

Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion  
Tied all the kingdom; simony was fair-play; 36  
His own opinion was his law; 't the presence  
He would say untruths, and be ever double  
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful; 40  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam, 44  
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith,  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal, 48  
Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading; 52  
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;  
But, to those men that sought him sweet as  
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—  
Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam, 56  
He was most princely. Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,  
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; 60

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him; 64  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. 72  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!  
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower: 76  
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

[*Sad and solemn music.*]

*Grif.* She is asleep: good wench, let's sit  
down quiet,  
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision.* Enter, solemnly tripping one after  
another, six Personages, clad in white robes,  
wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and  
golden vizards on their faces; branches of  
bays or palm in their hands. They first

congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain  
changes, the first two hold a spare garland  
over her head; at which, the other four make  
reverend curtsies: then, the two that held the  
garland deliver the same to the other next  
two, who observe the same order in their  
changes, and holding the garland over her  
head: which done, they deliver the same  
garland to the last two, who likewise observe  
the same order, at which,—as it were by  
inspiration,—she makes in her sleep signs  
of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to  
heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish,  
carrying the garland with them. The music  
continues.

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye  
all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?  
*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for; 84  
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Kath.* No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed  
troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces 88  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promis'd me eternal happiness,

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good  
dreams 92

Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the music leave,  
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

*Pat.* Do you note  
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? How pale she  
looks, 96

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!  
*Grif.* She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her! 100

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* An't like your Grace,—  
*Kath.* You are a saucy fellow.

Deserve we no more reverence?  
*Grif.* You are to blame,

Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour; go to, kneel. 104

*Mess.* I humbly do entreat your highness  
pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is  
staying

A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.  
*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this  
fellow 108

Let me ne'er see again.  
[*Exeunt with GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,

You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same; your servant.

*Kath.* O my lord! 112

The times and title now are alter'd strangely

With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady, First, mine own service to your Grace; and the next,

The king's request that I would visit you; 117

Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

Sends you his princely commendations,

And heartily entreats you take good comfort. 120

*Kath.* O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;

But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.

How does his highness?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health. 125

*Kath.* So may he ever do! and ever flourish,

When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name

Banish'd the kingdom. Patience, is that letter

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

*Pat.* No, madam. 129

[Giving it to KATHARINE.

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the king.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodness 132

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature, 136

I hope she will deserve well,—and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long 141

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—

And now I should not lie,—but will deserve, 144

For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty and decent carriage,

A right good husband, let him be a noble;

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em. 148

The last is, for my men: they are the poorest,

But poverty could never draw 'em from me;

That they may have their wages paid 'em,

And something over to remember me by: 152

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life

And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world, 156

As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king

To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By heaven, I will, Or let me lose the fashion of a man! 160

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me

In all humility unto his highness:

Say his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him, 164

For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,

My lord, Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,

You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;

Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench, 168

Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over

With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,

Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like 172

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

I can no more. [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.

## Act V.

### Scene I.—London. A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

*Gar.* It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

*Boy.* It hath struck.

*Gar.* These should be hours for necessities,

Not for delights; times to repair our nature

With comforting repose, and not for us 4

To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!

Whether so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord?

*Gar.* I did, Sir Thomas; and left them at primero

With the Duke of Suffolk.

*Lov.* I must to him too, 8

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

*Gar.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?

It seems you are in haste: an if there be

No great offence belongs to't, give your friend

Some touch of your late business: affairs, that walk— 13

As they say spirits do—at midnight, have

In them a wilder nature than the business

That seeks dispatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you, 16

A 3

And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in  
labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gar.* The fruit she goes with 20  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir  
Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says 24  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* But, sir, sir,  
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman  
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, 29  
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two 32  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for  
Cromwell,

Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,  
With which the time will load him. The arch-  
bishop 37  
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare  
speak

One syllable against him?  
*Gar.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,  
Sir,—I may tell it you,—I think I have  
Incens'd the lords o' the council that he is—  
For so I know he is, they know he is— 44  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
That does infect the land: with which they  
mov'd

Have broken with the king; who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint,—of his great grace  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him,—hath commanded  
To-morrow morning to the council-board 51  
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long: good-night, Sir Thomas!

*Lov.* Many good-nights, my lord. I rest your  
servant. [*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

*Enter the KING and SUFFOLK.*

*K. Hen.* Charles, I will play no more to-  
night; 56  
My mind's not on 't; you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*K. Hen.* But little, Charles;  
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play. 60  
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her

What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks 64  
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your  
highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

*K. Hen.* What sayst thou, ha?  
To pray for her? what! is she crying out?

*Lov.* So said her woman; and that her suffer-  
ance made 68

Almost each pang a death.

*K. Hen.* Alas! good lady,  
*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir!

*K. Hen.* 'Tis midnight, Charles; 72  
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;  
For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness 76  
A quiet night; and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*K. Hen.* Charles, good-night.  
[*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

*Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.*

Well, Sir, what follows?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-  
bishop, 80

As you commanded me.

*K. Hen.* Ha! Canterbury?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

*Den.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Bring him to us  
[*Exit DENNY.*]

*Lov.* [*Aside.*] This is about that which the  
bishop spake: 84

I am happily come hither.

*Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.*

*K. Hen.* Avoid the gallery.  
[*LOVELL seems to step.*]

Ha! I have said. Begone.

What!— [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*]

*Cran.* I am fearful. Wherefore frowns he  
thus? 88

'Tis his aspect of terror: all's not well.

*K. Hen.* How now, my lord! You do desire to  
know

Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Pray you, arise.

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury. 92

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: come, come, give me  
your hand.

Ah! my good lord, I grieve at what I speak. 96

And am right sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-  
sider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower: you a brother  
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] I humbly thank your high-  
ness;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder; for I know  
There's none stands under more calumnious  
tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, good Canterbury:  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted

In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:  
Prishee, let's walk. Now, by my holiday,

What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that

I should have ta'en some pains to bring to-  
gether

Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard  
you,

Without indurance, further.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:

If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh  
not,

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*K. Hen.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the  
whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their  
practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease

Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you? such things have been  
done,

You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice  
Of as great size. When you of better luck,

I mean in perjured witness, than your master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God and your majesty  
Protect mine innocence! or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me!

*K. Hen.* Be of good cheer;

They shall no more prevail than we give way  
to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning see  
You do appear before them. If they shall  
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties

Will render you no remedy, this ring  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us

There make before them. Look! the good man  
weeps;

He's honest, on mine honour, God's blest  
mother!

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul  
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you. [*Exit CRANMER.*] He  
has strangled

His language in his tears.

*Enter an Old Lady.*

*Gent.* [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?  
*Old L.* I'll not come back; the tidings that I  
bring

Will make my boldness manners. Now, good  
angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under thy blessed wings!

*K. Hen.* Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?

Say, ay; and of a boy.

*Old L.* Ay, ay, my liege;  
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven

Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen

Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you  
As cherry is to cherry.

*K. Hen.* Lovell!

*Re-enter LOVELL.*

*Lov.* Sir!

*K. Hen.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to  
the queen. [*Exit.*]

*Old L.* A hundred marks! By this light, I'll  
ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment:  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this the girl was like to him?  
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene II.—The Lobby before the Council-  
Chamber.*

*Enter CRANMER; Pursuivants, Pages, &c.,  
attending.*

*Cran.* I hope I am not too late; and yet the  
gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd  
me

To make great haste. All fast? what means this?  
Ho!

Who waits there?

*Enter KEEPER.*

Sure, you know me?

*Keep.* Yes, my lord; 4

But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why?

*Keep.* Your Grace must wait till you be  
call'd for.

*Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.*

*Cran.* So.

*Butts.* [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I  
am glad

I came this way so happily: the king  
8 Shall understand it presently.

*Cran.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,  
The king's physician. As he past along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.

Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For  
certain, 12

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—  
God turn their hearts! I never sought their  
malice,—

To quench mine honour: they would shame to  
make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor, 16  
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their  
pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter, at a window above, the KING and BUTTS.*

*Butts.* I'll show your Grace the strangest  
sight,—

*K. Hen.* What's that, Butts!

*Butts.* I think your highness saw this many  
a day. 20

*K. Hen.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord,  
The high promotion of his Grace of Canter-  
bury;

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuiv-  
ants,

Pages, and footboys.

*K. Hen.* Ha! 'Tis he, indeed: 24

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had  
thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,—  
At least, good manners,—as not thus to suffer 28

A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
To dance attendance on their lordships' plea-  
sures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery: 32

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt above.*]

Scene III.—*The Council-Chamber.*

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end as secretary. Keeper at the door.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, Master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

*Crom.* Please your honour,

The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there?

*Keep.* Without, my noble lords?

*Gar.* Yes.

*Keep.* My lord archbishop:

And has done half-an-hour, to know your  
pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*Keep.* Your Grace may enter now.  
[*CRANMER enters and approaches the council-table.*]

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I'm very  
sorry

To sit here at this present and behold  
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,

In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty

And want of wisdom, you, that best should  
teach us, 36

Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching and your  
chaplains,—

For so we are informed,—with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and  
spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer—  
Out of our easiness and childish pity

To one man's honour—this contagious sickness  
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?

Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neigh-  
bours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto in all our  
progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd.

And with no little study, that my teaching  
 And the strong course of my authority  
 Might go one way, and safely; and the end 36  
 Was ever, to do well: nor is there living,—  
 I speak it with a single heart, my lords,—  
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
 Both in his private conscience and his place, 40  
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.  
 Pray heaven the king may never find a heart  
 With less allegiance in it! Men, that make  
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment 44  
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships  
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
 And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord, 48  
 That cannot be: you are a counsellor,  
 And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

*Gar.* My lord, because we have business of  
 more moment,  
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'  
 pleasure, 52

And our consent, for better trial of you,  
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;  
 Where, being but a private man again,  
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly, 56  
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah! my good Lord of Winchester, I  
 thank you;

You are always my good friend: if your will pass,  
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
 If you are so merciful. I see your end; 61

'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,  
 Become a churchman better than ambition:  
 With straying souls with modesty again, 64  
 Out none away. That I shall clear myself,  
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,  
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more, 68  
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;  
 That's the plain truth: your painted gloss dis-  
 covers, 72

To men that understand you, words and weak-  
 ness.

*Cran.* My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,  
 However faulty, yet should find respect 76  
 For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty  
 To lead a falling man.

*Gar.* Good Master secretary,  
 I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst  
 Of all this table, say so.

*Cran.* Why, my lord?  
*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favourer 80  
 Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

*Cran.* Not sound?  
*Gar.* Not sound, I say.  
*Cran.* Would you were half so honest!  
 Man's prayers then would seek you, not their  
 fears.

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do. 84

Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord: it stands  
 agreed, 88

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;

There to remain till the king's further pleasure  
 Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

*Gar.* What other? 93

Would you expect? You are strangely trouble-  
 some.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

*Cran.* For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

*Gar.* Receive him, 96

And see him safe to the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lords;

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my  
 lords;

By virtue of that ring I take my cause  
 Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100  
 To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Chan.* This is the king's ring.

*Suf.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye  
 all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,  
 'Twould fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords, 105  
 The king will suffer but the little finger  
 Of this man to be vex'd?

*Chan.* 'Tis now too certain:

How much more is his life in value with him?  
 Would I were fairly out on't.

*Crom.* My mind gave me, 109  
 In seeking tales and informations  
 Against this man—whose honesty the devil  
 And his disciples only envy at— 112  
 Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

*Enter the KING, frowning on them: he takes  
 his seat.*

*Gar.* Dread sovereign, how much are we  
 bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;  
 Not only good and wise, but most religious: 116  
 One that in all obedience makes the Church  
 The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen  
 That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
 His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120  
 The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*K. Hen.* You were ever good at sudden commendations,  
 Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not  
 To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;  
 They are too thin and bare to hide offences. 125  
 To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,  
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win  
 me;  
 But, whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure 128  
 Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.  
 [To CRANMER.] Good man, sit down. Now let  
 me see the proudest  
 He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:  
 By all that's holy, he had better starve 132  
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not.  
*Sur.* May it please your Grace,—  
*K. Hen.* No, sir, it does not please me.  
 I had thought I had had men of some under-  
 standing  
 And wisdom of my council; but I find none. 136  
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
 This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—  
 This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
 At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?  
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my commis-  
 sion 141  
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
 Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see, 144  
 More out of malice than integrity,  
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;  
 Which ye shall never have while I live.  
*Chan.* Thus far,  
 My most dread sov'reign, may it like your  
 Grace 148  
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur-  
 pos'd  
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather—  
 If there be faith in men—meant for his trial  
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice, 152  
 I'm sure, in me.  
*K. Hen.* Well, well, my lords, respect him;  
 Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.  
 I will say thus much for him, if a prince  
 May be beholding to a subject, I 156  
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:  
 Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of  
 Canterbury,  
 I have a suit which you must not deny me; 160  
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants  
 baptism,  
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.  
*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may  
 glory  
 In such an honour: how may I deserve it, 164  
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?  
*K. Hen.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare  
 your spoons: you shall have two noble partners  
 with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady  
 Marquess Dorset: will these please you? 169

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge  
 you,  
 Embrace and love this man.  
*Gar.* With a true heart  
 And brother-love I do it.  
*Cran.* And let heaven 172  
 Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.  
*K. Hen.* Good man! those joyful tears show  
 thy true heart:  
 The common voice, I see, is verified  
 Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of  
 Canterbury 176  
 A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'  
 Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long  
 To have this young one made a Christian.  
 As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;  
 So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.  
 [Exeunt]

#### Scene IV.—The Palace-Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and  
 his Man.

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals  
 Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rascals  
 slaves, leave your gaping.

[Within.] Good Master porter, I belong to  
 the larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd,  
 you rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch  
 me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones;  
 these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your  
 heads: you must be seeing christenings! Do  
 you look for ale and cakes here, you rascals  
 rascals?

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much  
 impossible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannon—  
 To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep  
 On May-day morning; which will never be.  
 We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?  
 As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—  
 You see the poor remainder—could distribute.  
 I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor  
 Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me; but if I spard  
 That had a head to hit, either young or old.  
 He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,  
 Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;  
 And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[Within.] Do you hear, Master porter?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, you  
 Master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock  
 down by the dozens? Is this Moorish  
 muster in? or have we some strange

with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together. 40

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the boomstaff to me; I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. 64

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two headles, that is to come. 72

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!

They grow still too, from all parts they are coming. As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows: 76

There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

*Port.* An't please your honour, 80  
We are but men; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:

An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live, 84  
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your  
heads

Chap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves;  
And here ye lie bating of bombards, when

Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound; 88

They're come already from the christening.  
Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find

A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months. 92

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.  
*Man.* You great fellow,

Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.  
*Port.* You'l the camel, get up o' the rail:

I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—*The Palace.*

*Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUF-FOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child, richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth! 4

*Flourish. Enter KING and Train.*

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal Grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, 8  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*K. Hen.* Thank you, good lord archbishop:  
What is her name?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.  
*K. Hen.* Stand up, lord.

[*The KING kisses the Child.*]  
With this kiss take my blessing; God protect thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen. 12  
*K. Hen.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.* Let me speak, sir,  
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter 16

Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This royal infant,—heaven still move about her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,



Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall  
be—

But few now living can behold that goodness—  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never 24  
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue  
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good, 28  
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse  
her;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;  
She shall be lov'd and fear'd; her own shall bless  
her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, 32  
And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows  
with her.

In her days every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
God shall be truly known; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by  
blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, 41  
Her ashes new-create another heir  
As great in admiration as herself,  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,— 44  
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of  
darkness,—

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,  
terror, 48

That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:  
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honour and the greatness of his name 52  
Shall be, and make new nations; he shall flour-  
ish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him; our children's chil-  
dren

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*K. Hen.*

Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of Eng-  
land, 57

An aged princess; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more! but she must die,  
She must, the saints must have her, yet a virgin;  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*K. Hen.* O lord archbishop! 64

Thou hast made me now a man: never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing.  
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
That when I am in heaven, I shall desire 68  
To see what this child does, and praise my  
Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,  
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;  
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,  
lords: 73

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank  
ye;

She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
He has business at his house; for all shall stay:  
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

#### EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please  
All that are here: some come to take their ease  
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,  
We've frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear  
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, 'That's witty!'—  
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,  
All the expected good we're like to hear  
For this play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women;  
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,  
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while 77  
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap  
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

# Troilus and Cressida.

## Dramatis Personæ.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,  
TROIUS,  
PARIS,  
DEIPHOBUS,  
HELENUS, } his Sons.

MARGARELON, a Bastard Son of Priam.

ENEAS,  
ANTENOR, } Trojan Commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.

MENECLAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES,  
AJAX,  
ULTSSES, } Grecian Commanders.

NESTOR,  
DIOMEDES,  
PATROCLUS, } Grecian Commanders.

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene.—Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

## PROLOGUE

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,  
Haste to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments 4  
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore  
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is  
made

To ransack Troy, within whose strong im-  
mures 8

The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the  
quarrel.

To Tenedos they come,  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their war-like fraughtage: now on Dardan  
plains 13

The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,  
And Antenorides, with massy staples 17  
And correspondivè and fulfilling bolts,

Spurr up the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits, 20

On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,

Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come

A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence 24

Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited

In like conditions as our argument,

To tell you, fair beholders, that our play

Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those  
broils,

Beginning in the middle; starting thence away

To what may be digested in a play. 29

Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:

Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

## Act I.

Scene I.—Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter TROIUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:

Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

That find such cruel battle here within?

Each Trojan that is master of his heart, 4

Let him to field; Troilus, alas! has none.

*Pan.* Will this gear ne'er be mended?

*Tro.* The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant; 8

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy. 12

*Pan.* Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the grinding. 16

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening. 20

*Tro.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips. 28

*Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.  
At Priam's royal table do I sit;  
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—  
So, traitor! 'when she comes!'—When is she thence? 33

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

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee: when my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain, 37  
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,  
I have—as when the sun doth light a storm—  
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile; 40  
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

*Pan.* An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more comparison between the women: but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her; but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but— 49

*Tro.* O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—  
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep 52  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad  
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;  
Handlest in thy discourse, O! that her hand, 57  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou  
tell'st me, 61

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;  
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given  
me 64

The knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

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

*Tro.* Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus? 72

*Pan.* I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between, and between, but small thanks for my labour. 76

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

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

*Tro.* Say I she is not fair? 83

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter. 88

*Tro.* Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me! I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. 93

[Exit PANDARUS. An alarm.

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,  
When with your blood you daily paint her thus:  
I cannot fight upon this argument;  
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.  
But Pandarus,—O gods! how do you plague me!  
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;  
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo  
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.  
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,  
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we! 100  
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:  
Between our Ilium and where she resides  
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;  
Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing Pandar  
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark. 104

Alarm. Enter ÆNEAS.

*Æne.* How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

*Tro.* Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence. 112  
 What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?  
*Æne.* That Paris is returned home, and hurt.  
*Tro.* By whom, Æneas?  
*Æne.* Troilus, by Menelaus.  
*Tro.* Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;  
 Paris is god'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*  
*Æne.* Hark, what good sport is out of town  
 to-day! 118  
*Tro.* Better at home, if 'would I might' were  
 'may.'  
 But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?  
*Æne.* In all swift haste.  
*Tro.* Come, go we then together.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.—The Same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

*Cres.* Who were those went by?  
*Alex.* Queen Hecuba and Helen.  
*Cres.* And whither go they?  
*Alex.* Up to the eastern tower,  
 Whose height commands as subject all the vale,  
 To see the battle. Hector, whose patience 4  
 is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:  
 He hid Andromache, and struck his armourer;  
 And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
 Before the sun rose he was harness'd light, 8  
 And to the field goes he; where every flower  
 Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
 In Hector's wrath.  
*Cres.* What was his cause of anger?  
*Alex.* The noise goes, this: there is among  
 the Greeks 12  
 A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;  
 They call him Ajax.  
*Cres.* Good; and what of him?  
*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*  
 And stands alone. 16  
*Cres.* So do all men, unless they are drunk,  
 sick, or have no legs.  
*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robbed many  
 beasts of their particular additions: he is as  
 valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as  
 the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so  
 crowded humours that his valour is crushed into  
 folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is  
 no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse  
 of, nor any man an attain'd but he carries some  
 stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and  
 merry against the hair; he hath the joints of  
 every thing, but every thing so out of joint that  
 he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use;  
 or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight. 31  
*Cres.* But how should this man, that makes  
 me smile, make Hector angry?  
*Alex.* They say he yesterday coped Hector in  
 the battle and struck him down; the disdain  
 and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector  
 fasting and waking. 37

*Cres.* Who comes here?

Enter PANDARUS.

*Alex.* Madam, your uncle, Pandarus.  
*Cres.* Hector's a gallant man. 40  
*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.  
*Pan.* What's that? what's that?  
*Cres.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.  
*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What  
 do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander.  
 How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?  
*Cres.* This morning, uncle. 47  
*Pan.* What were you talking of when I came?  
 Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to  
 Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?  
*Cres.* Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.  
*Pan.* E'en so: Hector was stirring early. 52  
*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.  
*Pan.* Was he angry?  
*Cres.* So he says here.  
*Pan.* True, he was so; I know the cause too;  
 he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that:  
 and there's Troilus will not come far behind  
 him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell  
 them that too. 60  
*Cres.* What! is he angry too?  
*Pan.* Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better  
 man of the two.  
*Cres.* O Jupiter! there's no comparison. 64  
*Pan.* What! not between Troilus and Hector?  
 Do you know a man if you see him?  
*Cres.* Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew  
 him. 68  
*Pan.* Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.  
*Cres.* Then you say as I say; for I am sure  
 he is not Hector.  
*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some  
 degrees. 73  
*Cres.* 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.  
*Pan.* Himself! Alas, poor Troilus, I would  
 he were. 76  
*Cres.* So he is.  
*Pan.* Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.  
*Cres.* He is not Hector.  
*Pan.* Himself! no, he's not himself. Would  
 a' were himself: well, the gods are above;  
 time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well, I  
 would my heart were in her body. No, Hector  
 is not a better man than Troilus. 84  
*Cres.* Excuse me.  
*Pan.* He is elder.  
*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.  
*Pan.* Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell  
 me another tale when the other's come to't.  
 Hector shall not have his wit this year.  
*Cres.* He shall not need it if he have his own.  
*Pan.* Nor his qualities. 92  
*Cres.* No matter.  
*Pan.* Nor his beauty.  
*Cres.* 'Twould not become him; his own's  
 better. 96

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour,—for so 'tis I must confess,—not brown neither,— 100

*Cres.* No, but brown.

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

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true. 104

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

*Cres.* Why, Paris hath colour enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

*Cres.* Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose. 113

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

*Cres.* Then she's a merry Greek indeed. 116

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window, and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,— 120

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

*Pan.* Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector. 125

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

*Pan.* But to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,— 130

*Cres.* Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

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

*Cres.* O! he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not? 136

*Cres.* O! yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

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

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so. 141

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

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens 't the shell. 146

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin: indeed, she has a marvell's white hand, I must needs confess,—

*Cres.* Without the rack. 150

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

*Cres.* Alas! poor chin! many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing: Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

*Cres.* With millstones. 156

*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed.

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

*Pan.* And Hector laughed. 156

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing?

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

*Cres.* An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too. 165

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

*Cres.* What was his answer? 168

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

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true; make no question of that. 'One-and-fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he; 'pluck't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed. 176

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

*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't. 184

*Cres.* So I do.

*Pan.* I'll be sworn 'tis true: he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*]

*Pan.* Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece, Cressida.

*Cres.* At your pleasure. 188

*Pan.* Here, here; here's an excellent place: here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest. 192

*Cres.* Speak not so loud.

*ÆNEAS passes over the stage.*

*Pan.* That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon. 200

*ANTENOR passes over.*

*Cres.* Who's that?

*Pan.* That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me. 204

*Cres.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall have more.

*HECTOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Hector, that, that, look you, that!

there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! Is't not a brave man? 216

*Cres.* O! a brave man.

*Pan.* Is a' not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks! 222

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*Pan.* Swords? any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris. 227

*PARIS crosses over.*

Look ye yonder, niece: is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon. 233

*Cres.* Who's that?

*HELENUS passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus. 237

*Cres.* Can Helenus fight, uncle?

*Pan.* Helenus? no, yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry, 'Troilus?' Helenus is a priest. 242

*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROILUS passes over.*

*Pan.* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry! 246

*Cres.* Peace! for shame, peace!

*Pan.* Mark him; note him: O brave Troilus! look well upon him, niece: look you how his countenance is bloodied, and his helmet more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw threescore and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to him. 250

*Cres.* Here come more. 259

*Soldiers pass over.*

*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die 't the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece. 265

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

*Pan.* Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel. 261

*Cres.* Well, well.

*Pan.* 'Well, well!' Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man? 276

*Cres.* Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out.

*Pan.* You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie. 281

*Cres.* Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches. 288

*Cres.* Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching. 293

*Pan.* You are such another!

*Enter TROILUS' Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you. 296

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your own house; there he unarms him.

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cres.* Adieu, uncle.

*Pan.* I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

*Cres.* To bring uncle? 304

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus.

*Cres.* By the same token, you are a bawd.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice  
He offers in another's enterprise; 308

But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she belov'd knows nought that knows not  
this: 313

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet as when desire did sue. 316

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

Then though my heart's content from love doth  
bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exit.*]

Scene III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before  
AGAMEMNON'S Tent.*

*Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,  
MENELAUS, and Others.*

*Agam. Princes,*

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below 4  
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and  
disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain 8  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.  
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us  
That we come short of our suppose so far  
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls  
stand; 12

Sith every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
And that unbodied figure of the thought 16  
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you  
princes,  
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,  
And call them shames? which are indeed nought  
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove, 20  
To find persistent constancy in men:  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In Fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread, 24  
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:  
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away; 28  
And what hath mass or matter, by itself  
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

*Nest.* With due observance of thy god-like  
seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply 32  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being  
smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way 36  
With those of nobler bulk!  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains  
cut, 40

Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy  
boat

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled, 44  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide  
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and  
brightness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze 48  
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of  
courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key, 52  
Retorts to chiding fortune.

*Ulyss.* Agamemnon,  
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of  
Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit, 56  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.  
Besides the applause and approbation  
The which, [*To AGAMEMNON.*] most mighty for  
thy place and sway, 60  
[*To NESTOR.*] And thou most reverend for thy  
stretch'd-out life,

I give to both your speeches, which were such  
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in brass; and such again 64  
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree  
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish  
ears

To his experienc'd tongue, yet let it please both,  
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak. 68  
*Agam.* Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of  
less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,  
Divide thy lips, than we are confident, 72  
When rank Thersites opes his mastick jaws,  
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

*Ulyss.* Troy, yet upon his basis, had been  
down,  
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a  
master, 76

But for these instances.  
The speciality of rule hath been neglected:  
And look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions  
When that the general is not like the hive 84  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask. 88  
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this  
centre

Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form, 92  
Office, and custom, in all line of order:  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye 96  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check, to good and bad: but when the  
planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents, what mutines,  
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth, 100

- Commotion in the winds, frights, changes,  
horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states 100  
Quite from their fixure! O! when degree is  
shak'd,  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,  
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores, 105  
The primogenitive and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place? 108  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark! what discord follows; each thing  
meets  
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe: 113  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead;  
Force should be right; or rather, right and  
wrong— 116  
Between whose endless jar justice resides—  
Should lose their names, and so should justice  
too.  
Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite; 120  
And appetite, a universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce a universal prey,  
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate, 125  
Follows the choking.  
And this neglect of degree it is  
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose  
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd 129  
By him one step below, he by the next,  
That next by him beneath; so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick 132  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.  
*Nest.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here dis-  
cover'd  
The fever whereof all our power is sick.  
*Agam.* The nature of the sickness found,  
Ulysses, 140  
What is the remedy?  
*Ulyss.* The great Achilles, whom opinion  
crowns  
The snow and the forehead of our host,  
Having his ear full of his airy fame, 144  
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus  
Open a lazy bed the livelong day  
Breaks scurril jests, 148  
And with ridiculous and awkward action—  
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls—  
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on 152  
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—  
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming 157  
He acts thy greatness in:—and when he speaks,  
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms un-  
suar'd,  
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon  
dropp'd, 160  
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff  
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;  
Cries, 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just. 164  
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,  
As he being drest to some oration.'  
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends  
Of parallels, like as Vulcan and his wife:— 168  
Yet good Achilles still cries, 'Excellent!  
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,  
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'  
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age 172  
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,  
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,  
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport  
Sir Valour dies; cries, 'O! enough, Patroclus;  
Or give me ribs of steel; I shall split all 177  
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact, 180  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes. 184  
*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain—  
Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice—many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head 188  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;  
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,  
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites— 192  
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint—  
To match us in comparison with dirt;  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
How rank soever rounded in with danger. 196  
*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it  
cowardice;  
Count wisdom as no member of the war;  
Foretell prescience, and esteem no act  
But that of hand: the still and mental parts, 200  
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
When fitness calls them on, and know by  
measure  
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity: 204  
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;  
So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,



They place before his hand that made the engine,  
Or those that with the fineness of their souls 209  
By reason guides his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*]

*Agam.* What trumpet? look, Menelaus. 213  
*Men.* From Troy.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Agam.* What would you 'fore our tent?  
*Æne.* Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray  
you? 216

*Agam.* Even this.  
*Æne.* May one, that is a herald and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles'  
arm 220  
Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one  
voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.  
*Æne.* Fair leave and large security. How  
may

A stranger to those imperial looks 224  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

*Agam.* How!  
*Æne.* Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush 228  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon? 232

*Agam.* This Trojan scorns us; or the men of  
Troy  
Are ceremonious courtiers.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have  
galls, 237

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's  
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas!  
Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips! 240

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth;  
But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,  
transcends. 244

*Agam.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself  
Æneas?

*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.  
*Agam.* What's your affair, I pray you?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.  
*Agam.* He hears nought privately that comes  
from Troy. 249

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper  
him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,  
To set his sense on the attentive bent, 252  
And then to speak.

*Agam.* Speak frankly as the wind:

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour;  
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

*Æne.* Trumpet, blow aloud, 256  
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;  
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy, 260  
A prince called Hector,—Priam is his father,—  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak: kings, princes, lords!  
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece 265  
That holds his honour higher than his ease,  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his  
peril,

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,  
That loves his mistress more than in confession,  
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth  
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks, 270  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,  
He hath a lady wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms; 275

And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,  
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,  
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:  
If any come, Hector shall honour him; 280  
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,  
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth  
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers, Lord  
Æneas; 284

If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers:  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love! 290  
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am be-

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now. 295

But if there be not in our Grecian host  
One noble man that hath one spark of fire  
To answer for his love, tell him from me,  
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver, 300  
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn.

And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste  
As may be in the world: his youth in flood, 305  
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of  
blood.

*Æne.* Now heavens forbid such scardly  
youth!

*Ulyss.* Amen.  
*Agam.* Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your  
hand; 310

To our pavilion shall I lead you first.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.

Yourself shall feast with us before you go, 308  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

*Ulyss.* Nestor!

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* I have a young conception in my  
brain; 312

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't?

*Ulyss.* This 'tis:

Riant wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up 317

In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overtake us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how? 320

*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant Hector  
sends,

However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as  
substance 324

Whose grossness little characters sum up:

And, in the publication, make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows, 328  
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judg-  
ment,

As, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
Pointing on him.

*Ulyss.* And wake him to the answer, think  
you? 332

*Nest.* Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you  
else oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honours off,  
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells; 336

For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,  
Our imputation shall be oddly poisd  
In this wild action; for the success, 340

Although particular, shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general;

And in such indexes, although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen 344

The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd

Be that meets Hector issues from our choice;  
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls, 348

Makes merit her election, and doth boil,  
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd

Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,  
What heart receives from hence the conquering  
part, 352

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

In no less working than are swords and bows  
Directive by the limbs. 356

*Ulyss.* Give pardon to my speech:  
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.

Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,

And think perchance they'll sell; if not, 360  
The lustre of the better yet to show

Shall show the better. Do not consent  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;

For both our honour and our shame in this 364  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

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

*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from  
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with him;  
But he already is too insolent; 369

And we were better parch in Afric sun  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,

Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foll'd,  
Why then we did our main opinion crush 373

In taint of our best man. No; make a lottery;  
And by device let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves  
Give him allowance as the worthy man, 377

For that will physic the great Myrmidon  
Who broils in loud applause; and make him  
fall

His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends. 380  
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,

We'll dress him up in voices: if he fall,  
Yet go we under our opinion still

That we have better men. But, hit or miss, 384  
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:

Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.  
*Nest.* Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice; 388

And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone  
Must turre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act II.

### Scene I.—A Part of the Grecian Camp.

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*

*Ajax.* Thersites!

*Ther.* Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full,  
all over, generally?

*Ajax.* Thersites! 4

*Ther.* And those boils did run? Say so, did  
not the general run then? were not that a botchy  
core?

*Ajax.* Dog! 8

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

*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not  
hear?

Feel, then. [*Strikes him.*]

*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou  
mongrel beef-witted lord!

*Ajax.* Speak then, thou vinedwast leaven,  
speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness. 16

*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks! 21

*Ajax.* Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou striketh me thus? 24

*Ajax.* The proclamation!

*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

*Ajax.* Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch. 28

*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab of Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou striketh as slow as another. 33

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation!

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and rallest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay that thou barkest at him.

*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites!

*Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him. 40

*Ajax.* Cobloaf!

*Ther.* He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

*Ajax.* You whoreson cur. [Beating him.

*Ther.* Do, do. 45

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!

*Ther.* Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee; thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

*Ajax.* You dog!

*Ther.* You scurvy lord! 56

*Ajax.* You cur! [Beating him.

*Ther.* Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you this? 60

How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you?

*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him. 64

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

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* 'Well!' why, so I do.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax. 69

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee. 72

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have

bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him. 80

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax,—

[AJAX offers to strike him.

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

*Ther.* Has not so much wit— 84

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.  
*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool! 88

*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

*Ajax.* O thou damned cur! I shall— 92

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's?

*Ther.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites. 96

*Achil.* What's the quarrel?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he ralls upon me. 100

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serve here voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress. 107

*Ther.* Even so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel. 112

*Achil.* What, with me too, Thersites?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars. 117

*Achil.* What, what?

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to! 120

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

*Patr.* No more words, Thersites; peace! 124

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

*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*Ther.* I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of [Exit. 128

*Patr.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,  
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy  
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms  
That hath a stomach; and such a one that  
dare 137  
Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Fare-  
well.  
*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him?  
*Achil.* I know not: it is put to lottery; other-  
wise, 140  
He knew his man.  
*Ajax.* O, meaning you. I will go learn more  
of it. [Exeunt.]

## Scene II.—Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and  
HELENUS.

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches  
spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:  
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else,  
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense, 4  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is  
consum'd  
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,  
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to't?  
*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks  
than I, 8  
As far as toucheth my particular,  
Yet, dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, 12  
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what fol-  
lows?'  
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches 16  
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:  
Since the first sword was drawn about this  
question,  
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes,  
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours, 21  
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten,  
What merit's in that reason which denies 24  
The yielding of her up?  
*Tro.* Fie, fie! my brother,  
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king  
So great as our dread father in a scale  
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum  
The past proportion of his infinite? 29  
And buckle in a waist most fathomless  
With spans and inches so diminutive  
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame! 32  
*Hec.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at  
reasons,  
You are so empty of them. Should not our  
father  
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tells him  
so? 36  
*Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, bro-  
ther priest;  
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your  
reasons:  
You know an enemy intends you harm;  
You know a sword employ'd is perilous, 40  
And reason flies the object of all harm:  
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
The very wings of reason to his heels, 44  
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of  
reason,  
Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and  
honour  
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat  
their thoughts 48  
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect  
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.  
*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she  
doth cost  
The holding.  
*Tro.* What is aught but as 'tis valued?  
*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry 56  
To make the service greater than the god;  
And the will dotes that is inclinable  
To what infectiously itself affects,  
Without some image of the affected merit. 60  
*Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will;  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores 64  
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,  
Although my will distaste what it elected,  
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion  
To blench from this and to stand firm by  
honour. 68  
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant  
When we have sold them, nor the remainder  
viands  
We do not throw in unrespective sink  
Because we now are full. It was thought meet  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;  
The seas and winds—old wranglers—took a truce  
And did him service: he touch'd the ports  
desir'd, 76  
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held  
captive  
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and  
freshness  
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.  
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:  
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl. 81  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand  
ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.  
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,— 84  
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'—  
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,—  
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your  
hands,

And cry'd 'Inestimable!'—why do you now 88  
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,  
And do a deed that Fortune never did,  
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd  
Richer than sea and land? O! theft most base,  
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep! 93  
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,  
That in their country did them that disgrace  
We fear to warrant in our native place. 96

*Cas.* [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!

*Pri.* What noise? what shriek?

*Tro.* 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

*Cas.* [Within.] Cry, Trojans!

*Hect.* It is Cassandra. 100

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*

*Cas.* Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand  
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

*Hect.* Peace, sister, peace!

*Cas.* Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled  
old, 104

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,  
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand; 109

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.]

*Hect.* Now, youthful Troilus, do not these  
high strains 113

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot that no discourse of reason, 116

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

*Tro.* Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it, 120

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick rap-  
tures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel

Which hath our several honours all engag'd 124

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;

And Jove forbid there should be done amongst  
us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain. 129

*Par.* Else might the world convince of levity

As well my undertakings as your counsels;

But I attest the gods, your full consent 132

Gave wings to my propension and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project:  
For what, alas! can these my single arms?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour, 136  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,  
And had as ample power as I have will, 140  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
You have the honey still, but these the gall; 144  
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasure such a beauty brings with it;  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape 148  
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.

What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,

Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,

Now to deliver her possession up, 152

On terms of base compulsion! Can it be

That so degenerate a strain as this

Should once set footing in your generous  
bosoms?

There's not the meanest spirit on our party 156

Without a heart to dare or sword to draw

When Helen is defended, nor none so noble

Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfam'd

Where Helen is the subject: then, I say, 160

Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Hect.* Paris and Troilus, you have both said  
well;

And on the cause and question now in hand 164

Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought

Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

The reasons you allege do more conduce 168

To the hot passion of distemper'd blood

Than to make up a free determination

'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and re-  
venge

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves 172

All dues be render'd to their owners: now,

What nearer debt in all humanity

Than wife is to the husband? if this law 176

Of nature be corrupted through affection,

And that great minds, of partial indulgence

To their benumbed wills, resist the same; 180

There is a law in each well-order'd nation

To curb those raging appetites that are

Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,

As it is known she is, these moral laws 184

Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud

To have her back return'd: thus to persist

In doing wrong extenuates not wrong.

But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opi-  
nion 188

Is this, in way of truth; yet, ne'ertheless,

My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
 To resolution to keep Helen still;  
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
 Upon our joint and several dignities. 193

*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our  
 design:

Were it not glory that we more affected  
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood 197  
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
 She is a theme of honour and renown,

A spur to valliant and magnanimous deeds, 200  
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
 And fame in time to come canonize us;

For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory 204  
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action  
 For the wide world's revenue.

*Hect.* I am yours,  
 You valliant offspring of great Priamus.

I have a roisting challenge sent amongst 208  
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks  
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.

I was advertis'd their great general slept  
 Whilst emulation in the army crept: 212

This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before*  
*ACHILLES' Tent.*

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* How now, Thersites! what, lost in the  
 labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax  
 carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him;  
 O worthy satisfaction! Would it were otherwise;  
 that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me.  
 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but  
 I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations.  
 Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy be  
 not taken till these two undermine it, the walls  
 will stand till they fall of themselves. O! thou  
 great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that  
 thou art Jove the king of gods, and, Mercury,  
 lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if  
 ye take not that little little less than little wit  
 from them that they have; which short-armed  
 ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce it  
 will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a  
 spider, without drawing their massy irons and  
 cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on  
 the whole camp! or, rather, the Neapolitan  
 bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse de-  
 pendent on those that war for a placket. I have  
 said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen.  
 What, ho! my Lord Achilles! 24

*Enter PATROCLUS.*

*Patr.* Who's there? Thersites! Good Ther-  
 sites, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remembered a gilt  
 counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out

of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thy-  
 self upon thyself! The common curse of man-  
 kind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great  
 revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and  
 discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be  
 thy direction till thy death! then, if she that  
 lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be  
 sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any  
 but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles? 37

*Patr.* What! art thou devout? wast thou in  
 prayer?

*Ther.* Ay; the heavens hear me! 40

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where? Art thou come? Why,  
 my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served  
 thyself in to my table so many meals? Come,  
 what's Agamemnon?

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell  
 me, Patroclus, what's Achilles? 48

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I  
 pray thee, what's thyself?

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me,  
 Patroclus, what art thou? 52

*Patr.* Thou mayst tell that knowest.

*Achil.* O! tell, tell.

*Ther.* I'll decline the whole question. Aga-  
 memnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my  
 lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is  
 a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal!

*Ther.* Peace, fool! I have not done. 60

*Achil.* He is a privileged man. Proceed,  
 Thersites.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a  
 fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid,  
 Patroclus is a fool. 65

*Achil.* Derive this; come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to com-  
 mand Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be com-  
 manded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to  
 serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool  
 positive.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool? 72

*Ther.* Make that demand to the Creator. It  
 suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes  
 here?

*Achil.* Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.  
 Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.

*Ther.* Here is such patchery, such juggling,  
 and such knavery! all the argument is a  
 cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw  
 emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now,  
 the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and  
 lechery confound all! [Exit.

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,*  
*and AJAX.*

*Agam.* Where is Achilles? 84

*Patr.* Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

*Agam.* Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: 88

Let him be told so; lest perchance he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

*Patr.* I shall say so to him. [Exit.]

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent: 92

He is not sick.

*Ajax.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us a cause. A word, my lord. [Takes AGAMEMNON aside.]

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

*Ulyss.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him. 101

*Nest.* Who, Thersites?

*Ulyss.* He.

*Nest.* Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument. 105

*Ulyss.* No; you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

*Nest.* All the better; their faction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

*Ulyss.* The amity that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus. 112

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure. 116

*Patr.* Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him; he hopes it is no other 120 But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus: We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. 125

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,

Not virtuously on his own part beheld, 128

Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,

Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,

Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,

We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin 132

If you do say we think him over-proud

And under-honest, in self-assumption greater

Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,

Disguise the holy strength of their command,

And underwrite in an observing kind

His humorous predominance; yea, watch

His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if 140

The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,

That if he overhold his price so much,

We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

Not portable, lie under this report: 145

'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:'

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give

Before a sleeping giant: tell him so. 148

*Patr.* I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit.]

*Agam.* In second voice we'll not be satisfied;

We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you. [Exit ULYSSES.]

*Ajax.* What is he more than another? 152

*Agam.* No more than what he thinks he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

*Agam.* No question. 156

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

*Agam.* No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as vallant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable. 161

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

*Agam.* Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise. 169

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

*Nest.* [Aside.] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange? 173

Re-enter ULYSSES.

*Ulyss.* Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

*Agam.* What's his excuse?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none.

But carries on the stream of his dispose 176

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*Agam.* Why will he not upon our fair request

Untent his person and share the air with us?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, 183

He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,

And speaks not to himself but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse. 188

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages  
And batters down himself: what should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens  
of it 189

Cry 'No recovery.'

*Agam.* Let Ajax go to him.  
Dear lord, go you and meet him in his tent:  
Tis said he holds you well, and will be led 192  
At your request a little from himself.

*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon! let it not be so.  
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud  
lord 196

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve  
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he? 201

No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit, 204  
As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:  
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,  
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion. 209

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,  
And say in thunder, 'Achilles go to him.'  
*Nest.* [*Aside.*] O! this is well; he rubs the  
vein of him. 213

*Dio.* [*Aside.*] And how his silence drinks up  
this applause!  
*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my armed fist 216  
I'll pash him o'er the face.

*Agam.* O, no! you shall not go.  
*Ajax.* An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze  
his pride.  
Let me go to him. 220

*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon  
our quarrel.  
*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow!

*Nest.* [*Aside.*] How he describes himself!  
*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable? 224  
*Ulyss.* [*Aside.*] The raven chides blackness.  
*Ajax.* I'll let his humours blood.

*Agam.* [*Aside.*] He will be the physician  
that should be the patient. 228  
*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind,—

*Ulyss.* [*Aside.*] Wit would be out of fashion.  
*Ajax.* A' should not bear it so, a' should eat  
words first: shall pride carry it? 232

*Nest.* [*Aside.*] An't would, you'd carry half.  
*Ulyss.* [*Aside.*] A' would have ten shares.  
*Ajax.* I will knead him; I will make him  
supple.

*Nest.* [*Aside.*] He's not yet through warm:  
See him with praises: pour in, pour in; his  
ambition is dry. 238  
*Ulyss.* [*To AGAMEMNON.*] My lord, you feed  
too much on this dislike.

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so. 240  
*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without  
Achilles.

*Ulyss.* Why, 'tis this naming of him does  
him harm.  
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so? 244  
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.  
*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as  
valiant.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus  
with us! Would he were a Trojan! 248  
*Nest.* What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

*Ulyss.* If he were proud,—  
*Dio.* Or covetous of praise,—  
*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne,— 252  
*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected!

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of  
sweet composure;  
Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee  
suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature 256  
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:  
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,  
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour, 260  
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield  
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,  
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor  
Instructed by the antiquary times, 265  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days  
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,  
You should not have the eminence of him, 269  
But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father?  
*Ulyss.* Ay, my good son.  
*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.  
*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here; the hart  
Achilles 272

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general  
To call together all his state of war;  
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow,  
We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to  
west, 277  
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

*Agam.* Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks  
draw deep. [*Exeunt.*]

### Act III.

#### Scene I.—Troy. PRIAM'S Palace.

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.*

*Pan.* Friend! you! pray you, a word: do  
not you follow the young Lord Paris?



*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.  
*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean? 4  
*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.  
*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.  
*Serv.* The Lord be praised! 8  
*Pan.* You know me, do you not?  
*Serv.* Faith, sir, superficially.  
*Pan.* Friend, know me better. I am the Lord Pandarus. 12  
*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honour better.  
*Pan.* I do desire it.  
*Serv.* You are in the state of grace. 16  
*Pan.* Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. [Music within.] What music is this?  
*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts. 21  
*Pan.* Know you the musicians?  
*Serv.* Wholly, sir.  
*Pan.* Who play they to? 24  
*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.  
*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?  
*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.  
*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend. 28  
*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir?  
*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play? 32  
*Serv.* That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul. 36  
*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida?  
*Serv.* No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?  
*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes. 44  
*Serv.* Sudden business: there's a stewed phrase, indeed.

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measures, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow! 50  
*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.  
*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.  
*Par.* You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony. 57  
*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.  
*Helen.* O, sir!  
*Pan.* Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude. 61

*Par.* Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits.  
*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word? 65  
*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.  
*Pan.* Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord. My dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—  
*Helen.* My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,— 71  
*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to: commend himself most affectionately to you.  
*Helen.* You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!  
*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i' faith. 80  
*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.  
*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words: no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.  
*Helen.* My Lord Pandarus,— 88  
*Pan.* What says my sweet queen, my very sweet queen?  
*Par.* What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night? 91  
*Helen.* Nay, but my lord,—  
*Pan.* What says my sweet queen! My cousin will fall out with you. You must know where he sups. 95  
*Par.* I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.  
*Pan.* No, no, no such matter; you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick. 100  
*Par.* Well, I'll make excuse.  
*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.  
*Par.* I spy.  
*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.  
*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done.  
*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen. 105  
*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.  
*Pan.* He! no, she'll none of him; they are twain. 113  
*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.  
*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now. 117  
*Helen.* Ay, ay, prithee now. By my truth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead. 120  
*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.  
*Helen.* Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

*Pan.* Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.  
*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love, 125  
*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so:  
 [Sings.]  
 Love, love, nothing but love, still more!  
 For, oh! love's bow  
 Shoots buck and doe: 128  
 The shaft confounds,  
 Not that it wounds,  
 But tickles still the sore.  
 These lovers cry O! O! they die!  
 Yet that which seems the wound to kill,  
 Doth turn O! O! to ha! ha! he!  
 So dying love lives still: 136  
 O! O! a while, but ha! ha! ha!  
 O! O! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!  
*Helen.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose, 141  
*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love. 145  
*Pan.* Is this the generation of love? hot blood! hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day? 149  
*Par.* Hector, Delphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not? 153  
*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.  
*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?  
*Par.* To a hair.  
*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen. 160  
*Helen.* Commend me to your niece.  
*Pan.* I will, sweet queen.  
 [Exit. A retreat sounded.]  
*Par.* They're come from field; let us to Priam's hall  
 To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you 164  
 To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, with these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,  
 Shall more obey than to the edge of steel  
 Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more 168  
 Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.  
*Helen.* 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;  
 Yes, what he shall receive of us in duty  
 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, 172  
 Yes, overshines ourself.  
*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee.  
 [Exeunt.]

Scene II.—*The Same.* PANDARUS' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS' Boy, meeting.

*Pan.* How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

*Boy.* No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither. 4

Enter TROILUS.

*Pan.* O! here he comes. How now, how now!  
*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Boy.]

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 9  
 Staying for waftage. O! be thou my Charon,  
 And give me swift transporance to those fields  
 Where I may wallow in the lily-beds 12  
 Propos'd for the deserter! O gentle Pandarus!  
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
 And fly with me to Cressid.

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight. [Exit.]

*Tro.* I am giddy, expectation whirls me round.  
 The imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense. What will it be

When that the watery palate tastes indeed 20

Love's thrice-repured nectar? death, I fear me,

Swounding destruction, or some joy too fine,

Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness 24

For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
 I fear it much; and I do fear besides

That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps

The enemy flying. 28

Re-enter PANDARUS.

*Pan.* She's making her ready: she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so

blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she

were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is

the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as

short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit.]

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom;

My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse; 36

And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
 Like vassalage at unawares encountering

The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the

oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.

What! are you gone again? you must be watched

ere you be made tame, must you? Come your

ways, come your ways; an you draw backward,

we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak

to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see

your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are  
 to offend day-light! an' twere dark, you'd close

sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

*Tro.* You have bereft me of all words, lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [Exit.]

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O Cressida! how often have I wished me thus! 64

*Cres.* Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cres.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

*Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly. 73

*Cres.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse. 77

*Tro.* O! let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Nor nothing monstrous neither? 80

*Tro.* Nothing but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit. 88

*Cres.* They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters? 95

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus. 105

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* What! blushing still? have you not done talking yet? 108

*Cres.* Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he pinch, chide me for it. 113

*Tro.* You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown. 120

*Cres.* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day  
For many weary months.

*Tro.* Why was my Cressid then so hard to win? 124

*Cres.* Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me—  
If I confess much you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but, till now, not so much. 128  
But I might master it: in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown  
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,

Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For in this rapture I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth. 137

*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issues  
thence.

*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;  
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss: 143

I am ashamed: O heavens! what have I done?  
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid?

*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow  
morning,—

*Cres.* Pray you, content you.

*Tro.* What offends you, lady? 148

*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.* You cannot shun yourself.

*Cres.* Let me go and try:  
I have a kind of self resides with you;

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,  
To be another's fool. I would be gone:

Where is my wit? I speak I know not what.

*Tro.* Well know they what they speak that  
speak so wisely.

*Cres.* Perchance, my lord, I show more craft  
than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise.

Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love,  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods  
above.

164

*Tro.* O! that I thought it could be in a  
woman—

As if it can I will presume in you—  
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

168

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays:  
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you

172

Might be affronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;  
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!

I am as true as truth's simplicity,

176

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

*Cres.* In that I'll war with you.

*Tro.* O virtuous fight!  
When right with right wars who shall be most  
right.

True swains in love shall in the world to come  
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their  
rimes,

181

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,  
Want smiles, truth tir'd with iteration,

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

184

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
As truth's authentic author to be cited,

188

As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse  
And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be!  
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot itself,

192

When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,

And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,

196

From false to false, among false maids in love  
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said 'as  
false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
As flux to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,

200

Faith to the hind, or stepdame to her son;  
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of false-  
hood,

As false as Cressid.'

*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it:  
I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here  
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to an-  
other, since I have taken such pains to bring you  
together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to  
the world's end after my name; call them all  
brokers; let all constant men be Troiluses, all  
false women Cressids, and all brokers-between  
Pandars! say, Amen.

212

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will show you a

chamber and a bed; which bed, because it shall  
not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to  
death: away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here  
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*]Scene III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,  
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have done  
you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud  
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind

That through the sight I bear in things to come,  
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,

Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,

To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all  
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition

Made tame and most familiar to my nature;  
And here, to do you service, have become

As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:  
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,

To give me now a little benefit,  
Out of those many register'd in promise,

Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

*Agam.* What wouldst thou of us, Trojan?  
make demand.

*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd An-  
tenor,

Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you—often have you thanks there-  
fore—

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor

I know is such a wrest in their affairs  
That their negotiations all must slack,

Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,

In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter; and her pre-  
sence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,

Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow

Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.  
*Di.* This shall I undertake; and 'tis a bur-  
den

Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their  
tent.

*Ulyss.* Achilles stands in the entrance of his  
tent:

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
 As if he were forgot; and, princes all, 40  
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:  
 I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me  
 Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him:  
 If so, I have derision medicinable 44  
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink.  
 It may do good: pride hath no other glass  
 To show itself but pride, for supple knees 48  
 Feed arrogance and are the poor man's fees.  
*Agam.* We'll execute your purpose, and put  
 on  
 A form of strangeness as we pass along:  
 So do each lord, and either greet him not, 52  
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
 Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.  
*Achil.* What! comes the general to speak with  
 me?  
 You know my mind; I'll fight no more 'gainst  
 Troy. 56  
*Agam.* What says Achilles? would he aught  
 with us?  
*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the  
 general?  
*Achil.* No. 60  
*Nest.* Nothing, my lord.  
*Agam.* The better.  
 [EZEUNT AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]  
*Achil.* Good day, good day.  
*Men.* How do you? how do you? [Exit.]  
*Achil.* What! does the cuckold scorn me? 64  
*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus?  
*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.  
*Ajax.* Ha?  
*Achil.* Good morrow. 68  
*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. [Exit.]  
*Achil.* What mean these fellows? Know they  
 not Achilles?  
*Patr.* They pass by strangely: they were us'd  
 to bend,  
 To send their smiles before them to Achilles; 72  
 To come as humbly as they us'd to creep  
 To holy altars.  
*Achil.* What! am I poor of late?  
 'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with for-  
 tune,  
 Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is  
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others 77  
 As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,  
 Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,  
 And not a man, for being simply man, 80  
 Hath any honour, but honour for those honours  
 That are without him, as places, riches, and fa-  
 vour,  
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit:  
 Which when they fall, as being slippery stand-  
 ers, 84  
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
 Do one pluck down another, and together  
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy 88  
 At ample point all that I did possess,  
 Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find  
 out  
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses: 92  
 I'll interrupt his reading  
 How now, Ulysses!  
*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son!  
*Achil.* What are you reading?  
*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here  
 Writes me,  
*That man, how dearly ever parted,  
 How much in having, or without or in, 96  
 Nor make boast to have that which he hath,  
 Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection  
 As when his virtues shining upon others 100  
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
 To the first giver.*  
*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses!  
 The beauty that is borne here in the face  
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself 104  
 To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself—  
 That most pure spirit of sense—behold itself,  
 Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd  
 Salutes each other with each other's form; 108  
 For speculation turns not to itself  
 Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there  
 Where it may see itself. This is not strange  
 at all.  
*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position, 112  
 It is familiar, but at the author's drift;  
 Who in his circumstance expressly proves  
 That no man is the lord of any thing—  
 Though in and of him there be much consisting—  
 Till he communicate his parts to others: 116  
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
 Where they're extended; who, like an ark  
 reverberates  
 The voice again, or, like a gate of steel  
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in  
 this;  
 And apprehended here immediately  
 The unknown Ajax.  
 Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,  
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what  
 things there are,  
 Most abject in regard, and dear in use!  
 What things again most dear in the esteem  
 And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-mor-  
 row,  
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him,  
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens! what some men  
 do;  
 While some men leave to do.  
 How some men creep in skittish Fortune's bed,  
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!  
 How one man eats into another's pride,  
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords! why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, 140  
And great Troy shrinking.

*Achil.* I do believe it; for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me  
Good word or look: what! are my deeds forgot?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his  
back, 145

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:  
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are de-  
vour'd 148

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail 152  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant  
way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow  
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the  
path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons 156  
That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost; 160

Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
Overrun and trampled on: then what they do in  
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top  
yours; 164

For time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the  
hand,

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles, 168  
And farewell goes out sighing. O! let not virtue  
seek

Reverberation for the thing it was;  
For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, 172  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all with one consent praise new-born  
gawds, 176

Though they are made and moulded of things  
past,

And give to dust that is a little gilt  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object: 180  
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye  
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on  
thee, 184

And still it might, and yet it may again,  
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
And ease thy reputation in thy tent;

Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-  
selves, 189

And drove great Mars to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my privacy  
I have strong reasons.

*Ulyss.* But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroic. 192  
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.

*Achil.* Ha! known!  
*Ulyss.* Is that a wonder? 196

The providence that's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the  
gods, 200

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
There is a mystery—with whom relation  
Durst never meddle—in the soul of state,  
Which hath an operation more divine 204  
Than breath or pen can give expression to.

All the commerce that you have had with Troy  
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;  
And better would it fit Achilles much 208  
To throw down Hector than Polyxena;  
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
When fame shall in our islands sound her  
trump,

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,  
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win, 213  
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should  
break. [Exit.]

*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd  
you. 217

A woman impudent and mannish grown  
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man  
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:  
They think my little stomach to the war 221  
And your great love to me restrains you thus.

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton  
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane, 225  
Be shook to air.

*Achil.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

*Patr.* Ay; and perhaps receive much honour  
by him.

*Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake; 228  
My fame is shrewdly go'd.

*Patr.* O! then, beware;  
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-  
selves:

Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger; 231  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*Achil.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-  
clus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him 236  
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat  
 To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's  
 longing,  
 An appetite that I am sick withal,  
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace; 240  
 To talk with him and to behold his visage,  
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

## Enter THESSITES.

*Ther.* A wonder!  
*Achil.* What? 244  
*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field, asking  
 for himself.  
*Achil.* How so?  
*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with  
 Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an  
 heroic cudgelling that he raves in saying  
 nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be? 252  
*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like a  
 peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like a  
 hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to  
 set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a  
 politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit  
 in this head, an 'twould out;' and so there is, but  
 it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which  
 will not show without knocking. The man's  
 undone for ever; for if Hector break not his  
 neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-  
 glory. He knows not me: I said, 'Good morrow,  
 Ajax;' and he replies, 'Thanks, Agamemnon.'  
 What think you of this man that takes me for  
 the general? He's grown a very land-fish, lan-  
 guageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a  
 man may wear it on both sides, like a leather  
 jerkin. 269

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him,  
 Thersites.

*Ther.* Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he  
 professes not answering; speaking is for beggars;  
 he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on  
 his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me,  
 you shall see the pageant of Ajax. 276

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: tell him, I humbly  
 desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous  
 Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to  
 procure safe-conduct for his person of the mag-  
 nanimous and most illustrious, six-or-seventen-  
 times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian  
 army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax! 284

*Ther.* Hum!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite  
 Hector to his tent,— 289

*Ther.* Hum!

*Patr.* And to procure safe-conduct from  
 Agamemnon. 292

*Ther.* Agamemnon!

*Patr.* Ay, my lord.

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* What say you to't? 296

*Ther.* God be w' you, with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven  
 o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever,  
 he shall pay for me ere he has me. 304

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart.

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

*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What  
 music will be in him when Hector has knocked  
 out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none,  
 unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make  
 callings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him  
 straight.

*Ther.* Let me bear another to his horse, for  
 that's the more capable creature. 313

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain  
 stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

*Ther.* Would the fountain of your mind were  
 clear again, that I might water an ass at it!  
 I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a  
 valiant ignorance. [Exit.]

## Act IV.

## Scene I.—Troj. A Street.

*Enter, on one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a  
 torch; on the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, AN-  
 TONOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with torches.*

*Par.* See, ho! who is that there?

*Dei.* It is the Lord Æneas.

*Æne.* Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly busi-  
 ness

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

*Dio.* That's my mind too. Good morrow.

Lord Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand!  
 Witness the process of your speech, wherein  
 You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,  
 Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir;

During all question of the gentle truce;  
 But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance  
 As heart can think or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces  
 Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health;  
 But when contention and occasion meet,  
 By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life  
 With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly  
 With his face backward. In humane gentleness.

Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, 21  
 Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,  
 No man alive can love in such a sort  
 The thing he means to kill more excellently. 24  
*Di.* We sympathize. Jove, let Æneas live,  
 If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
 A thousand complete courses of the sun!  
 But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, 28  
 With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!  
*Æne.* We know each other well.  
*Di.* We do; and long to know each other  
 worse.  
*Par.* This is the most spiteful gentle greet-  
 ing, 32  
 The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.  
 What business, lord, so early?  
*Æne.* I was sent for to the king; but why,  
 I know not.  
*Par.* His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring  
 this Greek 36  
 To Calchas' house, and there to render him,  
 For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.  
 Let's have your company; or, if you please,  
 Hasten there before us. I constantly do think— 40  
 Or rather, call my thought a certain know-  
 ledge—  
 My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:  
 Rouse him and give him note of our approach,  
 With the whole quality wherefore: I fear 44  
 We shall be much unwelcome.  
*Æne.* That I assure you:  
 Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece  
 Than Cressid borne from Troy.  
*Par.* There is no help;  
 The bitter disposition of the time 48  
 Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.  
*Æne.* Good morrow, all. [Exit.  
*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell  
 me true,  
 Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship, 52  
 Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best  
 Myself or Menelaus?  
*Di.* Both alike:  
 He merits well to have her that doth seek her—  
 Not making any scruple of her sojourn— 56  
 With such a hell of pain and world of charge,  
 And you as well to keep her that defend her—  
 Not palating the taste of her dishonour—  
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: 60  
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;  
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors: 64  
 Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor  
 more;  
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.  
*Par.* You are too bitter to your country-  
 woman.  
*Di.* She's bitter to her country. Hear me,  
 Paris: 68  
 For every false drop in her bawdy veins

A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
 Of her contaminated carrion weight  
 A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could  
 speak, 72  
 She hath not given so many good words breath  
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.  
*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy; 76  
 But we in silence hold this virtue well,  
 We'll not commend what we intend to sell.  
 Here lies our way. [Exit.

Scene II.—The Same. A Court before  
 PANDARUS' House.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is  
 cold.  
*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine  
 uncle down:  
 He shall unbolt the gates.  
*Tro.* Trouble him not;  
 To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes, 4  
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses  
 As infants' empty of all thought!  
*Cres.* Good morrow then.  
*Tro.* I prithee now, to bed.  
*Cres.* Are you aware of me?  
*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day, 8  
 Wak'd by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,  
 And dreaming night will hide our joys no  
 longer,  
 I would not from thee.  
*Cres.* Night hath been too brief,  
*Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous  
 wights she stays 12  
 As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love  
 With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
 You will catch cold, and curse me.  
*Cres.* Prithee, tarry:  
 You men will never tarry. 16  
 O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,  
 And then you would have tarried. Hark!  
 there's one up.  
*Pan.* [Within.] What! are all the doors open  
 here?  
*Tro.* It is your uncle. 20  
*Cres.* A pestilence on him! now will he be  
 mocking: I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS.

*Pan.* How now, how now! how go maiden-  
 heads?  
 Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid? 24  
*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking  
 uncle!  
 You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.  
*Pan.* To do what? to do what? let her say  
 what: what have I brought you to do? 28  
*Cres.* Come, come; beshrew your heart!  
 you'll ne'er be good,



Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor apocochia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

*Cres.* Did not I tell you? 'would he were knock'd o' the head! [*Knocking within.* Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see. 36 My lord, come you again into my chamber: You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha!

*Cres.* Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing. [*Knocking within.* How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in: I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*]

*Pan.* [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter? 45

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

*Æne.* Is not Prince Troilus here? 49

*Pan.* Here! what should he do here?

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord: do not deny him: it doth import him much to speak with me. 53

*Pan.* Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here? 56

*Æne.* Who! nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're 'ware. You'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go. 60

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* How now! what's the matter?

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: there is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, 64  
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor  
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,  
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand 68  
The Lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it so concluded?

*Æne.* By Priam, and the general state of Troy:

They are at hand and ready to effect it.

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me! 72

I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,  
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity. 76

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*]

*Pan.* Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck! 80

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

*Cres.* How now! What is the matter? Who was here?

*Pan.* Ah! ah!

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above! 83

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

*Pan.* Prithee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor! 93

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it. 100

*Cres.* O you immortal gods! I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity; 104

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me

As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can; 109

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep—

*Pan.* Do, do. 113

*Cres.* Tear my bright hair, and scratch my prais'd cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*]

**Scene III.—The Same. Before PANDARUS' House.**

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTEGOR, and DIOMEDES.*

*Par.* It is great morning, and the host prefix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek

Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,

Tell you the lady what she is to do,

And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk into her house;

I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;

And to his hand when I deliver her,

Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus 8  
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. *[Exit.]*  
*Par.* I know what 'tis to love;  
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!  
Please you walk in, my lords. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—*The Same. A Room in  
PANDARUS' House.*

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.  
*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violenteth in a sense as strong 4  
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate  
it?  
If I could temporize with my affection,  
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
The like allayment could I give my grief: 8  
My love admits no qualifying dross;  
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes. Ah! sweet  
ducks.  
*Cres.* *[Embracing him.]* O Troilus! Troilus!  
*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here! Let  
me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying  
is,—  
O heart, heavy heart, 16  
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?  
when he answers again,  
Because thou canst not ease thy smart  
By friendship nor by speaking. 20  
There was never a truer rime. Let us cast away  
nothing, for we may live to have need of such a  
verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lams!  
*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a  
purity, 24  
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,  
More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.  
*Cres.* Have the gods envy? 28  
*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.  
*Cres.* And is it true that I must go from  
Troy?  
*Tro.* A hateful truth.  
*Cres.* What! and from Troilus too?  
*Tro.* From Troy and Troilus.  
*Cres.* Is it possible? 32  
*Tro.* And suddenly; where injury of chance  
Fits back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents 36  
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows  
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.  
We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
End buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves  
With the rude brevity and discharge of one. 41

Injurious time now with a robber's haste  
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:  
As many farewells as be stars in heaven, 44  
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to  
them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu,  
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
Distasted with the salt of broken tears. 48

*Ene.* *[Within.]* My lord, is the lady ready?

*Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: some say the  
Genius so

Cries 'Come!' to him that instantly must die.  
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my tears? rain, to lay this  
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!  
*[Exit.]*

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Tro.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry  
Greeks! 56

When shall we see again?

*Tro.* Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of  
heart,—

*Cres.* I true! how now! what wicked deem  
is this?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,  
For it is parting from us: 61

I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,  
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,  
That there's no maculation in thy heart; 64  
But, 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in  
My sequent protestation; be thou true,  
And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to  
dangers 68

As infinite as imminent; but I'll be true.

*Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear  
this sleeve.

*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I see  
you?

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels, 72  
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

*Cres.* O heavens! 'be true' again!

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love:

The Grecian youths are full of quality; 76  
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of  
nature,

Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:  
How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas! a kind of godly jealousy,— 80

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,—

Makes me afraid.

*Cres.* O heavens! you love me not.

*Tro.* Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question 84

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and

pregnant: 88

But I can tell that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil  
That tempts most cunningly. But be not  
tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think I will? 92  
*Tro.* No.

But something may be done that we will not:  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeful potency. 97

*Æne.* [Within.] Nay, good my lord,—  
*Tro.* Come, kiss; and let us part.

*Par.* [Within.] Brother Troilus!  
*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you. 100  
*Cres.* My lord, will you be true?

*Tro.* Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:  
While others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity; 104  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper  
crowds,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit  
Is plain, and true; there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEHOR, DEIPHOBUS,  
and DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady 109  
Which for Antenor we deliver you:  
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,  
And by the way possess thee what she is. 112  
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilium.

*Dio.* Fair Lady Cressid, 116  
So please you, save the thanks this prince  
expects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me court-  
eously, 121

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee  
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises 124  
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;  
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* O! be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:  
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message  
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,  
I'll answer to my lust; and know you, lord, 132  
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth  
She shall be priz'd; but that you say 'be't so,'  
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, 'no.'

*Tro.* Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,  
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy  
head. 137

Lady, give me your hand, and, as you walk,  
To our own selves bend we our useful talk.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and  
DIOMEDES. Trumpet sounded.*]

*Par.* Hark! Hector's trumpet.  
*Æne.* How have we spent this morning!

The prince must think me tardy and remiss, 141  
That swore to ride before him to the field.

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

*Dei.* Let us make ready straight. 144  
*Æne.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,  
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and  
Others.*

*Agam.* Here art thou in appointment fresh  
and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.  
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air 4  
May pierce the head of the great combatant  
And hale him hither.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse:  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:  
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek 8  
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout  
blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]  
*Ulyss.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early days. 12  
*Agam.* Is not yond Diomed with Calchas'  
daughter?

*Ulyss.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;  
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth. 16

*Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.*

*Agam.* Is this the Lady Cressid?  
*Dio.* Even she. 17  
The Greeks,

*Agam.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,  
sweet lady.

*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.  
*Ulyss.* Yet is the kindness but particular: 20  
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

*Nest.* And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.  
So much for Nestor.

*Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips,  
fair lady: 24

Achilles bids you welcome.  
*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing  
now; 28

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,  
And parted thus you and your argument. 31

*Ulyss.* O, deadly gall, and theme of all our  
scorns!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

*Patr.* The first was Menelaus' kiss; this,  
mine: 32

Patroclus kisses you.

*Men.* O! this is trim.

*Patr.* Paris and I, kiss evermore for him.

*Men.* I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your  
leave.

*Cree.* In kissing, do you render or receive? 36

*Patr.* Both take and give.

*Cree.* I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

*Men.* I'll give you boot; I'll give you three  
for one. 40

*Cree.* You're an odd man; give even, or give  
none.

*Men.* An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

*Cree.* No, Paris is not; for, you know 'tis  
true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you. 44

*Men.* You fillip me o' the head.

*Cree.* No, I'll be sworn.

*Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail against  
his horn.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

*Cree.* You may.

*Ulyss.* I do desire it.

*Cree.* Why, beg, then. 48

*Ulyss.* Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a  
kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

*Cree.* I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis  
due.

*Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kiss of  
you. 52

*Dio.* Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your  
father. [DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA.

*Nest.* A woman of quick sense.

*Ulyss.* Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look  
out 56

At every joint and motive of her body.

O! these encounters, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every tickling reader, set them down 61

For sluttish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

*All.* The Trojans' trumpet.

*Agam.* Yonder comes the troop. 64

Enter HECTOR, armed; AENEAS, TROILUS, and  
other Trojans, with Attendants.

*Aene.* Hail, all you state of Greece! what  
shall be done

To him that victory commands? or do you  
purpose

A victor shall be known? will you the knights  
Shall to the edge of all extremity 63

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

*Agam.* Which way would Hector have it?

*Aene.* He cares not; he'll obey conditions. 72

*Achil.* 'Tis done like Hector; but securely  
done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprising

The knight oppos'd.

*Aene.* If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

*Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing. 76

*Aene.* Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er,  
know this:

In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all, 80

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:

In love whereof half Hector stays at home; 84

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

*Achil.* A maiden battle, then? O! I perceive  
you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

*Agam.* Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle  
knight, 88

Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Aeneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath: the combatants being kin 92

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.

*Ulyss.* They are oppos'd already.

*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks  
so heavy?

*Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam, a true  
knight; 96

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,

Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon  
calm'd;

His heart and hand both open and both free;

For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath.

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous; 104

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

To tender objects; but he in heat of action

Is more vindicative than jealous love.

They call him Troilus, and on him erect 108

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Aeneas; one that knows the youth

Even to his inches, and with private soul

Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me. 112

[Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.

*Agam.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

*Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st; awake thee!

*Agam.* His blows are well dispos'd: there,  
Ajax!

*Dio.* You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

*Ene.* Priaces, enough, so please you. 116

*Ajax.* I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

*Dio.* As Hector pleases.

*Hect.* Why, then will I no more:

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed; 120

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so

That thou couldst say, 'This hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg 125

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's, by Jove multipotent, 128

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish  
member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword 133

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax;

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death. 140

*Hect.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable,

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st  
eyes

Cries, 'This is he!' could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

*Ene.* There is expectance here from both  
the sides, 145

What further you will do.

*Hect.* We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success,—  
As seld I have the chance,—I would desire 149

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great  
Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

*Hect.* Eneas, call my brother Troilus to me,

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my  
cousin; 156

I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us  
here.

*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me name  
by name;

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes 160  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

*Agam.* Worthy of arms! as welcome as to  
one

That would be rid of such an enemy;

But that's no welcome; understand more clear,  
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with

husks 165

And furious ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing, 168

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-  
come.

*Hect.* I thank thee, most imperious Agamem-  
non.

*Agam.* [*To TROILUS.*] My well-fam'd Lord of  
Troy, no less to you. 172

*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's  
greeting:

You brace of war-like brothers, welcome hither.

*Hect.* Whom must we answer?

*Ene.* The noble Menelaus.

*Hect.* O! you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlets,  
thanks! 176

Mock not that I affect the untraded oath;

Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:  
She's well, but bade me not commend her to

you.

*Men.* Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly  
theme. 180

*Hec.* O! pardon; I offend.

*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee  
oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have 184

seen thee,  
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

Despising many forfeits and subduements,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword 't' the

air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd; 188

That I have said to some my standers-by,

'Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'

And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,  
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee 192

in,

Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,

I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier 196

good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*Ene.* 'Tis the old Nestor.

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,  
That hast so long walked hand in hand with 200

time:  
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

*Nest.* I would my arms could match thee in  
contention, 204

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

*Hect.* I would they could.  
*Nest.* Ha!  
 By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow. 208  
 Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.—  
*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
 When we have here her base and pillar by us.  
*Hect.* I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.  
 Ah! sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.  
*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would  
 ensue: 216  
 My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
 For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
 Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the  
 clouds,  
 Must kiss their own feet.  
*Hect.* I must not believe you: 220  
 There they stand yet, and modestly I think,  
 The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
 A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,  
 And that old common arbitrator, Time, 224  
 Will one day end it.  
*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it.  
 Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome.  
 After the general, I beseech you next  
 To feast with me and see me at my tent. 228  
*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses,  
 thou!  
 Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;  
 I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
 And quoted joint by joint.  
*Hect.* Is this Achilles? 232  
*Achil.* I am Achilles.  
*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on  
 thee.  
*Achil.* Behold thy fill.  
*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.  
*Achil.* Thou art too brief: I will the second  
 time, 236  
 As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.  
*Hect.* O! like a book of sport thou'lt read me  
 o'er;  
 But there's more in me than thou understand'st.  
 Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?  
*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part  
 of his body 241  
 Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or  
 there?  
 That I may give the local wound a name,  
 And make distinct the very breach whereout 244  
 Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!  
*Hect.* It would discredit the bless'd gods,  
 proud man,  
 To answer such a question. Stand again:  
 Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly 248  
 As to prenominate in nice conjecture  
 Where thou wilt hit me dead?  
*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.  
*Hect.* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,

I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,  
 For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
 But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,  
 I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.  
 You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag; 256  
 His insolence draws folly from my lips;  
 But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
 Or may I never—  
*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee, cousin:  
 And you, Achilles, let these threats alone, 260  
 Till accident or purpose bring you to't:  
 You may have every day enough of Hector,  
 If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,  
 Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him. 264  
*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field;  
 We have had pelting wars since you refus'd  
 The Grecians' cause.  
*Achil.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector?  
 To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death; 268  
 To-night all friends.  
*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match.  
*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to  
 my tent;  
 There in the full convive we afterwards,  
 As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall 272  
 Concur together, severally entreat him.  
 Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,  
 That this great soldier may his welcome know.  
 [Exeunt all except TROILUS and ULYSSES.  
*Tro.* My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
 In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?  
*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely  
 Troilus:  
 There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;  
 Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,  
 But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view 281  
 On the fair Cressid.  
*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so  
 much,  
 After we part from Agamemnon's tent, 284  
 To bring me thither?  
*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir.  
 As gentle tell me, of what honour was  
 This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there  
 That walls her absence? 288  
*Tro.* O, sir! to such as boasting show their  
 scars  
 A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?  
 She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:  
 But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.  
 [Exeunt.

## Act V.

Scene I.—The Grecian Camp. Before  
 Achilles' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine  
 to-night,  
 Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy! 4  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee. 8

*Achil.* From whence, fragment?

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now?

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound. 13

*Patr.* Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

*Ther.* Prithce, be silent, boy: I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet. 18

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impostume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries! 28

*Patr.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whore-son indistinguishable cur, no. 33

*Ther.* No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green saracen flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature.

*Patr.* Out, gall! 40

*Ther.* Finch egg!

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite from my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba, 44  
A token from her daughter, my fair love,  
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep  
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:  
Fall Greeks; fall fame; honour or go or stay;  
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. 49  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;  
This night in banquetting must all be spent.  
Away, Patroclus! 52

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

*Ther.* With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his

brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, to what form but that he is should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox; to an ox, were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! spirits and fires! 74

*Enter* HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, with lights.

*Agam.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No, yonder 'tis.  
There, where we see the lights.

*Hect.* I trouble you. 75

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

*Re-enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

*Agam.* So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good-night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you. 80

*Hect.* Thanks and good-night to the Greeks' general.

*Men.* Good-night, my lord.

*Hect.* Good-night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

*Ther.* Sweet draught: 'sweet,' quoth a! sweet to sink, sweet sewer. 85

*Achil.* Good-night and welcome both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

*Agam.* Good-night. 88

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

*Achil.* Old Nestor carries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

*Dio.* I cannot, lord; I have important business, 90

The tide whereof is now. Good-night, great Hector.

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

*Ulyss.* [*Aside to TROILUS.*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent. 95

I'll keep you company.

*Tro.* Sweet sir, you honour me. 98

*Hect.* And so, good-night. 100

[*Exit* DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.]

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent. 105

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.]

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent, I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets. [Exit.

Scene II.—*The Same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.*

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* What, are you up here, ho! speak.

*Cal.* [Within.] Who calls?

*Dio.* Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

*Cal.* [Within.] She comes to you. 4

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.*

*Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now, my charge!

*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian! Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.

*Tro.* Yea, so familiar! 8

*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.

*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

*Dio.* Will you remember? 12

*Cres.* Remember! yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

*Tro.* What should she remember? 16

*Ulyss.* List!

*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

*Ther.* Roguery!

*Dio.* Nay, then,—

*Cres.* I'll tell you what,— 20

*Dio.* Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

*Cres.* In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

*Ther.* A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me? 24

*Cres.* I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Did me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

*Dio.* Good-night.

*Tro.* Hold, patience! 28

*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan?

*Cres.* Diomed,—

*Dio.* No, no, good-night; I'll be your fool no more.

*Tro.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Hark! one word in your ear. 32

*Tro.* O plague and madness!

*Ulyss.* You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous; 36 The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.

*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!

*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off: You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

*Tro.* I pray thee, stay.

*Ulyss.* You have not patience; come. 40

*Tro.* I pray you, stay. By hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word!

*Dio.* And so, good-night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord!

*Tro.* By Jove, 44

I will be patient.

*Cres.* Guardian!—why, Greek!

*Dio.* Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

*Cres.* In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something: will you go? 48

You will break out.

*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!

*Ulyss.* Come, come.

*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience; stay a little while. 52

*Ther.* How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

*Dio.* But will you, then? 56

*Cres.* In faith, I will, as; never trust me else.

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.

*Cres.* I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.

*Tro.* Fear me not, sweet lord; 60

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel: I am all patience.

*Re-enter CRESSIDA.*

*Ther.* Now the plodge! now, now, now!

*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. 64

*Tro.* O beauty! where is thy faith?

*Ulyss.* My lord,—

*Tro.* I will be patient; outwardly I will.

*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.

He loved me—O false wench!—Give't to me again. 68



Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy! 4  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee. 8

*Achil.* From whence, fragment?

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now?

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound. 13

*Patr.* Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

*Ther.* Prithce, be silent, boy: I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet. 18

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculne whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries! 28

*Patr.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whore-son indistinguishable cur, no. 33

*Ther.* No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green saracen flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature.

*Patr.* Out, gall! 40

*Ther.* Finch egg!

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba, 44

A token from her daughter, my fair love,

Both taxing me and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fall Greeks; fall fame; honour or go or stay;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. 49

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus! 52

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

*Ther.* With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goody transformation of Jupiter there, his

brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, to what form but that he is should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox; to an ox, were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! spirits and fires! 74

*Enter* HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, with lights.

*Agam.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No, yonder 'tis; There, where we see the lights.

*Hect.* I trouble you. 76

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

*Re-enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

*Agam.* So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good-night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you. 80

*Hect.* Thanks and good-night to the Greeks' general.

*Men.* Good-night, my lord.

*Hect.* Good-night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

*Ther.* Sweet draught: 'sweet, quotha!' sweet sink, sweet sewer. 85

*Achil.* Good-night and welcome both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

*Agam.* Good-night. 88

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

*Achil.* Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

*Dio.* I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now. Good-night, great Hector. 92

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

*Ulyss.* [*Aside* to TROILUS.] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent.

I'll keep you company.

*Tro.* Sweet sir, you honour me.

*Hect.* And so, good-night. 96

[*Exit* DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.]

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.]

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent, I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets. [Exit.]

Scene II.—*The Same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* What, are you up here, ho! speak.

*Cal.* [Within.] Who calls?

*Dio.* Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

*Cal.* [Within.] She comes to you. 4

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

*Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

*Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now, my charge!

*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian! Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.] 8

*Tro.* Yea, so familiar!

*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.

*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

*Dio.* Will you remember? 12

*Cres.* Remember! yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

*Tro.* What should she remember? 16

*Ulyss.* List!

*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

*Ther.* Roguery!

*Dio.* Nay, then,—

*Cres.* I'll tell you what,— 20

*Dio.* Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

*Cres.* In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

*Ther.* A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me? 24

*Cres.* I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

*Dio.* Good-night.

*Tro.* Hold, patience! 28

*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan?

*Cres.* Diomed,—

*Dio.* No, no, good-night; I'll be your fool no more.

*Tro.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Hark! one word in your ear. 32

*Tro.* O plague and madness!

*Ulyss.* You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous; 36 The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.

*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!

*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off: You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

*Tro.* I pray thee, stay.

*Ulyss.* You have not patience; come. 40

*Tro.* I pray you, stay. By hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word!

*Dio.* And so, good-night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord!

*Tro.* By Jove, 44

I will be patient.

*Cres.* Guardian!—why, Greek!

*Dio.* Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

*Cres.* In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something: will you go? 48

You will break out.

*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!

*Ulyss.* Come, come.

*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience: stay a little while. 52

*Ther.* How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

*Dio.* But will you, then? 56

*Cres.* In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.

*Cres.* I'll fetch you one. [Exit.]

*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.

*Tro.* Fear me not, sweet lord; 60

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

*Ther.* Now the pledge! now, now, now!

*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. 64

*Tro.* O beauty! where is thy faith?

*Ulyss.* My lord,—

*Tro.* I will be patient; outwardly I will.

*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.

He loved me—O false wench!—Give't to me again. 68

*Dio.* Whose was't?  
*Cres.* It is no matter, now I have't again.  
 I will not meet with you to-morrow night.  
 I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.  
*Ther.* Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!  
*Dio.* I shall have it. 72  
*Cres.* What, this?  
*Dio.* Ay, that.  
*Cres.* O! all you gods. O pretty, pretty pledge!  
 Thy master now lies thinking in his bed  
 Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,  
 And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 77  
 As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;  
 He that takes that doth take my heart withal.  
*Dio.* I had your heart before; this follows it.  
*Tro.* I did swear patience. 81  
*Cres.* You shall not have it, Diomed; faith  
 you shall not;  
 I'll give you something else.  
*Dio.* I will have this. Whose was it?  
*Cres.* 'Tis no matter.  
*Dio.* Come, tell me whose it was. 85  
*Cres.* 'Twas one's that loved me better than  
 you will.  
 But, now you have it, take it.  
*Dio.* Whose was it?  
*Cres.* By all Diana's waiting-women yond, 88  
 And by herself, I will not tell you whose.  
*Dio.* To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,  
 And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge  
 it.  
*Tro.* Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on  
 thy horn, 92  
 It should be challeng'd.  
*Cres.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet  
 it is not:  
 I will not keep my word.  
*Dio.* Why then, farewell;  
 Thou never shalt mock Diomed again. 96  
*Cres.* You shall not go: one cannot speak a  
 word,  
 But it straight starts you.  
*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.  
*Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes  
 not me  
 Pleases me best. 100  
*Dio.* What, shall I come? the hour?  
*Cres.* Ay, come:—O Jove!—  
 Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.  
*Dio.* Farewell till then.  
*Cres.* Good-night: I prithee, come.—  
 [Exit DIOMEDES.  
 Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee, 104  
 But with my heart the other eye doth see.  
 Ah! poor our sex; this fault in us I find,  
 The error of our eye directs our mind.  
 What error leads must err. O! then conclude  
 Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude, 109  
 [Exit.

*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not publish more,  
 Unless she said, 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'  
*Ulyss.* All's done, my lord.  
*Tro.* It is.  
*Ulyss.* Why stay we, then?  
*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul 113  
 Of every syllable that here was spoke.  
 But if I tell how these two did co-act,  
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth? 116  
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,  
 An esperance so obstinately strong,  
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,  
 As if those organs had deceptious functions,  
 Created only to calumniate. 121  
 Was Cressid here?  
*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.  
*Tro.* She was not, sure.  
*Ulyss.* Most sure she was.  
*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of  
 madness. 124  
*Ulyss.* Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here  
 but now.  
*Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!  
 Think we had mothers; do not give advantage  
 To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme, 128  
 For depravation, to square the general sex  
 By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.  
*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that can  
 soil our mothers?  
*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.  
*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on's own  
 eyes? 133  
*Tro.* This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida.  
 If beauty have a soul, this is not she;  
 If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony, 136  
 If sanctimony be the gods' delight,  
 If there be rule in unity itself,  
 This is not she. O madness of discourse,  
 That cause sets up with and against itself; 140  
 Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt  
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
 Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.  
 Within my soul there doth conduce a fight 144  
 Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate  
 Divides more wider than the sky and earth;  
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
 Admits no orifice for a point as subtle 148  
 As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.  
 Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;  
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:  
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;  
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and  
 loos'd; 153  
 And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy  
 reliques 156  
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.  
*Ulyss.* May worthy Troilus be half attach'd  
 With that which here his passion doth express?

*Tro.* Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well 160

In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man  
fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.  
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love, 164

So much by weight hate I her Diomed;  
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;  
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,  
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout  
Which shipmen do the hurricano call, 169

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,  
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
In his descent than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed. 173

*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.

*Tro.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,  
false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, 176  
And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulyss.* O! contain yourself;  
Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour, my  
lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy: 180  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince. My courteous  
lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair! and Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head! 184

*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*

*Ther.* Would I could meet that rogue Diomed!  
I would croak like a raven; I would bode,  
I would bode. Patroclus would give me any  
thing for the intelligence of this whore: the  
parrot will not do more for an almond than  
he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery;  
still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion.  
A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*]

Scene III.—Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace.

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently  
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train me to offend you; get  
you in: 4

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to  
the day.

*Hect.* No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?

*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in in-  
tent. 8

Consort with me in loud and dear petition;  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of  
slaughter. 12

*Cas.* O! 'tis true.

*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet  
brother.

*Hect.* Be gone, I say: the gods have heard  
me swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish  
vows: 16

They are polluted offerings, more abhorred

Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O! be persuaded: do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, 20

For we would give much, to use violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong the  
vow;

But vows to every purpose must not hold. 24  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

*Enter TROILUS.*

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight  
to-day? 29

*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.  
[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

*Hect.* No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy har-  
ness, youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry: 32  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy. 36

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in  
you,

Which better fits a lion than a man.  
*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide  
me for it.

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecian  
falls, 40

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.

*Hect.* O! 'tis fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

*Hect.* How now! how now!

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods, 44  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,  
And when we have our armours buckled on,

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,  
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from  
ruth. 48

*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie!

*Tro.* Hector, then 'tis wars.  
*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.  
*Tro.* Who should withhold me?  
 Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars 52  
 Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
 Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
 Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;  
 Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, 56  
 Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
 But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:  
 He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, 60  
 Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
 Fall all together.  
*Pri.* Come, Hector, come; go back:  
 Thy wife hath dreamed; thy mother hath had visions;  
 Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself 64  
 Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
 To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
 Therefore, come back.

*Hect.* Aeneas is a-field;  
 And I do stand engaged to many Greeks, 68  
 Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
 This morning to them.

*Pri.* Ay, but thou shalt not go.  
*Hect.* I must not break my faith.  
 You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, 72  
 Let me not shame respect, but give me leave  
 To take that course by your consent and voice,  
 Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*Cas.* O Priam! yield not to him.  
*And.* Do not, dear father. 76  
*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you:  
 Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
 Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* O farewell! dear Hector. 80  
 Look! how thou diest; look! how thy eye turns pale;  
 Look! how thy wounds do bleed at many vents:

Hark! how Troy roars: how Hecuba cries out!  
 How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!  
 Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement, 85  
 Like witless antics, one another meet,  
 And all cry Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

*Tro.* Away! Away! 88  
*Cas.* Farewell. Yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave:  
 Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[*Exit.*]

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.

Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight;  
 Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

*Pri.* Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exit severally PRIAM and HECTOR.*  
*ALARUMS.*]

*Tro.* They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,  
 I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. 96

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

*Tro.* What now?

*Pan.* Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

*Tro.* Let me read. 100

*Pan.* A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there? 108

*Tro.* Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way.

[*Tearing the letter.*]

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.

My love with words and errors still she feeds,  
 But edifies another with her deeds. 113

[*Exit severally.*]

#### Scene IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

*ALARUMS. Excursions. Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other. 20

*Enter* DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

*Tro.* Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,  
I would swim after.

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire:  
I do not fly; but advantageous care  
Withdraw me from the odds of multitude. 24  
Have at thee!

*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian! now for thy  
whore, Trojan! now the sleeve, now the sleeve!  
[*Exeunt* TROILUS and DIOMEDES, *fighting.*

*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* What art thou, Greek? art thou for  
Hector's match? 28  
Art thou of blood and honour?

*Ther.* No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing  
knave; a very filthy rogue.

*Hect.* I do believe thee: live. [*Exit.*

*Ther.* God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe  
me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening  
me! What's become of the wenching rogues?  
I think they have swallowed one another: I  
would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort,  
lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

#### Scene V.—Another Part of the Plains.

*Enter* DIOMEDES and a Servant.

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus'  
horse;

Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid:  
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:  
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, 4  
And am her knight by proof.

*Serv.* I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

*Agam.* Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas  
Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon 8  
Hath Doreus prisoner,  
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings  
Epistrophus and Cediis; Polixenes is slain;  
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt; 12  
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,  
To reinforcement, or we perish all. 16

*Enter* NESTOR.

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
And bid the small-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.  
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:  
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse, 20  
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,  
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls  
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:

Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes,  
Dexterity so obeying appetite  
That what he will he does; and does so much  
That proof is called impossibility. 29

*Enter* ULYSSES.

*Ulyss.* O! courage, courage, princes; great  
Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:  
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons, 33  
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come  
to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day 37  
Mad and fantastic execution,  
Engaging and redeeming of himself  
With such a careless force and forceless care 40  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

*Enter* AJAX.

*Ajax.* Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

*Dio.* Ay, there, there.

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Where is this Hector?  
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face; 45  
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:  
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but  
Hector. [*Exeunt.*

#### Scene VI.—Another Part of the Plains.

*Enter* AJAX.

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy  
head!

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

*Ajax.* What wouldst thou?

*Dio.* I would correct him.

*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou shouldst have  
my office 4  
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what,  
Troilus!

*Enter* TROILUS.

*Tro.* O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face,  
thou traitor!  
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

*Dio.* Ha! art thou there? 8

*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

*Dio.* He is my prize; I will not look upon.

*Tro.* Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at  
you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my  
youngest brother! 12

Enter ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Now I do see thee. Ha! have at thee,  
Hector!

*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud  
Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use: 16  
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,  
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;  
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.

*Hect.* Fare thee well:—  
I would have been much more a fresher man, 20  
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS.

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too, 24  
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!  
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter One in sumptuous armour.

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a  
goodly mark.  
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well; 28  
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,  
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast,  
abide?  
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.  
[Exeunt.

Scene VII.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myr-  
midons;  
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:  
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in  
breath:  
And when I have the bloody Hector found, 4  
Empale him with your weapons round about;  
In fellest manner execute your aims.  
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:  
It is decreed, Hector the great must die. 8  
[Exeunt.

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then  
THERSITES.

*Ther.* The cuckold and the cuckold-maker  
are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris,  
'loo! now, my double-henned sparrow! 'loo,  
Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game: 'ware  
horns, ho! [Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's. 16

*Ther.* I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I  
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard

in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegi-  
timate. One bear will not bite another, and  
wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the  
quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a  
whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment.  
Farewell, bastard. [Exit.

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward! [Exit.

Scene VIII.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter HECTOR.

*Hect.* Most putrefied core, so fair without,  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good  
breath:  
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and  
death. [Puts off his helmet, and hangs  
his shield behind him.

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to  
set; 5  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:  
Even with the veil and darking of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done. 8  
*Hect.* I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,  
Greek.  
*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man  
I seek. [HECTOR falls.  
So, Iliou, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. 12  
On! Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,  
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'—

[A retreat sounded.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.  
*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like,  
my lord. 16  
*Achil.* The dragon wing of night overspreads  
the earth,  
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.  
My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have  
fed,  
Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.—  
[Sheathes his sword.  
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; 21  
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.

Scene IX.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,  
DIOMEDES, and Others marching. Shouts  
within.

*Agam.* Hark! hark! what shout is that?  
*Nest.* Peace, drums!

[Within.] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!  
*Dio.* The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by  
Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be; 4  
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam.* March patiently along. Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.  
 If in his death the gods have us befriended, 8  
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.  
 [Exeunt marching.]

Scene X.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the  
 field.  
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector! the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's  
 horse's tail, 4  
 In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful  
 field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with  
 speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!  
 I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy, 8  
 And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the  
 host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me  
 so.

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death; 12  
 But dare all imminence that gods and men  
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:  
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd 16

Go in to Troy, and say there Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone,

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word, 20

Scare Troy out of itself. But march away:

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare, 25  
 I'll through and through you! And, thou great-  
 sized coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:  
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, 28  
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.  
 Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:  
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojan Forces.]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other  
 side, PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you! 32

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and  
 shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[Exit.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones!  
 O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent  
 despised. O traitors and bawds, how earnestly  
 are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why  
 should our endeavour be so loved, and the per-  
 formance so loathed? what verse for it? what  
 instance for it?—Let me see!— 41

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;  
 And being once subdu'd in armed tail, 44  
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your paint-  
 ed cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall, 48

Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;

Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade, 52

Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,

Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.

Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases; 56

And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.]



# Coriolanus.

## Dramatis Personæ.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards Caius Marcius  
Coriolanus.  
TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Vol-  
COMINIUS, } scians.  
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.  
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.  
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }  
YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.  
A Roman Herald.  
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.  
Lieutenant to Aufidius.  
Conspirators with Aufidius.  
NICANOR, a Roman.

A Citizen of Antium.  
ADRIAN, a Volscie.  
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.  
VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.  
VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.  
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians,  
Ediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Mes-  
sengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other  
Attendants.

Scene.—*Rome and the Neighbourhood; Corioli and the Neighbourhood; Antium.*

## Act I.

### Scene I.—*Rome. A Street.*

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

*First Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*All.* Speak, speak.

*First Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish? 5

*All.* Resolved, resolved.

*First Cit.* First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people. 8

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

*First Cit.* 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! 13

*Sec. Cit.* One word, good citizens.

*First Cit.* 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 particularise 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. 26

*Sec. Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

*First Cit.* Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

*Sec. Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country? 32

*First Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

*Sec. Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously. 36

*First Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscenced 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. 42

*Sec. Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous. 45

*First Cit.* 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 Cit.* Soft! who comes here? 52

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

*Sec. Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

*First Cit.* He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so! 56

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you?

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

*First Cit.* 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. 64

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

*First Cit.* We cannot, sir; we are undone already. 68

*Men.* 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 77 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack! You are transported by calamity

Thither where more attends you; and you slander 80

The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

*First Cit.* 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.

*Men.* Either you must 92

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 scale't a little more. 97

*First Cit.* 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. 100

*Men.* 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, 104

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually partecipe, did minister 108

Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

*First Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly? 112

*Men.* 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 116

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 Cit.* Your belly's answer? What! The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye, 121

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,

With other muniments and petty helps 124

In this our fabric, if that they—

*Men.* What then?— 'Fore me this fellow speaks! what then? what then?

*First Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

*Men.* Well, what then? 128

*First Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you; If you'll bestow a small, of what you have little,

Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

*First Cit.* You're long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend; 133

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, 137

Which you do live upon; and fit it is; Because I am the store-house and the shop

Of the whole body: but, if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, 141

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 145

Whereby they live. And though that all at once, You, my good friends,—this says the belly, mark me,—

*First Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

*Men.* 'Though all at once cannot

See what I do deliver out to each, 149

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 Cit.* It was an answer: how apply you this? 153

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,

And you the mutinous members; for, examine Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly 156

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, 160

You, the great toe of this assembly?

*First Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

*Men.* 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, 165

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!

*Mar.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, Make yourselves scabs?

*First Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee will flatter 173

Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,

That like no peace nor war? the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, 176

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 ice, Or hallstone in the sun. Your virtue is, 180

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 184

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, 188

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, 192

Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates; whereof they say

The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em! They say! 196

They'll sit by the 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, 203

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.

*Men.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion, 208

Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,

What says the other troop?

*Mar.* They are dissolv'd: 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, 217

And make bold power look pale,—they threw their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,

Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Mar.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms, 221

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 225

Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go; get you home, you fragments! 228

*Enter a Messenger, hastily.*

*Mess.* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Mar.* Here: what's the matter?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volscians are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on 't; then we shall ha' means to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders. 232

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.

*First Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;

The Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader, Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't. I sin in envying his nobility, 236

And were I anything but what I am, I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the ears, and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make 240 Only my wars with him: he is a lion That I am proud to hunt.

*First Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius, Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is; 244 And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius; I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other, Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O! true-bred. 249

*First Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where I know

Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* [To COMINIUS.] Lead you on: [To MARCIUS.] Follow Cominius; we must follow you; 252

Right worthy you priority.

*Com.* Noble Marcius!

*First Sen.* [To the Citizens.] Hence! to your homes! be gone.

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow: The Volsces have much corn; take these rats

thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners, Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow. 257

[*Exeunt* Senators, COMINIUS, MARCIUS, TITUS, and MENENIUS. Citizens steal away.

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people,— 260

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

*Sic.* Bemock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him; he is grown 264

Too proud to be so valiant.

*Sic.* 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 268 Under Cominius.

*Bru.* 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 272 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform

To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure Will then cry out of Marcius 'O! if he

Had borne the business.' 276

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well, 276 Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall

Of his demerits rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come: Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius, Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his

faults 280 To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence and hear How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,

More than his singularity, he goes 284 Upon this present action.

*Bru.* Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.—Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and Senators.

*First Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius, That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,

And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours? What ever have been thought on in this state, 4

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. 8

*They have press'd 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,— 12*

*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: 16*

*Consider of it.*

*First Sen.* Our army's in the field: We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly To keep your great pretences veil'd till when 20

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 24 Should know we were afoot.

*Sec. Sen.* Noble Aufidius, Take your commission; lie you to your bands;

Let us alone to guard Corioli:  
If they set down before's, for the remove 28  
Bring up your army; but, I think you'll find  
They've not prepared for us.

*Auf.* O! doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;  
Some parcels of their power are forth already, 32  
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! 36

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe!

*First Sen.* Farewell.

*Sec. Sen.* Farewell.

*All.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—*Rome. A Room in MARCIUS'S  
House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: they set them  
down on two low stools and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express  
yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son  
were my husband, I would 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 plucked 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 the  
wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to  
let him seek danger where he was like 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. 19

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam;  
how then?

*Vol.* 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 voluptu-  
ously surfet out of action. 28

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gen.* Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to  
visit you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire  
myself.

*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not. 32

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,  
As children from a bear, the Volscies 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 harvestman that's task'd to mow 40  
Or all or lose his hire.

*Vir.* His bloody brow! O Jupiter! no blood.

*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man  
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba, 44  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords, contemning. Tell Valeria  
We are fit to bid her welcome. 48

[*Exit Gentlewoman.*]

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!  
*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
And tread upon his neck.

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and  
an Usher.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you. 52

*Vol.* Sweet madam.

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both? you are manifest  
housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A  
fine spot, in good faith. How does your little  
son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship; well, good  
madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords and hear  
a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster. 61

*Val.* 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:  
he 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;  
caught 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 mammed it. 72

*Vol.* One o' my father's moods. 72

*Val.* Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, madam.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must  
have you play the idle huswife with me this  
afternoon. 77

*Vir.* No, good madam; I will not out of  
doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors!

*Vol.* She shall, she shall. 80

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not  
over the threshold till my lord return from the  
wars.

*Vol.* Fie! you confine yourself most un-  
reasonably. Come; you must go visit the good  
lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit  
her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither. 89

*Vol.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Val.* 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. 97

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 101

*Vir.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night. 104

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: The Volscies 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. 113

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady: as she is now she will but disease our better mirth. 117

*Val.* In troth, I think she would. Fare you well then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithce, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us. 121

*Vir.* No, at a word, madam; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well then, farewell. [Exeunt.

#### Scene IV.—Before Corioli.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'Tis done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mess.* They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet. 4

*Lart.* So the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mess.* Within this mile and half. 8

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,  
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

*A Parley sounded. Enter, on the Walls, two Senators, and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls? 13

*First Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums  
[Drums afar off.

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls, 16

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. Hark you, far off!  
[Alarum afar off.

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army. 20

*Mar.* O! they are at it!  
*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

*The Volscies enter, and pass over the stage.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.  
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight 24

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 Volscie, 28  
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* 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 32  
Further 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! 36

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, 41

As they us to our trenches follow'd.

*Another alarum. The Volscies and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volscies 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, 44  
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates.*]

*First Sol.* Foolhardiness! not I.

*Sec. Sol.* Nor I.

[*MARCIVS is shut in.*]

*Third Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.

[*Alarum continues.*]

*Re-enter TITUS LARTIVS.*

*Lart.* What is become of Marcivus?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless. 48

*First Sol.* 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.

*Lart.* O noble fellow! 52

Who, sensibly, outdares his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left,  
Marcivus:

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 57  
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 60

Were feverous and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by  
the enemy.*

*First Sol.* Look, sir!

*Lart.* O! 'tis Marcivus!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

**Scene V.—Corioli. A Street.**

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

*First Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

*Sec. Rom.* And I this.

*Third Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for  
silver. [*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIVS, with a  
trumpet.*

*Mar.* See here these movers that do prize  
their hours 4

At a crack'd drachm! 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! 8

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, 12  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will  
haste

To help Cominius.

*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;

Thy exercise hath been too violent

For a second course of fight.

*Mar.* Sir, praise me not; 16

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.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune, 20

Fall deep in love with thee; and her great  
charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!

*Mar.* Thy friend no less

Than those she places highest! So, farewell. 24

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcivus!—

[*Exit MARCIUS.*]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;

Call thither all the officers of the town.

Where they shall know our mind. Away! 28

[*Exeunt.*]

**Scene VI.—Near the Camp of COMINIUS.**

*Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends: well fought;  
we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,

Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sir,

We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have  
struck, 4

By interims and conveying gusts we have heard  
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods!

Lead their successes as we wish our own,

That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-  
countering, 8

May give you thankful sacrifice.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy news?

*Mess.* The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcivus battle:

I saw our party to their trenches driven, 12  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't  
since?

*Mess.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their  
drums: 16

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring thy news so late?

*Mess.* Spies of the Volscues  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel

Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Com.* 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.

*Mar.* [Within.] Come I too late? 24

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from  
a tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man.

*Enter* MARCIUS.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of  
others, 28

But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* 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.

*Com.* Flower of warriors. 32

How is't with Titus Lartius?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the  
other; 36

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave

Which told me they had beat you to your  
trenches? 40

Where is he? Call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone;

He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,  
The common file—a plague! tribunes for  
them!—

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did  
budge 44

From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you?

*Mar.* 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? 48

*Com.* Marcius, we have at disadvantage  
fought,

And did retire to win our purpose.

*Mar.* How lies their battle? Know you on  
which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

*Com.* As I guess, Marcius, 52

Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,

Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,

Their very heart of hope.

*Mar.* I do beseech you,

By all the battles wherein we have fought, 56

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, 60

Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,

We prove this very hour.

*Com.*

Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never 64  
Deny your asking: take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

*Mar.*

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 69  
Lesser his person than an ill report;  
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself; 72  
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,  
Wave thus, 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? 76

If these shows be not outward, which of you

But is four Volscies? None of you but is

Able to bear against the great Aufidius

A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80

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.

*Com.*

March on, my fellows: 85

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 to-  
wards COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters  
with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a  
Scout.

*Lart.* So; let the ports be guarded: keep  
your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, dis-  
patch

Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve

For a short holding; if we lose the field, 4

We cannot keep the town.

*Lieu.* Fear not our care, sir.

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.  
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.

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do  
hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.



*Auf.* We hate alike:  
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor  
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's  
slave,  
And the gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,  
Halloo me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus, 8  
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.

*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector 12  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,  
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volscues come to the  
aid of AUFIDIUS.*]

Officious, and not valliant, you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds. 16  
[*Exeunt fighting, all driven in by MARCIUS.*]

### Scene IX.—The Roman Camp.

*Alarum. A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter  
from one side, COMINIUS and Romans; from  
the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a  
scarf, and other Romans.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's  
work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it  
where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,  
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug, 4  
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 hon-  
ours,

Shall say, against their hearts, 8  
'We thank the gods our Rome hath such a  
soldier!'

Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
Having fully dined before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from  
the pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparison: 12  
Hadst thou beheld—

*Mar.* 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; induc'd  
As you have been; that's for my country: 17  
He that has but effected his good will  
Hath overta'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know

The value of her own: 'twere a concealment 21  
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,— 25

In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done,—before our army hear  
me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they  
smart 28

To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* 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 32

The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,  
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,  
At the common distribution,  
At your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general; 36  
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. 40

[*A long flourish. They all cry 'Mar-  
cius! Marcius!' cast up their caps  
and lances: COMINIUS and LARTIUS  
stand bare.*]

*Mar.* 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! 44  
When steel grows soft as is 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, 49

You shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolic;

As if I lov'd my little should be dieted 52  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

*Com.* 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, 57  
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 65  
The addition nobly ever!

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!  
[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.  
Cor. I will go wash; 68

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 72  
To the fairness of my power.

Com. 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 76  
The best, with whom we may articulate,  
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.  
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80  
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it; 'tis yours. What is't?  
Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli  
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner; 84  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O! well begg'd!  
Were he the butcher of my son, he should 88  
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?  
Cor. By Jupiter! forgot.  
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.  
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent: 92  
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.

Auf. The town is ta'en!  
First Sol. 'Twill be delivered back on good  
condition.

Auf. Condition!  
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot, 4  
Being a Volscie, 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, 8

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 is mine, or I am his: mine emulation 12  
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 patch at him some way  
Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He's the devil. 16  
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My va-  
lour's poison'd

With only suffering stain by him; for him  
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20  
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 28  
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go?  
Auf. 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 32  
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

## Act II.

### Scene I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENEIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have  
news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the  
people, for they love not Marcius. 5

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their  
friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love? 8

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry pie-  
beaten would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a  
bear. 13

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lves like a  
lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing  
that I shall ask you. 16

Sic. } Well, sir.  
Bru. }

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in,  
that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored  
with all. 21

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. 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? 28

Both. Why, how are we censured?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

*Both.* Well, well, sir; well. 30

*Men.* 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?

*Bru.* We do it not alone, sir. 37

*Men.* 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 towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves. O! that you could. 45

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates—alias fools—as any in Rome. 49

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*Men.* 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 weas-men as you are,—I cannot call you Lyncurguses,—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 conspectivities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too? 73

*Bru.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*Men.* 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 fossat-seller, and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence 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. 90

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol. 93

*Men.* 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. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsman of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [BRUTUS and SICINIUS go aside.]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast? 111

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation. 116

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!

*Vol.* } Nay, 'tis true.

*Vir.* }

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night. A letter for me! 124

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

*Men.* 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 empiricist, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded. 133

*Vir.* O! no, no, no.

*Vol.* O! he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much. Brings a victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

*Vol.* On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland. 140

*Men.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off. 143

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him I would not have been so fidused for all the chests in Corioll.

and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this? 148

*Vol.* 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. 153

*Vol.* In troth there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing. 157

*Vir.* The gods grant them true!

*Vol.* True! pow, wow.

*Men.* True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. [*To VOLUMNIA.*] Where is he wounded? 164

*Vol.* 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. 168

*Men.* One I the neck, and two I the thigh, there's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him. 172

*Men.* Now, it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: 178

Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lie; Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then mendie.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Coriol gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows Coriolanus. 184

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:

Pray now, no more. *Com.* Look, sir, your mother!

*Cor.* O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*]

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,— 192 What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?

But O! thy wife!— *Cor.* My gracious silence, hall!

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 Coriol wear, 197 And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now, the gods crown thee! *Cor.* And live you yet? [*To VALERIA.*] O my sweet lady, pardon.

*Vol.* I know not where to turn: O! welcome home; 200

And welcome, general; and ye're welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep.

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome.

A curse begnaw at very root on's heart 204 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! 206

We call a nettle but a nettle, and The faults of fools but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on!

*Cor.* [*To VOLUMNIA and VALERIA.*] Your hand, and yours: 212

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.

*Vol.* I have liv'd 216 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.

*Cor.* Know, good mother, 220 I had rather be their servant in my way Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*]

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights 224

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, 228

Clambering 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: sold-shown flames 232 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames Commit the war of white and damask to

Their nicely-gawdied cheeks; to the wanton spoil Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pother 237

As if that whatsoever god who loads him

Were silly crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden 240  
I warrant him consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his  
honours

From where he should begin and end, but will  
Lose those he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort. 245  
*Sic.* Doubt not, the commoners, for whom  
we stand,

But they upon their ancient malice will  
Forget with the least cause these his new

honours, 248  
Which that he'll give them, make I as little  
question

As he is proud to do't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he

Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put 252  
The napless vesture of humility;

Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right.  
*Bru.* It was his word. O! he would miss it  
rather 256

Than carry it by the suit o' the gentry to him  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better  
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it  
In execution.

*Bru.* 'Tis most like he will. 260  
*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good  
wills,

A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
To him or our authorities. For an end,

We must suggest the people in what hatred 264  
He still hath held them; that to his power he  
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,  
and

Disproportioned their freedoms; holding them,  
In human action and capacity, 268

Of no more soul nor fitness for the world  
Than camels in the war; who have their provand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested 272  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall reach the people—which time shall not  
want,

If he be put upon't; and that's as easy  
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire 276  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis  
thought

That Marcius shall be consul. 280  
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, 284  
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made  
A shower and thunder with their caps and  
shouts:

I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time, 288  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene II.—The Same. The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers to lay cushions.*

*First Off.* Come, come, they are almost here.  
How many stand for consulships?

*Sec. Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of  
every one Coriolanus will carry it. 4

*First Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's  
vengeance proud, and loves not the common  
people.

*Sec. Off.* 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. 17

*First Off.* If he did not care whether he had  
their love or no, he waded 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. 26

*Sec. Off.* 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, bonneted, 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 in-  
grateful injury; to report otherwise, were a  
malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck  
reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard  
it. 41

*First Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy  
man: make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Victors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SIGINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volsces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting, 44  
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 48  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom  
We meet here both to thank and to remember  
With honours like himself.

*First Sen.* Speak, good Cominius: 53  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think  
Rather our state's defective for requital,  
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes.*]

Masters o' the people, 56  
We do request your kindest ears, and, after,  
Your loving motion toward the common body,  
To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are convented 60  
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts  
Inclinable to honour and advance  
The theme of our assembly.

*Bru.* Which the rather 64  
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*Men.* That's off, that's off; 68  
I would you rather had been silent. Please you  
To hear Cominius speak?

*Bru.* Most willingly; 68  
But yet my caution was more pertinent  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people; 72  
But let him not to be their bedfellow.  
Worthy Cominius, speak.

[*CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.*  
Nay, keep your place.  
72  
First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to  
hear

What you have nobly done.  
*Cor.* Your honours' pardon: 76  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope 76  
My words disbench'd you not.  
*Cor.* No, sir: yet oft, 76  
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.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down, 76

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head  
I' the sun 80

When the alarm were struck than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*  
*Men.* Masters of the people,

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,—  
That's thousand to one good one,—when you  
now see 84

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour  
Than one on's ears to hear it. Proceed, Co-  
minius.

*Com.* I shall lack voice: the deeds of Corio-  
lanus 88

Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held 88  
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, 92  
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 96  
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid  
An o'er-press'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, 101  
He prov'd 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, 104  
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 109  
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, 112

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot  
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd  
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted

With shunless destiny; aidless came off, 117  
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 120  
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit  
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,

And to the battle came he; where he did  
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 124  
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd

Both field and city ours, he never stood  
To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.* Worthy man!  
*First Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit  
the honours 128

Which we devise him.  
*Com.* Our spoils he kick'd at,  
And look'd upon things precious as they were

The common muck o' the world: he covets less  
Than misery itself would give; rewards 132  
His deeds with doing them, and is content  
To spend the time to end it.

*Men.* He's right noble:  
Let him be called for.

*First Sen.* Call Coriolanus.  
*Of.* He doth appear. 136

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

*Cor.* I do owe them still  
My life and services.

*Men.* It then remains  
That you do speak to the people.

*Cor.* I do beseech you,  
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot 141

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.

*Sic.* Sir, the people 144  
Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to't;  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and  
Take to you, as your predecessors have, 148  
Your honour with your form.

*Cor.* It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

*Bru.* [*Aside to SICINIUS.*] Mark you that?  
*Cor.* To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;  
Show them the unaching scars which I should  
hide, 153

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only!

*Men.* 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.

*Sen.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!  
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but SICINIUS  
and BRUTUS.*]

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the  
people. 160

*Sic.* May they perceive's intent! He will  
require them,

As if he did condemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come; we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place  
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

**Scene III.—The Same. The Forum.**

*Enter several Citizens.*

*First Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices,  
we ought not to deny him.

*Sec. Cit.* We may, sir, if we will. 3

*Third Cit.* 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. 14

*First Cit.* 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. 18

*Third Cit.* We have been called so of many;  
not that our heads are some brown, some black,  
some abram, 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.

*Sec. Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you  
judge my wit would fly? 28

*Third Cit.* 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. 32

*Sec. Cit.* Why that way?

*Third Cit.* 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. 37

*Sec. Cit.* You are never without your tricks:  
you may, you may.

*Third Cit.* 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. 43

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS, in a gown of humility,  
and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in a 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 Citizens.*]  
*Men.* O, sir, you are not right: have you not  
known 53

The worthiest men have done't?

*Cor.* What must I say?  
'I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my  
wounds! 56

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,'

*Men.* O me! the gods!  
You must not speak of that: you must desire  
them 60

To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me! Hang 'em!  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by 'em.

*Men.* You'll mar all:  
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray  
you, 64

In wholesome manner.

*Cor.* 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, sir, of my standing here?

*First Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath  
brought you to't. 69

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*Sec. Cit.* Your own desert!

*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire. 72

*First Cit.* How! not your own desire?

*Cor.* No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to  
trouble the poor with begging.

*First Cit.* You must think, if we give you  
any thing, we hope to gain by you. 77

*Cor.* Well, then, I pray, your price o' the  
consulship?

*First Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly. 80

*Cor.* 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?

*Sec. Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy sir. 84

*Cor.* A match, sir. There is in all two worthy  
voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

*First Cit.* But this is something odd.

*Sec. Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no  
matter. [*Ezeunt the two Citizens.*]

*Re-enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the  
tune of your voices that I may be consul, I  
have here the customary gown. 92

*Third Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your  
country, and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your enigma? 95

*Third Cit.* You have been a scourge to your  
enemies, you have been a rod to her friends;  
you have not indeed loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtu-  
tous 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 condi-  
tion 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 counterfeitedly; 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. 110

*Fourth Cit.* We hope to find you our friend,  
and therefore give you our voices heartily.

*Third Cit.* You have received many wounds  
for your country. 114

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with  
showing them. I will make much of your voices,  
and so trouble you no further. 117

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!  
[*Ezeunt.*]

*Cor.* Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve, 120

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needless vouchers? 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'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,

Let the high office and the honour go 129

To one that would do thus. I am half through;

The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Here come more voices. 132

*Re-enter three other 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: 137

Indeed, I would be consul.

*Fifth Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go  
without any honest man's voice. 140

*Sixth Cit.* Therefore let him be consul. The  
gods give him joy, and make him good friend to  
the people!

*All.* Amen, amen. 144

God save thee, noble consul! [*Ezeunt Citizens.*]

*Cor.* Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation; and  
the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: remains

That, in the official marks invested, you 148

Anon do meet the senate.

*Cor.* Is this done?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have dis-  
charg'd:

The people do admit you, and are summon'd

To meet anon, upon your approbation. 152

*Cor.* Where? at the senate-house?

*Sic.* There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I change these garments?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*Cor.* That I'll straight do; and, knowing my-  
self again, 156

Repair to the senate-house.



*Men.* I'll keep you company. Will you along?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks, 'Tis warm at's heart. 160

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

*First Cit.* He has our voices, sir. 164

*Bru.* We pray the gods he may deserve your love.

*Sec. Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

*Third Cit.* Certainly, 168

He flouted us downright.

*First Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

*Sec. Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country. 172

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*All.* No, no; no man saw 'em.

*Third Cit.* 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, 176

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 180

I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

*Sic.* Why, either were you ignorant to see't, Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

*Bru.* Could you not have told him As you were lesson'd, when he had no power, 185

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 189

A place of potency and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might 192

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 196

Translate his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said, As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd 200 Either his gracious promise, which you might, As cause had called you up, have held him to; Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature, Which easily endures not article 204 Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage, You should have ta'en the advantage of his cholour, And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.* Did you perceive He did solicit you in free contempt 208 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 amongst you? or had you tongues to cry Against the rectorship of judgment?

*Sic.* Have you 213 Ere now denied the asker? and now again Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow

Your sued-for tongues? 216

*Third Cit.* He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

*Sec. Cit.* And will deny him: I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

*First Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred and their friends to piece 'em. 220

*Bru.* 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 224

As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.* 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

The apprehension of his present portance, 232

Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion

After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.* Lay 237

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,—

No impediment between,—but that you must

Cast your election on him.

*Sic.* Say, you chose him 237

More after our commandment than as guided

By your own true affections; and that, your

minds,

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do 240

Than what you should, made you against the

grain

To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures

to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country, 244

How long continu'd, and what stock he springs  
of,  
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence  
came  
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king; 248  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither;  
And Censorinus, that was so surnamed,—  
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,— 252  
Was his great ancestor.

*Sic.* 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, 257  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

*Bru.* Say you ne'er had done't—  
Harp on that still—but by our putting on; 260  
And presently, when you have drawn your  
number,

Repair to the Capitol.

*All.* We will so; almost all  
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Bru.* Let them go on;  
This mutiny were better put in hazard 264  
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.

*Sic.* To the Capitol: 268  
Come, we'll 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.

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

*Lart.* He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd  
Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volscies stand but as at first,  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make  
road 5  
Upon's again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul, so,  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius? 8

*Lart.* On safe-guard he came to me; and did  
course  
Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely

Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How? what? 12

*Lart.* 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 16  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he?

*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. 20

#### *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.

*Sic.* Pass no further. 24

*Cor.* Ha! what is that?

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to go on: no  
further.

*Cor.* What makes this change?

*Men.* The matter?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the noble and the  
common? 28

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices?

*First Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to  
the market-place.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

*Sic.* Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd? 32

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?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm. 36

*Cor.* 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.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot: 40

The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;  
Scandall'd the suppliants for the people, call'd  
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness. 44

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them sithence?

*Bru.* How! I inform them!

*Cor.* You are like to do such business.

*Bru.* Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours. 48

*Cor.* Why then should I be consul? By  
yond clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*Sic.* You show too much of that  
For which the people stir; if you will pass 52  
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.

*Men.* Let's be calm. 56

*Com.* The people are abus'd; set on. This  
paltering

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely  
I' the plain way of his merit.

*Cor.* Tell me of corn! 60  
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again,—  
*Men.* Not now, not now.

*First Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.  
*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,  
I crave their pardons: 64

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, 69  
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd  
and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;  
Who lack'd not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
Which they have given to beggars.

*Men.* Well, no more. 73  
*First Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.* How! no more!  
As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs 76  
Coin words till they decay against those measles,  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o' the people,  
As if you were a god to punish, not 80  
A man of their infirmity.

*Sic.* 'Twere well  
We let the people know't.

*Men.* What, what? his cholera?  
*Cor.* Cholera!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, 84  
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

*Sic.* It is a mind  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.

*Cor.* Shall remain!  
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark  
you 88

His absolute 'shall'?

*Com.* 'Twas from the canon.  
*Cor.* 'Shall'!

O good but most unwise patricians! why,

You grave but reckless senators, have you thus  
Given Hydra here to choose an officer, 92  
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but  
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not  
spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have power,  
Then veil your ignorance; if none, awake 97  
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
Let them have cushions by you. You are  
plebeians 100

If they be senators; and they are no less,  
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste  
Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-  
trate,

And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,' 104  
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, 108  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take  
The one by the other.

*Com.* Well, on to the market-place.  
*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd  
Sometime in Greece,—

*Men.* Well, well; no more of that.  
*Cor.* Though there the people had more  
absolute power,

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed 116  
The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* Why, shall the people give  
One that speaks thus their voice?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know  
the corn

Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd 120  
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 126  
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; 132

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 136

The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows  
To peck the eagles.

*Men.* Come, enough.  
*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.  
*Cor.* No, take more:  
 What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
 Seal what I end withal! This double worship, 141  
 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 144  
 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,— 148  
 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 152  
 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 dis-  
 honour 156  
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity which should become it,  
 Not having the power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth control't.  
*Bru.* He has said enough. 160  
*Sic.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall  
 answer  
 As traitors do.  
*Cor.* Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!  
 What should the people do with these bald  
 tribunes? 164  
 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, 168  
 Let what is meet be said it must be meet,  
 And throw their power 't the dust.  
*Bru.* Manifest treason!  
*Sic.* This is a consul? no.  
*Bru.* The ædiles, ho! Let him be appre-  
 hended. 172

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile*] 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.  
*Cor.* Hence, old goat! 176  
*Sen.* We'll surety him.  
*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.  
*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake  
 thy bones  
 Out of thy garments.  
*Sic.* Help, ye citizens!

*Re-enter Ædiles, with Others, and a rabble of  
 Citizens.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect. 180  
*Sic.* Here's he that would take from you all  
 your power.  
*Bru.* Seize him, ædiles!  
*Citizens.* Down with him!—down with him!—  
*Sen.* Weapons!—weapons!—weapons!— 184  
 [*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS, crying*  
 Tribunes!—patricians!—citizens!—What ho!—  
 Sicinius!—Brutus!—Coriolanus!—Citizens!  
 Peace!—Peace!—Peace!—Stay!—Hold!—Peace!  
*Men.* What is about to be?—I am out of  
 breath; 188  
 Confusion's near; I cannot speak. You, tribunes  
 To the people! Coriolanus, patience!  
 Speak, good Sicinius.  
*Sic.* Hear me, people; peace!  
*Citizens.* Let's hear our tribune:—Peace!—  
 Speak, speak, speak. 192  
*Sic.* You are at a point to lose your liberties:  
 Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,  
 Whom late you have nam'd for consul.  
*Men.* Fic, fie, fie!  
 This is the way to kindle, not to quench. 196  
*First Sen.* To unbuild the city and to lay all  
 flat.  
*Sic.* What is the city but the people?  
*Citizens.* True,  
 The people are the city.  
*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were established  
 The people's magistrates.  
*Citizens.* You so remain. 201  
*Men.* And so are like to do.  
*Com.* That is the way to lay the city flat;  
 To bring the roof to the foundation, 204  
 And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
 In heaps and piles of ruin.  
*Sic.* This deserves death.  
*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
 Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce, 208  
 Upon the part o' the people, in whose power  
 We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
 Of present death.  
*Sic.* Therefore lay hold of him;  
 Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
 Into destruction cast him.  
*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him! 213  
*Citizens.* Yield, Marcius, yield!  
*Men.* Hear me one word;  
 Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.  
*Æd.* Peace, peace! 216  
*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's  
 friends,  
 And temperately proceed to what you would  
 Thus violently redress.  
*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,  
 That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous  
 Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon  
 him, 221

And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No, I'll die here.

[Drawing his sword.]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting:  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen  
me. 224

*Men.* Down with that sword! Tribunes, with-  
draw awhile.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Men.* 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 Ædiles,  
and the People are beat in.]

*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be gone,  
away! 229

All will be naught else.

*Sec. Sen.* Get you gone.

*Cor.* Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

*First Sen.* The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house; 233  
Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 'tis a sore upon us,  
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us. 236

*Cor.* 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,—

*Men.* Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue; 240  
One time will owe another.

*Cor.* On fair ground

I could beat forty of them.

*Men.* I could myself

Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the  
two tribunes.

*Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;  
And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands 245

Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,  
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters and o'erbear 248

What they are us'd to bear.

*Men.* 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.

*Com.* Nay, come away. 252

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.*]

*First Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* 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: 256

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!

*Sec. Pat.* I would they were a-bed!

*Men.* I would they were in Tiber! What the  
vengeance! 261

Could he not speak 'em fair?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper

That would depopulate the city and

Be every man himself?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes,—

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian  
rock 265

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him any further

trial 268

Than the severity of the public power,

Which he so sets at nought.

*First Cit.* He shall well know

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

*Citizens.* He shall, sure on't.

*Men.* Sir, sir,—

*Sic.* Peace! 272

*Men.* Do not cry havoc, where you should  
but hunt

With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes 't that you

Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak:

As I do know the consul's worthiness, 276

So can I name his faults.

*Sic.* Consul! what consul?

*Men.* The Consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He! a consul!

*Citizens.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,  
good people, 280

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.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory to dispatch 284

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.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid 288

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! 292

*Sic.* He's a disease that must be cut away.

*Men.* 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 dropped it for his

country;

And what is left, to lose it by his country, 300  
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,  
A brand to th' end o' the world.

*Sic.* This is clean kam.

*Bru.* Merely awry: when he did love his  
country  
It honour'd him.

*Men.* The service of the foot 304  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was.

*Bru.* We'll hear no more,  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature, 308  
Spread further.

*Men.* One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The arm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by pro-  
cess; 312

Lest parties—as he is belov'd—break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If 'twere so,—

*Sic.* What do ye talk?  
Have we not had a taste of his obedience? 316  
Our adiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come!

*Men.* Consider this: he has been bred i' the  
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In bolted language; meal and bran together 320  
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 Sen.* Noble tribunes, 324  
It is the humane way: the other course  
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,  
Be you then as the people's officer. 328  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place. We'll attend  
you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way. 332

*Men.* I'll bring him to you.  
[To the Senators.] Let me desire your company.

He must come,  
Or what is worst will follow.

*First Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.  
[Exeunt.]

Scene II.—*The Same. A Room in CORIOLANUS'S  
House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears; pre-  
sent me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch 4

Below the beam of sight; yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*First Pat.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont 8  
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 12  
To speak of peace or war.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

I talk of you:

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have  
me

False to my nature? Rather say I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O! sir, sir, sir, 16  
I would have had you put your power well on  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man  
you are

With striving less to be so: lesser had been 20  
The thwarting of your dispositions if

You had not show'd them how you were dis-  
pos'd,

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.  
*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too. 24

*Enter MENENIUS and Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come; you have been too rough,  
something too rough;

You must return and mend it.  
*First Sen.* There's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray be counsel'd. 28  
I have a heart of mettle apt as yours,  
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger

To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman!  
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but  
that 32

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.

*Cor.* What must I do?

*Men.* Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.* Well, what then? what then? 36

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.  
*Cor.* For them! I cannot do it to the gods;  
Must I then do't to them?

*Vol.* You are too absolute;  
Though therein you can never be too noble, 40  
But when extremities speak, I have heard you

say,  
Honour and polley, 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, 44  
That they combine not there.

*Cor.* Tush, tush!

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* 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 49  
With honour, as in war, since that to both  
It stands in like request?

*Cor.* Why force you this?

*Vol.* Because that now it lies you on to  
speak 52

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. 57

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. 61

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, 64

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 safe-  
guard 68

Of what that want might ruin.

*Men.* Noble lady!

Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I prithee now, my son, 72

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;  
And thus far having stretched it,—here be with  
them,

Thy knee bussing the stones,—for in such  
business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the  
ignorant 76

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 85

As thou hast power and person.

*Men.* This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were  
yours;

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free 88  
As words to little purpose.

*Vol.* Prithee now,

Go, and be ruled; although I know thou hadst  
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* I have been i' the market-place; and,  
sir, 'tis fit 93

You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think 'twill serve if he 96  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will.  
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go show them my unbarbed  
sconce?

Must I with my base tongue give to my noble  
heart 100

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! 104

You have put me now to such a part which  
never

I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*Vol.* I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast  
said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so, 108  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* 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 113

Small as a eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves  
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys' tears take  
up 116

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, 120

Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
And by my body's action teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice then:  
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour 124

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, 128

Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from  
me,

But owe thy pride thyself.

*Cor.* Pray, be content:

Mother, I am going to the market-place;

Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their  
loves, 132  
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 136  
I the way of flattery further.

*Vol.* Do your will [*Exit.*]  
*Com.* Away! the tribunes do attend you:  
arm yourself  
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140  
Than are upon you yet.

*Men.* The word is 'mildly.'  
*Cor.* Pray you, let us go:  
Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

*Men.* Ay, but mildly. 144  
*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then. Mildly!  
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—*The Same. The Forum.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* 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 4  
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come?  
*Æd.* He's coming.  
*Bru.* How accompanied?  
*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

*Sic.* Have you a catalogue 8  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll?

*Æd.* I have; 'tis ready.  
*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?

*Æd.* I have.  
*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither; 12  
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,' 16  
Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.  
*Æd.* I shall inform them.

*Bru.* And when such time they have begun  
to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd 20  
Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence.  
*Æd.* Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong and ready for this  
hint,

When we shall hap to give 't them,  
*Bru.* Go about it. 24  
[*Exit Ædile.*]

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 29

With us to break his neck.  
*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Sena-  
tors, and Patricians.*

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you.  
*Cor.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest  
piece 32

Will bear the knave by the volume. The ho-  
nour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among  
us!

Throng our large temples with the shows of  
peace, 36

And not our streets with war!  
*First Sen.* Amen, amen.

*Men.* A noble wish.  
*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.  
*Æd.* List to your tribunes; audience; peace!  
I say.

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.  
*Both Tri.* Well, say. Peace, ho! 40

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this  
present?

Must all determine here?  
*Sic.* I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content 44

To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

*Cor.* I am content.  
*Men.* Lo! citizens, he says he is content:

The war-like service he has done, consider;  
think 48

Upon the wounds his body bears, which show  
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briers,  
Scars to move laughter only.

*Men.* Consider further,  
That when he speaks not like a citizen, 52

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.

*Com.* Well, well; no more. 56  
*Cor.* 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?

*Sic.* Answer to us. 60

*Cor.* Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd  
to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical; 64

For which you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How! Traitor!

*Men.* Nay, temperately; your promise.

*Cor.* 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 72

As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*Citizens.* To the rock!—to the rock with him!

*Sic.* Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:

What you have seen him do, and heard him  
speak, 76

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, 80

Deserves the extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome,—

*Cor.* What do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You!

*Men.* Is this the promise that you made your  
mother? 84

*Com.* Know, I pray you,—

*Cor.* I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpelan death,

Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger

But with a grain a day, I would not buy 88

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.'

*Sic.* For that he has,—

As much as in him lies,—from time to time 92

Envid against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power, as now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pre-  
sence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers 96

That do distribute it; in the name o' the peo-  
ple,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city,

In peril of precipitation 100

From off the rock Tarpelan, 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.— 104

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
friends,—

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

*Com.* Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show for Rome 108

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 112

Speak that—

*Sic.* We know your drift: speak what?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is  
banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country: 116

It shall be so.

*Citizens.* It shall be so,—it shall be so.

*Cor.* 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 120

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, 124

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,— 128

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: 132

There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,  
Senators, and Patricians.]

*Ed.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

*Citizens.* Our enemy is banish'd!—he is  
gone!—Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout and throw up their caps.*]

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite; 137

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the city.

*Citizens.* Come, come,—let us see him out at  
gates! come! 140

The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come!

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act IV.

Scene I.—Rome. Before a Gate of the City.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-  
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

*Cor.* Come leave your tears: a brief farewell—  
the best

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd  
To say extremity was the trier of spirits; 4  
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 8

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me  
With precepts that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens! O heavens!

*Cor.* Nay, I prithee, woman,—

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades  
in Rome, 13

And occupations perish!

*Cor.* 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, 17

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! 20

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-hardening spectacles; tell these sad wo-  
men 25

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes  
As 'tis to laugh at them. My mother, you wot  
well

My hazards still have been your solace; and 28  
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 32  
With cautelous baits and practice.

*Vol.* My first son,  
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee awhile: determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance 36  
That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.* O the gods!

*Com.* 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 40  
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.

*Cor.* Fare ye well: 44  
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too  
full

Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruin'd: bring me but out at gate.

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and 48

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 52  
But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthy  
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.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand: 57  
Come. [Ezeunt.]

Scene II.—The Same. A Street near  
the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

*Sic.* Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll  
no further.

The nobility are vex'd, who we see have sided  
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done 4  
Than when it was a-doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home;  
Say their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home.  
[Exit Ædile.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say she's mad. 9

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us: keep on  
your way.

*Vol.* O! you're well met. The hoarded plague  
o' the gods

Requite your love!

*Men.* Peace, peace! be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should  
hear,— 13

Nay, and you shall hear some. [To BRUTUS.] Will  
you be gone?

*Vir.* [To SICINIUS.] You shall stay too. I  
would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

*Sic.* Are you mankind? 16

*Vol.* 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?

*Sic.* O blessed heavens!

*Vol.* More noble blows than ever thou wise  
words; 21

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, 24

His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then?

*Vir.* What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

*Men.* Come, come; peace!

*Sic.* I would he had continu'd to his country As he began, and not unknit himself The noble knot he made.

*Bru.* I would he had.

*Vol.* '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.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* 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.

*Bru.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* 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 unclod my heart Of what lies heavy to 't.

*Men.* You have told them home, And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

*Vol.* 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.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie! *[Exeunt.]*

Scene III.—A Highway between Rome and Antium.

*Enter a Roman and a Volscie, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name I think is Adrian.

*Vols.* It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

*Vols.* Nicanor? No.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Vols.* 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.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange in-

surrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

*Vols.* Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most war-like preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*Rom.* 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.

*Vols.* Coriolanus banished!

*Rom.* Banished, sir.

*Vols.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*Rom.* 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.

*Vols.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* 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?

*Vols.* 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.

*Rom.* 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.

*Vols.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—Antium. Before AUFIDIUS' House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

*Cor.* 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.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium? 8  
*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the  
state

At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir. Farewell.  
[Exit Citizen.]

O world! thy slippery turns. Friends now fast  
sworn, 12

Whose double bosoms seem 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, 16

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, 20

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear  
friends

And interjoin their issues. So with me:

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me, 24

He does fair justice; if he give me way,

I'll do his country service, [Exit.]

Scene V.—The Same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS'  
House.

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

*First Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service  
is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter a Second Servingman.

*Sec. Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls  
for him. Cotus! [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

*Cor.* A goodly house: the feast smells well;  
but I 5  
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the First Servingman.

*First Serv.* What would you have, friend?  
Whence are you? Here's no place for you:  
pray, go to the door. [Exit.]

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertain-  
ment,

In being Coriolanus. 11

Re-enter Second Servingman.

*Sec. Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the  
porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance  
to such companions? Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

*Sec. Serv.* 'Away!' Get you away. 16

*Cor.* Now, thou art troublesome.

*Sec. Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you  
talked with anon.

Enter a Third Servingman. Re-enter the First.

*Third Serv.* What fellow's this? 20

*First Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked  
on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithèe,  
call my master to him.

*Third Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow?  
Pray you, avoid the house. 25

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your  
hearth.

*Third Serv.* What are you? 28

*Cor.* A gentleman.

*Third Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

*Third Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take  
up some other station; here's no place for you;  
pray you, avoid: come. 34

*Cor.* Follow your function; go, and batten  
on cold bits. [Pushes him away.]

*Third Serv.* What, you will not? Prithèe,  
tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

*Sec. Serv.* And I shall. [Exit.]

*Third Serv.* Where dwell'st thou? 40

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*Third Serv.* 'Under the canopy!'

*Cor.* Ay.

*Third Serv.* Where's that? 44

*Cor.* I' the city of kites and crows.

*Third Serv.* 'I' the city of kites and crows!'  
What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with  
daws too? 48

*Cor.* No; I serve not thy master.

*Third Serv.* How sir! Do you meddle with  
my master?

*Cor.* Ay; 'tis an honest service than to  
meddle with thy mistress. 53

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy  
trencher. Hence. [Beats him away.]

Enter AUFIDIUS and First Servingman.

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

*Sec. Serv.* Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like  
a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. 57

*Auf.* Whence com'st thou? what would'st  
thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy  
name?

*Cor.* [Unmuffling.] If, Tullus, 60  
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost  
not

Think me for the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myself.

*Auf.*

What is thy name?

[Servants retire.]

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name? 65

Thou hast 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?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet? 69

*Auf.* I know thee not. Thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces, 72

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 requir'd 76

But with that surname; a good memory,

And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name

remains; 80

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 84

Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope,

Mistake me not, to save my life; for if

I had feared 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, 89

Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast

A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge

Thine own particular wrongs and stop those

maims 92

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee

straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,

That my revengful services may prove

As benefits to thee, for I will fight 96

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

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am 100

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, 104

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless

It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* O Marcius, Marcius!

Each word thou hast spoken hath weeded from

my heart 108

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 113

My grained ash a hundred times hath broke,

And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip

The anvil of my sword, and do contest 116

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 120

Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,

Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw

Bestrider my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell

thee, 124

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 128

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, 132

Had we no 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, 136

Like a bold flood o'er-bear. 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, 140

Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.* You bless me, gods!

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt

have

The leading of thine own revenges, take

The 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, 148

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; 152

Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: 'tis

welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*First Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange

alteration!

*Sec. Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to

have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my

mind gave me his clothes made a false report of

him. 159

*First Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned

me about with his finger and his thumb, as one

would set up a top.

*Sec. Serv.* 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. 165

*First Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—

would I were hanged but I thought there was

more in him than I could think. 168

*Sec. Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply

the rarest man i' the world.

*First Serv.* I think he is; but a greater

soldier than he you wot on. 172

*Sec. Serv.* Who? my master?

*First Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

*Sec. Serv.* Worth six on him.

*First Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier. 177

*Sec. Serv.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent. 180

*First Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter Third Servingman.*

*Third Serv.* O slaves! I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

*First Serv.* } What, what, what? let's partake.  
*Sec. Serv.* }

*Third Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemned man. 186

*First Serv.* } Wherefore? wherefore?  
*Sec. Serv.* }

*Third Serv.* Why here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

*First Serv.* Why do you say 'thwack our general?' 191

*Third Serv.* I do not say, 'thwack our general;' but he was always good enough for him.

*Sec. Serv.* Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself. 196

*First Serv.* He was too hard for him,—directly to say the truth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

*Sec. Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too. 201

*First Serv.* But, more of thy news.

*Third Serv.* 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' 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 sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled. 216

*Sec. Serv.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

*Third Serv.* 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 directitude.

*First Serv.* Directitude! what's that? 224

*Sec. Serv.* 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. 228

*First Serv.* But when goes this forward?

*Third Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this after-

noon; 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips. 233

*Sec. Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

*First Serv.* 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; muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men. 242

*Sec. Serv.* '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 Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another. 247

*Third Serv.* 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. 251

*All.* In, in, in, in! [Exeunt.]

### Scene VI.—Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace  
And quietness o' the people, which before  
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his  
friends 4

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. 9

*Enter MENENIUS.*

*Bru.* We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he. O! he is grown most kind  
Of late. Hall, sir!

*Men.* Hall to you both! 12

*Sic.* 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.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much  
better, if 16

He could have temporiz'd.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and  
his wife

Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*Citizens.* The gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* Good den, our neighbours. 20

*Bru.* Good den to you all, good den to you all.

*First Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children,  
on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbours; we wish'd  
Coriolanus 24

Had lov'd you as we did.

*Citizens.* Now the gods keep you!

*Sic.* } Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Bru.* }

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets  
Crying confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was 29

A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all think-  
ing,

Self-loving,—

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne, 32

Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our lamentation  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so,

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and

Rome 36

Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Æd.* Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports, the Volscies with two several powers  
Are enter'd in the Roman territories, 40  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before them.

*Men.* 'Tis Aufidius,

Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world; 44

Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for  
Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you of Marcius?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It  
cannot be 48

The Volscies dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can,  
And three examples of the like have been

Within my age. But reason with the fellow, 52  
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.

*Sic.* Tell not me: 56

I know this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles in great earnestness are  
going

All to the senate-house: some news is come,  
That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave.— 60

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;

Nothing but his report.

*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir,

The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful? 64

*Mess.* 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 68

The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely.

*Bru.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may  
wish

Good Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely: 72

He and Aufidius can no more atone,

Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sec. Mess.* You are sent for to the senate:

A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius, 76

Associated with Aufidius, rages

Upon our territories; and have already

O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them. 80

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* O! you have made good work!

*Men.* What news? what news?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own  
daughters, and

To melt the city leads upon your pates,

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—

*Men.* What's the news? what's the news? 85

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement,  
and

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd

Into an auger's bore.

*Men.* Pray now, your news?— 88

You have made fair work, I fear me. Pray, your  
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

*Com.* If! 91

He is their god: he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than Nature, 92

That shapes man better; and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence

Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,

Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good work, 96

You, and your apron-men; you that stood so  
much

Upon the voice of occupation and

The breath of garlic-eaters!

*Com.* He will shake

Your Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules 100

Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made  
fair work!

*Bru.* But is this true, sir?

*Com.* Ay; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist 104  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame  
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.  
*Men.* We are all undone unless 108  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* 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 112

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.

*Men.* 'Tis true:  
If he were putting to my house the brand 116  
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!  
*Com.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never 120  
So incapable of help.

*Sic.* }  
*Bru.* } Say not we brought it.

*Men.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,  
like beasts  
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clus-  
ters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.  
*Com.* But I fear 124

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, 128  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come 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 132  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head  
Which will not prove a whip: as many cox-  
combs

As you threw caps up will he tumble down, 136  
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 Cit.* For mine own part,  
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity. 141

*Sec. Cit.* And so did I.  
*Third Cit.* 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 con-

sent to his banishment, yet it was against our  
will.

*Com.* You're goodly things, you voices!

*Men.* You have made  
Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the  
Capitol? 149

*Com.* O! ay; what else?

[*Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.*  
*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home; be not dis-  
may'd:

These are a side that would be glad to have 152  
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And show no sign of fear.

*First Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come,  
masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the  
wrong when we banished him. 157

*Sec. Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.  
[*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I. 160

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol. Would half my  
wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic.* Pray let us go. [*Exeunt.*

**Scene VII.—A Camp at a small distance  
from Rome.**

*Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman?  
*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in  
him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace fore meat,  
They talk at table, and their thanks at end; 4  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now,  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more prouder,  
Even to my person, than I thought he would 9  
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature  
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet, I wish, sir,— 12  
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. 16

*Auf.* 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 20  
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 24  
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,



When'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

*Ans.* All places yield to him ere he sits down; And the nobility of Rome are his: 29

The senators and patricians love him too:

The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty 32

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 36

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 40

Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the cushion, but command-

ing peace

Even with the same austerity and garb 44

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 48

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 chair 52

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, BRUTUS, and Others.

*Men.* 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; 4

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.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear? 8

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my

name.

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

That we have bled together. Coriolanus

He would not answer to; forbad all names; 12

He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire

Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so; you have made good work!

A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome, 16

To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him how royal 'twas to

pardon

When it was less expected: he replied,

It was a bare petition of a state 20

To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well.

Could he say less?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard

For's private friends: his answer to me was, 24

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.

*Men.* For one poor grain or two! 28

I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,

And this brave fellow too, we are the grain:

You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt

Above the moon. We must be burnt for you. 32

*Sic.* 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, 36

More than the instant army we can make,

Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No; I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do? 40

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do

For Rome, towards Marcius.

*Men.* Well; and say that Marcius

Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard; what then? 44

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness? say't be so?

*Sic.* Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the

measure

As you intended well.

*Men.* I'll undertake it: 48

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 52

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 56

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.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kind-

ness, 60

And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him,

Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge

Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye 64

Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury

The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;

'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise;' dismiss'd me

Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do 68

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, 72

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.

[Exit.

Scene II.—The Volscian Camp before Rome.

The Guards at their stations.

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

First Guard. Stay! whence are you?

Sec. Guard. Stand! and go back.

Men. 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?

Men. From Rome.

First Guard. You may not pass; you must return: our general 5

Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. Guard. You'll see your Rome embraed' with fire before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome, 9

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 12

Is not here passable.

Men. 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; 16

For I have ever glorified 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, 20

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 virtuously to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back. 28

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

Sec. 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. 35

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Guard. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is. 39

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. 53

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

Sec. Guard. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. 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. 61

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. 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' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon thee. [To CORIOLANUS.] 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. 85

*Cor.* Away!

*Men.* How! away!

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My  
affairs 88

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 92  
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, 96

[Gives a paper.]

And would have sent it. Another word, Me-  
nenius,

I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,  
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

*Auf.* You keep a constant temper. 100

*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*First Guard.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

*Sec. 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? 105

*Sec. Guard.* What cause, do you think, I have  
to swound?

*Men.* I neither care for the world, nor your  
general: for such things as you, I can scarce  
think there's any, ye're 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.

*Sec. 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.*

*Cor.* 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.

*Auf.* Only their ends 4

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against  
The general suit of Rome; never admitted  
A private whisper; no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man, 8

Whom with a 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, 12

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 16  
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 20  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLU-  
MNA, 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, affec-  
tion! 24

All bond and privilege of nature, break!  
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is thy curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,  
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and  
am not 28

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 32

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 36

And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in  
Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd  
Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now, 40

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 44

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 48

Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth;  
[Kneels.]

Of thy deep duty more impression show  
Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O! stand up bless'd; 52

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.]

*Cor.* What is this? 56  
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, 60  
Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior;  
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola, 64  
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle  
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours, 68  
[Pointing to the Child.

Which by the interpretation of full time  
May show like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst  
prove 72

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.  
*Cor.* That's my brave boy! 76

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and my-  
self,

Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace:  
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:  
The things I have forsworn to grant may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me 81

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not 84

To allay my rages and revenges with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* O! no more, no more;  
You have said you will not grant us any thing;  
For we have nothing else to ask but that 88

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.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for  
we'll 92  
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your  
request?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our  
ralment

And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself  
How more unfortunate than all living women 97  
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; 100

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 104  
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, 108

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 112  
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, 116  
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 cannot persuade  
thee 120

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, 124

That brought thee to this world.  
*Vir.* 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.  
*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be, 129  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
I have sat too long. [Rising.

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus,  
If it were so, that our request did tend 132  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volsces whom you serve, you might con-  
demn 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, 137

'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, 140

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; 144  
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! 148

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 152  
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: 156

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons. There is 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 160

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, 165  
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, 172

And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold  
us.

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,

Does reason our petition with more strength 176  
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 dispatch:

I am hush'd until our city be a-fire, 181  
And then I'll speak a little.

*Cor. [Holding VOLUMNIA by the hand, silent.]*  
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! 185

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. 189

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufi-

dus,  
Were you in my stead, would you have heard

A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius? 193  
*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.

*Cor.* 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, 197

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,  
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

*Auf.* [*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy  
mercy and thy honour 200

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work  
Myself a former fortune.

[*The ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*  
*Cor.* Ay, by and by;

But we will drink together; and you shall bear  
A better witness back than words, which we, 204

On like conditions, would 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, 208

Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

#### Scene IV.—Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond  
corner-stone?

*Sic.* Why, what of that? 3

*Men.* 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. 9

*Sic.* Is't possible that so short a time can  
alter the condition of a man?

*Men.* There is differency between a grub and  
a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This

Marcus is grown from man to dragon: he has  
wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He loved his mother dearly. 16

*Men.* So did he me; and he no more remem-  
bers 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. 28

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly. 28

*Men.* 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. 33

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be  
good unto us. When we banish'd him, we

respected not them; and, he returning to break  
our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your  
house:

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, 40  
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.*

*Sic.* What's the news?

*Sec. Mess.* Good news, good news! the ladies  
have prevail'd, 44

The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,  
Art thou certain this is true? is it most cer-  
tain? 48

*Sec. Mess.* 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! 52

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums  
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

*Men.* This is good news:  
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia 56

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  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Music still and shouts.*

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for your tid-  
ings; next,

Accept my thankfulness.

*Sec. Mess.* Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city? 64

*Sec. Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them,  
And help the joy. [*Going.*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators,  
Patricians, and People. They pass over the  
stage.*

*First Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of  
Rome!

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods, 68  
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers be-  
fore them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;  
Repeat him with the welcome of his mother;

Cry, 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

*All.* Welcome, ladies, 72  
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and  
trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*Antium. A Public Place.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* 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, 4  
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse  
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words: dispatch. 8

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

*Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS'  
faction.*

Most welcome!

*First Con.* How is it with our general? 10  
*Auf.* Even so

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

*Sec. Con.* Most noble sir, 12  
If you do hold the same intent wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell:  
We must proceed as we do find the people. 16

*Third Con.* The people will remain uncertain  
whilst

'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of  
either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;  
And my pretext to strike at him admits 20

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, 24

He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

*Third Con.* Sir, his stoutness  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost 28

By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of:  
Being banished for't, he came unto my heart;

Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way

In all his own desires; may, let him choose 33  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,

My best and freshest men; serv'd his design-  
ments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame 36  
Which he did end 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 40  
I had been mercenary.

*First Con.* So he did, my lord:  
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,  
When we had carried Rome, and that we look'd

For no less spoil than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it; 44  
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, 48  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with  
great shouts of the People.]*

*First Con.* Your native town you enter'd  
like a post,  
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

*Sec. Con.* And patient fools, 52  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats  
tear  
With giving him glory.

*Third Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your  
sword, 56

Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more: 60  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the city.*

*Lords.* You are most welcome home.  
*Auf.* 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 64  
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 68  
There was a yielding, this admits no excuse.  
*Auf.* He approaches: you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a  
crowd of Citizens with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;  
No more infected with my country's love 72  
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 76  
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 80  
Than shame to the Romans; and we here  
deliver,

Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o' the senate, what

We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords; 84  
But tell the traitor in the highest degree  
He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor! How now?  
*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*Cor.* Marcius!  
*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou

think 88  
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n  
name

Coriolanus in Corioli?  
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up, 92  
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 . 96  
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 other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars? 100  
*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

*Cor.* Ha!  
*Auf.* No more.  
*Cor.* 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 105  
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 108

Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him.

*First Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.  
*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volsees; men and  
lads, 112

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: 116  
Alone I did it. Boy!

*Auf.* 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. 120  
*All the People.* Tear him to pieces.—Do it  
presently.—He killed my son.—My daughter.—  
He killed my cousin Marcus.—He killed my  
father. 124

*Sec. 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.

*Cor.* O! that I had him, 129

With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword!

*Auf.* Insolent villain!

*Conspirators.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw,  
and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls: AU-  
FIDIUS stands on his body.*]

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold! 132

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

*First Lord.* O Tullus!

*Sec. Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat  
valour will weep.

*Third Lord.* Tread not upon him. Masters  
all, be quiet.

Put up your swords. 136

*Auf.* 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 141  
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 145  
Did follow to his urn.

*Sec. Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone, 148  
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, 153

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.*]



Mentioned by Micras, 1598.

# Titus Andronicus.

## Dramatis Personæ.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a Roman, General against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS, }  
QUINTUS, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.  
MARTIUS, }  
MUTIUS, }

YOUNG LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus Andronicus.

SEMPRONIUS, }  
CAIUS, } Kinsmen to Titus.  
VALENTINE, }

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

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

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.  
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene.—Rome, and the Country near it.

## Act I.

### Scene I.—Rome.

*The Tomb of the Andronici appearing. The Tribunes and Senators aloft; and then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one door, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

*Sat.* Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title with your swords: 4  
I am his first-born son that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity. 8

*Bas.* Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,  
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol, 12  
And suffer not dishonour to approach

The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility;  
But let desert in pure election shine, 16  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

*Mar.* Princes, that strive by factions and by friends  
Ambitiously for rule and empery,  
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand 20  
A special party, have, by common voice,  
In election for the Roman empery,  
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,  
For many good and great deserts to Rome: 24  
A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
Lives not this day within the city walls:  
He by the senate is accited home  
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;  
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, 29  
Hath yok'd a nation, strong, train'd up in arms.  
Ten years are spent since first he undertook  
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms 32

Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his vallant sons  
In coffins from the field;

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils, 36  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,  
Whom worthily you would have now succeed, 40  
And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,  
That you withdraw you and abate your strength;  
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should, 44  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

*Bas.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
In thy uprightness and integrity, 48  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,  
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament, 52  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,  
And to my fortunes and the people's favour  
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in my right, 56

I thank you all and here dismiss you all;  
And to the love and favour of my country  
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me 60  
As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.*]

*Enter a Captain.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way! the good Andronicus, 64

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
Successful in the battles that he fights,  
With honour and with fortune is return'd  
From where he circumscribed with his sword, 68  
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Drums and trumpets sounded, and then enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS; after them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and people following. The bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

*Tit.* Hall, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo! as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay 72  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears,  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. 76  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!  
Romans, of five-and-twenty vallant sons,  
Half of the number that King Priam had, 80  
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!  
These that survive let Rome reward with love;  
These that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial among their ancestors: 84  
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx? 88  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!  
O sacred receptacle of my joys, 92  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more!

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths, 96

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthy prison of their bones;  
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd, 100  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

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

*Tam.* Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror, 104

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son:  
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O! think my son to be as dear to me. 108  
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,  
To beautify thy triumphs and return,  
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;  
But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets  
For vallant doings in their country's cause? 112  
O! if to fight for king and commonweal  
Were pety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood: 116  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
Draw near them then in being merciful;  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son. 120

*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.

These are their brethren, whom your Goths be-held

Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain  
Religiously they ask a sacrifice: 124  
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,  
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

*Luc.* Away with him! and make a fire straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood, 128  
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and  
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety!

*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

*Dem.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive 133

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal

The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of  
Troy 136

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths—

When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was  
queen— 140

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and  
MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.*

*Luc.* Sec, lord and father, how we have per-  
form'd

Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire, 144

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,

And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

*Tit.* Let it be so; and let Andronicus 148

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid  
in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in  
rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps! 152

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damned drugs, here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons! 156

*Enter LAVINIA.*

*Lav.* In peace and honour live Lord Titus  
long;

My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render for my brethren's obsequies; 160

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy

Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.

O! bless me here with thy victorious hand,

Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

*Tit.* Kind Rome, that has thus lovingly re-  
serv'd 165

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!

Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise! 168

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes; re-  
enter SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and Others.*

*Mar.* Long live Lord Titus, my beloved  
brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother  
Marcus.

*Mar.* And welcome, nephews, from successful  
wars, 172

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

That in your country's service drew your swords;

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp, 176

That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,

And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180

Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,

This palliant of white and spotless hue;

And name thee in election for the empire,

With these our late-deceased emperor's sons: 184

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,

And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits

Than his that shakes for age and feebleness. 188

What should I don this robe, and trouble you?

Be chosen with proclamations to-day,

To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,

And set abroad new business for you all? 192

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,

And led my country's strength successfully,

And buried one-and-twenty valliant sons,

Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms, 196

In right and service of their noble country.

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

But not a sceptre to control the world:

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. 200

*Mar.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the  
empire.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou  
tell?

*Tit.* Patience, Prince Saturninus.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right:  
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them  
not 204

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

*Luc.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the  
good 208

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

*Tit.* Content thee, prince; I will restore to  
thee

The people's hearts, and wean them from them-  
selves.

*Bas.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee, 212

But honour thee, and will do till I die:

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men

Of noble minds is honourable meed. 216

*Tit.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes  
here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages:

Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?  
*Tribunes.* To gratify the good Andronicus, 220

And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I  
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son, 224  
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal:

Then, if you will elect by my advice, 228  
Crown him, and say, 'Long live our emperor!'

*Mar.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor, 232  
And say, 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'

[*A long flourish.*]  
*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts, 236  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:  
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance

Thy name and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my empress, 240

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please  
thee?

*Tit.* It doth, my worthy lord; and in this  
match 244

I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:  
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,

King and commander of our commonweal,  
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate 248

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;  
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet. 252

*Sat.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!  
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts

Rome shall receive, and, when I do forget  
The least of these unspeakable deserts, 256

Romans, forget your fealty to me.

*Tit.* [*To TAMORA.*] Now, madam, are you  
prisoner to an emperor;

To him that, for your honour and your state,  
Will use you nobly and your followers. 260

*Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue  
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.

Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:  
Though chance of war hath wrought this change  
of cheer, 264

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:  
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you

Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.  
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

*Lav.* Not I, my lord; sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy. 272

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia, Romans, let us  
go;

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and  
drum. [*Flourish.* SATURNINUS courts

TAMORA in dumb show.

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

*Tit.* How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my  
lord? 277

*Bas.* Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal  
To do myself this reason and this right.

*Mar.* *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice: 280  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

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

*Tit.* Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's  
guard? 284

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.  
*Sat.* Surpris'd! By whom?

*Bas.* By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS  
with LAVINIA.

*Mut.* Brothers, help to convey her hence  
away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe. 288  
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

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

*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here.  
*Tit.* What! villain boy;

Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabs* MUTIUS.  
*Mut.* Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* My lord, you are unjust; and, more  
than so, 292

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.  
*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonour me.  
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor. 296

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

*Sat.* No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,  
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: 300

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.  
Was none in Rome to make a stale 304

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agreed these deeds with that proud brag of  
thine,

That saidst I begg'd the empire at thy hands.  
*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words  
are these! 308

*Sat.* But go thy ways; go, give that changing  
piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons, 312  
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded  
heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,

That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,  
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome, 317  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,  
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
And will create thee Empress of Rome. 320  
*Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?*

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,  
Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing 324  
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,  
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espous'd my bride along with me. 328

*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome  
I swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth. 332

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords,  
accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered: 336  
There shall we consummate our spousal rights.

[*Exeunt all but Titus.*]

*Tit.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride.  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs? 340

*Re-enter* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and  
MARTIUS.

*Mar.* O! Titus, see, O! see what thou hast  
done;

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.  
*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed 344  
That hath dishonour'd all our family:  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as becomes;  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren. 348

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors 352  
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.  
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

*Mar.* My lord, this is impiety in you.  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him; 356  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*Quin.* }  
*Mart.* } And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Tit.* And shall! What villain was it spake  
that word?

*Quin.* He that would vouch it in any place  
but here. 360

*Tit.* What! would you bury him in my  
despite?

*Mar.* No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee

To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my  
crest, 364  
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast  
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;

So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Mart.* He is not with himself; let us with-  
draw. 368

*Quin.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.  
[*MARCUS and the sons of TITUS kneel.*]

*Mar.* Brother, for in that name doth nature  
plead,—

*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature  
speak,—

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will  
speed. 372

*Mar.* Renowned Titus, more than half my  
soul,—

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us  
all,—

*Mar.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest, 376  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:  
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son 380  
Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rise, Marcus, rise.  
The dismal'st day is this that e'er I saw, 384  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the tomb.*]

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with  
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb. 388

*All.* [*Kneeling.*] No man shed tears for noble  
Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Mar.* My lord,—to step out of these dreary  
dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths 392  
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

*Tit.* I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,  
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.

Is she not, then, beholding to the man 396  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

*Mar.* Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish.* *Re-enter, on one side,* SATURNINUS,  
attended; TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and

AARON: *on the other side,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA  
and Others.

*Sat.* So, Bassianus, you have play'd your  
prize:

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride. 400  
*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord! I say no  
more,  
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape. 404

*Bas.* Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true-betrothed love and now my wife?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all;  
Meanwhile, I am possess'd of that is mine. 408

*Sat.* 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.  
*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must and shall do with my life. 412  
Only thus much I give your Grace to know:  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath  
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave: 420  
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,  
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds  
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds: 424  
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.  
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,  
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora 428  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge? 433

*Tam.* Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome  
forfend  
I should be author to dishonour you!  
But on mine honour dare I undertake 436  
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,  
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.  
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose, 440  
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

[*Aside to SATURNINE.*] My lord, be rul'd by me,  
be won at last;  
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
You are but newly planted in your throne; 444  
Lest then, the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplant you for ingratitude,  
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin, 448  
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.  
I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
And raze their faction and their family,  
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons, 452  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;  
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen  
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.  
[*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperor; come,  
Andronicus; 456

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Sat.* Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.  
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good. 464

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.

For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd 468  
My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable.

And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia,  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees, 472  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Luc.* We do; and vow to heaven and to his  
highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,  
Tendering our sister's honour and our own. 476

*Mar.* That on mine honour here I do protest.  
*Sat.* Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all  
be friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace; 480  
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's  
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults: 484  
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore

I would not part a bachelor from the priest. 488  
Come; if the emperor's court can feast two  
brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty 492  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound we'll give your Grace  
*bon jour.*

*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Trumpets. Exeunt.*]

## Act II.

### Scene I.—Rome. Before the Palace.

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,  
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach. 4  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,  
And overlooks the highest-peering hills; 8  
So Tamora.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait  
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts  
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress, 13  
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph  
 long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,  
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes 16  
 Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!  
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
 To wait upon this new-made empress. 20  
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
 This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,  
 This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
 And see his shipwrack and his commonweal's. 24  
 Holla! what storm is this?

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.*

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit  
 wants edge

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,  
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be. 28

*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all  
 And so in this, to bear me down with bravos.  
 'Tis not the difference of a year or two  
 Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:  
 I am as able and as fit as thou 33

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;  
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love. 36

*Aar.* Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep  
 the peace.

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, un-  
 advis'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,  
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your  
 friends? 40

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath  
 Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chi.* Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I  
 have,

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

*Dem.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

*Aar.* Why, how now, lords! 45

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge: 48

I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most concerns;

Nor would your noble mother for much more

Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome. 52

For shame, put up.

*Dem.* Not I, till I have sheath'd

My rapier in his bosom, and withal

Thrust those reproachful speeches down his

throat

That he bath breath'd in my dishonour here. 56

*Chi.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,

Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy

tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform!

*Aar.* Away, I say! 60

Now, by the gods that war-like Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous

It is to jet upon a prince's right? 64

What! is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd

Without controlment, justice, or revenge? 68

Young lords, beware! an should the empress

know

This discord's ground, the music would not

please.

*Chi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world:

I love Lavinia more than all the world. 72

*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some

meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*Aar.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not in

Rome

How furious and impatient they be, 76

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this device.

*Chi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love. 80

*Aar.* To achieve her! how?

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd. 84

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother, 88

Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aar.* [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus

may.

*Dem.* Then why should he despair that knows

to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality? 92

What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aar.* Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch

or so

Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were serv'd. 96

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* Would you had hit it too!

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools

To square for this? Would it offend you then 100

That both should speed?

*Chi.* Faith, not me.

*Dem.* Nor me, so I were one.

*Aar.* For shame, be friends, and join for that

you jar:

'Tis policy and stratagem must do 104

That you affect; and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.  
 Take this of me : Lucrece was not more chaste  
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love. 109  
 A speedier course than lingering languishment  
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path. 112  
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;  
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :  
 The forest walks are wide and spacious,  
 And many unfrequented plots there are  
 Fitted by kind for rape and villany : 116  
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,  
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :  
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.  
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit  
 To villany and vengeance consecrate, 121  
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;  
 And she shall file our engines with advice,  
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves, 124  
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
 The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,  
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears :  
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;  
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take  
 your turns ; 129  
 There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's  
 eye,  
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.  
*Chi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.  
*Dem.* *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream  
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.* [Exeunt.]

## Scene II.—A Forest.

*Horns and cry of hounds heard. Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c.; MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*  
*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,  
 The fields are fragrant and the woods are green.  
 Uncouple here and let us make a bay,  
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride, 4  
 And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,  
 That all the court may echo with the noise.  
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
 To attend the emperor's person carefully : 8  
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.  
 [A cry of hounds, and horns winded  
 in a peal.]  
*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and Attendants.*  
 Many good morrows to your majesty ;  
 Madam, to you as many and as good ; 12  
 I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.  
*Sat.* And you have rung it lustily, my lord ;  
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.  
*Bas.* Lavinia, how say you ?  
*Lav.* I say, no ; 16  
 I have been broad awake two hours and more.

*Sat.* Come on, then ; horse and chariots let us have,  
 And to our sport.—[To TAMORA.] Madam, now shall ye see  
 Our Roman hunting.  
*Mar.* I have dogs, my lord, 20  
 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
 And climb the highest promontory top.  
*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where the game  
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.  
*Dem.* [Aside.] Chiron, we hunt not, we, with  
 horse nor hound, 23  
 But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.  
 [Exeunt.]

## Scene III.—A lonely Part of the Forest.

*Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.*

*Aar.* He that had wit would think that I had none,  
 To bury so much gold under a tree,  
 And never after to inherit it.  
 Let him that thinks of me so abjectly 4  
 Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
 A very excellent piece of villany :  
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest 8  
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.  
 [Hides the gold.]

*Enter TAMORA.*

*Tam.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?  
 The birds chant melody on every bush, 12  
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,  
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.  
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit, 16  
 And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
 Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise ; 20  
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,  
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave, 24  
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;  
 Whilst hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds  
 Be unto us as is a nurse's song 28  
 Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.  
*Aar.* Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
 Saturn is dominator over mine :  
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye, 32  
 My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls



Even as an adder when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution? 36  
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in  
thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;  
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,  
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity, 44  
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,  
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.  
Now question me no more; we are espied; 48  
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

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

*Aar.* No more, great empress; Bassianus  
comes: 52

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

*Bas.* Who have we here? Rome's royal em-  
press,

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop? 56  
Or is it Dian, habited like her,  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
To see the general hunting in this forest?

*Tam.* Saucy controller of our private steps!  
Had I the power that some say Dian had, 61  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art! 65

*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle empress,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horn-  
ing;

And to be doubted that your Moor and you 68  
Are singled forth to try experiments.  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds  
to-day!

'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.  
*Bas.* Believe me, queen, your swarth Cim-  
merian 72

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot, 77  
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your sport, 80  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well. 84

*Bas.* The king my brother shall have note of  
this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted  
long:

Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!  
*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all  
this? 88

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign, and our gra-  
cious mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look  
pale?

These two have tie'd me hither to this place: 92  
A barren detested vale, you see, it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,  
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven: 97

And when they showed me this abhorred pit,  
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
As any mortal body hearing it

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.  
No sooner had they told this hellish tale, 105  
But straight they told me they would bind me  
here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,  
And leave me to this miserable death: 108

And then they called me foul adulteress,  
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect;

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come, 112  
This vengeance on me had they executed.

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son. 116  
[*Stabs BASSIANUS.*]

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show  
my strength.

[*Also stabs BASSIANUS, who dies.*]

*Lav.* Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous  
Tamora;

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard; you shall know,  
my boys, 120

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's  
wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, madam; here is more belongs  
to her:

First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.  
This minion stood upon her chastity, 124

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
And with that painted hope she braves your  
mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

*Chi.* An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.  
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole, 129

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

*Tam.* But when ye have the honey ye desire,

Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting. 132  
*Chi.* I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.  
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.  
*Lav.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,— 136  
*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away with her!  
*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.  
*Dem.* Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory  
 To see her tears; but be your heart to them 140  
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.  
*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?  
 O! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;  
 The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble; 144  
 Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.  
 Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:  
 [To *CHIRON.*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.  
*Chi.* What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard? 148  
*Lav.* 'Tis true! the raven doth not hatch a lark:  
 Yet have I heard, O! could I find it now,  
 The lion moved with pity did endure  
 To have his princely paws par'd all away. 152  
 Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:  
 O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful. 156  
*Tam.* I know not what it means; away with her!  
*Lav.* O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,  
 That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,  
 Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160  
*Tam.* Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
 Even for his sake am I pitiless.  
 Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain  
 To save your brother from the sacrifice; 164  
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent:  
 Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will:  
 The worst to her, the better lov'd of me.  
*Lav.* O Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen, 168  
 And with thine own hands kill me in this place;  
 For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;  
 Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.  
*Tam.* What begg'st thou then? fond woman,  
 let me go. 172  
*Lav.* 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more  
 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.  
 O! keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit, 176  
 Where never man's eye may behold my body:  
 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.  
*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:  
 No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180  
*Dem.* Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.  
*Lav.* No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly creature,  
 The blot and enemy to our general name,  
 Confusion fall— 184  
*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:  
 This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.  
 [DEMETRIUS throws the body of *BASSIANUS* into the pit; then exeunt *DEMETRIUS* and *CHIRON*, dragging off *LAVINIA*.  
*Tam.* Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure.  
 Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed 188  
 Till all the Andronic be made away.  
 Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
 And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [Exit.

*Enter* AARON, with *QUINTUS* and *MARTIUS*.  
*Aar.* Come on, my lords, the better foot before: 192  
 Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit  
 Where I espied the panther fast asleep.  
*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.  
*Mart.* And mine, I promise you: were't not for shame, 196  
 Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.  
 [Falls into the pit.  
*Quin.* What! art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,  
 Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,  
 Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood  
 As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?  
 A very fatal place it seems to me.  
 Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?  
*Mart.* O brother! with the dismall'st object hurt 204  
 That ever eye with sight made heart lament.  
*Aar.* [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,  
 That he thereby may give a likely guess  
 How these were they that made away his brother. [Exit.  
*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out 209  
 From this unhallow'd and blood-stain'd hole?  
*Quin.* I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear;  
 A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints:  
 My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
 Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
 And see a fearful sight of blood and death. 216  
*Quin.* Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart  
 Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
 The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.  
 O! tell me how it is; for ne'er till now 220  
 Was I a child, to fear I know not what.  
*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
 All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
 In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit. 224  
*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?  
*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
 A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,  
 Which, like a taper in some monument, 228  
 Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
 And shows the ragg'd entrails of the pit:  
 So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus  
 When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood,  
 O brother! help me with thy fainting hand, 233  
 If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,  
 Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
 As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth. 236  
*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help  
 thee out;  
 Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good  
 I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
 Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. 240  
 I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.  
*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy  
 help.  
*Quin.* Thy hand once more; I will not loose  
 again,  
 Till thou art here aloft, or I below. 244  
 Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.  
 [Falls in.]

*Re-enter AARON with SATURNINUS.*  
*Sat.* Along with me: I'll see what hole is  
 here,  
 And what he is that now is leap'd into it.  
 Say, who art thou that lately didst descend 248  
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth?  
*Mart.* The unhappy son of old Andronicus;  
 Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
 To find thy brother Bassianus dead. 252  
*Sat.* My brother dead! I know thou dost but  
 jest:  
 He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
 Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;  
 'Tis not an hour since I left him there. 256  
*Mart.* We know not where you left him all  
 alive;  
 But, out alas! here have we found him dead.  
*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*  
*Tam.* Where is my lord, the king?

*Sat.* Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief. 260  
*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus?  
*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:  
 Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.  
*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
 [Giving a letter.]  
 The complot of this timeless tragedy; 265  
 And wonder greatly that man's face can fold  
 In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.  
*Sat.* And if we miss to meet him handsomely, 268  
 Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,  
 Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:  
 Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy  
 reward  
 Among the nettles at the elder-tree 272  
 Which overshades the mouth of that same pit  
 Where we decreed to bury Bassianus:  
 Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.  
 O Tamora! was ever heard the like? 276  
 This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.  
 Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out  
 That should have murder'd Bassianus here.  
*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of  
 gold. 280  
*Sat.* [To TITUS.] Two of thy whelps, fell curs  
 of bloody kind,  
 Have here bereft my brother of his life.  
 Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:  
 There let them bide until we have devis'd 284  
 Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.  
*Tam.* What! are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!  
 How easily murder is discovered!  
*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee 288  
 I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;  
 That this fell fault of my accursed sons,  
 Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—  
*Sat.* If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent. 292  
 Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?  
*Tam.* Andronicus himself did take it up.  
*Tit.* I did, my lord: yet let me be their  
 bail;  
 For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow 296  
 They shall be ready at your highness' will  
 To answer their suspicion with their lives.  
*Sat.* Thou shalt not bail them: see thou  
 follow me.  
 Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers: 300  
 Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;  
 For, by my soul, were there worse end than  
 death,  
 That end upon them should be executed.  
*Tam.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king:  
 Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough. 305  
*Tit.* Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk  
 with them. [Exit severally.]

Scene IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravish'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

*Dem.* So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe. 4

*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks. 8

*Chi.* An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

*[Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.]*

*Enter MARCUS.*

*Mar.* Who's this? my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; where is your husband? 12  
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands  
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare  
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,  
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to  
sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness 20  
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,  
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips, 24

Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,  
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy  
tongue.

Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;  
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood, 29

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,  
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face  
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud. 32

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?  
O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind.  
Sorrow concealed, like to an oven stopp'd, 36

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee; 40

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
O! had the monster seen those lily hands 44  
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss  
them,

He would not, then, have touch'd them for his  
life;

Or had he heard the heavenly harmony 48  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,  
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind; 52  
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:

One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;  
What will whole months of tears thy father's  
eyes?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:  
O! could our mourning ease thy misery. 57

*[Exeunt.]*

## Act III.

Scene I.—*Rome. A Street.*

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.*

*Tit.* Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes,  
stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
In dangerous wars, whilst thou securely slept;  
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd; 5

And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;

Be pitiful to my condemned sons, 8  
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.

For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write 12  
*[He throws himself on the ground.]*

My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad  
tears,

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and  
blush. *[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c.,*

*with the Prisoners.]*

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, 16  
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,

Than youthful April shall with all his showers:  
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;

In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow, 20  
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,

So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death 24  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Luc.* O noble father, you lament in vain:  
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by; 28  
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

*Tit.* Ah! Lucius, for thy brothers let me  
plead.

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you  
speak. 32

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did  
hear,

They would not mark me, or if they did mark,  
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,  
All bootless unto them. 36

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they are better than the tri-  
bunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale. 40  
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;

And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these. 44  
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than  
stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to  
death. [Rises.]

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon  
drawn? 48

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their  
death;

For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Tit.* O happy man! they have befriended  
thee. 52

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?

Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey  
But me and mine: how happy art thou then, 56  
From these devourers to be banished!

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

*Enter* MARCUS and LAVINIA.

*Mar.* Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break: 60  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me? let me see it then.

*Mar.* This was thy daughter.  
*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is. 64

*Luc.* Ay me! this object kills me.  
*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon  
her.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?

What fool hath added water to the sea, 69  
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?

My grief was at the height before thou cam'st;  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds. 72

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;

And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up, 76  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:

Now all the service I require of them  
Is that the one will help to cut the other.

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands, 80  
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd  
thee?

*Mar.* O! that delightful engine of her  
thoughts,

That blabb'd them with such pleasing elo-  
quence, 84

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

*Luc.* O! say thou for her, who hath done  
this deed? 88

*Mar.* O! thus I found her straying in the  
park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,  
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

*Tit.* It was my dear; and he that wounded  
her 92

Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me  
dead:

For now I stand as one upon a rock  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge 97  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;  
Here stands my other son, a banished man, 100  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:

But that which gives my soul the greatest  
spurn,

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.  
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight 104  
It would have maddened me: what shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:

Thy husband he is dead, and for his death 109  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.

Look! Marcus; ah! son Lucius, look on her:  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew 113  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Mar.* Perchance she weeps because they  
kill'd her husband;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be  
joyful, 117

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes. 120  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,  
124

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not dry,  
With miry slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long 128  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?  
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb

shows 132  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
What shall we do? let us, that have our

tongues,  
Plot some device of further misery,  
To make us wonder'd at in time to come. 136

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears; for at  
your grief

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.  
*Mar.* Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry  
thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah! Marcus, Marcus, brother; well I  
wot 140

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine  
own.

*Luc.* Ah! my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.  
*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her  
signs: 144

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
That to her brother which I said to thee:  
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks. 148  
O! what a sympathy of woe is this;  
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the em-  
peror

Sends thee this word: that, if thou love thy  
sons, 152

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the king: he for the same  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive; 156  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

*Tit.* O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise? 160  
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my  
hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?  
*Luc.* Stay, father! for that noble hand of  
thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies, 164  
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn:  
My youth can better spare my blood than you;  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers'  
lives.

*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended  
Rome, 168

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?  
O! none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve 172  
To ransom my two nephews from their death;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go  
along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come. 176

*Mar.* My hand shall go.  
*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go!  
*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd  
herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.  
*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy  
son, 180

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.  
*Mar.* And for our father's sake, and mother's  
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.  
*Tit.* Agree between you; I will spare my  
hand. 184

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.  
*Mar.* But I will use the axe.  
[*Exit LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them  
both:  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* [Aside] If that be call'd deceit, I will  
be honest, 188  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:  
But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.  
[*Cuts off TITUS' hand.*

*Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

*Tit.* Now stay your strife: what shall be is  
dispatch'd. 192

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:  
Tell him it was a hand that ward'd him  
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;  
More hath it merited; that let it have. 196

As for my sons, say I account of them  
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*Aar.* I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee. 201  
[Aside] Their heads, I mean. O! how this  
villany

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. 205  
[Exit.]

*Tit.* O! here I lift this one hand up to  
heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:  
If any power pities wretched tears, 208  
To that I call! [To LAVINIA.] What! wilt thou  
kneel with me?

Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our  
prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Mar.* O! brother, speak with possibilities,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deep, having no bot-  
tom? 216

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Mar.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes. 220

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth  
o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil? 224

I am the sea; hark! how her sighs do blow;  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd; 229  
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave, for losers will have leave 232  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with two heads and  
a hand.*

*Mess.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou re-  
paid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons, 236

And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent  
back:

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd;  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

*Mar.* Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily, 241  
And be my heart an ever burning hell!

These miseries are more than may be borne.  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some  
deal, 244

But sorrow flouted at is double death.

*Luc.* Ah! that this sight should make so  
deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat,  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

[*LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*

*Mar.* Alas! poor heart; that kiss is comfort-  
less

As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an  
end? 252

*Mar.* Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andro-  
nicus;

Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons'  
heads,

Thy war-like hand, thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight 256

Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb,  
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs.

Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand 260  
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal  
sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes!  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha! 264

*Mar.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with  
this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would usurp upon my watery eyes, 268  
And make them blind with tributary tears:

Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threaten me I shall never come to bliss 272

Till all these mischiefs be return'd again  
Even in their throats that have committed  
them.

Come, let me see what task I have to do.  
You heavy people, circle me about, 276

That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;  
And in this hand the other will I bear. 280

Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things:  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy  
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay: 284

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:  
And if you love me, as I think you do,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*EXECUTE TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.*

*Luc.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;  
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome: 289

Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,  
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.

Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister; 292  
O! would thou wert as thou tofore hast been;

But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives  
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs, 296  
And make proud Saturnine and his empress  
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.

Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. 300

[*Exit.*

**Scene II.—The Same. A Room in TITUS'  
House. A Banquet set out.**

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young  
LUCIUS, a Boy.*

*Tit.* So, so; now sit; and look you eat no  
more

Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot: 4

Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief  
With folded arms. This poor right hand of  
mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ; 8  
And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
Then thus I thump it down.

[To LAVINIA.] Thou map of woe, that thus dost  
talk in signs! 12

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous  
beating

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;  
Or get some little knife between thy teeth, 16  
And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;  
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall  
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,  
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears. 20

Mar. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus to  
lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote  
already ?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I. 24  
What violent hands can she lay on her life ?  
Ah ! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ;

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable ? 28

O ! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,  
Lest we remember still that we have none.

Fie, fie ! how frantically I square my talk,  
As if we should forget we had no hands, 32

If Marcus did not name the word of hands.  
Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this ;

Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says ;  
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs : 36

She says she drinks no other drink but tears,  
Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her cheeks.

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;  
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40

As begging hermits in their holy prayers :  
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to  
heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
But I of these will wrest an alphabet, 44

And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.  
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep  
lamentations :

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas ! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness. 49

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of  
tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.  
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a  
fly. 53

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my  
heart ;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :  
A deed of death, done on the innocent, 56

Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone ;  
I see, thou art not for my company.

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

Tit. But how if that fly had a father and a  
mother ? 60

How would he hang his slender gilded wings  
And buzz lamenting doings in the air !

Poor harmless fly,  
That, with his pretty buzzing melody, 64

Came here to make us merry ! and thou hast  
kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir ; it was a black ill-  
favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd  
him.

Tit. O, O, O ! 68

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor 72

Come hither purposely to poison me.  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah ! sirrah.  
Yet I think we are not brought so low, 76

But that between us we can kill a fly  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas ! poor man ; grief has so wrought  
on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances. 80

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me :  
I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee

Sad stories chanced in the times of old.  
Come, boy, and go with me : thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[Exeunt.]

## Act IV.

### Scene I.—Rome. TITUS' Garden.

Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young  
LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help ! my aunt Lavinia  
Follows me everywhere, I know not why :

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes :  
Alas ! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean. 4

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius ; do not fear thine  
aunt.

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

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

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these  
signs ? 8

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius : somewhat doth  
she mean.

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee ;  
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.



Ah! boy; Cornelia never with more care 12  
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee  
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Mar. Canst thou not guess wherefore she  
plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,  
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her; 17  
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,  
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20  
Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear,  
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth; 24  
Which made me down to throw my books and  
fly,

Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;  
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
I will most willingly attend your ladyship. 28

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the books which  
LUCIUS had let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means  
this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.  
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy. 32  
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;

Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. 36  
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more  
than one

Confederate in the fact: ay, more there was;  
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses*;  
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,  
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest. 44

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!  
[Helping her.

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?  
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,  
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape; 48  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see! note how she quotes  
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet  
girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was, 52  
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?  
See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—  
O! had we never, never hunted there,— 56  
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O! why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none  
but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed? 64

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down  
by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!  
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia: 68  
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me.

[He writes his name with his staff, and  
guides it with his feet and mouth.

I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.  
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!  
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last  
What God will have discover'd for revenge.  
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and writes  
it with her stumps, and guides.

Tit. O! do you read, my lord, what she hath  
writ? 77

*Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.*

Mar. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora  
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? 80

Tit. *Magni dominator poli,*

*Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Mar. O! calm thee, gentle lord; although I  
know

There is enough written upon this earth 84  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts  
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;  
And swear with me, as, with the woeful fere 89  
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,  
That we will prosecute by good advice 92  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;  
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:  
The dam will wake, an if she wind you once: 97

She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And hulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And when he sleeps will she do what she list. 100  
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;

And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
And lay it by: the angry northern wind 104  
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,  
And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say  
you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe  
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome. 109

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full  
oft

For his ungrateful country done the like.  
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live. 112

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armoury:  
 Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy  
 Shall carry from me to the empress's sons  
 Presents that I intend to send them both: 116  
 Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou  
 not?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,  
 grandsire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another  
 course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house; 120  
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:  
 Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.*]

*Mar.* O heavens! can you hear a good man  
 groan,

And not relent or not compassion him? 124

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,  
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart  
 Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;  
 But yet so just that he will not revenge. 128  
 Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

Scene II.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, and  
 CHIRON; from the other young LUCIUS, and an  
 Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and  
 verses writ upon them.*

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

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

*Boy.* My lords, with all the humbleness I  
 may, 4

I greet your honours from Andronicus;  
 [*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods, confound  
 you both!

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

*Boy.* [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd,  
 that's the news, 8

For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aloud.*] May it  
 please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me  
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth, 12  
 The hope of Rome, for so he bade me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present  
 Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well. 16  
 And so I leave you both: [*Aside.*] like bloody  
 villains. [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

*Dem.* What's here? A scroll; and written  
 round about?

Let's see:—  
 [*Reads.*] '*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, 20  
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

*Chi.* O! 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it  
 well:

I read it in the grammar long ago.

*Aar.* Ay just, a verse in Horace; right, you  
 have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! 24

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found  
 their guilt

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with  
 lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick;  
 But were our witty empress well afoot, 29

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:  
 But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a  
 happy star 32

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
 Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good before the palace gate  
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing. 36

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a  
 lord

Basely insinuate and send us gifts.  
*Aar.* Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly? 40

*Dem.* I would we had a thousand Roman  
 dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.  
*Chi.* A charitable wish and full of love.

*Aar.* Here lacks but your mother for to say  
 amen. 44

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand  
 more.

*Dem.* Come, let us go and pray to all the gods  
 For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar.* [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods  
 have given us over. [*Trumpets sound.*]

*Dem.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish  
 thus? 49

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.  
*Dem.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.*  
*Nur.* Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did  
 you see 52

Aaron the Moor?  
*Aar.* Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
 Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

*Nur.* O gentle Aaron! we are all undone. 56  
 Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou  
 keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?  
*Nur.* O! that which I would hide from  
 heaven's eye, 60

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!  
 She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom?  
*Nur.* I mean, she's brought a-bed.

*Aar.* Well, God give her good rest! What  
 hath he sent her? 64

*Nur.* A devil.

*Aar.* Why, then she's the devil's dam: a joy-  
 ful issue.

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad 68  
Amongst the falrest breeders of our climate.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

*Aar.* 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue? 72

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done?

*Aar.* That which thou canst not undo.

*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother. 76

*Aar.* Villain, I have done thy mother.

*Dem.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend! 80

*Chi.* It shall not live.

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

*Aar.* What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I 84

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up. 88

[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point 92  
That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,  
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war, 96  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!  
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alchouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue, 100  
In that it scorns to bear another hue;

For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood. 104  
Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.  
*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress; this myself;  
The vigour, and the picture of my youth: 109

This before all the world do I prefer;  
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome. 112  
*Dem.* By this our mother is for ever shamed.

*Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

*Nur.* The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignomy. 116

*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.

Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:  
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer: 120

Look how the black slave smiles upon the father,  
As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed  
Of that self blood that first gave life to you; 124

And from that womb where you imprison'd were  
He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,  
Although my seal be stamped in his face. 128

*Nur.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe. 132  
*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult,

My son and I will have the wind of you:  
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit.

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his?  
*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league, 137

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms. 140  
But say, again, how many saw the child?

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife, and myself,  
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The empress, the midwife, and yourself:  
Two may keep counsel when the third's away.

Go to the empress; tell her this I said:  
[Stabbing her.

'Weke, weke!'  
So cries a pig prepar'd to the spit. 142

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

*Aar.* O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.  
And now be it known to you my full intent. 153

Not far, one Mull lives, my countryman;  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.

His child is like to her, fair as you are: 156  
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all,  
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir, 160  
And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court;  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; you see, I have given her physic,  
[Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral; 165  
The fields are near, and you are gallant groom.

This done, see that you take no longer days,  
But send the midwife presently to me. 168  
The midwife and the nurse well made away,  
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

*Chi.* Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air  
With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of Tamora, 172  
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON,  
bearing off the Nurse's body.*]

*Aar.* Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow  
flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
And secretly to greet the empress' friends. 176  
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you  
hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:  
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,  
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up 181  
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit with the Child.*]

Scene III.—*The Same. A Public Place.*

*Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters on the  
ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS,  
PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, and other  
Gentlemen, with bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is  
the way.

Sir boy, now let me see your archery:  
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there  
straight.

*Terras Astræa reliquit:* 4  
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's  
fled.

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall  
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets; 8

Happily you may find her in the sea;  
Yet there's as little justice as at land.

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;  
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,  
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth: 12

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
I pray you, deliver him this petition;

Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,  
And that it comes from old Andronicus, 16

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.  
Ah! Rome. Well, well; I made thee miserable

What time I threw the people's suffrages  
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. 20

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,  
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:  
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her  
hence;

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Mar.* O Publius! is not this a heavy case, 25  
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us con-  
cerns

By day and night to attend him carefully, 28  
And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war 32  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

*Tit.* Publius, how now! how now, my masters!  
What! have you met with her? 36

*Pub.* No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you  
word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:  
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere  
else, 40

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.  
*Tit.* He doth me wrong to feed me with  
delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. 44

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;  
No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size;

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,  
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs  
can bear: 48

And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven and move the gods

To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.  
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,

Marcus. [*He gives them the arrows.*]  
*Ad Jovem*, that's for you: here, *ad Apollinem*:

*Ad Martem*, that's for myself:  
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury: 56

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;  
You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.  
Of my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited. 60  
*Mar.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the  
court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.  
*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O!

well said, Lucius!  
Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas. 64

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

*Tit.* Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou  
done?

See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.  
*Mar.* This was the sport, my lord: when  
Publius shot, 69

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock  
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the  
court;

And who should find them but the empress'  
villain? 72

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not  
choose

But give them to his master for a present.  
*Tit.* Why, there it goes: God give his lord-  
ship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons  
in it.

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is  
come. 76

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?  
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O! the gibbet-maker? He says that he  
hath taken them down again, for the man must  
not be hanged till the next week. 81

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas! sir, I know not Jupiter; I never  
drank with him in all my life. 84

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

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas! sir, I never came  
there. God forbid I should be so bold to press  
to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going  
with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up  
a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of  
the imperial's men. 93

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve  
for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons  
to the emperor from you. 96

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

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in  
all my life. 100

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,  
But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold; meanwhile, here's money for thy  
charges. 104

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a suppli-  
cation?

Clo. Ay, sir.

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

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone. 113

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me  
see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;  
For thou hast made it like a humble suppliant:  
And when thou hast given it to the emperor, 117  
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

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

#### Scene IV.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON,  
Lords, and Others: SATURNINUS with the ar-  
rows in his hand that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was  
ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent  
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?  
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,—  
However these disturbers of our peace  
Buzz in the people's ears,—there nought hath  
pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons  
Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,  
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?

And now he writes to heaven for his redress:  
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;  
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;  
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!  
What's this but libelling against the senate,  
And blazoning our injustice every where?

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;  
But he and his shall know that justice lives  
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,  
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall  
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd  
his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight  
Than prosecute the meanest or the best  
For these contempts.—[Aside.] Why, thus it  
shall become

High-witted Tamora to glaze with all:  
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,  
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

#### Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with  
us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be em-  
perial. 40

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the em-  
peror.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you  
good den.

I have brought you a letter and a couple of  
pigeons here.

[SATURNINUS reads the letter.]  
Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him pre-  
sently. 44

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! By'r lady, then I have brought  
up a neck to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!  
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:  
 May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons, 52  
 That died by law for murder of our brother,  
 Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!  
 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;  
 Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege. 56  
 For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterman;  
 Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,  
 In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter *ÆMILIUS*.

What news with thee, *Æmilius*? 60

*Æmil.* Arm, arm, my lord! Rome never had  
 more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power  
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
 They hither march amain, under conduct 64  
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;  
 Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do  
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Sat.* Is war-like Lucius general of the Goths?  
 These tidings nip me, and I hang the head 69  
 As flowers with frost or grass beat down with  
 storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
 'Tis he the common people love so much; 72  
 Myself hath often heard them say,  
 When I have walked like a private man,  
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their  
 emperor. 76

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not your city  
 strong?

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

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious, like  
 thy name. 80

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings 84  
 He can at pleasure stint their melody;  
 Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.  
 Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,  
 I will enchant the old Andronicus 88  
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,  
 Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,  
 The other rotted with delicious feed. 92

*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he will:  
 For I can smooth and fill his aged ear  
 With golden promises, that, were his heart 96  
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

[To *ÆMILIUS*.] Go thou before, be our ambas-  
 sador:

Say that the emperor requests a parley 100  
 Of war-like Lucius, and appoint the meeting,  
 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

*Sat.* *Æmilius*, do this message honourably:

And if he stand on hostage for his safety, 104  
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him  
 best.

*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*]

*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus,  
 And temper him with all the art I have, 108  
 To pluck proud Lucius from the war-like Goths.  
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successantly, and plead to him.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## Act V.

### Scene I.—Plains near Rome.

*Flourish.* Enter *LUCIUS*, and an army of Goths,  
 with drums and colours.

*Luc.* Approved warriors, and my faithful  
 friends,

I have received letters from great Rome,  
 Which signify what hate they bear their  
 emperor,

And how desirous of our sight they are. 4  
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
 Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;  
 And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,  
 Let him make treble satisfaction. 8

*First Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great  
 Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our  
 comfort;

Whose high exploits and honourable deeds  
 Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
 Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,  
 Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day  
 Led by their master to the flower'd fields,  
 And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora. 16

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

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you  
 all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading *AARON*, with his Child  
 in his arms.

*Sec. Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops  
 I stray'd, 20

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall. 24  
 I made unto the noise; when soon I heard  
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:  
 'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!  
 Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art, 28  
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
 Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor;  
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-  
 white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf. 32  
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the  
babe,—

\* For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;  
Who, when he knows thou art the empress'  
babe,

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.' 36  
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon  
him,

Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,  
To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate  
devil 40

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :  
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,  
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.  
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou  
convey 44

This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?  
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? not a  
word?

A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy. 48

*Aar.* Touch not the boy; he is of royal  
blood.

*Luc.* Too like the sire for ever being good.  
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal. 52  
Get me a ladder. [*A ladder brought,*  
*which AARON is made to ascend.*

*Aar.* Lucius, save the child ;  
And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear: 56  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

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

*Aar.* An if it please thee! why, assure thee,  
Lucius, 61

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds, 64

Complots of mischief, treason, villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:

And this shall all be buried by my death,  
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live. 68

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

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

*Luc.* Who should I swear by? thou believ'st  
no god:

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

*Aar.* What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not ;  
Yet, for I know thou art religious,

And hast a thing within thee called conscience,  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies, 76  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,  
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,  
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow  
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,  
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up:  
Or else I will discover nought to thee. 85

*Luc.* Even by my god I swear to thee I will.  
*Aar.* First, know thou, I begot him on the  
empress.

*Luc.* O most insatiate and luxurious woman!  
*Aar.* Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of  
charity 89

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.  
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;  
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her, 92  
And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou  
saw'st.

*Luc.* O detestable villain! call'st thou that  
trimming?

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and  
trimm'd, and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it. 96

*Luc.* O barbarous, beastly villains, like thy-  
self?

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct  
them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,  
As sure a card as ever won the set; 100  
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me  
As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.  
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole 104

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay ;  
I wrote the letter that thy father found,  
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,  
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:  
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,  
And, when I had it, drew myself apart, 112  
And almost broke my heart with extreme  
laughter.

I pry'd my me through the crevice of a wall  
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;  
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily, 116

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:  
And when I told the empress of this sport,  
She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,  
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. 120

*First Goth.* What! canst thou say all this, and  
never blush?

*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous  
deeds?

*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand  
more. 124

Even now I curse the day, and yet, I think,  
Few come within the compass of my curse,  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:  
As kill a man, or else devise his death; 128

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;  
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;  
Set deadly enmity between two friends;  
Make poor men's cattle break their necks; 132  
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,  
And bid the owners quench them with their  
tears,

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
And set them upright at their dear friends'  
doors, 136

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.' 140  
Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things

As willingly as one would kill a fly,  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more. 144

*Luc.* Bring down the devil, for he must not  
die

So sweet a death as hanging presently.

*Aar.* If there be devils, would I were a devil,  
To live and burn in everlasting fire, 148

So I might have your company in hell,  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak  
no more.

*Enter a Goth.*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from  
Rome 152

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius! what's the news from  
Rome?

*Æmil.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the  
Goths, 156

The Roman emperor greets you all by me;  
And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,  
Willing you to demand your hostages, 160

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.  
*First Goth.* What says our general?

*Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his  
pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus, 164  
And we will come. *March away. [Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—Rome. Before TITUS' House.

*Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON,  
disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habili-  
ment,

I will encounter with Andronicus,  
And say I am Revenge, sent from below

To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.  
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps, 5

To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;

Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies. 8

*[They knock.]*

*Enter TITUS, above.*

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation?  
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,

That so my sad decrees may fly away,  
And all my study be to no effect? 12

You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,  
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;  
And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* Titus, I am come to talk with thee. 16

*Tit.* No, not a word; how can I grace my  
talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?  
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou didst know me, thou wouldst  
talk with me. 20

*Tit.* I am not mad; I know thee well enough;  
Witness this wretched stump, witness these  
crimson lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;  
Witness the tiring day and heavy night; 24

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.

Is not thy coming for my other hand?  
*Tam.* Know, thou sad man, I am not  
Tamora; 28

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;  
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes. 32

Come down, and welcome me to this world's  
light;

Confer with me of murder and of death.  
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity or misty vale, 36  
Where bloody murder or detested rape

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to  
me, 41

To be a torment to mine enemies?  
*Tam.* I am; therefore come down, and wel-  
come me.

*Tit.* Do me some service ere I come to thee.  
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;

Now give some surance that thou art Revenge;  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels,

And then I'll come and be thy waggoner, 48  
And whirl along with thee about the globe.

Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,

And find out murderers in their guilty caves; 52  
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel  
Trot like a servile footman all day long.

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east 56  
Until his very downfall in the sea:



And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me. 60

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

*Tam.* Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,

'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are, 64

And you the empress! but we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee, 68

I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*]

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy.

Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches, 72

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;

And, being credulous in this mad thought,

I'll make him send for Lucius his son;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure, 76

I'll find some cunning practice out of hand

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or, at the least, make them his enemies.

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme. 80

*Enter TITUS.*

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:

Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:

Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.

How like the empress and her sons you are! 84

Well are you fitted had you but a Moor:

Could not all hell afford you such a devil?

For well I wot the empress never wags

But in her company there is a Moor; 88

And would you represent our queen aright,

It were convenient you had such a devil.

But welcome as you are. What shall we do?

*Tam.* What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus? 92

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

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

*Tam.* Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong, 96

And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. 100

Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.

Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court  
There is a queen attended by a Moor; 105

Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee:

I pray thee, do on them some violent death; 108  
They have been violent to me and mine.

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valliant son, 112

Who leads towards Rome a band of war-like

Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house:

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,

I will bring in the empress and her sons, 116

The emperor himself, and all thy foes,

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says Andronicus to this device? 120

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

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;

Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:

Bid him repair to me, and bring with him 124

Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;

Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:

Tell him, the emperor and the empress too

Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.

This do thou for my love; and so let him, 129

As he regards his aged father's life.

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

[*Exit.*]

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business, 132

And take my ministers along with me.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;

Or else I'll call my brother back again,

And cleave to no revenge but Lucius. 136

*Tam.* [*Aside to her sons.*] What say you, boys?  
Will you abide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor

How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,

And tarry with him till I turn again. 141

*Tit.* [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices;

A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam. 144

*Dem.* [*Aside to TAMORA.*] Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

*Tam.* Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes

To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit TAMORA.*]

*Tit.* I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. 148

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

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

*Enter PUBLIUS and Others.*

*Pub.* What is your will? 152

*Tit.* Know you these two?  
*Pub.* The empress' sons,  
 I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.  
*Tit.* Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;  
 The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;  
 And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;  
 Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them;  
 Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour, 160  
 And now I find it: therefore bind them sure,  
 And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.  
 [*Exit. PUBLIUS, &c., seize CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*]  
*Chi.* Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.  
*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are commanded.  
 Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.  
 Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.  
*Re-enter TITUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a basin, and he a knife.*  
*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.  
 Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,  
 But let them hear what fearful words I utter. 169  
 O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!  
 Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,  
 This goodly summer with your winter mix'd. 172  
 You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault  
 Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,  
 My hand cut off and made a merry jest:  
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear  
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
 What would you say if I should let you speak?  
 Villains! for shame you could not beg for grace.  
 Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you. 181  
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,  
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
 The basin that receives your guilty blood. 184  
 You know your mother means to feast with me,  
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.  
 Hark! villains, I will grind your bones to dust,  
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste; 188  
 And of the paste a coffin I will rear,  
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;  
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
 Like to the earth swallow her own increase. 192  
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;  
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,  
 And worse than Procne I will be reveng'd. 196  
 And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come.  
 [*He cuts their throats.*]  
 Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,  
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
 And with this hateful liquor temper it; 200

And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 Come, come, be every one officious  
 To make this banquet, which I wish may prove  
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.  
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,  
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.  
 [*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

Scene III.—The Same. Court of Titus' House. A banquet set out.

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS and Goths, with AARON prisoner.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind

That I repair to Rome, I am content.

*First Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;  
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
 Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
 For testimony of her foul proceedings:

And see the ambush of our friends be strong;  
 I fear the emperor means no good to us.

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!  
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Trumpets sound.*]  
 The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with EMILIUS, Senators, Tribunes, and Others.*

*Sat.* What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

*Luc.* What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

*Mar.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated,  
 The feast is ready which the careful Titus  
 Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,  
 For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:  
 Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys sound.*]

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and Others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye war-like Goths; welcome, Lucius;  
 And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,  
 'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well

To entertain your highness, and your empress. 32

*Tam.* We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius 36

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,  
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?

*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord! 40

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant, 44

For me most wretched, to perform the like.

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;  
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[Kills LAVINIA.]

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind? 48

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage: and it is now done. 52

*Sat.* What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

*Tit.* Will't please you eat? will't please you highness feed?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

*Tit.* Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius: 56  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue:

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pie; 60

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point. [Kills TAMORA.]

*Sat.* Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! [Kills TITUS.]

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their partisans, go up into the balcony.]

*Mar.* You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl 68

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O! let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs againe into one body; 72

Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,

And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,

Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,

Do shameful execution on herself. 76

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,

[To LUCIUS.] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our ancestor, 80

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear

The story of that baleful burning night

When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy; 84

Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel, 88

Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

But floods of tears will drown my oratory,

And break my very utterance, even in the time

When it should move you to attend me most, 92

Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you, 96

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;

And they it was that ravished our sister.

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,

Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave:

Lastly, myself unkindly banished, 104

The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,

To beg relief among Rome's enemies;

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,

And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend: 106

And I am the turn'd forth, be it known to you,

That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body. 112

Alas! you know I am no vaunter, I;

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just and full of truth.

But, soft! methinks I do digress too much, 116

Citing my worthless praise: O! pardon me;

For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Mar.* Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child; 120

Of this was Tamora delivered,

The issue of an irreligious Moor,

Chief architect and plotter of these woes.

The villain is alive in Titus' house,

Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true. 124

Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,

Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you  
Romans? 128

Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,  
And, from the place where you beheld us now,  
The poor remainder of Andronic  
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,  
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
And make a mutual closure of our house.

Speak, Romans, speak! and if you say we shall,  
Lo! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall. 136

*Emil.* Come, come, thou reverend man of  
Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
Lucius, our emperor; for well I know  
The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140

*Romans.* Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal  
emperor!

*Mar.* [To Attendants.] Go, go into old Titus'  
sorrowful house,

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life. 145

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Others descend.

*Romans.* Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious  
governor!

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern  
so,

To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!  
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile, 149

For nature puts me to a heavy task.  
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk. 152

O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,  
[*Kisses Titus.*]  
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd  
face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!

*Mar.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips: 157

O! were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

*Luc.* Come hither, boy; come, come, and  
learn of us 160

To melt in showers: thy grandsire lov'd thee  
well:

Many a time he dan'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;

Many a matter hath he told to thee, 164

Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;  
In that respect, then, like a loving child,

Shed yet some small drops from thy tender  
spring.

Because kind nature doth require it so: 168

Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.  
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;

Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.  
*Boy.* O grandsire, grandsire! even with all  
my heart 172

Would I were dead, so you did live again.  
O Lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;

My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

*Re-enter Attendants, with AARON.*

*First Rom.* You sad Andronic, have done  
with woes: 176

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish  
him;

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:  
If any one relieves or pities him, 181

For the offence he dies. This is our doom:  
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

*Aar.* O! why should wrath be mute, and fury  
dumb? 184

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evils I have done.

Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did  
Would I perform, if I might have my will: 188

If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperor  
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave. 192

My father and Lavinia shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds, 196

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;  
And, being so, shall have like want of pity. 200

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:

Then, afterwards, to order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruinuate. [*Exeunt.*]

Mentioned by Meres, 1608.

# Romeo and Juliet.

## Dramatis Personæ.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.  
 PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.  
 MONTAGUE, } Heads of two Houses at variance  
 CAPULET, } with each other.  
 Uncle to Capulet.  
 ROMEO, son to Montague.  
 MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, } Friends  
 BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, } to Romeo.  
 TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.  
 FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.  
 FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.  
 BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo.  
 SAMPSON, } Servants to Capulet.  
 GREGORY, }

PETER, Servant to Juliet's Nurse.  
 ABRAHAM, Servant to Montague.  
 An Apothecary.  
 Three Musicians.  
 Page to Mercutio; Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.  
 LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.  
 JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.  
 Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; male and female Kinsfolk to both Houses; Masquers, Guards, Watchmen and Attendants.

Chorus.

Scene.—Verona: Once (in the Fifth Act), at Mantua.

## PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,  
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 5  
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
 Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
 Which, but their children's end, nought could  
 remove,  
 Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage; 12  
 The which if you with patient ears attend,  
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to  
 mend. [Exit.

## Act I.

Scene I.—Verona. A Public Place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.  
Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar. 6

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.  
Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.  
Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me. 10

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runnest away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's. 16

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall; therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. 24

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads. 28

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to

stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Gre.* 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues. 34

*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.*

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

*Gre.* How! turn thy back and run? 40

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry; I fear thee!

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin. 44

*Gre.* I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it. 49

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? 52

*Sam.* [Aside to GREGORY.] Is the law of our side if I say ay?

*Gre.* [Aside to SAMPSON.] No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir. 57

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

*Sam.* If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you. 61

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Gre.* [Aside to SAMPSON.] Say, 'better;' here comes one of my master's kinsmen. 65

*Sam.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [They fight.]

*Enter BENVOLIO.*

*Ben.* Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [Beats down their swords.]

*Enter TYBALT.*

*Tyb.* What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? 72

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tyb.* What! drawn, and talk of peace; I hate the word, 76

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward! [They fight.]

*Enter several persons of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs and partisans.*

*Citizens.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues! 80

*Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.*

*Cap.* What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

*Lady Cap.* A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me. 84

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.*

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not; let me go.

*Lady Mon.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE with his Train.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,— 88 Will they not hear? What ho! you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins, On pain of torture, from those bloody hands 92 Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, 96

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments, To wield old partisans, in hands as old, 100

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate. If ever you disturb our streets again

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away: 104

You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And, Montague, come you this afternoon

To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 109 [Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO.]

*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new a-broach?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary And yours close fighting ere I did approach: 113

I drew to part them; in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,

Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, 116 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,

Who, nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn. While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the prince came, who parted either part. 121

*Lady Mon.* O! where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd  
sun 124  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;  
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore  
That westward rooteth from the city's side, 128  
So early walking did I see your son:  
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood:  
I, measuring his affections by my own, 132  
That most are busied when they're most alone,  
Pursu'd my humour not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.  
*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been  
seen, 136  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep  
sighs:  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw 140  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself,  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
And makes himself an artificial night. 145  
Black and portentous must this humour prove  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.  
*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?  
*Mon.* I neither know it nor can learn of him.  
*Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?  
*Mon.* Both by myself and many other friends:  
But he, his own affections' counsellor, 152  
Is to himself, I will not say how true,  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm, 156  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows  
grow,  
We would as willingly give cure as know. 160  
*Ben.* See where he comes: so please you, step  
aside;  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.  
*Mon.* I would thou wert so happy by thy  
stay,  
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.  
[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY.*]

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Good morrow, cousin.  
*Rom.* Is the day so young? 165  
*Ben.* But new struck nine.  
*Rom.* Ay me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?  
*Ben.* It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's  
hours? 168  
*Rom.* Not having that, which having, makes  
them short.  
*Ben.* In love?  
*Rom.* Out—

*Ben.* Of love? 172  
*Rom.* Out of her favour, where I am in love.  
*Ben.* Alas! that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.  
*Rom.* Alas! that love, whose view is muffled  
still, 176  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will.  
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was  
here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with  
love: 180  
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O heavy thing! of nothing first create.  
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms! 184  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick  
health!  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!  
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
Dost thou not laugh?  
*Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep. 188  
*Rom.* Good heart, at what?  
*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.  
*Rom.* Why, such is love's transgression.  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, 192  
Which thou wilt propagate to have it press'd  
With more of thine: this love that thou hast  
shown  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; 197  
Being vex'd, a sea nourished with lovers' tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. 200  
Farewell, my coz. [Going.]  
*Ben.* Soft, I will go along;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.  
*Rom.* Tut! I have lost myself; I am not  
here;  
This is not Romeo, he's some other where. 204  
*Ben.* Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.  
*Rom.* What! shall I groan and tell thee?  
*Ben.* Groan! why, no?  
But sadly tell me who.  
*Rom.* Bid a sick man in sadness make his  
will; 208  
Ah! word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.  
*Ben.* I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you  
lov'd.  
*Rom.* A right good mark-man! And she's fair  
I love. 212  
*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest  
hit.  
*Rom.* Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not  
be hit  
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;  
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, 216  
From love's weak childish bow she lives un-  
harm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,  
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold: 220  
O! she is rich in beauty; only poor

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.  
*Ben.* Then she hath sworn that she will still  
live chaste?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes  
huge waste; 224

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair: 228  
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow  
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O! teach me how I should forget to  
think. 232

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes:  
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way  
To call hers exquisite, in question more.

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows  
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;  
He, that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:

Show me a mistress that is passing fair, 240  
What doth her beauty serve but as a note  
Where I may read who pass'd that passing  
fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in  
debt. [Exeunt.

### Scene II.—The Same. A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

*Cap.* But Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both;  
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long. 5  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said be-  
fore:

My child is yet a stranger in the world, 8  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers  
made. 12

*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early  
made.

Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart, 16  
My will to her consent is but a part;

As she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old accusom'd feast, 20  
Whereto I have invited many a guest

Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number  
more.

At my poor house look to behold this night 24  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven  
light:

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well-apparel'd April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such delight 28  
Among fresh female buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,  
And like her most whose merit most shall be:

Which on more view, of many mine being one 32  
May stand in number, though in reckoning  
none.

Come, go with me. [To Servant, giving him a  
paper.] Go, sirrah, trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out  
Whose names are written there, and to them

say, 36  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.

*Serv.* Find them out whose names are written  
here! It is written that the shoemaker should  
meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his  
last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter  
with his nets; but I am sent to find those  
persons, whose names are here writ, and can  
never find what names the writing person hath  
here writ. I must to the learned. In good  
time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

*Ben.* Tut! man, one fire burns out another's  
burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish; 48  
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's lan-  
guish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die. 52

*Rom.* Your plantain leaf is excellent for  
that.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad-  
man is; 56

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good den, good  
fellow.

*Serv.* God gi' good den. I pray, sir, can you  
read?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 60

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learn'd it without  
book; but, I pray, can you read any thing you  
see?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters and the  
language. 64

*Serv.* Ye say honestly; rest you merry!  
[Offering to go.



Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;  
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters;  
the lady widow of Vitruvio;  
Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces;  
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;  
mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters;  
my fair niece Rosaline;  
Livia;  
Signior Valerio and his cousin Tybalt;  
Lucio and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up, 76

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's. 80

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

[Exit.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's,  
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st, 88  
With all the admired beauties of Verona:

Go thither; and, with unattainted eye  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow. 92

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to  
fires!

And these, who often drown'd could never die,  
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! 96  
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being  
by,

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye; 100  
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love against some other maid  
That I will show you shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well that now shows  
best. 104

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be  
shown,

But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same. A Room in CAPULET'S  
House.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call  
her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve  
year old,—

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!  
God forbid! where's this girl? what, Juliet! 4

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Lady Cap. This is the matter. Nurse, give  
leave awhile.

We must talk in secret: nurse, come back  
again; 8

I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an  
hour.

Lady Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth— 12  
And yet to my teen be it spoken I have but  
four—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now  
To Lammastide?

Lady Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammastide at night shall she be four-  
teen. 17

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—  
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God; 20  
She was too good for me. But, as I said,  
On Lammastide at night shall she be fourteen;  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
And she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, 24  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;  
My lord and you were then at Mantua. 28

Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,  
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug. 32  
'Shake,' quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need,

I trow,

To bid me trudge:  
And since that time it is eleven years;  
For then she could stand high lone; nay, by the  
rood, 36

She could have run and waddled all about;  
For even the day before she broke her brow:  
And then my husband—God be with his soul!  
A' was a merry man—took up the child; 40  
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more  
wit;

Wilt thou not, Julie?' and, by my halldom,  
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.' 44  
To see now how a jest shall come about!  
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Julie?'  
quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.' 48  
Lady Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold  
thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose  
but laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay.'

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow 52  
 A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;  
 A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:  
 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to  
 age; 56  
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'  
*Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,  
 say I.

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee  
 to his grace!  
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:  
 An I might live to see thee married once, 61  
 I have my wish.

*Lady Cap.* Marry, that 'marry' is the very  
 theme  
 I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, 64  
 How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* It is an honour that I dream not of.  
*Nurse.* An honour! were not I thine only  
 nurse,

I would say thou had suck'd wisdom from thy  
 teat. 68

*Lady Cap.* Well, think of marriage now;  
 younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
 Are made already mothers: by my count,  
 I was your mother much upon these years 72  
 That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,  
 The valliant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
 As all the world—why, he's a man of wax. 76

*Lady Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a  
 flower.

*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very  
 flower.

*Lady Cap.* What say you? can you love the  
 gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast; 80  
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
 Examine every married lineament,

And see how one another lends content; 84  
 And what obscured in this fair volume lies

Find written in the margin of his eyes.  
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover: 88  
 The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride

For fair without the fair within to hide:  
 That book in many eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story: 92  
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him making yourself no less.  
*Nurse.* No less! nay, bigger; women grow by  
 men.

*Lady Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of  
 Paris' love? 96

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move;  
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye

Than your consent gives strength to make it  
 fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper  
 served up, you called, my young lady asked for,  
 the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and everything  
 in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech  
 you, follow straight. 104

*Lady Cap.* We follow thee, Juliet, the  
 county stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy  
 days. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or  
 six Masquers, Torch-Bearers, and Others.*

*Rom.* What! shall this speech be spoke for  
 our excuse,

Or shall we on without apology?  
*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity:

We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf, 4  
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;  
 Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance: 8  
 But, let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.  
*Rom.* Give me a torch: I am not for this  
 ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light. 12  
*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you  
 dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me: you have dancing  
 shoes

With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead  
 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move. 16

*Mer.* You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
 And soar with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his  
 shaft

To soar with his light feathers; and so bound 20  
 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.  
*Mer.* And, to sink in it, should you burden  
 love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing. 24  
*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like  
 thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with  
 love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love  
 down. 28

Give me a case to put my visage in:  
 [Putting on a masque.

A visor for a visor! what care I,  
 What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me. 32  
*Ben.* Come, knock and enter; and no sooner  
 in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me; let wantons, light of heart,  
 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels, 36  
 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;  
 I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.  
 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.  
*Mer.* Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's  
 own word: 40  
 If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,  
 Of—save your reverence—love, wherein thou  
 stick'st  
 Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!  
*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.  
*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay 44  
 We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
 Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
 Five times in that ere once in our five wits.  
*Rom.* And we mean well in going to this  
 masque; 48  
 But 'tis no wit to go.  
*Mer.* Why, may one ask?  
*Rom.* I dream'd a dream to-night.  
*Mer.* And so did I.  
*Rom.* Well, what was yours?  
*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.  
*Rom.* In bed asleep, while they do dream  
 things true. 52  
*Mer.* O! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been  
 with you.  
*Ben.* Queen Mab! What's she?  
*Mer.* She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone 56  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; 61  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film; 64  
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut, 68  
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers,  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of  
 love; 72  
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies  
 straight;  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted  
 are. 77  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep, 81  
 Then dreams he of another benefice;

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, 85  
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;  
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab 89  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;  
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
 Which once untangled much misfortune bodes;  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
 That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage:  
 This is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace! 96  
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams,  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air, 100  
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. 104  
*Ben.* This wind you talk of blows us from  
 ourselves;  
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.  
*Rom.* I fear too early; for my mind mis-  
 gives

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars 108  
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
 With this night's revels, and expire the term  
 Of a despised life closed in my breast  
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death. 112  
 But he, that hath the steerage of my course,  
 Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—*The Same. A Hall in CAPULET'S  
 House.*

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen.*

*First Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps  
 not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape  
 a trencher!

*Sec. Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in  
 one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too,  
 'tis a foul thing. 6

*First Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove  
 the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good  
 thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as  
 thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grind-  
 stone and Nell. Antony! and Potpan! 12

*Sec. Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

*First Serv.* You are looked for and called  
 for, asked for and sought for in the great  
 chamber. 17

*Third Serv.* We cannot be here and there  
 too. 17

*Sec. Serv.* Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and  
 the longer liver take all. [They retire behind.]

*Enter CAPULET and JULIET and Others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes

Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you.

Ah ha! my mistresses, which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

she, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up, And quench the fire, the room has grown too hot.

Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well, Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,

For you and I are past our dancing days; How long is't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By'r Lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, sir.

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows. The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand. Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague. Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To peer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe; A villain that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo, is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone: He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

I would not for the wealth of all this town Here in my house do him disparagement;

Therefore be patient, take no note of him: It is my will; and the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest: I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd: What! Goodman boy; I say, he shall, go to;

Am I the master here, or you? go to. You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!

You'll make a mutiny among my guests! You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to; You are a saucy boy—Is't so indeed?— This trick may chance to scathe you.—I know what:

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time. Well said, my hearts! You are a princeling; go:

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What! cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*]

Rom. [*To JULIET.*] If I profane with my unwortheist hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this; My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this; For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

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

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

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

*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.  
[*Kissing her.*]

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took. 112

*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by the book.

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house, 117

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:  
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you he that can lay hold of her 120  
Shall have the chinks.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

*Ben.* Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone; 125

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentleman; good-night. 128

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah! sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all except JULIET and Nurse.*]

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman? 132

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*Jul.* What's he that now is going out of door?

*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruccio.

*Jul.* What's he, that follows there, that would not dance? 136

*Nurse.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go, ask his name.—If he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy. 141

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me, 144  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*Nurse.* What's this, what's this?

*Jul.* A rime I learn'd even now  
Of one I dane'd withal.

[*One calls within, 'JULIET!'*  
*Anon, anon!—*

*Nurse.* Come, let's away; the strangers are all gone. 148  
[*Exeunt.*]

## PROLOGUE.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair,  
Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again, 5

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,  
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks: 8

Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers used to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new-beloved any where: 12

But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,

Tempering extremity with extreme sweet.

[*Exit.*]

## Act II.

Scene I.—*Verona. A Lane by the wall of CAPULET'S Orchard.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Can I go forward when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.  
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Ben.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo!  
*Mer.* He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed. 4

*Ben.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
Speak but one rime and I am satisfied;

Cry but 'Ay me!' couple but 'love' and 'dove';

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word.  
One nickname for her purblind son and heir, 13

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim  
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. 16

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand 24

Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;

That were some spite: my invocation

Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name 28

I conjure only but to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among these

trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:

Blind is his love and best befits the dark. 32

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit

As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.

O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were 37

An open *cætera*, thou a poperin pear.

Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: 40

Come, shall we go?

*Ben.* Go, then; for 'tis in vain

To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—*The Same.* CAPULET'S Orchard.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* He jests at scars, that never felt a

wound.

[*JULIET* appears above at a window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window

breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, 4

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green, 8

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady; O! it is my love:

O! that she knew she were.

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it. 13

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes 16

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those

stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven 20

would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not

night.

See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand:

O! that I were a glove upon that hand, 24

That I might touch that cheek.

*Jul.* Ay me!

*Rom.* She speaks:

O! speak again, bright angel; for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven 23

Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air. 32

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou

Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet. 36

*Rom.* [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I

speak at this?

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, 40

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O! be some other name:

What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet; 44

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;

And for that name, which is no part of thee, 48

Take all myself.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd

in night,

So stumblest on my counsel? 52

*Rom.* By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee: 56

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred

words

Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the

sound:

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60

*Rom.* Neither, fair maid, if either thee dis-

like.

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and

wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here. 65

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch

these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,

And what love can do that dares love attempt;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me. 69

*Jul.* If they do see thee they will murder

thee.

*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine

eye

Than twenty of their swords: look thou but

sweet, 72

And I am proof against their enemy.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here;  
My life were better ended by their hate, 77  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

*Rom.* By Love, that first did prompt me to inquire; 80

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise. 84

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny 88

What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay;'

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries, 92

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo!

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay, 96

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange. 101

I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,

My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love, 105

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

*Jul.* O! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon, 109

That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, 113

Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—

*Jul.* Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, 116

I have no joy of this contract to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be

Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good-night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast! 124

*Rom.* O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it; 128

And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have: 132

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.]

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu! 136

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit above.]

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140

Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee, 145

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

*Nurse.* [Within.] Madam! 149

*Jul.* I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,

I do beseech thee,—

*Nurse.* [Within.] Madam!

*Jul.* By and by; I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief: 152  
To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul,—

*Jul.* A thousand times good-night!

[Exit above.]  
*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. 156

[Retiring.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

*Jul.* Hist! Romeo, hist! O! for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again.

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud, 160  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Rom.* It is my soul that calls upon my name:  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My dear!

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

*Rom.* At the hour of nine. 168

*Jul.* I will not fall; 'tis twenty years till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, 172

Remembering how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone; 176

And yet no further than a wanton's bird,

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,

And with a silk thread plucks it back again, 180

So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow 184

That I shall say good-night till it be morrow. *[Exit.]*

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, 188

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. *[Exit.]*

Scene III.—*The Same.* FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket.*

*Fri. L.* The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels: 4

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers. 8

The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;  
What is her burying grave that is her womb,

And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find, 12

Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some, and yet all different.

O! mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities: 17

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live 17  
But to the earth some special good doth give,  
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse: 20  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power: 24

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed foes encamp them still

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will; 28  
And where the worse is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Good morrow, father!

*Fri. L.* *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? 32  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie; 36

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature; 40

Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri. L.* God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline? 44

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri. L.* That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again. 48  
I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,

That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies: 52

I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri. L.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. 56  
*Rom.* Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combined, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: when and where and how 61

We met we woo'd and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day. 64



*Fri. L.* Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here;

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. 68

*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline;  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste! 72

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet. 76

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:  
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence  
then:

Women may fall, when there's no strength in  
men. 80

*Rom.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri. L.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri. L.* Not in a grave,  
To lay one in, another out to have. 84

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not; she, whom I  
love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

*Fri. L.* O! she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell. 88  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love. 92

*Rom.* O! let us hence; I stand on sudden  
haste.

*Fri. L.* Wisely and slow; they stumble that  
run fast. [Exeunt. 96

#### Scene IV.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
Came he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's; I spoke with his  
man.

*Mer.* Why that same pale hard-hearted wench,  
that Rosaline, 4

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.  
*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life. 8

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write may answer a  
letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master,  
how he dares, being dared. 12

*Mer.* Alas! poor Romeo, he is already dead;  
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot  
through the ear with a love-song; the very pin

of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's  
butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter  
Tybalt?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than prince of cats, I can tell you. 19  
O! he is the courageous captain of compliments.  
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time,  
distance, and proportion; rests me his minute  
rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the  
very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist;  
a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and  
second cause. Ah! the immortal passado! the  
punto reverso! the hay! 23

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antick, lispings, affect-  
ing fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—  
'By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—  
a very good whore.'—Why, is not this a lamentable  
thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted  
with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers,  
these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on  
the new form that they cannot sit at ease on  
the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*! 33

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring.  
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he  
for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura  
to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry,  
she had a better love to be-rime her; Dido a  
dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero  
hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so,  
but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bon  
jour!* there's a French salutation to your French  
slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last  
night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What  
counterfeit did I give you? 59

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the slip; can you not con-  
ceive?

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my business  
was great; and in such a case as mine a man  
may strain courtesy. 57

*Mer.* That's as much as to say, such a case  
as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams. 60

*Rom.* Meaning—to curtsy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy. 64

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then, is my pump well flowered.

*Mer.* Well said; follow me this jest now till  
thou hast worn out the pump, that, when the  
single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain  
after the wearing sole singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled jest! solely singular for  
the singleness. 72

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my  
wit faints. 75

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match. 76

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose? 81

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not here for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not. 85

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not then well served in to a sweet goose? 89

Mer. O! here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. 94

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole. 100

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large. 105

Mer. O! thou art deceived; I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer. 109

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock. 112

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face. 117

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den? 120

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar. 125

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quotha!—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse. 132

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea! is the worst well? very well took, I' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you. 137

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found? 140

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [Sings.]

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, 144

Is very good meat in Lent:

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither. 149

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

Lady, lady, lady. 152

[Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month. 158

Nurse. An a' speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skeins-mates. [To PETER.] And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure! 165

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 170

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bid me say I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentleman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 182

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, I' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman. 187

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer. 192

*Rom.* Bid her devise  
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;  
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell,  
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir; not a penny. 197

*Rom.* Go to; I say, you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there. 200

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse; behind the  
abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;  
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy 204  
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell! Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.  
Farewell! Commend me to thy mistress.

*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark  
you, sir. 208

*Rom.* What sayst thou, my dear nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er  
hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee my man's as true as  
steel. 212

*Nurse.* Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest  
lady—Lord, Lord!—when 'twas a little prating  
thing,—O! there's a nobleman in town, one  
Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but  
she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very  
toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and  
tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll  
warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as  
any clout in the versal world. Doth not rose-  
mary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse: what of that? both with  
an R. 224

*Nurse.* Ah! mocker; that's the dog's name.  
R is for the—No; I know it begins with some  
other letter: and she had the prettiest senten-  
tious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would  
do you good to hear it. 229

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady.

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times. [Exit ROMEO.]

Peter. 232

*Pet.* Anon!

*Nurse.* Before, and apace. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.—*The Same.* CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

*Jul.* The clock struck nine when I did send  
the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.

O! she is lame: love's heralds should be  
thoughts, 4

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's  
beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill 9  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till  
twelve

Is three long hours, yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood, 12

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead; 16

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God! she comes. O honey nurse! what  
news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit PETER.]

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse; O Lord! why  
look'st thou sad? 21

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face. 24

*Nurse.* I am aweary, give me leave awhile:  
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have  
I had!

*Jul.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy  
news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse,  
speak. 26

*Nurse.* Jesu! what haste? can you not stay  
awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath when thou  
hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath? 30

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance: 36

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice;  
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo!  
no, not he; though his face be better than any  
man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a  
hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be  
not to be talked on, yet they are past compare.  
He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant  
him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench;  
serve God. What! have you dined at home?

*Jul.* No, no; but all this did I know before.  
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

*Nurse.* Lord! how my head aches; what a  
head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t'other side; O! my back, my  
back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about, 39

To catch my death with jauncing up and down.

*Jul.* I faith, I am sorry that thou art not  
well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my  
love?

*Nurse.* Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother! why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou re-  
pliest:

'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,  
Where is your mother?'

*Nurse.* O! God's lady dear,  
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil! come, what says  
Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift  
to-day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to Friar Lau-  
rence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;  
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse,  
farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

**Scene VI.—The Same. FRIAR LAURENCE'S  
Cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

*Fri. L.* So smile the heaven upon this holy  
act,

That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow  
can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri. L.* These violent delights have violent  
ends,

And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss consume: the sweetest  
honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:

Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady: O! so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:

A lover may bestride the gossamer

That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri. L.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter,  
for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else are his thanks too  
much.

*Rom.* Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in  
words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their  
worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

*Fri. L.* Come, come with me, and we will  
make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

**Act III.**

**Scene I.—Verona. A Public Place.**

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,

And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood  
stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows that  
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps  
me his sword upon the table and says, 'God  
send me no need of thee!' and by the operation  
of the second cup draws him on the drawer,  
when, indeed, there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in  
thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved  
to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

*Ben.* And what to?

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we should  
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.  
Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that  
hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than  
thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for  
cracking nuts, having no other reason but be-  
cause thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such  
an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy  
head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of  
meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as  
addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast  
quarrelled with a man for coughing in the  
street, because he hath wakened thy dog that

hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling! 33

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter. 36

*Mer.* The fee-simple! O simple!

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT, and Others.*

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow. 44

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving? 48

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—  
*Mer.* Consort! What! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds! consort!

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place, 56  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I. 60

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage 68  
To such a greeting; villain am I none,  
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw. 72

*Rom.* I do protest I never injured thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender 76  
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

*Alla stoccata* carries it away. [Draws.]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? 80

*Tyb.* What wouldst thou have with me?  
*Mer.* Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* [Drawing.] I am for you. 88

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.]

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! 92

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath  
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[Exit TYBALT and his Partisans.]

*Mer.* I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped. 96

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What! art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit PAGE.]

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much. 100

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm. 109

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, 113

And soundly too:—your houses!

[Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt 116

In my behalf; my reputation stain'd

With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour

Hath been my kinsman. O sweet Juliet!

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, 120

And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

*Re-enter BENVOLIO.*

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's  
dead;

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth  
depend; 125

This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!  
Away to heaven, respective lenity, 129

And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!  
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again

That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads, 133

Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou wretched boy, that didst consort  
him here, 136

Shalt with him hence.  
*Rom.* This shall determine that.  
[*They fight: TYBALT falls.*]

*Ben.* Romeo, away! be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amaz'd: the prince will doom thee  
death 140

If thou art taken: hence! be gone! away!  
*Rom.* O! I am Fortune's fool.

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay?  
[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

*First Cit.* Which way ran he that killed  
Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? 144

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.  
*First Cit.* Up, sir, go with me.  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,  
their Wives, and Others.

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this  
fray?

*Ben.* O noble prince! I can discover all 148  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*Lady Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's  
child! 152

O prince! O cousin! husband! O! the blood  
is spill'd

Of my dear kinsman. Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin! 156

*Prin.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand  
did slay:

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal 160

Your high displeasure: all this, utter'd  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly  
bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts 164

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends 168  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than  
his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points, 172  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
But by and by comes back to Romeo, 176

Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I

Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly. 180

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.  
*Lady Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montague;

Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:  
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife

And all those twenty could but kill one life. 185  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

*Prin.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's  
friend,

His fault concludes but what the law should end,  
The life of Tybalt.

*Prin.* And for that offence 192  
Immediately we do exile him hence:

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine 196  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;

Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses;  
Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in haste,

Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. 201  
Bear hence this body and attend our will:

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.  
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—*The Same. CAPULET'S Orchard.*

Enter JULIET.

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner

As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately. 4

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!  
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen!  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites 8

By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,

Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match, 12

Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,

With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown  
bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty. 16  
Come, night! come, Romeo! come, thou day in  
night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd  
night, 20

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night, 24  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

O! I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day 28  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them. O! here comes my  
nurse,

*Enter Nurse with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue that  
speaks 32

But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.  
Now nurse, what news? What hast thou there?  
the cords

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

*Nurse.* Ay, ay, the cords.  
[*Throws them down.*]

*Jul.* Ah me! what news? why dost thou  
wring thy hands? 36

*Nurse.* Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,  
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.* Romeo can, 40

Though heaven cannot. O! Romeo, Romeo;  
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou that dost torment  
me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell. 44  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'  
And that bare vowel, 'I,' shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not I, if there be such an 'I'; 48  
Or those eyes shut that make thee answer 'I.'  
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not 'no':  
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine  
eyes, 52

God save the mark! here on his manly breast:  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight. 56

*Jul.* O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt,  
break at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this that blows so con-  
trary? 64

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?  
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
For who is living if those two are gone? 68

*Nurse.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Jul.* O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's  
blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did. 72

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering  
face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravensing lamb!  
Despised substance of divineness show! 77

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;  
A damned saint, an honourable villain!

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell 80  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O! that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace.

*Nurse.* There's no trust, 85  
No faith, no honesty in men; all naught,  
All perjured, all dissemblers, all forsworn.

Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua  
vite*: 88

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me  
old.

Shame come to Romeo!

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit; 92  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O! what a beast was I to chide at him.  
*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd  
your cousin? 96

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my hus-  
band?

Ah! poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth  
thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my  
cousin? 100

That villain cousin would have kill'd my hus-  
band:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy. 104

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my  
husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's  
death, 106

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;  
 But O! it presses to my memory,  
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds,  
 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!' 112  
 That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's  
 death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship, 116  
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,  
 Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'  
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?  
 But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,  
 'Romeo is banished!' to speak that word  
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
 All slain, all dead: 'Romeo is banished!' 124  
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound  
 In that word's death; no words can that woe  
 sound.—

Where is my father and my mother, nurse?  
*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's  
 corse: 128

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.  
*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears: mine  
 shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
 Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are  
 beguil'd, 132

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd:  
 He made you for a highway to my bed,  
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
 Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding  
 bed; 136

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!  
*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber; I'll find Ro-  
 meo

To comfort you: I wot well where he is.  
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here to-night: 140  
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

*Jul.* O! find him; give this ring to my true  
 knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.  
 [Exeunt.

Scene III.—*The Same.* FRIAR LAURENCE'S  
 Cell.

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE.

*Fri. L.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou  
 fearful man:  
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the  
 prince's doom? 4

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
 That I yet know not?

*Fri. L.* Too familiar  
 Is my dear son with such sour company:

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom. 8  
*Rom.* What less than doomsday is the prince's  
 doom?

*Fri. L.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from  
 his lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha! banishment! be merciful, say  
 'death;' 12

For exile hath more terror in his look,  
 Much more than death: do not say 'banish-  
 ment.'

*Fri. L.* Hence from Verona art thou banished.  
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. 16

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona  
 walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,  
 And world's exile is death; then 'banished,' 20

Is death mis-term'd. Calling death 'banished,'  
 Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
 And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri. L.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind  
 prince, 25

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
 And turn'd that black word death to banish-  
 ment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. 28

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is  
 here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
 Live here in heaven and may look on her; 32

But Romeo may not: more validity,  
 More honourable state, more courtship lives  
 In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize  
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, 36

And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

Flies may do this, but I from this must fly: 40  
 They are free men, but I am banished.

And sayst thou yet that exile is not death?  
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground  
 knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
 But 'banished' to kill me. 'Banished!' 45

O friar! the damned use that word in hell;  
 Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, 43

A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
 To mangle me with that word 'banished?'

*Fri. L.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but  
 speak a word.

*Rom.* O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*Fri. L.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that  
 word; 53

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet 'banished!' Hang up philosophy,  
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, 57



Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

*Fri. L.* O! then I see that madmen have no ears. 60

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

*Fri. L.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 64  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now, 68  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Knocking within.]

*Fri. L.* Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself.

*Rom.* Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. 72  
[Knocking.]

*Fri. L.* Hark! how they knock. Who's there? Romeo arise;

Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;  
[Knocking.]

Run to my study. By and by! God's will!  
What wilfulness is this! I come, I come! 76  
[Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

*Nurse.* [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady Juliet.  
*Fri. L.* Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo? 81

*Fri. L.* There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

*Nurse.* O! he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!

*Fri. L.* O woeful sympathy! 84  
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,

Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 89

*Rom.* Nurse!

*Nurse.* Ah, sir! ah, sir! Well, death's the end of all.

*Rom.* Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her? 92

Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stained the childhood of my joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what

says

96

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

*Nurse.* O! she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries, 100  
And then down falls again.

*Rom.* As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman. O! tell me, friar, tell me, 104

In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his sword.]

*Fri. L.* Hold thy desperate hand;  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman in a seeming man;  
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! 112

Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives, 116

By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose. 120

Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit. 124

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man;

Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to 128

cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,  
To set a-fire by thine own ignorance, 132

And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.  
What! rouse thee, man; thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too: 137

The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend,

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings light upon thy back; 140

Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,

Thou poust'st upon thy fortune and thy love.  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserably. 144  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,

Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;  
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ; 148  
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. 153  
 Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto : 156  
 Romeo is coming.

*Nurse.* O Lord ! I could have stay'd here all  
 the night

To hear good counsel : O ! what learning is.  
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come. 160

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to  
 chide.

*Nurse.* Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,  
 sir.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.  
 [Exit.

*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by  
 this ! 164

*Fri. L.* Go hence ; good-night ; and here  
 stands all your state :

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence :  
 Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man, 168  
 And he shall signify from time to time  
 Every good hap to you that chances here.  
 Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good-

night.

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
 It were a grief so brief to part with thee : 173  
 Farewell. [Exit.

Scene IV.—*The Same. A Room in CAPULET'S  
 House.*

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.*

*Cap.* Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,  
 That we have had no time to move our  
 daughter :

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
 And so did I : well, we were born to die. 4

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night :  
 I promise you, but for your company,  
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of woe afford no time to  
 woo. 8

Madam, good-night : commend me to your  
 daughter.

*Lady Cap.* I will, and know her mind early  
 to-morrow ;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate  
 tender 12

Of my child's love : I think she will be rul'd  
 In all respects by me ; nay, more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ; 16  
 And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday  
 next—

But, soft ! what day is this ?  
*Par.* Monday, my lord.

*Cap.* Monday ! ha, ha ! Well, Wednesday is  
 too soon ;

O' Thursday let it be : o' Thursday, tell her, 20  
 She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?  
 We'll keep no great ado ; a friend or two ;

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, 24  
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we reveal much.  
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thurs-  
 day ? 28

*Par.* My lord, I would that Thursday were  
 to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone : o' Thursday be it  
 then.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. 32

Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho !  
 Afore me ! it is so very late,

That we may call it early by and by.  
 Good-night. [Exit.

Scene V.—*The Same. JULIET'S Chamber.*

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET.*

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near  
 day :

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree : 4  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
 No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east : 8

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops :

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I :  
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales, 13

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua :

Therefore stay yet ; thou need'st not to be gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to  
 death ; 17

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ; 20  
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :  
 I have more care to stay than will to go :

Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so. 24  
 How is't, my soul ? let's talk ; it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is ; hie hence, be gone, away !  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

- Some say the lark makes sweet division; 29  
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
 Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;  
 O! now I would they had chang'd voices too, 32  
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.  
 O! now be gone; more light and light it grows.  
*Rom.* More light and light; more dark and dark our woes. 36
- Enter Nurse.*
- Nurse.* Madam!  
*Jul.* Nurse!  
*Nurse.* Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:  
 The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*  
*Jul.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.  
*Rom.* Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [*Descends.*  
*Jul.* Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!  
 I must hear from thee every day in the hour, 44  
 For in a minute there are many days;  
 O! by this count I shall be much in years  
 Ere I again behold my Romeo.  
*Rom.* Farewell! 48  
 I will omit no opportunity  
 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.  
*Jul.* O! think'st thou we shall ever meet again?  
*Rom.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve 52  
 For sweet discourses in our time to come.  
*Jul.* O God! I have an ill-divining soul:  
 Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,  
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb: 56  
 Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.  
*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!  
 [*Exit.*  
*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: 60  
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
 That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
 For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
 But send him back. 64  
*Lady Cap.* [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?  
*Jul.* Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
 Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
 What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
- Enter LADY CAPULET.*
- Lady Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet!  
*Jul.* Madam, I am not well. 69  
*Lady Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
 What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
- And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;  
 Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;  
 But much of grief shows still some want of wit.  
*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.  
*Lady Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend 76  
 Which you weep for.  
*Jul.* Feeling so the loss,  
 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.  
*Lady Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,  
 As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.  
*Jul.* What villain, madam?  
*Lady Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.  
*Jul.* [*Aside.*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.  
 God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
 And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.  
*Lady Cap.* That is because the traitor murderer lives. 85  
*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.  
 Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!  
*Lady Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not: 88  
 Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
 Where that same banished runagate doth live,  
 Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram  
 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company: 92  
 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.  
*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
 With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
 Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd: 96  
 Madam, if you could find out but a man  
 To bear a poison, I would temper it,  
 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
 Soon sleep in quiet. O! how my heart abhors  
 To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,  
 To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt  
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.  
*Lady Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man. 104  
 But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.  
*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needy time:  
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship?  
*Lady Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child; 108  
 One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy  
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.  
*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is that?  
*Lady Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn 113  
 The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
 The County Paris, at Saint Peter's church,  
 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride. 116

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride,  
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.  
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, 121  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed! 124

*Lady Cap.* Here comes your father; tell him  
so yourself,  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle  
dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son 128  
It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind; 132  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;  
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,  
Without a sudden calm, will overset 137  
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*Lady Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she  
gives you thanks. 140

I would the fool were married to her grave!  
*Cap.* Soft! take me with you, take me with  
you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us  
thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought 145  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that  
you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate; 148  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now! how now, chop-logic! What  
is this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you  
not;'

And yet 'not proud;' mistress minion, you, 152  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no  
prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. 156

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you bag-  
gage!

You tallow face!  
*Lady Cap.* Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 160

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
wretch!

I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face,  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me; 164  
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us  
bless'd

That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her. 168  
Out on her, hilding!

*Nurse.* God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your  
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.  
*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O! God ye good den.  
*Nurse.* May not one speak?

*Cap.* Peace, you mumbling fool;  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;  
For here we need it not.

*Lady Cap.* You are too hot. 176  
*Cap.* God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage, 181

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man!

And then to have a wretched puling fool, 185  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer 'I'll not wed,' 'I cannot love,'

'I am too young,' 'I pray you, pardon me;' 188  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with  
me:

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise. 192  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the  
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. 196  
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O! sweet my mother, cast me not away: 200  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*Lady Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak  
a word. 204

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]  
*Jul.* O God! O nurse! how shall this be pre-  
vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth, 208

Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.

Alack, alack! that heaven should practise strat-  
agems

Upon so soft a subject as myself! 212  
 What sayst thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
 Some comfort, nurse?

*Nurse.* Faith, here it is. Romeo  
 Is banished; and all the world to nothing  
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth. 217  
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
 I think it best you married with the county.  
 O! he's a lovely gentleman; 220

Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,  
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
 I think you are happy in this second match, 224  
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
 As living here and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?  
*Nurse.* And from my soul too; 228  
 Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* What!

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous  
 much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
 Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
 To make confession and to be absolv'd. 233

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [Exit.]

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O most wicked  
 fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn, 236  
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
 Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
 So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;  
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.  
 I'll to the friar, to know his remedy: 241  
 If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.]

## Act IV.

### Scene I.—Verona. FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.*

*Fri. L.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very  
 short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
 And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

*Fri. L.* You say you do not know the lady's  
 mind: 4

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's  
 death,

And therefore have I little talked of love;  
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. 8

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous  
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,  
 And in his wisdom hastes our marriage  
 To stop the inundation of her tears; 12  
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society.  
 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*Fri. L.* [Aside.] I would I knew not why it  
 should be slow'd. 16  
 Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Par.* Happily met, my lady and my wife!

*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*Par.* That may be must be, love, on Thurs-  
 day next. 20

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Fri. L.* That's a certain text.

*Par.* Come you to make confession to this  
 father?

*Jul.* To answer that, I should confess to you.

*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me.

*Jul.* I will confess to you that I love him. 25

*Par.* So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your  
 face. 28

*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with  
 tears.

*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that;  
 For it was bad enough before their spite.

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with  
 that report. 32

*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;  
 And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast  
 slander'd it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own. 36  
 Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Fri. L.* My leisure serves me, pensive daugh-  
 ter, now:

My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

*Par.* God shield, I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:  
 Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [Exit.]

*Jul.* O! shut the door! and when thou hast  
 done so, 44

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past  
 help!

*Fri. L.* Ah! Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
 It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
 On Thursday next be married to this county. 49

*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of  
 this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
 If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help, 52

Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
 And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our  
 hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd, 56  
 Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, 60  
Give me some present counsel; or behold,  
Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art 64  
Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri. L.* Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of  
hope, 68

Which craves as desperate an execution  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself, 72  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;  
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy. 76

*Jul.* O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring  
bears; 80

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave 84  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me  
tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love. 88

*Fri. L.* Hold, then; go home, be merry, give  
consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed, 93  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse 96  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall, 100

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, deprived of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours, 105  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning  
comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then—as the manner of our country is— 109  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie. 112

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night 116  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame;  
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

*Jul.* Give me, give me! O! tell me not of  
fear!

*Fri. L.* Hold; get you gone, be strong and  
prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord. 124

*Jul.* Love, give me strength! and strength  
shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father! [Exit.

Scene II.—The Same. Hall in CAPULET'S  
House.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and  
Servingsmen.

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are writ.  
[Exit Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

*Sec. Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll  
try if they can lick their fingers. 4

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

*Sec. Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that  
cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that  
cannot lick his fingers goes not with me. 8

*Cap.* Go, be gone. [Exit Second Servant,  
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

What! is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth. 12

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good  
on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Nurse.* See where she comes from shrift with  
merry look. 16

Enter JULIET.

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong! where have  
you been gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the  
sin

Of disobedient opposition  
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd 20

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,  
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*Cap.* Send for the county; go tell him of  
this: 24

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence's  
cell;

And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty. 28

*Cap.* Why, I'm glad on't; this is well: stand  
up:

This is as't should be. Let me see the county;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.

Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar, 32

All our whole city is much bound to him.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow? 36

*Lady Cap.* No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

*Lady Cap.* We shall be short in our provision:

'Tis now near night,

*Cap.* Tush! I will stir about, 40

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;

I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!

They are all forth: well, I will walk myself 45

To County Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. 48

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene III.—*The Same.* JULIET'S Chamber.

*Enter JULIET and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state, 4

Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

*Lady Cap.* What! are you busy, ho? need you my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow: 8

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all

In this so sudden business.

*Lady Cap.* Good-night: 12

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*]

*Jul.* Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life: 16

I'll call them back again to comfort me:

Nurse! What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial. 20

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no; this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar 24

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd  
Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not, 23

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

I will not entertain so bad a thought.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point! 32

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like, 37

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, 40

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say, 44

At some hours in the night spirits resort:

Alack, alack! is it not like that I,

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth, 45

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:

O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environ'd with all these hideous fears,

And madly play with my forefathers' joints, 52

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost 56

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She falls upon her bed within the curtains.*]

### Scene IV.—*The Same.* Hall in CAPULET'S House.

*Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Lady Cap.* Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock: 4

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica;

Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* Go, go, you cot-quean, go;

Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow

For this night's watching. 8

*Cap.* No, not a whit; what! I have watch'd ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

*Lady Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt  
in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*]

*Cap.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

*Enter three or four Serving-men, with spits,  
logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow, 13

What's there?

*First Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I  
know not what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste. [*Exit first  
Serving-man.*] Sirrah, fetch drier logs: 16

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

*Sec. Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out  
logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

*Cap.* Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson,  
ha! 20

Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith! 'tis  
day:

The county will be here with music straight,

For so he said he would. [*Music within.*] I hear  
him near.

*Nurse!* Wife! what, ho! What, nurse, I say!

*Re-enter Nurse.*

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up; 25

I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,  
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come  
already:

Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

**Scene V.—The Same. JULIET'S Chamber.**

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet!  
fast, I warrant her, she:

Why, lamb! why, lady! lie, you slug-a-bed!

Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why,  
bride!

What! not a word? you take your pennyworths  
now: 4

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
The County Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,  
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep! 8

I needs must wake her. Madam, madam,  
madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, 't' faith. Will it not be?

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down  
again! 12

I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas! Help! help! my lady's dead

O! well-a-day, that ever I was born.

Some *aqua-vita*, ho! My lord, my lady! 16

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

*Lady Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*Lady Cap.* What is the matter?

*Nurse.* Look, look! O heavy day!

*Lady Cap.* O me, O me! my child, my only  
life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! 20  
Help, help! Call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* For shame! bring Juliet forth; her  
lord is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead;  
alack the day!

*Lady Cap.* Alack the day! she's dead, she's  
dead! she's dead! 24

*Cap.* Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she's  
cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated;

Death lies on her like an untimely frost 28

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*Lady Cap.* O woeful time!

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to  
make me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak. 32

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, and PARIS, with  
Musicians.*

*Fri. L.* Come, is the bride ready to go to  
church?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.

O son! the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she  
lies, 36

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,

And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's! 40

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morn-  
ing's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*Lady Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched,  
hateful day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw 44

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my  
sight! 48

*Nurse.* O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day! 52

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woeful day, O woeful day!

*Par.* Begull'd, divorc'd, wronged, spited,  
slain!

Most detestable death, by thee begull'd, 56

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! not life, but love in death!



Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,  
kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now 60  
To murder, murder our solemnity?

O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!  
Dead art thou! dead! alack, my child is dead;  
And with my child my joys are buried! 64

Fri. L. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's  
cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid: 68  
Your part in her you could not keep from  
death,

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was her promotion,  
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd;  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd 73  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O! in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well: 76  
She's not well married that lives married long;  
But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is, 80  
In all her best array bear her to church;  
For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival, 84  
Turn from their office to black funeral;  
Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change, 88  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with  
him;

And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare 92  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.

The heavens do lower upon you for some ill;  
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS,  
and Friar.

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes,  
and be gone. 97

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put  
up, for, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit.*

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be  
amended. 101

*Enter* PETER.

Pet. Musicians! O! musicians, 'Heart's ease,  
Heart's ease:' O! an ye will have me live, play  
'Heart's ease,' 104

First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease?'

Pet. O! musicians, because my heart itself  
plays 'My heart is full of woe;' O! play me  
some merry dump, to comfort me. 108

Sec. Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to  
play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Musicians. No. 112

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith! but the glee;  
I will give you the minstrel. 116

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-  
creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's  
dagger on your pate, I will carry no crotchets:  
I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me? 121

First Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you  
note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and  
put out your wit. 125

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will  
dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my  
iron dagger. Answer me like men: 128

When griping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music with her silver sound—

Why 'silver sound?' why 'music with her silver  
sound?' What say you, Simon Catling? 133

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a  
sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say 'silver sound,' because mu-  
sicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James  
Soundpost? 140

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer;  
I will say for you. It is, 'music with her silver  
sound,' because musicians have no gold for  
sounding: 145

Then music with her silver sound  
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit.*

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this  
same! 149

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in  
here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.  
[*Exeunt.*

## Act V.

### Scene I.—Mantua. A Street.

*Enter* ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of  
sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful  
thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead;—

Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to  
think,—

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips, 8  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter BALTHASAR, booted.*

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar? 12  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill if she be well. 16

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;  
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20  
And presently took post to tell it you.  
O! pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!  
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and  
paper, 25

And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.  
*Bal.* I do beseech you, sir, have patience:  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import 28  
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush, thou art deceiv'd;  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.  
*Rom.* No matter; get thee gone, 32  
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means: O mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men. 36

I do remember an apothecary,  
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, 40  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves 44

A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show. 48

Noting this penury, to myself I said  
An if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him. 52

O! this same thought did but fore-run my need,  
And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the house:

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut, 56  
What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud?

*Rom.* Come hither, man. I see that thou art  
poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have  
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear 60  
As will disperse itself through all the veins  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,  
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath  
As violently as hasty powder fir'd 64  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's  
law

Is death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretched-  
ness, 68

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;  
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law:  
The world affords no law to make thee rich; 72  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.  
*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. 76

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to men's  
souls, 80

Doing more murders in this loathsome world  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst  
not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh. 84  
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Verona.* FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell.

*Enter FRIAR JOHN.*

*Fri. J.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.*

*Fri. L.* This same should be the voice of Friar  
John.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter. 4

*Fri. J.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town, 8

Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;

So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd. 12

*Fri. L.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

*Fri. J.* I could not send it, here it is again,  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection. 16

*Fri. L.* Unhappy fortune! by my brother-  
hood,

The letter was not nice, but full of charge  
Of dear import; and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;

Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight 21  
Unto my cell.

*Fri. J.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.  
[*Exit.*]

*Fri. L.* Now must I to the monument  
alone;

Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake: 24  
She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come: 28  
Poor living corpse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!  
[*Exit.*]

Scene III.—*The Same. A Churchyard; in  
it a Monument belonging to the CAPULETS.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and  
a torch.*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and  
stand aloof;

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground: 4  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go. 9

*Page.* [*Aside.*] I am almost afraid to stand  
alone

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.  
[*Retires.*]

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed  
I strew, 12

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:  
The obsequies that I for thee will keep 16  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20  
What! with a torch?—muffle me, night, awhile.  
[*Retires.*]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch,  
mattock, &c.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock, and the wrench-  
ing iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father. 24  
Give me the light: upon thy life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course,  
Why I descend into this bed of death, 28  
Is partly, to behold my lady's face;  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring, a ring that I must use  
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:

But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry 33  
In what I further shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy  
limbs. 36

The time and my intents are savage-wild,  
More fierce and more inexorable far  
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship. Take  
thou that: 41

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good  
fellow.

*Bal.* [*Aside.*] For all this same, I'll hide me  
here about:

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. 44  
[*Retires.*]

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of  
death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  
[*Opens the tomb.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!  
*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief  
It is supposed the fair creature died;  
And here is come to do some villainous shame 52  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—  
[*Comes forward.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague,  
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee: 56  
Obey, and go with me; for thou hast die.

*Rom.* I must, indeed; and therefore came I  
hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone;  
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,  
Put not another sin upon my head

By urging me to fury: O! be gone:  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself. 64  
For I come hither arm'd against myself:  
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy thy conjurations,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here. 68

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? then have at  
thee, boy! [*They fight.*]

*Page.* O Lord! they fight: I will go call the  
watch. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* [*Falls.*] O, I am slain!—If thou be mer-  
ciful, 72

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

*Rom.* In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!  
What said my man when my betossed soul 76  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80  
To think it was so? O! give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book:  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;  
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth, 84  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd,

[Laying PARIS in the tomb.]

How oft when men are at the point of death 88  
Have they been merry! which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O! how may I  
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: 93  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. 96  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O! what more favour can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain  
To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100

Forgive me, cousin! Ah! dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps 104  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again: here, here will I remain 108  
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O!  
here

Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your  
last! 112  
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on 117  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here's to my love! [Drinks.] O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. 120  
[Dies.]

Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard,  
FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and  
spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft  
to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's  
there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows  
you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my  
friend, 124

What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capel's monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my  
master, 128  
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo,  
Fri. L. How long hath he been there?  
Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.  
Bal. I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence; 132  
And fearfully did menace me with death  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes  
upon me;

O! much I fear some ill unlucky thing. 136  
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. [Advances.] Romeo!  
Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains 140  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discoloured by this place of peace?

[Enters the tomb.]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what! Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood? Ah! what an unkind  
hour 145

Is guilty of this lamentable chance.  
The lady stirs. [JULIET wakes.]

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be, 149  
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

[Noise within.]

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from  
that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep: 152  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee 156  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet.—[Noise again.] I dare no  
longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.  
[Exit FRIAR LAURENCE.]

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's  
hand? 161

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.  
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after! I will kiss thy lips; 164  
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]  
Thy lips are warm!

First Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy  
dagger! [Snatching ROMEO'S dagger.]  
This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself.] there rest,  
and let me die. 170

[Falls on ROMEO'S body and dies.]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there where the  
torch doth burn.

*First Watch.* The ground is bloody; search  
about the churchyard. 172

Go, some of you; who'er you find, attach.  
[*Exeunt some of the Watch.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain,  
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried. 176

Go, tell the prince, run to the Capulets,  
Raise up the Montagues, some others search:

[*Exeunt others of the Watch.*]  
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
We cannot without circumstance desery. 181

*Re-enter some of the Watch, with BAL-  
THASAR.*

*Sec. Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found  
him in the churchyard.

*First Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the  
prince come hither.

*Re-enter other of the Watch, with FRIAR  
LAURENCE.*

*Third Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles,  
sighs, and weeps; 184

We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

*First Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the  
friar too.

*Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.*

*Prince.* What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and Others.*

*Cap.* What should it be, that they should  
shriek abroad?

*Lady Cap.* The people in the street cry  
Romeo,

Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run 192  
With open outcry toward our monument.

*Prince.* What fear is this which startles in  
our ears?

*First Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County  
Paris slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, 196  
Warm and new kill'd.

*Prince.* Search, seek, and know how this foul  
murder comes.

*First Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd  
Romeo's man;

With instruments upon them, fit to open 200  
These dead men's tombs.

*Cap.* O, heaven!—O wife! look how our  
daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en!—for, lo, his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague— 204

And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

*Lady Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a  
bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague: for thou art early  
up, 206

To see thy son and heir more early down.

*Mon.* Alas! my liege, my wife is dead to-  
night;

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.  
What further woe conspires against mine age?

*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see. 213

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in  
this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a  
while, 216

Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true  
descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,  
And let mischief be slave to patience. 221

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri. L.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place 224

Doth make against me, of this direful murder;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

*Prince.* Then say at once what thou dost  
know in this. 228

*Fri. L.* I will be brief, for my short date of  
breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day

Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this  
city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd. 236

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,

To County Paris: then comes she to me,  
And, with wild looks bid me devise some mean

To rid her from this second marriage, 241

Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
Then gave I her,—so tutor'd by my art,—

A sleeping potion; which so took effect 244

As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo

That he should hither come as this dire night,  
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave, 248

Being the time the potion's force should cease.  
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,

Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight  
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone, 252

At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,  
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo: 256

But, when I came,—some minute ere the time  
Of her awakening,—here untimely lay

The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.  
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth, 260  
 And bear this work of heaven with patience ;  
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,  
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself. 264  
 All this I know ; and to the marriage  
 Her nurse is privy : and, if aught in this  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time, 268  
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy man.

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

*Bal.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death ; 272

And then in post he came from Mantua  
 To this same place, to this same monument.  
 This letter he early bid me give his father,  
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault, 276

If I departed not and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter ; I will look on it.  
 Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave, 281

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did ;  
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb ;

And by and by my master drew on him ; 284  
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :  
 And here he writes that he did buy a poison 288  
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.  
 Where be these enemies?—Capulet! Montague!  
 See what a scourge is laid upon your hate, 292  
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love ;

And I, for winking at your discords too,  
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen : all are punish'd.

*Cap.* O brother Montague! give me thy hand:  
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more 297  
 Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more ;  
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;  
 That while Verona by that name is known, 300  
 There shall no figure at such rate be set  
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;  
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity! 304

*Prince.* A glooming peace this morning with it brings ;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head :  
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things :

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :  
 For never was a story of more woe 309  
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*]

# Timon of Athens.

## Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.  
 LUCIUS, }  
 LUCULLUS, } flattering Lords.  
 SEMPRONIUS, }  
 VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.  
 APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.  
 ALCIBIADES, an Athenian Captain.  
 FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.  
 FLAMINIUS, }  
 LUCILIUS, } Servants to Timon.  
 SERVICIUS, }  
 CAPHIS, }  
 PHILOTUS, } Servants to Timon's Creditors.  
 TITUS, }  
 LUCIUS, }  
 HORTENSIVS, }

Servants of Ventidius, and of Varro and Isidore (two of Timon's Creditors).  
 Three Strangers.  
 An Old Athenian.  
 A Page.  
 A Fool.  
 Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

PHRYNIA, }  
 TIMANDRA, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

CUPID and Amazons in the Masque.

Scene.—Athens, and the neighbouring Woods.

## Act I.

Scene I.—Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known;

But what particular rarity? what strange, 4  
 Which manifold record not matches? See,  
 Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
 Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller. 8

Mer. O! 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness:  
 He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here— 12  
 Mer. O! pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

Poet. When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse 15  
 Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. [Looking at the jewel.] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
 Our poesy is as a gun, which oozes 21

From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire 't the flint  
 Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current flies 24  
 Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.  
 Let's see your piece. 28

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable! How this grace  
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination 33  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the  
gesture

One might interpret.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life. 36  
Here is a touch; is't good?

*Poet.* I'll say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, who pass over the stage.*

*Pain.* How this lord is follow'd! 40

*Poet.* The senators of Athens: happy man!

*Pain.* Look, more!

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great  
flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man, 44  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment: my free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moves itself

In a wide sea of wax: no level'd malice 48  
Infects one comma in the course I hold;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I will unbolt to you. 52

You see how all conditions, how all minds—  
As well of glib and slippery creatures as  
Of grave and austere quality—tender down  
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, 57  
Subdues and properties to his love and tend-  
ance

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd  
flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better 60  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant  
hill 64  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the  
mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states: amongst them all, 68  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and  
servants 72

Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.  
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, me-  
thinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount 76  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
In our condition.

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on.  
All those which were his fellows but of late,  
Some better than his value, on the moment 80  
FoHow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,  
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him  
Drink the free air.

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these? 84  
*Poet.* When Fortune in her shift and change  
of mood

Spurns down her late below'd, all his dependants  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's  
top

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip  
down, 88

Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common:  
A thousand moral paintings I can show  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of  
Fortune's 92

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well  
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, address-  
ing himself courteously to every suitor; a  
Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him;  
LUCILIUS and other servants following.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord: five talents is his  
debt, 96

His means most short, his creditors most strait:  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up; which, failing,  
Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well; 100  
I am not of that feather to shake off  
My friend when he must need me. I do know  
him

A gentleman that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free  
him. 104

*Mess.* Your lordship ever binds him.  
*Tim.* Commend me to him. I will send his  
ransom;

And being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.  
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, 108  
But to support him after. Fare you well.

*Mess.* All happiness to your honour. [*Exit.*]

*Enter an Old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.  
*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.  
*Tim.* I have so: what of him? 113

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man be-  
fore thee.



*Tim.* Attends he here or no? Lucilius!  
*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service. 116  
*Old Ath.* This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,  
 By night frequents my house. I am a man  
 That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,  
 And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd 120  
 Than one which holds a trencher.  
*Tim.* Well; what further?  
*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin  
 else,  
 On whom I may confer what I have got:  
 The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride, 124  
 And I have bred her at my dearest cost  
 In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
 Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,  
 Join with me to forbid him her resort; 128  
 Myself have spoke in vain.  
*Tim.* The man is honest.  
*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:  
 His honesty rewards him in itself;  
 It must not bear my daughter.  
*Tim.* Does she love him? 132  
*Old Ath.* She is young and apt:  
 Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
 What levity's in youth.  
*Tim.* [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?  
*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.  
*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be  
 missing, 137  
 I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
 Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
 And dispossess her all.  
*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,  
 If she be mated with an equal husband? 141  
*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present; in  
 future, all.  
*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me  
 long:  
 To build his fortune I will strain a little, 144  
 For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;  
 What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
 And make him weigh with her.  
*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,  
 Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. 148  
*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honour on my  
 promise.  
*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship: never  
 may  
 That state or fortune fall into my keeping  
 Which is not owed to you! 152  
 [Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian.  
*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live  
 your lordship!  
*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from me  
 anon:  
 Go not away. What have you there, my friend?  
*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do be-  
 seech 156  
 Your lordship to accept.  
*Tim.* Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;  
 For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,  
 He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are 160  
 Even such as they give out. I like your work;  
 And you shall find I like it: wait attendance  
 Till you hear further from me.  
*Pain.* The gods preserve you!  
*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman: give me your  
 hand; 164  
 We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel  
 Hath suffer'd under praise.  
*Jew.* What, my lord! dispraise?  
*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.  
 If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extolled, 168  
 It would unclew me quite.  
*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated  
 As those which sell would give: but you well  
 know,  
 Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
 Are prized by their masters. Believe 't, dear  
 lord, 172  
 You mend the jewel by the wearing it.  
*Tim.* Well mock'd.  
*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the com-  
 mon tongue,  
 Which all men speak with him. 176  
*Tim.* Look, who comes here. Will you be  
 chid?

## Enter APEMANTUS.

*Jew.* We'll bear, with your lordship.  
*Mer.* He'll spare none.  
*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!  
*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good  
 morrow; 180  
 When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves  
 honest.  
*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou  
 know'st them not.  
*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?  
*Tim.* Yes. 184  
*Apem.* Then I repent not.  
*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus?  
*Apem.* Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by  
 thy name. 188  
*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.  
*Apem.* Of nothing so much as that I am not  
 like Timon.  
*Tim.* Whither art going? 192  
*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's  
 brains.  
*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.  
*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by  
 the law. 197  
*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?  
*Apem.* The best, for the innocence. 200  
*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?  
*Apem.* He wrought better that made the  
 painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work. 204  
*Pain.* You're a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation :  
what's she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No ; I eat not lords. 208

*Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

*Apem.* O! they eat lords ; so they come by  
great bellies.

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension. 212

*Apem.* So thou apprehendest it, take it for  
thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Ape-  
mantus? 216

*Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing, which  
will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

*Poet.* How now, philosopher! 221

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes. 224

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest : look in thy last work,  
where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feigned ; he is so. 230

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay  
thee for thy labour : he that loves to be flattered  
is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were  
a lord! 234

*Tim.* What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now ; hate  
a lord with my heart. 237

*Tim.* What, thyself?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore? 240

*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord.  
Art not thou a merchant?

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will  
not! 245

*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffic's thy god, and thy god con-  
found thee! 248

*Trumpet sounds.* Enter a Servant.

*Tim.* What trumpet's that?

*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,  
All of companionship.

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them ; give them guide  
to us. [Exeunt some Attendants.

You must needs dine with me. Go not you hence  
Till I have thanked you ; when dinner's done,  
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

*Apem.* So, so, there! 256

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!  
That there should be small love 'mongst these  
sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's  
bred out

Into baboon and monkey. 260

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and  
I feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir!  
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. 264  
[Exeunt all except APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

*First Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

*First Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The more accursed thou, that still  
omitt'st it. 268

*Sec. Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's  
feast?

*Apem.* Ay ; to see meat fill knaves and wine  
heat fools.

*Sec. Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well. 272

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

*Sec. Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for  
I mean to give thee none. 276

*First Lord.* Hang thyself!

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding ;  
make thy requests to thy friend.

*Sec. Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog! or I'll  
spurn thee hence. 281

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels of an  
ass. [Exit.

*First Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come,  
shall we in, 284

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes

The very heart of kindness.

*Sec. Lord.* He pours it out ; Plutus, the god  
of gold,

Is but his steward : no meed but he repays 288  
Sevenfold above itself ; no gift to him

But breeds the giver a return exceeding

All use of quittance.

*First Lord.* The noblest mind he carries  
That ever govern'd man. 292

*Sec. Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes!  
Shall we in?

*First Lord.* I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Same. A Room of State in  
TIMON'S HOUSE.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet  
served in ; FLAVIUS and Others attending ;  
then enter LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords,  
and Senators, VENTIDIUS and Attendants.  
Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS  
discontentedly, like himself.

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon,  
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's  
age,

And call him to long peace.  
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich : 4  
 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
 Doubled with thanks and service, from whose  
 help  
 I deriv'd liberty.  
*Tim.* O! by no means, 8  
 Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love;  
 I gave it freely ever; and there's none  
 Can truly say he gives, if he receives:  
 If our betters play at that game, we must not  
 dare 12  
 To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.  
*Ven.* A noble spirit.  
*[They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.]*  
*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd  
 at first  
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown; 17  
 But where there is true friendship, there needs  
 none.  
 Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes  
 Than my fortunes to me. *[They sit.]*  
*First Lord.* My lord, we always have con-  
 fess'd it. 21  
*Apem.* Ho, ho! confess'd it; hang'd it, have  
 you not?  
*Tim.* O! Apemantus, you are welcome.  
*Apem.* No, 24  
 You shall not make me welcome:  
 I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.  
*Tim.* Fie! thou'rt a churl; ye've got a  
 humour there  
 Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.  
 They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est;* 28  
 But yond man is ever angry.  
 Go, let him have a table by himself,  
 For he does neither affect company,  
 Nor is he fit for it, indeed. 32  
*Apem.* Let me stay at thine apperil, Ti-  
 mon:  
 I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.  
*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an  
 Athenian, therefore, welcome. I myself would  
 have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee  
 silent. 38  
*Apem.* I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me,  
 for I should  
 Ne'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a num-  
 ber  
 Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not. 41  
 It grieves me to see so many dip their meat  
 In one man's blood; and all the madness is,  
 He cheers them up too. 44  
 I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:  
 Methinks they should invite them without  
 knives;  
 Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.  
 There's much example for't; the fellow that 48

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and  
 pledges  
 The breath of him in a divided draught,  
 Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been  
 proved.  
 If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at  
 meals; 52  
 Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous  
 notes:  
 Great men should drink with harness on their  
 throats.  
*Tim.* My lord, in heart; and let the health  
 go round.  
*Sec. Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.  
*Apem.* Flow this way! A brave fellow! he  
 keeps his tides well. Those healths will make  
 thee and thy state look ill, Timon.  
 Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, 60  
 Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:  
 This and my food are equals, there's no odds:  
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.  
 Immortal gods, I crave no pelf; 64  
 I pray for no man but myself:  
 Grant I may never prove so fond,  
 To trust man on his oath or bond;  
 Or a harlot for her weeping; 68  
 Or a dog that seems a-sleeping;  
 Or a keeper with my freedom;  
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
 Amen. So fall to't: 72  
 Rich men sin, and I eat root.  
*[Eats and drinks.]*  
 Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!  
*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the  
 field now. 76  
*Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my  
 lord.  
*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of  
 enemies than a dinner of friends. 80  
*Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord,  
 there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best  
 friend at such a feast.  
*Apem.* 'Would all those flatterers were thine  
 enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em  
 and bid me to 'em. 86  
*First Lord.* Might we but have that happi-  
 ness, my lord, that you would once use our  
 hearts, whereby we might express some part  
 of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever  
 perfect. 91  
*Tim.* O! no doubt, my good friends, but the  
 gods themselves have provided that I shall have  
 much help from you: how had you been my  
 friends else? why have you that charitable title  
 from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to  
 my heart? I have told more of you to myself  
 than you can with modesty speak in your own  
 behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you  
 gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if  
 we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the  
 most needless creatures living should we ne'er

have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O! what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes. O joy! e'en made away ere it can be born. Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem.* Thou weepst to make them drink,  
Timon. 116

*Sec. Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,

And, at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

*Third Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much. 120

*Apem.* Much! [*Tucket sounded.*]

*Tim.* What means that trump?

*Enter a Servant.*

How now!

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance. 124

*Tim.* Ladies? What are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures. 128

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter CUPID.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all

That of his bounties taste! The five best senses  
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come  
freely 132

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. Th' ear,  
Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;  
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They are welcome all; let 'em have  
kind admittance: 136

*Music,* make their welcome! [*Exit CUPID.*]

*First Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample  
you're belov'd.

*Music.* *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of  
Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their  
hands, dancing and playing.*

*Apem.* Hoy-day! what a sweep of vanity  
comes this way:

They dance! they are mad women. 140

Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;  
And spend our flatteries to drink those men 144

Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?

Who dies that bears not one spurn to their  
graves 148

Of their friend's gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now

Would one day stamp upon me: it has been  
done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 152

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring  
of TIMON; and to show their loves each singles  
out an Amazon, and all dance, men with  
women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys,  
and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much  
grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind;

You have added worth unto't and lustre, 156

And entertain'd me with mine own device;

I am to thank you for't.

*First Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the  
best.

*Apem.* Faith, for the worst is filthy; and  
would not hold taking, I doubt me. 161

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet

Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord. 164

[*Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.*]

*Tim.* Flavius!

*Flav.* My lord!

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord. [*Aside.*] More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in's humour; 168

Else I should tell him well, if faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he  
could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit.*]

*First Lord.* Where be our men?

*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness. 173

*Sec. Lord.* Our horses!

*Re-enter FLAVIUS with the Casket.*

*Tim.* O, my friends! I have one word to say  
to you; 176

Look you, my good lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much

As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,

Kind my lord. 180

*First Lord.* I am so far already in your  
gifts—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the  
senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you. 184

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honour,

F f

Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near! why then another time I'll hear thee.

I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment. 188

*Flav.* [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

*Enter another Servant.*

*Sec. Serv.* May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver. 192

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly; let the presents

Be worthily entertain'd.

*Enter a third Servant.*

How now! what news?

*Third Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds. 198

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,

Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, 201

And all out of an empty coffer:

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, 204

Being of no power to make his wishes good. His promises fly so beyond his state

That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes For every word: he is so kind that he now 208

Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.

Well, would I were gently put out of office Before I were forc'd out!

Happier he that has no friend to feed 212

Than such as do e'en enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Tim.* You do yourselves Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love. 216

*Sec. Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

*Third Lord.* O! he's the very soul of bounty. *Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser 220

I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

*Third Lord.* O! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord; I know no man

Can justly praise but what he does affect: 224

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

*All Lords.*

O! none so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give; 228

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends, And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich; It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living

Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.* Ay, devil'd land, my lord,

*First Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,— *Tim.* And so

Am I to you.

*Sec. Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,— 236

*Tim.* All to you. Lights, more lights!

*First Lord.* The best of happiness, Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, LORDS, &c.]

*Apem.* What a coil's here!

Serving of becks and jutting out of bums! 240

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of

dregs: Methinks, false hearts should never have sound

legs. Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on curtsies. 244

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

I would be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon

thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give

away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories? 252

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you.

Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*]

*Apem.* So: 256

Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then;

I'll lock thy heaven from thee. O! that men's ears should be To counsel deaf, but not to flattery. [*Exit.*]

## Act II.

Scene I.—Athens. A Room in a Senator's House.

*Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.*

*Sen.* And late, five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum, Which makes it five-and-twenty. Still in motion

Of raging waste! It cannot hold; it will not. 4

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog

And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold ;  
 If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more  
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon, 8  
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,  
 And able horses. No porter at his gate,  
 But rather one that smiles and still invites  
 All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason 12  
 Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho !  
 Caphis, I say !

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir ; what is your pleasure ?  
*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to  
 Lord Timon ;

Importune him for my moneys ; be not ceas'd 16  
 With slight denial, nor then silenc'd when—  
 'Commend me to your master'—and the cap  
 Plays in the right hand, thus ;—but tell him,  
 My uses cry to me ; I must serve my turn 20  
 Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,  
 And my reliances on his fracted dates  
 Have smit my credit : I love and honour him,  
 But must not break my back to heal his finger ;  
 Immediate are my needs, and my relief 25  
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone :  
 Put on a most impertunate aspect, 28  
 A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone. 32

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* 'I go, sir !' Take the bonds along with  
 you,  
 And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.* I will, sir.

*Sen.* Go. [*Exeunt.*]

**Scene II.—The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S  
 House.**

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop ! so senseless of  
 expense,  
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
 Nor cease his flow of riot : takes no account  
 How things go from him, nor resumes no care 4  
 Of what is to continue : never mind  
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
 What shall be done ? He will not hear, till feel :  
 I must be round with him, now he comes from  
 hunting. 8  
 Fle, fle, fle, fle !

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE  
 and VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even, Varro. What !  
 You come for money ?  
*Var. Serv.* Is't not your business too ?  
*Caph.* It is : and yours too, Isidore ?  
*Isid. Serv.* It is so.

*Caph.* Would we were all discharg'd !  
*Var. Serv.* I fear it, 12  
*Caph.* Here comes the lord !

*Enter TIMON, ALCI BI ADES, and Lords, &c.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth  
 again,

My Alcibiades. With me ? what is your will ?

*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues ! Whence are you ?

*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord. 17

*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put  
 me off

To the succession of new days this month : 20

My master is awak'd by great occasion

To call upon his own ; and humbly prays you

That with your other noble parts you'll suit

In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend, 24

I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good  
 lord,—

*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore ;

He humbly prays your speedy payment. 28

*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's  
 wants,—

*Var. Serv.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord,  
 six weeks

And past.

*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my  
 lord ; 32

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt ALCI BI ADES and Lords.*]

[*To FLAVIUS.*] Come hither : pray you, 36

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour ?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen, 40

The time is unagreeable to this business :

Your impertunacy cease till after dinner,

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends. 44

See them well entertained. [*Exit.*]

*Flav.* Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*]

*Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.*

*Caph.* Stay, stay ; here comes the fool with  
 Apemantus : let's ha' some sport with 'em.

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us. 48

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog !

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool ?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee. 52

*Apem.* No; 'tis to thyself. [To the Fool.]  
Come away.

*Isid. Serv.* [To VAR. SERV.] There's the fool  
hangs on your back already. 56

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single; thou'rt not  
on him yet.

*Caph.* Where's the fool now?

*Apem.* He last asked the question. Poor  
rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold  
and want! 61

*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All Serv.* Why? 64

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do  
not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool. How does  
your mistress? 69

*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald  
such chickens as you are. Would we could see  
you at Corinth! 72

*Apem.* Good! gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress'  
page.

*Page.* [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain!  
what do you in this wise company? How dost  
thou, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Would I had a rod in my mouth, that  
I might answer thee profitably. 80

*Page.* Prithee, Apemantus, read me the  
superscription of these letters: I know not  
which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read? 84

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then  
that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord  
Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born  
a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd. 89

*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou  
shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am  
gone. [Exit Page.]

*Apem.* E'en so thou outrunn'st grace.—  
Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home. You three  
serve three usurers? 97

*All Serv.* Ay; would they served us!

*Apem.* So would I, as good a trick as ever  
hangman served thief. 100

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think no usurer but has a fool to his  
servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool.  
When men come to borrow of your masters,  
they approach sadly, and go away merry; but  
they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go  
away sadly: the reason of this? 108

*Var. Serv.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it, then, that we may account thee

a whoremaster and a knave; which, notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool? 112

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something  
like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime't appears  
like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime  
like a philosopher, with two stones more than's  
artificial one. He is very often like a knight;  
and generally in all shapes that man goes up  
and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this  
spirit walks in. 121

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man: as  
much foolery as I have, so much wit thou  
lackest. 125

*Apem.* That answer might have become Ape-  
mantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside; here comes Lord  
Timon. 129

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder  
brother and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[Exit APEMANTUS and FOOL.]

*Flav.* Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with  
you anon. [Exit SERVANTS.]

*Tim.* You make me marvel: wherefore, ere  
this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me,  
That I might so have rated my expense 136  
As I had leave of means?

*Flav.* You would not hear me,  
At many leasures I proposed.

*Tim.* Go to:  
Perchance some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back; 140  
And that unaptness made your minister,  
Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O my good lord!  
At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you; you would throw them  
off, 144

And say you found them in mine honesty.  
When for some trifling present you have bid me  
Return so much, I have shook my head, and  
wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd  
you 148

To hold your hand more close: I did endure  
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have  
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate  
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord, 152  
Though you hear now, too late, yet now's a  
time,

The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and  
gone; 156

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues; the future comes apace:

What shall defend the interim? and at length  
How goes our reckoning? 160

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord! the world is but a word;  
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone!

*Tim.* You tell me true. 164

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
When all our offices have been oppress'd 168

With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilt of wine, when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, 172  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Prithee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens! have I said, the bounty of  
this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants  
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's? 176  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is  
Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!  
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further;  
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given. 184

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience  
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,  
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use 189  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts!

*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine  
are crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these 192  
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you  
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

*Serv.* My lord! my lord! 196

*Tim.* I will dispatch you severally: you, to  
Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted  
with his honour to-day; you, to Sempronius.  
Commend me to their loves; and I am proud,  
say, that my occasions have found time to use  
them toward a supply of money: let the request  
be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord. 204

*Flav.* [Aside.] Lord Lucius, and Lucullus?  
hum!

*Tim.* [To another Servant.] Go you, sir, to the  
senators,—

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing,—bid 'em send o' the in-  
stant 208

A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,—

For that I knew it the most general way,—  
To them to use your signet and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can't be? 213

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate  
voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry; you are honour-  
able; 216

But yet they could have wish'd; they know not;  
Something hath been amiss; a noble nature  
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity;  
And so, intending other serious matters, 220  
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,  
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!  
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary; 225

Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;

'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;

And nature, as it grows again toward earth, 228

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

[To a Servant.] Go to Ventidius.—[To FLAVIUS.]

Prithee, be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingenuously I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee.—[To Servant.] Ven-  
tidius lately 232

Buried his father; by whose death he's stepped  
Into a great estate; when he was poor,

Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,

I clear'd him with five talents; greet him from  
me; 236

Bid him suppose some good necessity  
Touches his friend, which craves to be remem-  
bered

With those five talents. [Exit Servant.] [To  
FLAVIUS.] That had, give'these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

*Flav.* I would I could not think it: that  
thought is bounty's foe; 242

Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

## Act III.

### Scene I.—Athens. A Room in LUCULLUS' House.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you; he is coming  
down to you.



*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter* LUCULLUS.

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [*Aside.*] One of Lord Timon's men! a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit* Servant.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

*Flam.* Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas! good lord; a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

*Re-enter* Servant with wine.

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To the Servant.*]—Get you gone, sirrah.—*Exit* Servant.] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three soldiers for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is't possible the world should so much differ,

And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,  
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*]

*Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*]

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart  
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!  
I feel my master's passion. This slave unto his  
honour

Has my lord's meat in him:  
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment  
When he is turn'd to poison?

O! may diseases only work upon't,  
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part  
of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. [*Exit.*]

**Scene II.—The Same. A Public Place.**

*Enter* LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

*Luc.* Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

*First Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

*Sec. Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for 't, and show'd what necessity belong'd to 't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How!

*Sec. Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter* SERVILIUS.

*Servil.* See, my good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. [*To* LUCIUS.] My honoured lord!

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well; commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Servil.* May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

*Servil.* He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

*Luc.* I know his lordship is but merry with me;

He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

*Servil.* But in the mean time he wants less,  
my lord. 44

If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

*Servil.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir. 48

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! *Servilius*, now, before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast, I say; I was sending to use Lord *Timon* myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him? 66

*Servil.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I'll look you out a good turn, *Servilius*.

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*]

True, as you said, *Timon* is shrunk indeed;

And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit.*]

*First Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hostilius*?

*Sec. Stran.* Ay, too well.

*First Stran.* Why this is the world's soul;  
and just of the same piece 72

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him  
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in  
My knowing, *Timon* has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse, 76

Supported his estate; nay, *Timon's* money

Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks

But *Timon's* silver treads upon his lip;

And yet, O! see the monstrousness of man, 80

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape,

He does deny him, in respect of his,

What charitable men afford to beggars.

*Third Stran.* Religion groans at it.

*First Stran.* For mine own part, 84

I never tasted *Timon* in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue, 88

And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,

I would have put my wealth into donation,

And the best half should have return'd to

him, 92

So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,

Men must learn now with pity to dispense;

For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—*The Same. A Room in  
SEMPRONIUS'S HOUSE.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS and a Servant of TIMON'S.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't. Hum!  
'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*;  
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these 4  
Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* My lord,  
They have all been touch'd and found base  
metal, for

They have all denied him.

*Sem.* How! have they denied him?  
Have *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* denied him? 8  
And does he send to me? Three? hum!

It shows but little love or judgment in him:

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like  
physicians,

Thrice give him over; must I take the cure  
upon me? 12

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at  
him,

That might have known my place. I see no  
sense for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man 16

That e'er received gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now,

That I'll requite it last? No:

So it may prove an argument of laughter 20

To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a  
fool.

I had rather than the worth of thrice the  
sum,

He had sent me first, but for my mind's sake;

I'd such a courage to do him good. But now  
return, 24

And with their faint reply this answer join;

Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*]

*Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly  
villain. The devil knew not what he did when

he made man politic; he cross'd himself by't:

and I cannot think but in the end the villainies

of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord

strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to

be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal

would set whole realms on fire:

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are  
fed 36

Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their  
wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master: 40

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his  
house. [*Exit.*]

Scene IV.—*The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*First Var. Serv.* Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*Hor.* Lucius!

What! do we meet together!

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and I think

One business does command us all; for mine is money. 4

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And Sir Philotus too!

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine. 8

*Luc. Serv.* So much?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable. I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet find little. 12

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, for which I wait for money. 21

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows, Timon in this should pay more than he owes: And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels, And send for money for 'em. 25

*Hor.* I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth, And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth. 28

*First Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns; what's yours?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

*First Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine; Else, surely, his had equalled. 32

*Enter FLAMINIUS.*

*Tit.* One of Lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth? 36

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit FLAMINIUS.*]

*Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir? 44

*Sec. Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir.

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough. 48

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat? Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts, And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws. 53

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end; I have no more to reckon, he to spend. 56

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;

For you serve knives. [*Exit.*]

*First Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter? 62

*Sec. Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O! here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer. 68

*Servil.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts, 76

And make a clear way to the gods.

*Servil.* Good gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for answer, sir.

*Flam.* [Within.] Servilius, help! my lord! my lord! 80

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now, 84 Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine. 88

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle. 92

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood. 96

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours? and yours.

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,— 100

Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you! [Exit.

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a mad-man owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors? devils!

Flav. My dear lord,— 108

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord. 112

Tim. So fitly! Go, bid all my friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul; 116 There is not so much left to furnish out A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care: go.

I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [Exeunt.

Scene V.—The Same. The Senate House.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's

Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die; Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him. 4

Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

First Sen. Now, captain.

Alcib. I am a humble suitor to your virtues; For pity is the virtue of the law, 8

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that without heed do plunge into 't. 13

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues;

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,— 16

An honour in him which buys out his fault,—

But, with a noble fury and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe; 20

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox, Striving to make an ugly deed look fair: 25

Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which indeed 28

Is valour misbegot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs 32

His outsidies, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill, 36

What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;

To revenge is no valour, but to bear. 40

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,

If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't, 44

And let the foes quietly cut their throats

Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad? why then, women are more valiant 48

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,

And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords! 52

As you are great, be pitifully good:

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;  
 But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just. 56  
 To be in anger is impiety;  
 But who is man that is not angry?  
 Weigh but the crime with this.

*Sec. Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain! his service done 60

At Lacedæmon and Byzantium

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

*First Sen.* What's that?

*Alcib.* I say, my lords, he has done fair service, 64

And slain in fight many of your enemies.

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

*Sec. Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em; 68

He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin that often

Drowns him and takes his valour prisoner;

If there were no foes, that were enough

To overcome him; in that beastly fury 72

He has been known to commit outrages

And cherish factions; 'tis inferr'd to us,

His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

*First Sen.* He dies. 76

*Alcib.* Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him,—

Though his right arm might purchase his own time,

And be in debt to none,—yet, more to move you,

Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both; 81

And, for I know your reverend ages love

Security, I'll pawn my victories, all

My honour to you, upon his good returns. 84

If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;

For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

*First Sen.* We are for law; he dies: urge it no more, 88

On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,

I do beseech you, know me. 92

*Sec. Sen.* How!

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

*Third Sen.* What! 94

*Alcib.* I cannot think but your age has forgot me;

It could not else be I should prove so base, 96

To sue, and be denied such common grace.

My wounds ache at you.

*First Sen.* Do you dare our anger? 98

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;

We banish thee for ever.

*Alcib.* Banish me! 100

Banish your dotage; banish usury,

That makes the senate ugly.

*First Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,

Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit, 104  
 He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!

I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes, 108

While they have told their money and let out Their coin upon large interest; I myself

Rich only in large hurts: all those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 112

Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up 116

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [Exit.]

Scene VI.—*The Same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.*

*Mus.* Tables set out: Servants attending.  
*Enter divers Lords, Senators, and Others, at several doors.*

*First Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

*Sec. Lord.* I also wish it you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day. 3

*First Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

*Sec. Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting. 9

*First Lord.* I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear. 14

*Sec. Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

*First Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go. 20

*Sec. Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed you?

*First Lord.* A thousand pieces.

*Sec. Lord.* A thousand pieces! 24

*First Lord.* What of you?

*Third Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter TIMON and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you? 29

*First Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

*Sec. Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship. 33

*Tim.* [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently. 39

*First Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

*Tim.* O! sir, let it not trouble you.

*Sec. Lord.* My noble lord,— 44

*Tim.* Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

*Sec. Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me I was so unfortunate a beggar. 48

*Tim.* Think not on 't, sir.

*Sec. Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance. [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

*Sec. Lord.* All covered dishes!

*First Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you. 56

*Third Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

*First Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

*Third Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it? 61

*First Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

*Sec. Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

*Third Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

*First Lord.* How? how? 64

*Sec. Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?

*Third Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward. 68

*Sec. Lord.* This is the old man still.

*Third Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

*Sec. Lord.* It does; but time will—and so—

*Third Lord.* I do conceive. 72

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods! the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is

amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap. 96

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*]

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold, You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water 100

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;

Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing the water in their faces.*]

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long, 104

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

Of man and beast the infinite malady 109

Crust you quite o'er! What! dost thou go?

Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou;—

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. 112

[*Throws the dishes at them.*]

What! all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Wherewith a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.*

*First Lord.* How now, my lords! 117

*Sec. Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

*Third Lord.* Push! did you see my cap? 120

*Fourth Lord.* I have lost my gown.

*First Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:

did you see my jewel? 125

*Third Lord.* Did you see my cap?

*Sec. Lord.* Here 'tis.

*Fourth Lord.* Here lies my gown. 128

*First Lord.* Let's make no stay.

*Sec. Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

*Third Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

*Fourth Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*]

## Act IV.

### Scene I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,

That girdest in those wolves, dive in the earth, And fend not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!

Obedience fall in children! slaves and fools, 4  
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,  
And minister in their steads! To general filths  
Convert, o' the instant, green virginity!

Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold  
fast; 8

Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants,  
steal!—

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,—  
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed; 12

Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,  
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,

Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, 16  
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,

Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,

Decline to your confounding contraries, 20  
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious fevers heap

On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,  
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty

Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,  
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains, 28

Sew all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop  
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,  
That their society, as their friendship, may

Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee  
But nakedness, thou detestable town! 33

Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!  
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods  
all— 37

The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! 40

Amen. [Exit.]

Scene II.—Athens. A Room in TIMON'S  
House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, Master steward! where's  
our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I say  
to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, 4  
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!

So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not  
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs 8

From our companion thrown into his grave,  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,

Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self, 12  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our  
fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd  
house. 16

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's  
livery,

That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 20

Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.

Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake 24  
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and  
say,

As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some;

[Giving them money.]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word  
more: 28

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.  
[They embrace, and part several ways.]

O! the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us.  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt? 32

Who would be so mock'd with glory? or so live,  
But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp and all what state compounds  
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends? 36

Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart,  
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,

When man's worst sin is he does too much  
good!

Who then dares to be half so kind agen? 40  
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accurs'd,  
Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes

Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas! kind lord,  
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat 45

Of monstrous friends;  
Nor has he with him to supply his life,

Or that which can command it. 48  
I'll follow and inquire him out:

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. [Exit.]

Scene III.—Woods and Cave near the  
Sea-shore.

Enter TIMON from the Cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun! draw from the  
earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb  
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,  
Whose procreation, residence and birth, 4

Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,

But by contempt of nature. 8

Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;  
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
The beggar honour.

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides, 12  
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,  
And say, 'This man's a flatterer?' if one be,  
So are they all; for every grize of fortune 16

Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;  
There's nothing level in our cursed natures  
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd 20

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me  
roots!

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate 24  
With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold! No, gods,  
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!  
Thus much of this will make black white, foul  
fair, 28

Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward  
vallant.

Ha! you gods, why this? What this, you gods?  
Why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your  
sides,  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their  
head: 32

This yellow slave  
Will knit and break religions; bless the ac-  
curs'd;

Make the hear leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation, 36  
With senators on the bench; this is it  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;  
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and  
spices 40

To the April day again. Come, damned earth,  
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st  
odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a  
drum? thou'rt quick, 44

But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,  
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:  
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCEBIADES, with drum and fife, in war-  
like manner; PHERUSA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak. 48

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw  
thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hate-  
ful to thee,

That art thyself a man? 52

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well,  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that  
I know thee 57

I do not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules,  
gules;

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 60  
Then what should war be? This fell whore of  
thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword  
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!  
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot re-  
turns 64

To thine own lips again.  
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this  
change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to  
give:

But then renew I could not like the moon; 68  
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I  
do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.  
Alcib. What is it, Timon? 72

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform  
none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague  
thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform,  
confound thee, for thou art a man! 76

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy  
miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.  
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed  
time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of  
harlots. 80

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom  
the world

Vole'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra? Yes.

Timan. Be a whore still; they love thee not  
that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.  
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves 85  
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-check'd  
youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.  
Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his  
wits 88



Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd  
How curs'd Athens, mindless of thy worth, <sup>93</sup>  
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour  
states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

*Tim.* I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee  
gone. <sup>96</sup>

*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear  
Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him whom thou  
dost trouble?

I had rather be alone,

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep it, I cannot eat it. <sup>100</sup>

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a  
heap,—

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all in thy con-  
quest; and <sup>104</sup>

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That, by killing of villains, thou wast  
born to conquer

My country.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove <sup>109</sup>

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard; <sup>112</sup>

He is a usurer. Strike me the counterfeit  
matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-  
paps, <sup>116</sup>

That through the window-bars bore at men's  
eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not  
the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their  
mercy; <sup>120</sup>

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And nince it sans remorse. Swear against  
objects;

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes, <sup>124</sup>

Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor  
babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy  
soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent, <sup>128</sup>  
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the  
gold thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's  
curse upon thee!

*Phr.* } Give us some gold, good Timon: <sup>132</sup>

*Timan.* } hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her  
trade,

And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you  
sluts,

Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear <sup>137</sup>

Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues

The immortal gods that hear you, spare your  
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six  
months, <sup>144</sup>

Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin  
roofs

With burdens of the dead; some that were  
hang'd,

No matter; wear them, betray with them: whore  
still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: <sup>148</sup>  
A pox of wrinkles!

*Phr.*

*Timan.* } Well, more gold. What then?

Believe't, that we'll do anything for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow <sup>152</sup>

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp  
shins,

And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's  
voice,

That he may never more false title plead,

Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,

That scolds against the quality of flesh, <sup>157</sup>

And not believes himself: down with the nose,

Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away

Of him that, his particular to foresee, <sup>160</sup>

Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate  
ruffians bald,

And let the unscar'd braggarts of the war

Derive some pain from you: plague all,

That your activity may defeat and quell <sup>164</sup>

The source of all creation. There's more gold;

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,

And ditches grave you all!

*Phr.* } More counsel with more money,

*Timan.* } bounteous Timon. <sup>168</sup>

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first; I have  
given you earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens!

Farewell, Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm. <sup>173</sup>

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take  
Thy beagles with thee.

*Aleib.* We but offend him. Strike!  
[*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCEIADES,  
PHYRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.*]

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,  
[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,  
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm, 183  
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
Enscar thy fertile and conception womb, 188  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward  
face

Hath to the marbled mansion all above 192  
Never presented! O! a root; dear thanks:  
Dry up thy marrows, vines and plough-torn  
leas;

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips! 197

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man! Plague! plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither: men report  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep  
a dog 201  
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch  
thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but infected;  
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung 204  
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this  
place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot 208  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,  
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;  
Thou gav'st thine cars, like tapsters that bid  
welcome, 216

To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just  
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my  
likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee I'd throw away myself.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being  
like thyself; 221

A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st  
That the bleak air, thy bolsterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd  
trees, 224

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels  
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold  
brook,

Candled with ice, caudle thy morning taste  
To cure the o'er-night's surfeit? Call the  
creatures 228

Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoued trunks  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee; 232  
O! thou shalt find—

*Tim.* A fool of thee. Depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not, but say thou art a caittiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem.* To vex thee. 237

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.  
Dost please thyself in't?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* What! a knave too?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit  
on 240

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou  
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before; 244  
The one is filling still, never complete;  
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content. 248

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.  
*Tim.* Not by his breath that is more mi-  
serable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog. 252  
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath,  
proceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive drudges of it  
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd  
thyself 256

In general riot; melted down thy youth  
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself, 260  
Who had the world as my confectionary,  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of  
men

At duty, more than I could frame employment,  
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves 264  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows; I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden: 268  
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou  
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?  
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag: 272  
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff  
To some she beggar and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet? 277

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was  
No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee, 280  
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.  
That the whole life of Athens were in this!  
Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.

*Apem.* Here; I will mend thy feast.

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away  
thyself. 284

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the  
lack of thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but  
botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to Athens?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou  
wilt, 289

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. 292

*Apem.* Where liest o' nights, Timon?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat; or,  
rather, where I eat it. 296

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient and knew  
my mind!

*Apem.* Where wouldst thou send it?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never  
knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When  
thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they  
mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy  
rags thou knowest none, but art despised for  
the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate I feed not. 306

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner,  
thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.  
What man didst thou ever know unthrift that  
was beloved after his means? 312

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talkest  
of, didst thou ever know beloved?

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee; thou hadst some  
means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou  
nearest compare to thy flatterers? 317

*Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men are the  
things themselves. What wouldst thou do with  
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the  
men. 324

*Tim.* Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the  
confusion of men, and remain a beast with the  
beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon. 328

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods  
grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion,  
the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the  
lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the  
fox, the lion would suspect thee, when perad-  
venture thou wert accused by the ass; if thou  
wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee,  
and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the  
wolf; if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness  
would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard  
thy life for thy dinner; wert thou the unicorn,  
pride and wrath would confound thee and make  
thine own self the conquest of thy fury; wert  
thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the  
horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be  
seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard,  
thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of  
thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy  
safety were remotion, and thy defence absence.  
What beast couldst thou be, that were not  
subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou  
already, that seest not thy loss in transforma-  
tion! 351

*Apem.* If thou couldst please me with speak-  
ing to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here;  
the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest  
of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that  
thou art out of the city? 357

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet and a painter:  
the plague of company light upon thee! I will  
fear to catch it, and give way. When I know  
not what else to do, I'll see thee again. 361

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee,  
thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beg-  
gar's dog than Apemantus. 364

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit  
upon!

*Apem.* A plague on thee! thou art too bad  
to curse!

*Tim.* All villains that do stand by thee are  
pure. 368

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou  
speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee.

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! 373  
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;  
I swoond to see thee.

*Apem.* Would thou wouldst burst!

*Tim.* Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose 376  
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love  
nought

But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave; 380

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[*Looking on the gold.*]

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce 384

Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god, 389

That soldier'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every  
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! 392

Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire.

*Apem.* Would 'twere so:

But not till I am dead; I'll say thou'st gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I prithee.

*Apem.* Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die!

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*]

I am quit.

More things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor  
them. 400

*Enter Thieves.*

*First Thief.* Where should he have this gold?

It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of

his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the

falling-from of his friends, drove him into this

melancholy. 405

*Sec. Thief.* It is noised he hath a mass of  
treasure.

*Third Thief.* Let us make the assay upon

him: if he care not for't, he will supply us

easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's

get it?

*Sec. Thief.* True; for he bears it not about

him, 'tis hid. 412

*First Thief.* Is not this he?

*Thieves.* Where?

*Sec. Thief.* 'Tis his description.

*Third Thief.* He; I know him. 416

*All.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*All.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too; and women's sons. 420

*Thieves.* We are not thieves, but men that  
much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much  
of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath  
roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; 425

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why  
want?

*First Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on  
berries, water, 428

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,  
and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con  
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work  
not 432

In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft  
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the  
grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob: take wealth and lives to-  
gether;

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't, 440  
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea; and the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun; 444

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From general excrement, each thing's a thief;

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough

power 449

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves;

away!

Rob one another. There's more gold: cut  
throats;

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,

Break open shops; nothing can you steal 453

But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this

I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!

Amen. 456

*Third Thief.* He has almost charmed me

from my profession, by persuading me to it.

*First Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind

that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in

our mystery. 461

*Sec. Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and

give over my trade.