the century. ${ }^{[56]}$

## [] 19th century



Miranda and Ferdinand by Angelica Kauffmann, 1782
It was not until William Charles Macready's influential production in 1838 that Shakespeare's text established its primacy over the adapted and operatic versions which had been popular for most of the previous two centuries. The performance was particularly admired for George Bennett's performance as Caliban; it was described by Patrick MacDonnell-in his An Essay on the Play of The Tempest published in 1840-as "maintaining in his mind, a strong resistance to that tyranny, which held him in the thraldom of slavery". ${ }^{[59]}$

The Victorian Era marked the height of the movement which would later be described as "pictorial": based on lavish sets and visual spectacle, heavily cut texts making room for lengthy scene-changes, and elaborate stage effects. ${ }^{[60]}$ In Charles Kean's 1857 production of The Tempest, Ariel was several times seen to descend in a ball of fire. ${ }^{[61]}$ The hundred and forty stagehands supposedly employed on this production were described by the Literary Gazette as "unseen ... but alas never unheard". Hans Christian Andersen also saw this production and described Ariel as "isolated by the electric ray", referring to the effect of a carbon arc lamp directed at the actress playing the role. ${ }^{[62]}$ The next generation of producers, which included William Poel and Harley Granville-Barker, returned to a leaner and more text-based style. ${ }^{[63]}$

In the late 19th and early 20th centuries, it became Caliban, not Prospero, who was perceived as the star act of The Tempest, and was the role which the actor-managers chose for themselves. Frank Benson researched the role by viewing monkeys and baboons at the zoo; on stage, he hung upside-down from a tree and gibbered. ${ }^{[64]}$

## [] 20th century and beyond

Continuing the late-19th-century tradition, in 1904 Herbert Beerbohm Tree wore fur and seaweed to play Caliban, with waist-length hair and apelike bearing, suggestive of a primitive part-animal part-human stage of evolution. ${ }^{[64]}$ This "missing-link" portrayal of Caliban became the norm in productions until Roger Livesey, in 1934, was the first actor to play the role with black makeup. In 1945 Canada Lee played the role at the Theatre


Guild in New York, establishing a tradition of black actors taking the role, including Earle Hyman in 1960 and James Earl Jones in 1962. ${ }^{\text {[65] }}$

In 1916, Percy MacKaye presented a community masque, Caliban by the Yellow Sands, at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York. Amidst a huge cast of dancers and masquers, the pageant centers on the rebellious nature of Caliban but ends with his plea for more knowledge ("I yearn to build, to be thine Artist / And 'stablish this thine Earth among the stars- / Beautiful!") followed by Shakespeare, as a character, reciting Prospero's "Our revels now are ended" speech. ${ }^{[66]}$

John Gielgud played Prospero numerous times, and called it his favourite role. ${ }^{[67]}$ Douglas Brode describes him as "universally heralded as ... [the 20th] century's greatest stage Prospero". ${ }^{[68]}$ His first appearance in the role was in 1930: he wore a turban, later confessing that he intended to look like Dante. ${ }^{[65]}$ He played the role in three more stage productions, lastly at the Royal National Theatre in 1974. ${ }^{[69]}$

Peter Brook directed an experimental production at the Round House in 1968, in which the text was "almost wholly abandoned" in favour of mime. According to Margaret Croydon's review, Sycorax was "portrayed by an enormous woman able to expand her face and body to still larger proportions - a fantastic emblem of the grotesque ... [who] suddenly ... gives a horrendous yell, and Caliban, with black sweater over his head, emerges from between her legs: Evil is born." ${ }^{[70]}$

In spite of the existing tradition of a black actor playing Caliban opposite a white Prospero, colonial interpretations of the play did not find their way onto the stage until the 1970s. ${ }^{[71]}$ Performances in England directed by Jonathan Miller and by Clifford Williams explicitly portrayed Prospero as coloniser. Miller's production was described, by David Hirst, as depicting "the tragic and inevitable disintegration of a more primitive culture as the result of European invasion and colonisation. ${ }^{[72]}$ Miller developed this approach in his 1988 production at the Old Vic in London, starring Max von Sydow as Prospero. This used a mixed cast made up of white actors as the humans and black actors playing the spirits and creatures of the island. According to Michael Billington, "von Sydow's Prospero became a white overlord manipulating a mutinous black Caliban and a collaborative Ariel keenly mimicking the gestures of the island's invaders. The colonial metaphor was pushed through to its logical conclusion so that finally Ariel gathered up the pieces of Prospero's abandoned staff and, watched by awe-struck tribesmen, fitted them back together to hold his wand of office aloft before an immobilised Caliban. The Tempest suddenly acquired a new political dimension unforeseen by Shakespeare."[73]

Psychoanalytic interpretations have proved more difficult to depict on stage. ${ }^{[74]}$ Gerald Freedman's production at the American Shakespeare Theatre in 1979 and Ron Daniels' Royal Shakespeare Company production in 1982 both attempted to depict Ariel and Caliban as opposing aspects of Prospero's psyche. However neither was regarded as wholly successful: Shakespeare Quarterly, reviewing Freedman's production, commented that "Mr. Freedman did nothing on stage to make such a notion clear to any audience that had not heard of it before." "75]

In 1988, John Wood played Prospero for the RSC, emphasising the character's human complexity. The Financial Times reviewer described him as "a demented stage manager on a theatrical island suspended between smouldering rage at his usurpation and unbridled glee at his alternative ethereal power". ${ }^{[76]}$

Japanese theatre styles have been applied to The Tempest. In 1988 and again in 1992 Yukio Ninagawa brought his version of The Tempest to the UK. It was staged as a rehearsal of a Noh drama, with a traditional Noh theatre at the back of the stage, but also using elements which were at odds with Noh conventions. In 1992, Minoru Fujita presented a Bunraku (Japanese puppet) version in Osaka and at the Tokyo Globe. ${ }^{[77]}$

Sam Mendes directed a 1993 RSC production in which Simon Russell Beale's Ariel was openly resentful of the control exercised by Alec McCowen's Prospero. Controversially, in the early performances of the run, Ariel spat at Prospero, once granted his freedom. ${ }^{[78]}$ An entirely different effect was achieved by George C. Wolfe in the

outdoor New York Shakespeare Festival production of 1995, where the casting of Aunjanue Ellis as Ariel opposite Patrick Stewart's Prospero charged the production with erotic tensions. Productions in the late 20thcentury have gradually increased the focus placed on sexual (and sometimes homosexual) tensions between the characters, including Prospero/Miranda, Prospero/Ariel, Miranda/Caliban, Miranda/Ferdinand and even Caliban/Trinculo. ${ }^{[79]}$

The Tempest was performed at the Globe Theatre in 2000 with Vanessa Redgrave as Prospero, playing the role as neither male nor female, but with "authority, humanity and humour ... a watchful parent to both Miranda and Ariel. ${ }^{[80]}$ While the audience respected Prospero, Jasper Britton's Caliban "was their man" (in Peter Thomson's words), in spite of the fact that he spat fish at the groundlings, and singled some of them out for humiliating encounters. ${ }^{[81]}$ By the end of $2005, \underline{B B C}$ Radio had aired 21 productions of The Tempest, more than any other play by Shakespeare. ${ }^{[82]}$

## [] Music

The Tempest has proved more popular as a subject for composers than most of Shakespeare's plays. Scholar Julie Sanders ascribes this to the "perceived 'musicality' or lyricism" of the play. ${ }^{[83]}$

Two settings of songs from The Tempest which may have been used in performances during Shakespeare's lifetime have survived. These are "Full Fathom Five" and "Where The Bee Sucks There Suck I" in the 1659 publication Cheerful Ayres or Ballads, in which they are attributed to Robert Johnson, the lutenist to James I. ${ }^{[84]}$ It has been common throughout the history of the play for the producers to commission contemporary settings of these two songs, and also of "Come Unto These Yellow Sands". ${ }^{[85]}$
"Full Fathom Five" and "The Cloud-Capp'd Towers" are two of the Three Shakespeare Songs set to music by Ralph Vaughan Williams. These were written for a cappella SATB choir in 1951 for the British Federation of Music Festivals, and they remain a popular part of British choral repertoire today. ${ }^{[86]}$ Michael Nyman's Ariel Songs are taken from his score for the film Prospero's Books.

The Tempest has also influenced songs written in the folk and hippie traditions: for example, versions of "Full Fathom Five" were recorded by Marianne Faithfull for Come My Way in 1965 and by Pete Seeger for Dangerous Songs!? in 1966. ${ }^{[87]}$ The Decemberists' song "The Island: Come and See/The Landlord's Daughter/You'll Not Feel The Drowning" is thought by many to be based on the story of Caliban and Miranda.

Among those who wrote incidental music to The Tempest were:

- Arthur Sullivan: His graduation piece, completed in 1861, was a set of incidental music to "The Tempest" ${ }^{[88]}$ Revised and expanded, it was performed at The Crystal Palace in 1862, a year after his return to London, and was an immediate sensation. ${ }^{[89]}$
- Ernest Chausson: in 1888 he wrote incidental music for La tempête, a French translation by Maurice Bouchor. This is believed to be the first orchestral work that made use of the celesta. ${ }^{[90]}$
- Jean Sibelius: his 1926 incidental music was written for a lavish production at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. An epilogue was added for a 1927 performance in Helsinki. ${ }^{[91]}$ He represented individual characters through instrumentation choices: particularly admired was his use of harps and percussion to represent Prospero, said to capture the "resonant ambiguity of the character". ${ }^{[92]}$
- Malcolm Arnold, Lennox Berkeley, Arthur Bliss, Engelbert Humperdinck, Willem Pijper and Henry Purcell.

At least forty-six operas or semi-operas based on The Tempest exist. ${ }^{[93]}$ In addition to the Dryden/Davenant and Garrick versions mentioned in the "Restoration and 18th century" section above, Frederic Reynolds produced an

operatic version in 1821, with music by Sir Henry Bishop. Other pre-20th-century operas based on The Tempest include Fromental Halévy's La Tempesta (1850) and Zdeněk Fibich's Bouře (1894).

In the 20th century, Kurt Atterberg's Stormen premiered in 1948 and Frank Martin's Der Sturm in 1965. Michael Tippett's 1971 opera The Knot Garden, contains various allusions to The Tempest. In Act 3, a psychoanalyst, Mangus, pretends to be Prospero and uses situations from Shakespeare's play in his therapy sessions. ${ }^{[94]}$ John Eaton, in 1985, produced a fusion of live jazz with pre-recorded electronic music, with a libretto by Andrew Porter. Michael Nyman's 1991 opera Noises, Sounds \& Sweet Airs was first performed as an opera-ballet by Karine Saporta. This opera is unique in that the three vocalists, a soprano, contralto, and tenor, are voices rather than individual characters, with the tenor just as likely as the soprano to sing Miranda, or all three sing as one character. ${ }^{[95]}$

The soprano who sings the part of Ariel in Thomas Adès' 21st-century opera is stretched at the lower end of the register, highlighting the androgyny of the role. ${ }^{[96]}$

Orchestral works for concert presentation include Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky's fantasy The Tempest (1873), Fibich's symphonic poem Bouře (1880), John Knowles Paine's symphonic poem The Tempest, Arthur Honegger's orchestral prelude (1923), and Egon Wellesz's Prosperos Beschwörungen (five works 1934-36).

Ballet sequences have been used in many performances of the play since Restoration times. ${ }^{[97]}$
Ludwig van Beethoven's 1802 Piano Sonata No. 17 in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, was given the subtitle "The Tempest" some time after Beethoven's death because, when asked about the meaning of the sonata, Beethoven was alleged to have said "Read The Tempest". But this story comes from his associate Anton Schindler, who is often not trustworthy. ${ }^{[98]}$

## [] Literature and art

Percy Bysshe Shelley was one of the earliest poets to be influenced by The Tempest. His "With a Guitar, To Jane" identifies Ariel with the poet and his songs with poetry. The poem uses simple diction to convey Ariel's closeness to nature and "imitates the straightforward beauty of Shakespeare's original songs." ${ }^{[99]}$ Following the publication of Darwin's ideas on evolution, writers began to question mankind's place in the world and its relationship with God. One writer who explored these ideas was Robert Browning, whose poem "Caliban upon Setebos" (1864) sets Shakespeare's character pondering theological and philosophical questions. ${ }^{[100]}$ The French philosopher Ernest Renan wrote a closet drama, Caliban: Suite de La Tempête (Caliban: Sequel to The Tempest), in 1878. This features a female Ariel who follows Prospero back to Milan, and a Caliban who leads a coup against Prospero, after the success of which he actively imitates his former master's virtues. ${ }^{[101]} \underline{W} . \mathrm{H}$. Auden's "long poem" The Sea and the Mirror takes the form of a reflection by each of the supporting characters of The Tempest on their experiences. The poem takes a Freudian viewpoint, seeing Caliban (whose lengthy contribution is a prose poem) as Prospero's libido. ${ }^{[102]}$

In 1968 Franco-Caribbean writer Aimé Césaire published Une Tempête, a radical adaptation of the play for a black audience, in which Caliban is a black rebel and Ariel is mixed-race. The figure of Caliban influenced numerous works of African literature in the 1970s, including pieces by Taban Lo Liyong in Uganda, Lemuel Johnson in Sierra Leone, Ngugi wa Thiong'o in Kenya, and David Wallace of Zambia's Do You Love Me, Master?. ${ }^{[103]}$ A similar phenomenon occurred in late 20th-century Canada, where several writers produced works inspired by Miranda, including The Diviners by Margaret Laurence, Prospero's Daughter by Constance Beresford-Howe and The Measure of Miranda by Sarah Murphy. ${ }^{[104]}$ Other writers have feminised Ariel (as in Marina Warner's novel Indigo) or Caliban (as in Suniti Namjoshi's sequence of poems Snaphots of Caliban). ${ }^{[105]}$



William Hogarth's painting of The Tempest ca. 1735.
From the mid-18th century, Shakespeare's plays, including The Tempest, began to appear as the subject of paintings. ${ }^{[106]}$ In around 1735, William Hogarth produced his painting A Scene from The Tempest: "a baroque, sentimental fantasy costumed in the style of Van Dyck and Rembrandt". ${ }^{[106]}$ The painting is based upon Shakespeare's text, containing no representation of the stage, nor of the (Davenant-Dryden centred) stage tradition of the time. ${ }^{[107]}$ Henry Fuseli, in a painting commissioned for the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery (1789) modelled his Prospero on Leonardo da Vinci. ${ }^{[108]}$ These two 18 th-century depictions of the play indicate that Prospero was regarded as its moral centre: viewers of Hogarth's and Fuseli's paintings would have accepted Prospero's wisdom and authority. ${ }^{[109]}$ John Everett Millais's Ferdinand Lured by Ariel (1851) is among the PreRaphaelite paintings based on the play. In the late 19th century, artists tended to depict Caliban as a Darwinian "missing-link", with fish-like or ape-like features, as evidenced in Noel Paton's Caliban. ${ }^{[101]}$

Charles Knight produced the Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakespeare in eight volumes (1838-43). The work attempted to translate the contents of the plays into pictorial form. This extended not just to the action, but also to images and metaphors: Gonzalo's line about "mountaineers dewlapped like bulls" is illustrated with a picture of a Swiss peasant with a goitre. ${ }^{[110]}$ In 1908, Edmund Dulac produced an edition of Shakespeare's Comedy of The Tempest with a scholarly plot summary and commentary by Arthur Quiller-Couch, lavishly bound and illustrated with 40 watercolour illustrations. The illustrations highlight the fairy-tale quality of the play, avoiding its dark side. Of the 40 , only 12 are direct depictions of the action of the play: the others are based on action before the play begins, or on images such as "full fathom five thy father lies" or "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not" ${ }^{[111]}$

## [] Screen

See also Shakespeare on screen (The Tempest).
The Tempest first appeared on the screen in 1905. Charles Urban filmed the opening storm sequence of Herbert Beerbohm Tree's version at Her Majesty's Theatre for a $2^{1 ⁄ 2}$-minute flicker, on which individual frames were hand-tinted, long before the invention of colour film. In 1908, Percy Stowe directed a Tempest running a little over ten minutes, which is now a part of the British Film Institute's compilation Silent Shakespeare. Much of its action takes place on Prospero's island before the storm which opens Shakespeare's play. At least two further silent versions, one of them by Edwin Thanhouser, are known to have existed, but have been lost. ${ }^{[112]}$ The plot was adapted for the Western Yellow Sky, directed by William A. Wellman, in 1946. ${ }^{[113]}$

The 1956 science fiction film Forbidden Planet set the story on the planet Altair IV. Professor Morbius (Walter Pidgeon) and his daughter Altaira (Anne Francis) are the Prospero and Miranda figures. Ariel is represented by the helpful Robbie the Robot, but Caliban is represented by the dangerous and invisible "monster from the id": a projection of Morbius' psyche. ${ }^{[114]}$

In the opinion of Douglas Brode, there has only been one screen "performance" of The Tempest since the silent era: he describes all other versions as "variations". That one performance is the Hallmark Hall of Fame version from 1960, directed by George Schaefer, and starring Maurice Evans, Lee Remick and Roddy McDowall. Critic Virginia Vaughan praised it as "light as a soufflé, but ... substantial enough for the main course."[112]

In 1979, animator George Dunning, director of Yellow Submarine, planned an animated version of The Tempest; but died while working on it.

In 1980, Derek Jarman produced a homoerotic Tempest which used Shakespeare's language, but was most notable for its deviations from Shakespeare. One scene shows a corpulent and naked Sycorax (Claire Davenport) breastfeeding her adult son Caliban (Jack Birkett). The film reaches its climax with Elisabeth Welch belting out Stormy Weather. ${ }^{[115]}$ The central performances were Toyah Willcox' Miranda and Heathcote Williams' Prospero, a "dark brooding figure who takes pleasure in exploiting both his servants"[116]

Paul Mazursky's 1982 modern-language adaptation of The Tempest, with Philip (Prospero) as a disillusioned New York architect who retreats to a lonely Greek island with his daughter Miranda, dealt frankly with the sexual tensions of the characters' isolated existence. The Caliban character, the goatherd Kalibanos, asks Philip which of them is going to have sex with Miranda. ${ }^{[116]}$ John Cassavetes played Philip, Raul Julia Kalibanos, and Molly Ringwald Miranda. Susan Sarandon plays the Ariel character, Philip's frequently bored girlfriend Aretha. The film has been criticised as "overlong and rambling", but also praised for its good humour, especially in a sequence in which Kalibanos' and his goats dance to Kander and Ebb's New York, New York. ${ }^{[117]}$

John Gielgud has written that playing Prospero in a film of The Tempest was his life's ambition. Over the years, he approached Alain Resnais, Ingmar Bergman, Akira Kurosawa, and Orson Welles to direct. ${ }^{[118]}$ Eventually, the project was taken on by Peter Greenaway, who directed Prospero's Books (1991) featuring "an 87-year-old John Gielgud and an impressive amount of nudity". ${ }^{[119]}$ Prospero is reimagined as the author of The Tempest, speaking the lines of the other characters, as well as his own. ${ }^{[68]}$ Although the film was acknowledged as innovative in its use of Quantel Paintbox to create visual tableaux, resulting in "unprecedented visual complexity", ${ }^{[120]}$ critical responses to the film were frequently negative: John Simon called it "contemptible and pretentious". ${ }^{[121]}$

Closer to the spirit of Shakespeare's original, in the view of critics such as Brode, is Leon Garfield's abridgement of the play for S4C's 1992 Shakespeare: The Animated Tales series. The 29-minute production, directed by Stanislav Sokolov and featuring Timothy West as the voice of Prospero, used stop-motion puppets to capture the fairy-tale quality of the play. ${ }^{[122]}$ Disney's animated feature Pocahontas has been described as a "politically corrected" Tempest. ${ }^{[123]}$ Another "offbeat variation" (in Brode's words) was produced for NBC in 1998: Jack Bender's The Tempest featured Peter Fonda as Gideon Prosper, a Southern slave-owner forced off his plantation by his brother shortly before the Civil War. A magician who has learned his art from one of his slaves, Prosper uses his magic to protect his teenage daughter and to assist the Union Army. ${ }^{[124]}$

## [] References

All references to The Tempest, unless otherwise specified, are taken from the Arden Shakespeare Third Series, ${ }^{[125]}$ based on the First Folio text of $1623 .{ }^{[126]}$ Under its referencing system, 4.1.148 means act 4, scene 1, line 148.

## [] Notes

1. $\wedge \operatorname{Orgel}$ (1987: 63-4); Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 1).
2. $\wedge \operatorname{Orgel}(1987: 63-4)$.
3. $\wedge$ Pollard (2002: 111).
4. $\wedge$ Coursen (2000: 7).
5. $\wedge$ Bullough (1975, VIII: 334-339).
6. $\bar{\wedge}$ see $\operatorname{Kermode}$ (1958, xxxii-xxxiii).
7. ^ Vaughan and Vaughan, 287.
8. $\wedge$ Chambers (1930: ii. 490-4)
9. $\hat{\wedge}$ Vaughan and Vaughan, 287.
10. ${ }_{\wedge}^{\wedge}$ Muir (2005: 280).
11. ${ }_{\wedge}^{\wedge}$ Hunter (1839); Elze (1874); Stritmatter and Kositsky (2007)
12. $\wedge$ Leahy (2009): "the authors show that the continued support of Strachey as Shakespeare's source is, at the very least, highly questionable",
13. ^_ Vaughan, Alden T. "William Strachey's 'True Reportory' and Shakespeare: A Closer Look at the Evidence" in Shakespeare Quarterly 2008:59, 245-273.
14. ^Egan, Gabriel, "Shakespeare" in Years Work Eng Studies 2009:88, 345-486; Sec. I, 392-93: "Other examples of Strachey's alleged plagiarism depicted here are weak: they would not get a modern undergraduate into much hot water. At the close, Stritmatter and Kositsky mention the fatal flaw in their position: when first published (in Samuel Purchas's Hakluytus Posthumus or Purchas His Pilgrimes [1625]), the Strachey Letter is given the date 'July 15, 1610'. They simply assert that Purchas is not to be relied upon for this date."
15. ^ Neill, Michael. "'Noises,/Sounds, and sweet airs': The Burden of Shakespeare's Tempest" in Shakespeare Quarterly 2008:59, 36-59.
16. ^ Reedy, Tom, "Dating William Strachey's 'A True Reportory of the Wrecke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates': A comparative textual study," in The Review of English Studies, New Series, Vol. 61, No. 2512010 pp.531-52:
17. $\wedge$ Malone (1808)
18. ^ Stritmatter and Kositsky (2007).
19. $\bar{\wedge}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 12).
20. $\wedge$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 61).
21. $\bar{\wedge}$ Stritmatter and Kositsky, 2009: 27.
22. ^ The Tempest, 5.1.33-57
23. $\wedge$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 26, 58-9, 66).
24. ${ }_{\wedge}^{\wedge}$ Coursen (2000: 1-2).
25. ${ }^{\wedge}$ The Tempest, 4.1.148-158.
26. $\wedge$ Gibson (2006: 82).
27. $\wedge$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 254).
28. $\underset{\wedge}{\wedge} \operatorname{Orgel}(1987: 27)$.
29. $\wedge$ _ $\operatorname{Orgel}$ (1987: 1, 10, 80).
30. ^^ Loomie (1971).
31. $\wedge^{\underline{a} \underline{b}}$ Hirst (1984: 23-5).
32. ^ Hirst (1984: 13-16, 35-8).
33. $\wedge$ Hirst (1984: 34-5).
34. $\wedge$ The Tempest, 5.1.1-6
35. ^ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 262n).
36. $\wedge$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 4).
37. $\wedge$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 98-108).
38. $\wedge$ ́ $\operatorname{Orgel}$ (1987: 83-5).
39. $\wedge$ Carey-Webb (1993: 30-5).
40. $\bar{\wedge} \underline{a} \underline{b}$ Cartelli (1995: 82-102).
41. ^ Nixon (1987: 557-78).
42. $\wedge$ Dolan (1992: 317-40).
43. $\xlongequal{\wedge}$ Coursen (2000: 87-8).
44. ^_ Orgel (1984).
45. ^^ Halliday (1964: 486).
46. $\wedge$ ^ $\operatorname{Gurr}$ (1989: 91-102); Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 6-7).
47. $\wedge \underline{a} \underline{b} \underline{\underline{c}} \underline{d}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 76).
48. ^ Marsden (2002: 21).
49. ^ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 77).
50. $\wedge$ Marsden (2002: 26).
51. $\wedge$ ́ Dobson (1992: 59-60).
52. $\wedge$ ^ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 76, 79-80).
53. $\bar{\wedge}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 76-7).
54. $\wedge$ Auberlen (1991).
55. ^ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 80).
56. $\stackrel{\wedge}{\wedge} \underline{\boldsymbol{b}} \underline{\boldsymbol{c}}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 82-3).
57. $\wedge$ The Tempest, 1.2.370-371; Moody (2002: 44).
58. ^ Moody (2002: 47).
59. ^ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 89).
60. $\wedge$ ́schoch (2002: 58-9).
61. $\wedge$ ́schoch (2002: 64).
62. $\wedge$ Schoch (2002: 67-8).
63. ^ Halliday (1964: 486-7).
64. $\wedge^{\wedge} \underline{a} \underline{b}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 93-5).
65. $\wedge^{\wedge} \underline{a} \underline{b}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 113).
66. $\wedge$ The Tempest, 4.1.146-163; Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 96-8).
67. ^ Gielgud (1991).
68. $\wedge^{\wedge} \underline{a} \underline{b}$ Brode (2001: 229).
69. ^ Dymkowski (2000: 21).
70. $\stackrel{\wedge}{\wedge}$ Croyden (1969: 127).
71. 슨 Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 113-14).
72. $\frac{\wedge}{\wedge} \operatorname{Hirst}$ (1984: 50); Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 114).
73. ^ Billington (1989).
74. $\wedge$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 114).
75. $\wedge$ ́ Saccio (1980); Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 114-15).
76. $\wedge$ ^ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 116), citing the Financial Times of 28 July 1988.
77. $\wedge$ Dawson (2002: 179-81).
78. $\wedge$ ́ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 116-17).
79. ^ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 121-3).
80. $\stackrel{\wedge}{\wedge}$ Gay (2002: 171-2).
81. ㅊ Thomson (2002: 138).
82. $\wedge$ ^ Greenhalgh (2007: 186).
83. ^ Sanders (2007: 42).
84. ^ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 18-20).
85. $\wedge$ ^ Sanders (2007: 31).
86. $\wedge$ ^ Kennedy (1992: 316-7).
87. ^^ Sanders (2007: 189).
88. ^ Jacobs (1986: 24).
89. ㅊ $\_$Lawrence (1897); Sullivan (1881).
90. $\wedge$ Blades and Holland (2003); Gallois (2003).
91. ^ Y Ylirotu (2005).
92. ^ $\_$Sanders (2007: 36).
93. $\wedge$ Wilson (1992).
94.     - $\operatorname{Vaughan}$ and Vaughan (1999: 112).

95. ^ Tuttle (1996).
96. ^ Sanders (2007: 99); Halliday (1964: 410, 486).
97. $\wedge$ ^ Sanders (2007: 60).
98. ^ Tovey (1931: 285).
99. ^ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 87-8).
100. ^ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 91).
101. $\wedge \underline{a} \underline{b} \underline{b}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 92).
102. $\hat{\wedge}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 110-11).
103. $\hat{\wedge}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 107).
104. $\hat{\wedge}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 109).
105. $\widehat{\wedge}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 109-10).
106. $\wedge \underline{a} \underline{b} \underline{O}$ Orgel (2007: 72).
107. $\hat{\wedge}$ Orgel (2007: 72-3).
108. $\widehat{\wedge}$ Orgel (2007: 76); Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 83-5).
109. $\hat{\wedge}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 83-4).
110. ^^Orgel (2007: 81).
111. $\wedge$ ^ $\operatorname{Orgel}$ (2007: 85-8).
112. $\bar{\wedge} \underline{\underline{a}} \underline{b}$ Brode (2001: 222-3).
113. $\wedge$ Howard (2000: 296).
114. $\wedge$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 111-12).
115. $\hat{\wedge}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 118-19); Brode (2001: 224-6).
116. $\wedge \underline{a} \underline{b} \underline{b}$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 118).
117. $\widehat{\text { @ }}$ Brode (2001: 227-8).
118. $\widehat{\wedge}$ Gielgud (2005); Brode (2001: 228-9).
119. $\quad$ ^ Rozakis (1999: 275).
120. $\wedge$ Howard (2003: 612).
121. $\wedge$ ́arsyth (2000: 291); Brode (2001: 229-31).
122. $\wedge$ Brode (2001: 232).
123. $\hat{\wedge}$ Howard (2000: 309).
124. $\widehat{\wedge}$ Brode (2001: 231-2).
125. $\wedge$ ㅅ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999).
126. $\wedge$ Vaughan and Vaughan (1999: 130).

## The Tempest

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## See also:

- Oxford ion (1914)

THE TEMPEST
by William Shakespeare



The first page of The Tempest in the First Folio, published in 1623
DRAMATIS PERSONAE (Persons Represented):
ALONSO, King of Naples
SEBASTIAN, his Brother
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples
GONZALO, an honest old counselor
ADRIAN, Lord
FRANCISCO, Lord
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave
TRINCULO, a Jester
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler
MASTER OF A SHIP
BOATSWAIN
MARINERS
MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero
ARIEL, an airy Spirit
IRIS, represented by Spirits
CERES, represented by Spirits
JUNO, represented by Spirits


NYMPHS, represented by Spirits
REAPERS, represented by Spirits
DOGS, represented by Spirits
Other Spirits attending on Prospero

SCENE: The sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island

## THE TEMPEST

## Contents

[hide]

- $\underline{1 \mathrm{ACT} 1}$
- 1.1 SCENE 1
- 1.2 SCENE 2
- 2 ACT 2
- 2.1 SCENE I.-Another part of the island
- 2.2 SCENE II. Another part of the island
- 3 ACT 3
- 3.1 SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell
- 3.2 SCENE II. Another part of the island
- 3.3 SCENE III. Another part of the island
- 4 ACT 4
- 4.1 SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell
- 5 ACT 5
- 5.1 SCENE I. Before the cell of PROSPERO.


## [] ACT 1

[] SCENE 1
[On a ship at sea; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard]


a
"The Tempest, Act I, Scene 1" by George Romney for the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery's edition of the work. [Enter a SHIPMASTER and a BOATSWAIN severally]

MASTER.

Boatswain!
BOATSWAIN.

Here, master: what cheer?
MASTER.

Good! Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.
[Exit]

## [Enter MARINERS]

BOATSWAIN.

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle.-Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.
[Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and


ALONSO.

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

## BOATSWAIN.

I pray now, keep below.

## ANTONIO.

Where is the master, boson?
BOATSWAIN.

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour:
keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.
GONZALO.
Nay, good, be patient.

## BOATSWAIN.

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! silence! Trouble us not.

GONZALO.
Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

## BOATSWAIN.

None that I more love than myself. You are counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.-Cheerly, good hearts!-Out of our way, I say.
[Exit]

## GONZALO.

I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him: his complexion is

perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.
[Exeunt]
[Re-enter BOATSWAIN]
BOATSWAIN.
Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower!
Bring her to try wi' th' maincourse. [A cry within] A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.-
[Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO]
Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN.
A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN.
Work you, then.

## ANTONIO.

Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO.
I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

BOATSWAIN.
Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses: off to sea again: lay her off.
[Enter MARINERS, Wet]

## MARINERS.



All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!
[Exeunt]
BOATSWAIN.
What, must our mouths be cold?
GONZALO.
The King and Prince at prayers! let us assist them, For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN.
I am out of patience.

## ANTONIO.

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou might'st lie drowning The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO.
He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.
[A confused noise within:-'Mercy on us!'-
'We split, we split!'-'Farewell, my wife and children!'-
'Farewell, brother!'-'We split, we split, we split!'-]

## ANTONIO.

Let's all sink wi' the King.
[Exit]

## SEBASTIAN.

Let's take leave of him.
[Exit]
GONZALO.
Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any

thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die dry death.

## [Exit]

## [] SCENE 2

[The Island. Before the cell of PROSPERO]
[Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA]
MIRANDA.

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffered With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her, Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er It should the good ship so have swallow'd and The fraughting souls within her.

## PROSPERO.

Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart There's no harm done.

MIRANDA.

O ! woe the day!
PROSPERO.

No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee, Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am: nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father.

MIRANDA.

More to know


Did never meddle with my thoughts.

## PROSPERO.

'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.-So:
[Lays down his mantle]
Lie there my art.-Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul-
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

## MIRANDA.

You have often
Begun to tell me what I am: but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition, Concluding 'Stay; not yet.'

## PROSPERO.

The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst: for then thou wast not Out three years old.

## MIRANDA.

Certainly, sir, I can.

## PROSPERO.

By what? By any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

## MIRANDA.

'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance


That my remembrance warrants. Had I not Four, or five, women once, that tended me?

## PROSPERO.

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here, How thou cam'st here, thou mayst.

MIRANDA.

But that I do not.
PROSPERO.

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since, Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and A prince of power.

## MIRANDA.

Sir, are not you my father?

## PROSPERO.

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and She said thou wast my daughter: and thy father Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir And princess,-no worse issued.

## MIRANDA.

O, the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
PROSPERO.
Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
MIRANDA.
O ! my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to, Which is from my remembrance. Please you, further.


## PROSPERO.

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio-
I pray thee, mark me,-that a brother should
Be so perfidious!-he, whom next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study, The government I cast upon my brother, And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle-
Dost thou attend me?
MIRANDA.

Sir, most heedfully.

## PROSPERO.

Being once perfected how to grant suits, How to deny them, who $t^{\prime}$ advance, and who To trash for over-topping; new created The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear: that now he was The ivy which had hid my princely trunk, And suck'd my verdure out on't.-Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA.
O, good sir! I do.

## PROSPERO.

I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great As my trust was; which had indeed no limit, A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded, Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact,-like one Who having, into truth, by telling of it,


Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,-he did believe
He was indeed the Duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative.-Hence his ambition growing-
Dost thou hear?
MIRANDA.

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

## PROSPERO.

To have no screen between this part he play'd And him he play'd it for, he needs will be Absolute Milan. Me, poor man-my library Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties He thinks me now incapable; confederates,So dry he was for sway,-wi' th' King of Naples To give him annual tribute, do him homage; Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend The dukedom, yet unbow'd-alas, poor Milan!To most ignoble stooping.

## MIRANDA.

O the heavens!

## PROSPERO.

Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me If this might be a brother.

## MIRANDA.

I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

## PROSPERO.

Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit; Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises Of homage and I know not how much tribute, Should presently extirpate me and mine Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan, With all the honours on my brother: whereon, A treacherous army levied, one midnight Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open

The gates of Milan; and, $\mathrm{i}^{\prime}$ th' dead of darkness, The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence Me and thy crying self.

## MIRANDA.

Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then, Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint That wrings mine eyes to't.

## PROSPERO.

Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.
MIRANDA.
Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

## PROSPERO

Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast: the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us, To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us: to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again, Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA.

Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

## PROSPERO.

O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile, Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt, Under my burden groan'd: which rais'd in me


An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

## MIRANDA.

How came we ashore?

## PROSPERO.

By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity,-who being then appointed
Master of this design,-did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries, Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness, Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me, From mine own library with volumes that I prize above my dukedom.

## MIRANDA.

Would I might
But ever see that man!
PROSPERO.

Now I arise:-
[Resumes his mantle]
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd: and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
MIRANDA.

Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,-
For still 'tis beating in my mind,-your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

## PROSPERO.

Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience


I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;-I know thou canst not choose.-
[MIRANDA sleeps]
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel; Come!
[Enter ARIEL]
ARIEL.

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

## PROSPERO.

Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

## ARIEL.

To every article.
I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flam'd amazement; sometime I'd divide, And burn in many places; on the topmast, The yards, and boresprit, would I flame distinctly, Then meet and join: Jove's lightning, the precursors $\mathrm{O}^{\prime}$ th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble, Yea, his dread trident shake.

## PROSPERO.

My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
ARIEL.


Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel, Then all afire with me: the King's son, Ferdinand, With hair up-staring-then like reeds, not hairWas the first man that leapt; cried 'Hell is empty, And all the devils are here.'

## PROSPERO

Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

## ARIEL.

Close by, my master.

## PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

## ARIEL.

Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish, But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me, In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle. The king's son have I landed by himself, Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting, His arms in this sad knot.

## PROSPERO.

Of the King's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd, And all the rest o' th' fleet?

## ARIEL.

Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes; there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'red labour, I have left asleep: and for the rest o' th' fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote
Bound sadly home for Naples,


Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd, And his great person perish.

## PROSPERO.

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' th' day?
ARIEL.
Past the mid season.

## PROSPERO

At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now Must by us both be spent most preciously.

## ARIEL.

Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains, Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd, Which is not yet perform'd me.

PROSPERO.
How now! moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

## ARIEL.

My liberty.

## PROSPERO.

Before the time be out! No more!

## ARIEL.

I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

## PROSPERO.

Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?


No.

## PROSPERO.

Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north, To do me business in the veins o' th' earth When it is bak'd with frost.

## ARIEL.

I do not, sir.

## PROSPERO.

Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?
ARIEL.
No, sir.

## PROSPERO.

Thou hast. Where was she born?
Speak; tell me.
ARIEL.
Sir, in Argier.

## PROSPERO.

O ! was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax, For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL.
Ay, sir.
PROSPERO.


This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child, And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands, Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee, By help of her more potent ministers, And in her most unmitigable rage, Into a cloven pine; within which rift Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain A dozen years; within which space she died, And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this islandSave for the son that she did litter here, A freckl'd whelp, hag-born-not honour'd with A human shape.

## ARIEL.

Yes; Caliban her son.

## PROSPERO.

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art, When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape The pine, and let thee out.

## ARIEL.

I thank thee, master.

## PROSPERO.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

## ARIEL.

Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

## PROSPERO.



Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

## ARIEL.

That's my noble master!
What shall I do? Say what? What shall I do?

## PROSPERO.

Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape, And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!
[Exit ARIEL]
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
MIRANDA.
[Waking] The strangeness of your story put Heaviness in me.

## PROSPERO

Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
MIRANDA.
'Tis a villain, sir, I do not love to look on.

## PROSPERO.

But as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire, Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.-What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! Speak.

## CALIBAN.

[Within] There's wood enough within.

## PROSPERO



Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?
[Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.]
Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
ARIEL.
My lord, it shall be done.
[Exit]
PROSPERO.
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!
[Enter CALIBAN]
CALIBAN.
As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd With raven's feather from unwholesome fen Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye, And blister you all o'er!

## PROSPERO.

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps, Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins Shall forth at vast of night that they may work All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging Than bees that made them.

## CALIBAN.

I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and made much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less, That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee, And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle, The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile. Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms


Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me The rest o' th' island.

## PROSPERO.

Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

## CALIBAN.

Oh ho! Oh ho! Would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopl'd else
This isle with Calibans.

## PROSPERO.

Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take, Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou Deservedly confin'd into this rock, who hadst
Deserv'd more than a prison.

## CALIBAN.

You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you, For learning me your language!

## PROSPERO.

Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps, Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar, That beasts shall tremble at thy din.


No, pray thee.-
[Aside] I must obey. His art is of such power, It would control my dam's god, Setebos, And make a vassal of him.

## PROSPERO.

So, slave: hence!

## [Exit CALIBAN]

[Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing;
FERDINAND following]

## [ARIEL'S SONG.]

Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,-
The wild waves whist,-
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
[Burden: Bow, wow, dispersedly.]
The watch dogs bark:
[Burden: Bow, wow, dispersedly.]
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer
[Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.]

## FERDINAND.

Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more;-and sure it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank, Weeping again the king my father's wrack, This music crept by me upon the waters, Allaying both their fury and my passion, With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,-
Or it hath drawn me rather,-but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.
[ARIEL sings]
Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade


But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[Burden: Ding-dong.]
Hark! now I hear them-ding-dong, bell.

## FERDINAND.

The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:-I hear it now above me.

## PROSPERO.

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance, And say what thou seest yond.

## MIRANDA.

What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, It carries a brave form:-but 'tis a spirit.

## PROSPERO.

No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such; this gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wrack; and but he's something stain'd
With grief,-that beauty's canker,-thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

## MIRANDA.

I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

## PROSPERO.

[Aside] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.-Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee Within two days for this.

## FERDINAND.

Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!-Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give


How I may bear me here: my prime request, Which I do last pronounce, is,- O you wonder!If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA.
No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

## FERDINAND.

My language! Heavens!-
I am the best of them that speak this speech, Were I but where 'tis spoken.

## PROSPERO.

How! the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
FERDINAND.
A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes,-never since at ebb,-beheld The King, my father wrack'd.

## MIRANDA.

Alack, for mercy!

## FERDINAND.

Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan, And his brave son being twain.

## PROSPERO.

[Aside.] The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.-At the first sight [Aside.]
They have changed eyes;-delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!-[To FERDINAND] A word, good sir:
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

## MIRANDA.

[Aside.] Why speaks my father so ungently? This Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first


That e'er I sigh'd for; pity move my father To be inclin'd my way!

## FERDINAND.

[Aside.] O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

## PROSPERO.

Soft, sir; one word more-
[Aside] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business I must uneasy make, lest too light winning Make the prize light. [To FERDINAND] One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

## FERDINAND.

No, as I am a man.

## MIRANDA.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house, Good things will strive to dwell with't.

## PROSPERO.

\{To FERDINAND] Follow me.-
[To MIRANDA] Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.-
[To FERDINAND] Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

## FERDINAND.

No;
I will resist such entertainment till Mine enemy has more power.
[He draws, and is charmed from moving.]

MIRANDA.


O dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for He's gentle, and not fearful.

## PROSPERO.

What! I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

## MIRANDA.

Beseech you, father!

## PROSPERO.

Hence! Hang not on my garments.
MIRANDA.

Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

## PROSPERO.

Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he, Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench! To the most of men this is a Caliban, And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA.
My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
PROSPERO.
[To FERDINAND] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again, And have no vigour in them.

FERDINAND.


So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

## PROSPERO.

[Aside] It works.-[To FERDINAND] Come on.-
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To FERDINAND] Follow me.[To ARIEL] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA.

Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
PROSPERO.
Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do All points of my command.

## ARIEL.

To the syllable.

## PROSPERO.

[To FERDINAND] Come, follow.-Speak not for him.
[Exeunt]

## [] ACT 2

## [] SCENE I.-Another part of the island

[Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and OTHERS]

GONZALO.
Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,


So have we all, of joy; for our escape Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant, Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle, I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh Our sorrow with our comfort.

## ALONSO.

Prithee, peace.

## SEBASTIAN.

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

## ANTONIO.

The visitor will not give him o'er so.

## SEBASTIAN.

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

GONZALO.
Sir,—

## SEBASTIAN.

One: tell.
GONZALO.
When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer-

## SEBASTIAN.

A dollar.
GONZALO.

Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

## SEBASTIAN.



You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

## GONZALO.

Therefore, my lord,-

## ANTONIO.

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

## ALONSO.

I prithee, spare.
GONZALO.
Well, I have done: but yet-

## SEBASTIAN.

He will be talking.

## ANTONIO.

Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

## SEBASTIAN.

The old cock.

## ANTONIO.

The cockerel.

## SEBASTIAN.

Done. The wager?
ANTONIO.
A laughter.
SEBASTIAN.
A match!
ADRIAN.
Though this island seem to be desert,-


Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

## ADRIAN.

Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,-

## SEBASTIAN.

Yet-
ANTONIO

Yet-

## ANTONIO.

He could not miss it.

## ADRIAN.

It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

## ANTONIO.

Temperance was a delicate wench.

## SEBASTIAN.

Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

## ADRIAN.

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

## SEBASTIAN.

As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
ANTONIO.

Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.
GONZALO.
Here is everything advantageous to life.
ANTONIO.


True; save means to live.

## SEBASTIAN.

Of that there's none, or little.
GONZALO.
How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
ANTONIO.

The ground indeed is tawny.

## SEBASTIAN.

With an eye of green in't.

## ANTONIO.

He misses not much.

## SEBASTIAN.

No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
GONZALO.
But the rarity of it is,-which is indeed almost beyond credit,-

## SEBASTIAN.

As many vouch'd rarities are.
GONZALO.
That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stain'd with salt water.

## ANTONIO.

If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

## SEBASTIAN.

Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.


Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

## SEBASTIAN.

'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

## ADRIAN.

Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

GONZALO.

Not since widow Dido's time.

## ANTONIO.

Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

## SEBASTIAN.

What if he had said, widower Aeneas too?
Good Lord, how you take it!

## ADRIAN.

Widow Dido said you? You make me study of that; she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

## GONZALO.

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

## ADRIAN.

Carthage?
GONZALO.

I assure you, Carthage.
ANTONIO.
His word is more than the miraculous harp.

## SEBASTIAN.



He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

## ANTONIO.

What impossible matter will he make easy next?

## SEBASTIAN.

I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

## ANTONIO.

And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

## ALONSO.

Ay.

## ANTONIO.

Why, in good time.

## GONZALO.

[To ALONSO.] Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

## ANTONIO.

And the rarest that e'er came there.

## SEBASTIAN.

Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

## ANTONIO.

O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

## GONZALO.

Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

## ANTONIO

That sort was well fish'd for.


When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

## ALONSO.

You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

## FRANCISCO.

Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

## ALONSO.

No, no; he's gone.

## SEBASTIAN.

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

## ALONSO.

Prithee, peace.

## SEBASTIAN.

You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience at Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost your son,


I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them; the fault's your own.

## ALONSO.

So is the dearest of the loss.

## GONZALO.

My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness And time to speak it in; you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.

## SEBASTIAN.

Very well.

## ANTONIO.

And most chirurgeonly.
GONZALO.
It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.

## SEBASTIAN.

Foul weather?

ANTONIO.
Very foul.
GONZALO.
Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,-
ANTONIO.
He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

## SEBASTIAN.

Or docks, or mallows.
GONZALO.


And were the king on't, what would I do?

## SEBASTIAN.

'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

## GONZALO.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things; for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; riches, poverty, And use of service, none; contract, succession, Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all:
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty,-

## SEBASTIAN.

Yet he would be king on't.

## ANTONIO.

The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
GONZALO.
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour; treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
SEBASTIAN.
No marrying 'mong his subjects?

## ANTONIO.

None, man: all idle; whores and knaves.

## GONZALO.

I would with such perfection govern, sir, To excel the golden age.

SEBASTIAN.


Save his Majesty!

## ANTONIO.

Long live Gonzalo!
GONZALO.

And,-do you mark me, sir?

## ALONSO.

Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
GONZALO.
I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

## ANTONIO.

'Twas you we laugh'd at.

## GONZALO.

Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

## ANTONIO.

What a blow was there given!

## SEBASTIAN.

An it had not fallen flat-long.

## GONZALO.

You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would
lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.
[Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music]

## SEBASTIAN.

We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.


Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
GONZALO.
No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

## ANTONIO.

Go sleep, and hear us.
[All sleep but ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO]

## ALONSO.

What! all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find They are inclin'd to do so.

## SEBASTIAN.

Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, It is a comforter.

## ANTONIO.

We two, my lord, Will guard your person while you take your rest, And watch your safety.

## ALONSO.

Thank you. Wondrous heavy!
[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.]

## SEBASTIAN.

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

## ANTONIO.

It is the quality o' th' climate.
SEBASTIAN.


Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

## ANTONIO.

Nor I: my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian? O! what might?-No more:-
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: The occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

## SEBASTIAN.

What! art thou waking?

ANTONIO.

Do you not hear me speak?

## SEBASTIAN.

I do: and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

## ANTONIO.

Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep-die rather: wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

## SEBASTIAN.

Thou dost snore distinctly:
There's meaning in thy snores.

## ANTONIO.

I am more serious than my custom; you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

SEBASTIAN.


Well, I am standing water.

## ANTONIO.

I'll teach you how to flow.

## SEBASTIAN.

Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

## ANTONIO.

O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it, You more invest it! Ebbing men indeed, Most often, do so near the bottom run By their own fear or sloth.

## SEBASTIAN.

Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.
ANTONIO.
Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,-
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,-the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

## SEBASTIAN.

I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

## ANTONIO.

O! out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! No hope that way is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me


That Ferdinand is drown'd?

## SEBASTIAN.

He's gone.
ANTONIO.

Then tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

## SEBASTIAN.

Claribel.
ANTONIO.

She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post-
The Man i' th' Moon's too slow-till newborn chins
Be rough and razorable: she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

## SEBASTIAN.

What stuff is this!-How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

## ANTONIO.

A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?-Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.'-Say this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo: I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! What a sleep were this For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN.


Methinks I do.

## ANTONIO.

And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

## SEBASTIAN.

I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

## ANTONIO.

True.
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before; my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

## SEBASTIAN.

But, for your conscience,-

## ANTONIO.

Ay, sir; where lies that? If 'twere a kibe, 'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother, No better than the earth he lies upon, If he were that which now he's like, that's dead: Whom I, with this obedient steel,-three inches of it,Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus, To the perpetual wink for aye might put This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk: They'll tell the clock to any business that We say befits the hour.

## SEBASTIAN.

Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st, And I the king shall love thee.

ANTONIO. Draw together:


And when I rear my hand, do you the like, To fall it on Gonzalo.

## SEBASTIAN.

O! but one word.
[They converse apart.]
[Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.]
ARIEL.

My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth-
For else his project dies-to keep thee living.
[Sings in GONZALO'S ear]
While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware.
Awake! awake!

## ANTONIO.

Then let us both be sudden.

## GONZALO.

Now, good angels
Preserve the King!
[They wake]

## ALONSO.

Why, how now! Ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
GONZALO.

What's the matter?

## SEBASTIAN.

Whiles we stood here securing your repose, Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing


Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

## ALONSO.

I heard nothing.

## ANTONIO.

O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear, To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar Of a whole herd of lions.

## ALONSO.

Heard you this, Gonzalo?
GONZALO.

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, And that a strange one too, which did awake me. I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd, I saw their weapons drawn:-there was a noise, That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard, Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

## ALONSO.

Lead off this ground: and let's make further search For my poor son.

GONZALO.
Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, $i^{\prime}$ th' island.

## ALONSO.

Lead away.
[Exit with the others.]

## ARIEL.

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.


## [] SCENE II. Another part of the island

[Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard]
CALIBAN.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch, Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire, Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs which Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.-

## [Enter TRINCULO]

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat; Perchance he will not mind me.

## TRINCULO.

Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' th' wind; yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.-What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, -as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man, and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion: hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by thunderbolt. [Thunder] Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no

other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.
[Enter STEPHANO singing; a bottle in his hand]

## STEPHANO.

I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore:-
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort.

## [Drinks]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor 'Go hang!'
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her wher-e'er she did itch.
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.
[Drinks]
CALIBAN.
Do not torment me: O!

## STEPHANO.

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Ind? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at 's nostrils.

## CALIBAN.

The spirit torments me: O !

## STEPHANO.

This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil

should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that; if I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

## CALIBAN.

Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

## STEPHANO.

He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

## CALIBAN.

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

## STEPHANO.

Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [gives CALIBAN a drink]: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

## TRINCULO

I should know that voice: it should be-but he is drowned; and these are devils. O! defend me.

## STEPHANO.

Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster!
His forward voice now is to speak well of his
friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO.
Stephano!


Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy!
This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him: I have no long spoon.

## TRINCULO.

Stephano!-If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo:-be not afeared-thy good friend Trinculo.

## STEPHANO.

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

## TRINCULO.

I took him to be kill'd with a thunderstroke.
But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now thou are not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

## STEPHANO.

Prithee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

## CALIBAN.

[Aside] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor; I will kneel to him.

## STEPHANO.

How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither-I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

## CALIBAN.

I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.


Here: swear then how thou escapedst.

## TRINCULO.

Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

## STEPHANO.

[Passing the bottle] Here, kiss the book [gives
TRINCULO a drink]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULO.
O Stephano! hast any more of this?

## STEPHANO.

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! How does thine ague?

CALIBAN.
Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

## STEPHANO.

Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the Man in the Moon, when time was.

CALIBAN.
I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee, my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

## STEPHANO.

Come, swear to that; kiss the book; I will furnish it anon with new contents; swear.

## TRINCULO.

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster.-I afeard of him!-A very weak monster.
-The Man i' the Moon! A most poor credulous monster!-Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!


I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

## TRINCULO.

By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

## CALIBAN.

I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

## STEPHANO.

Come on, then; down, and swear.

## TRINCULO

I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,-

## STEPHANO.

Come, kiss.
TRINCULO.

But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

## CALIBAN.

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

## TRINCULO.

A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

## CALIBAN.

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;


And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

## STEPHANO.

I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking-Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.-Here, bear my bottle.-Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

## CALIBAN.

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell! [Sings drunkenly]

## TRINCULO.

A howling monster, a drunken monster.

## CALIBAN.

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban 'Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Has a new master-Get a new man.
Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom, high-day, freedom!

## STEPHANO.

O brave monster! lead the way.
[Exeunt]

## [1 ACT 3

[] SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell
[Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.]
FERDINAND.
There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious; but The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures: O! she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed, And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours, Most busy, least when I do it.

## [Enter MIRANDA: and PROSPERO behind.]

## MIRANDA.

Alas! now pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND.

O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

## MIRANDA.

If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

## FERDINAND.

No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

## MIRANDA

It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against.

## PROSPERO.


[Aside] Poor worm! thou art infected:
This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA.
You look wearily.

## FERDINAND.

No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me When you are by at night. I do beseech youChiefly that I might set it in my prayersWhat is your name?

## MIRANDA.

Miranda-O my father!
I have broke your hest to say so.

## FERDINAND.

Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!
So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best.

## MIRANDA.

I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember, Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen More that I may call men than you, good friend, And my dear father: how features are abroad, I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,The jewel in my dower,-I would not wish Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape, Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's precepts I therein do forget.


I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;-
I would not so!-and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.-Hear my soul speak:-
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

## MIRANDA.

Do you love me?

## FERDINAND.

O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound, And crown what I profess with kind event, If I speak true: if hollowly, invert What best is boded me to mischief! I, Beyond all limit of what else i' the world, Do love, prize, honour you.

## MIRANDA.

I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

## PROSPERO.

[Aside] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
FERDINAND.

Wherefore weep you?

## MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer What I desire to give; and much less take What I shall die to want. But this is trifling; And all the more it seeks to hide itself, The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning! And prompt me, plain and holy innocence! I am your wife, if you will marry me; If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow You may deny me; but I'll be your servant, Whether you will or no.


My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

## MIRANDA.

My husband, then?
FERDINAND.
Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

## MIRANDA.

And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND.
A thousand thousand!
[Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally.]

## PROSPERO.

So glad of this as they, I cannot be, Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing At nothing can be more. I'll to my book; For yet, ere supper time, must I perform Much business appertaining.
[Exit]

## [] SCENE II. Another part of the island

[Enter CALIBAN, with a bottle, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.]

## STEPHANO.

Tell not me:-when the butt is out we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.-Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRINCULO.
Servant-monster! The folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state

totters.

## STEPHANO.

Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

## TRINCULO.

Where should they be set else? He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

## STEPHANO.

My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

## TRINCULO.

Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

## STEPHANO.

We'll not run, Monsieur monster.

## TRINCULO.

Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

## STEPHANO.

Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

## CALIBAN.

How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him: he is not valiant.

## TRINCULO.

Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half fish and half a monster?


Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

## TRINCULO.

'Lord' quoth he!-That a monster should be such a natural!

## CALIBAN.

Lo, lo again! bite him to death, I prithee.

## STEPHANO.

Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

## CALIBAN.

I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

## STEPHANO.

Marry will I; kneel, and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.
[Enter ARIEL, invisible]
CALIBAN.
As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARIEL.
Thou liest.

## CALIBAN.

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee;
I do not lie.

## STEPHANO.

Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.


Why, I said nothing.

## STEPHANO.

Mum, then, and no more.-[To CALIBAN] Proceed.

## CALIBAN.

I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him,-for I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not,-

## STEPHANO.

That's most certain.

## CALIBAN.

Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

## STEPHANO.

How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

## CALIBAN.

Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

## ARIEL.

Thou liest: thou canst not.

## CALIBAN.

What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are.

## STEPHANO.

Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.


Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

## STEPHANO.

Didst thou not say he lied?
ARIEL.
Thou liest.

## STEPHANO.

Do I so? Take thou that. [Strikes TRINCULO.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

## TRINCULO

I did not give the lie:-out o' your wits and hearing too?-A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.-A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

## CALIBAN.

Ha, ha, ha!

## STEPHANO.

Now, forward with your tale.-Prithee stand further off.

## CALIBAN.

Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

## STEPHANO.

Stand farther.-Come, proceed.

## CALIBAN.

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possess his books; for without them


He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils,-for so he calls them,-
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

## STEPHANO.

Is it so brave a lass?

## CALIBAN.

Ay, lord: she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

## STEPHANO.

Monster, I will kill this man; his daughter and I
will be king and queen,-save our graces!-and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

## TRINCULO.

Excellent.

## STEPHANO.

Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

## CALIBAN.

Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

## STEPHANO.

Ay , on mine honour.

## ARIEL.

This will I tell my master.


Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

## STEPHANO.

At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.
[Sings]
Flout 'em and scout 'em; and scout 'em and flout 'em:
Thought is free.

## CALIBAN.

That's not the tune.
[ARIEL plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.]
STEPHANO.

What is this same?
TRINCULO.
This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

## STEPHANO.

If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

TRINCULO.

O, forgive me my sins!

## STEPHANO.

He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.-Mercy upon us!

## CALIBAN.

Art thou afeard?


No, monster, not I.

## CALIBAN.

Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd, I cried to dream again.

## STEPHANO.

This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

## CALIBAN.

When Prospero is destroyed.

## STEPHANO.

That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

## TRINCULO.

The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

## STEPHANO.

Lead, monster: we'll follow.-I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. Wilt come?

TRINCULO.
I'll follow, Stephano.
[Exeunt]

## [] SCENE III. Another part of the island

[Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and OTHERS.]
GONZALO.


By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience, I needs must rest me.

## ALONSO.

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

## ANTONIO.

[Aside to SEBASTIAN] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose That you resolv'd to effect.

## SEBASTIAN.

[Aside to ANTONIO] The next advantage Will we take throughly.

## ANTONIO.

[Aside to SEBASTIAN] Let it be to-night; For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance As when they are fresh.

## SEBASTIAN.

[Aside to ANTONIO] I say, to-night: no more.
[Solemn and strange music: and PROSPERO above,
invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the KING, \&c., to eat, they depart.]

## ALONSO.

What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
GONZALO.


Marvellous sweet music!
ALONSO.

Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

## SEBASTIAN.

A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix At this hour reigning there.

## ANTONIO.

I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me, And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie, Though fools at home condemn them.

GONZALO.

If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders, -
For, certes, these are people of the island,-
Who, though, they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

## PROSPERO.

[Aside] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present Are worse than devils.

## ALONSO.

I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing,Although they want the use of tongue,-a kind Of excellent dumb discourse.

## PROSPERO.

[Aside] Praise in departing.

## FRANCISCO.



They vanish'd strangely.

## SEBASTIAN.

No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.-
Will't please you taste of what is here?

## ALONSO.

Not I.
GONZALO.
Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dewlapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

## ALONSO.

I will stand to, and feed, Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past.-Brother, my lord the duke, Stand to and do as we.
[Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes]

ARIEL.
You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't,-the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad:
[Seeing ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, \&c., draw their swords]
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate: the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt, Your swords are now too massy for your strengths, And will not be uplifted. But, rememberFor that's my business to you,-that you three From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures, Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me Lingering perdition,-worse than any death Can be at once,-shall step by step attend You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from-
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls Upon your heads,-is nothing but heart-sorrow, And a clear life ensuing.
[He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carry out the table]

## PROSPERO.

[Aside] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring; Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life And observation strange, my meaner ministers Their several kinds have done. My high charms work, And these mine enemies are all knit up In their distractions; they now are in my power; And in these fits I leave them, while I visit Young Ferdinand,-whom they suppose is drown'd,And his and mine lov'd darling.
[Exit above]
GONZALO.
I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you In this strange stare?

## ALONSO.

O , it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it; The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder, That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass. Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,


And with him there lie mudded.
[Exit]
SEBASTIAN.
But one fiend at a time, I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANTONIO.
I'll be thy second.
[Exeunt SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO]
GONZALO.

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

## ADRIAN.

Follow, I pray you.
[Exeunt]

## [] ACT 4

## [] SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell

[Enter PROSPERO! FERDINAND, and MIRANDA]
PROSPERO.

If I have too austerely punish'd you, Your compensation makes amends: for Have given you here a third of mine own life, Or that for which I live; who once again I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven, I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me that I boast her off, For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, And make it halt behind her.


I do believe it
Against an oracle.

## PROSPERO.

Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but If thou dost break her virgin knot before All sanctimonious ceremonies may With full and holy rite be minister'd, No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall To make this contract grow; but barren hate, Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew The union of your bed with weeds so loathly That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed, As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

## FERDINAND.

As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life, With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den, The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion Our worser genius can, shall never melt Mine honour into lust, to take away The edge of that day's celebration, When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd, Or Night kept chain'd below.

## PROSPERO.

Fairly spoke:
Sit, then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!
[Enter ARIEL]
ARIEL.
What would my potent master? here I am.

## PROSPERO.

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place;
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple


Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise, And they expect it from me.

## ARIEL.

Presently?

## PROSPERO.

Ay, with a twink.

## ARIEL.

Before you can say 'Come' and 'Go,'
And breathe twice; and cry 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

## PROSPERO.

Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach Till thou dost hear me call.

## ARIEL.

Well, I conceive.
[Exit]

## PROSPERO.

Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' the blood: be more abstemious, Or else good night your vow!

## FERDINAND.

I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

## PROSPERO.

Well.-
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary, Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly. No tongue! all eyes! be silent.


## IRIS.

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims, Which spongy April at thy hest betrims, To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves, Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, Being lass-lorn: thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard, Where thou thyself dost air: the Queen o' the sky, Whose watery arch and messenger am I, Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace, Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain: Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

## [Enter CERES]

## CERES.

Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers:
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither to this short-grass'd green?
IRIS.
A contract of true love to celebrate, And some donation freely to estate On the blest lovers.

CERES.
Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got, Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.


Of her society
Be not afraid. I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows, Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows, And be a boy right out.

## CERES

Highest Queen of State,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.
[Enter JUNO.]
JUNO.

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be, And honour'd in their issue.

## SONG

JUNO.

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing, Long continuance, and increasing, Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

## CERES

Earth's increase, foison plenty, Barns and gamers never empty;
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest, In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

## FERDINAND.

This is a most majestic vision, and


Harmonious charmingly; may I be bold
To think these spirits?

## PROSPERO.

Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

## FERDINAND.

Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise, Makes this place Paradise.
[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.]

## PROSPERO.

Sweet now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously,
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
IRIS.

You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks, With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks, Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land Answer your summons: Juno does command. Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate A contract of true love: be not too late.

## [Enter certain NYMPHS]

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary, Come hither from the furrow, and be merry: Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on, And these fresh nymphs encounter every one In country footing.
[Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.]

## PROSPERO.

[Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy Of the beast Caliban and his confederates Against my life: the minute of their plot Is almost come. [To the Spirits.] Well done! avoid; no more!

## FERDINAND.

This is strange: your father's in some passion That works him strongly.

## MIRANDA.

Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

## PROSPERO.

You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir: Our revels now are ended. These our actors, As I foretold you, were all spirits and Are melted into air, into thin air: And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff As dreams are made on, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep.-Sir, I am vex'd: Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk, To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND, MIRANDA.
We wish your peace.

## [Exeunt.]

PROSPERO.

Come, with a thought.-[To them.] I thank thee:
Ariel, come!
[Enter ARIEL.]


Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

## PROSPERO.

Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
ARIEL.
Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres, I thought to have told thee of it: but I fear'd Lest I might anger thee.

## PROSPERO.

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

## ARIEL.

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor; At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears, That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns, Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake O'erstunk their feet.

## PROSPERO.

This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither
For stale to catch these thieves.
ARIEL.
I go, I go.
[Exit]
PROSPERO.


A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers. I will plague them all, Even to roaring.
[Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, \&c.]
Come, hang them on this line.
[PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet]

## CALIBAN.

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

## STEPHANO.

Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

## TRINCULO.

Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

## STEPHANO.

So is mine.-Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,-

## TRINCULO.

Thou wert but a lost monster.

## CALIBAN.

Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

## TRINCULO.

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!-


## STEPHANO.

There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

## TRINCULO

That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

## STEPHANO.

I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

## CALIBAN.

Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

## STEPHANO.

Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO.
O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!
Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

## CALIBAN.

Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.
TRINCULO.
O , ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.-O King Stephano!

## STEPHANO.

Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO.
Thy Grace shall have it.


The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along, And do the murder first. If he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

## STEPHANO.

Be you quiet, monster.-Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

TRINCULO.

Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.

## STEPHANO.

I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country: 'Steal by line and level,' is an excellent pass of pate: there's another garmet for't.

## TRINCULO.

Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

## CALIBAN.

I will have none on't. We shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

## STEPHANO.

Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

## TRINCULO.

And this.

## STEPHANO.

Ay, and this.
[A noise of hunters beard. Enter divers Spirits, in
shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on]

## PROSPERO.

Hey, Mountain, hey!

## ARIEL.

Silver! there it goes, Silver!

## PROSPERO.

Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are driven out.]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.
ARIEL.
Hark, they roar.

## PROSPERO.

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Lies at my mercy all mine enemies;
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom;for a little, Follow, and do me service.
[Exeunt]

## [] ACT 5

[] SCENE I. Before the cell of PROSPERO.
[Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL.]

## PROSPERO.

Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time


## ARIEL.

On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord, You said our work should cease.

## PROSPERO.

I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the King and 's followers?

## ARIEL.

Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir, In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell; They cannot budge till your release. The king, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning over them, Brim full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly Him you term'd, sir, 'the good old lord, Gonzalo': His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works them, That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

PROSPERO.

Dost thou think so, spirit?

## ARIEL.

Mine would, sir, were I human.

## PROSPERO.

And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,


And they shall be themselves.
ARIEL.

I'll fetch them, sir.
[Exit.]

## PROSPERO.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him When he comes back; you demi-puppets that By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make, Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,Weak masters though ye be,-I have bedimm'd The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up The pine and cedar: graves at my command Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth By my so potent art. But this rough magic I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd Some heavenly music,-which even now I do,To work mine end upon their senses that This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, And deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book.
[Solem music]
[Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed: which PROSPERO observing, speaks.]
A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,


Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine, Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night, Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.-O good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.-Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.-Flesh and blood, You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition, Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with Sebastian,-
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee, Unnatural though thou art! Their understanding Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.-Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:-
[Exit ARIEL]
I will discase me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.-Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.
[ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.]
ARIEL
Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

## PROSPERO.

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom;-so, so, so.-
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.


ARIEL.
I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.
[Exit]
GONZALO.
All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us Out of this fearful country!

## PROSPERO.

Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

## ALONSO.

Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee, Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which, I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,-
An if this be at all-a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.-But how should Prospero Be living and be here?

## PROSPERO.

First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.
GONZALO.
Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

## PROSPERO.

You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you


Believe things certain.-Welcome, my friends all:-
[Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

## SEBASTIAN.

[Aside] The devil speaks in him.

## PROSPERO.

No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.
ALONSO.
If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost,-
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!-
My dear son Ferdinand.
PROSPERO.

I am woe for't, sir.

## ALONSO.

Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

## PROSPERO.

I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid, And rest myself content.

## ALONSO.

You the like loss!

## PROSPERO.



As great to me, as late; and, supportable To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker Than you may call to comfort you, for I Have lost my daughter.

## ALONSO.

A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples, The king and queen there! That they were, I wish Myself were mudded in that oozy bed Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

## PROSPERO.

In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir:
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.
[The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers

FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.]
MIRANDA.

Sweet lord, you play me false.
FERDINAND.

No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
MIRANDA.

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,


And I would call it fair play.
ALONSO.

If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
SEBASTIAN.
A most high miracle!

## FERDINAND.

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful: I have curs'd them without cause.
[Kneels to ALONSO.]

## ALONSO.

Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
MIRANDA.

O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world That has such people in't!

PROSPERO.
'Tis new to thee.

## ALONSO.

What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

## FERDINAND.

Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine.
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,


Of whom so often I have heard renown, But never saw before; of whom I have Receiv'd a second life: and second father This lady makes him to me.

## ALONSO.

I am hers:
But, O! how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

## PROSPERO.

There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances with A heaviness that's gone.

## GONZALO.

I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
ALONSO.
I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

## GONZALO.

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice Beyond a common joy, and set it down With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis, And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves, When no man was his own.

## ALONSO.

[To FERDINAND and MIRANDA] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
GONZALO.

Be it so. Amen!

[Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.]
O look, sir! look, sir! Here are more of us.
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.-Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

## BOATSWAIN.

The best news is that we have safely found Our king and company: the next, our ship,Which but three glasses since we gave out split,Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd as when We first put out to sea.

## ARIEL.

[Aside to PROSPERO] Sir, all this service Have I done since I went.

## PROSPERO.

[Aside to ARIEL] My tricksy spirit!

## ALONSO.

These are not natural events; they strengthen From strange to stranger-Say, how came you hither?

## BOATSWAIN.

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And,-how, we know not,-all clapp'd under hatches, Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains, And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master Cap'ring to eye her: on a trice, so please you, Even in a dream, were we divided from them, And were brought moping hither.

## ARIEL.

[Aside to PROSPERO] Was't well done?

## PROSPERO.


[Aside to ARIEL] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

## ALONSO.

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

## PROSPERO.

Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,-
Which to you shall seem probable - of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well.-[Aside to ARIEL] Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [Exit ARIEL] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.
[Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and

TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.]

## STEPHANO.

Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.-Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio!

TRINCULO.

If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

## CALIBAN.

O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed.
How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

SEBASTIAN.
Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?


Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

## PROSPERO.

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say if they be true.-This mis-shapen knaveHis mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil,For he's a bastard one,-had plotted with them To take my life: two of these fellows you Must know and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN.
I shall be pinch'd to death.

## ALONSO.

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

## SEBASTIAN.

He is drunk now: where had he wine?

## ALONSO.

And Trinculo is reeling-ripe: where should they Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them? How cam'st thou in this pickle?

## TRINCULO.

I have been in such a pickle since I saw you
last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones. I shall not fear fly-blowing.

## SEBASTIAN.

Why, how now, Stephano!

## STEPHANO.

O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

## STEPHANO.

I should have been a sore one, then.

## ALONSO.

This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.
[Pointing to CALIBAN]

## PROSPERO.

He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape.-Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

## CALIBAN.

Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter, And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO.
Go to; away!

## ALONSO.

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

## SEBASTIAN.

Or stole it, rather.
[Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.]
PROSPERO.
Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which - part of it-I'll waste With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by


Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

## ALONSO.

I long To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

## PROSPERO.

I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.-[Aside to ARIEL] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!-Please you, draw near.
[Exeunt]

## EPILOGUE

[Spoken by PROSPERO]
Now my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have's mine own; Which is most faint; now 'tis true, I must be here confin'd by you, Or sent to Naples. Let me not, Since I have my dukedom got, And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell In this bare island by your spell:
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails, Which was to please. Now I want Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair, Unless I be reliev'd by prayer, Which pierces so that it assaults Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be, Let your indulgence set me free.



[^0]:    John Shakespeare's house, believed to be Shakespeare's birthplace, in Stratford-upon-Avon.

