

First Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens; there is no time so miserable but a man may be true. [*Exeunt Thieves.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord? 468
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made! 472
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies! 476
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!

He hath caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord, 480
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee. 484

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not: I never had an honest man about me; ay all I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness, 488
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What! dost thou weep? Come nearer.

Then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st 492
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth lasts 497

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable? 500
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, 504
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man, mistake me not, but one;
No more, I pray, and he's a steward.

How fain would I have hated all mankind! 508
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me, 512

Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, 517
If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal
gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose
breast 520

Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times when you did
feast;

Suspect still comes when an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind, 525
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me, 528
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so. Thou singly honest
man, 532

Here, take: the gods out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and
happy;

But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from
men;

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none, 536
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow
'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like
blasted woods, 540

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell and thrive.

Flav. O! let me stay
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and
free: 544

Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[*Exeunt, severally.*]

Act V.

Scene I.—*The Woods, Before TIMON'S Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot
be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does
the rumour hold for true that he is so full of
gold? 5

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia
and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise
enriched poor straggling soldiers with great
quantity. 'Tis said he gave unto his steward a
mighty sum. 10

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only, I will promise him an excellent piece. 22

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming towards him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it. 33

Enter TIMON from his cave.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency. 40

Tim. [*Aside.*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Will thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have good for thee. 44

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True; 48
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside.*] I'll meet you at the turn.
What a god's gold, 52

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the
foam,

Settlest admired reverence in a slave: 56
To thee be worship; and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey.
Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master! 60

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—

What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
cover 69

The monstrous bulk of this Ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the
better: 72

You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men. 76

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our
service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I
requite you?

Can you eat roots and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you
service. 80

Tim. Ye're honest men. Ye've heard that I
have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest
men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but there-
fore

Came not my friend nor I. 84

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a
counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy
fiction, 88

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and
smooth

That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault: 92
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you indeed? 96

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a
knave,

That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-
semble, 100

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I. 104

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you
gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a
draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to
me, 108

I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord ; let's know them.

Tim. You that way and you this, but two
in company ;

Each man apart, all single and alone, 112

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. [*To the Poet.*] If thou
would not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon. 116

Hence ! pack ! there's gold ; ye came for gold,
ye slaves :

You have done work for me, there's payment :
hence !

You are an alchemist, make gold of that.

Out, rascal dogs ! 120

[*Beats them out and then returns to his cave.*]

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with
Timon ;

For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave : 124
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same : 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus : time, with his fairer
hand, 128

Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to
him,

And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon !
Timon ! 132

Look out, and speak to friends. The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON, from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn ! Speak,
and be hang'd : 136

For each true word, a blister ! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon. 140

Sec. Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,
Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them
back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen.

O ! forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee. 144

The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen.

They confess 148

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross ;
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 152
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon ;

And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd
render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee block out what wrongs were
theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim.

You witch me in it ; 160

Surprise me to the very brink of tears :

Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators,

First Sen. Therefore so please thee to return
with us, 164

And of our Athens—thine and ours—to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good
name

Live with authority : so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ; 169

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword

Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,— 172

Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir ;
thus :—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,

That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
Athens, 176

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war ;

Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks
it, 180

In pity of our aged and our youth
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take't at worst ; for their knives
care not

While you have throats to answer : for myself,
There's not a whistle in the unruly camp 185

But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave
you

To the protection of the prosperous gods, 188
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not ; all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 192
And nothing brings me all things. Go; live
still:

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am
not 196

One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
men,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as
they pass through them. 200

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great
triumphers

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness
do them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'
wrath. 208

Sec. Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree which grows here in my
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; tell my friends, 212
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whose please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe, 216
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still
shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to
Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion 220
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;

Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle. 224

Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss plague and infection mend!

Graves only be men's works and death their
gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his
reign. [Exit.

First Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us
return,

And strain what other means is left unto us 232
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exit.

Scene II.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd:
are his files
As full as they report?

Mess. I have spoke the least;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach. 4

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard if they bring
not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient
friend,

Whom, though in general part we were op-
pos'd,

Yet our old love made a particular force, 8
And made us speak like friends: this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city, 12
In part for his sake mov'd.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him
expect.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scour-
ing

Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. 17

[Exit.

Scene III.—The Woods. TIMON'S Cave, and a rude Tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the
place.

Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is
this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his
span:

Some beast rear'd this; here does not live a
man. 4

Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this
tomb

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;

An ag'd interpreter, though young in days, 8
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,

Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

Scene IV.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCEBIADES with his
Powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious
town

Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

Enter Senators, on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills 4
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush, 8
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, 'No more;' now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pury insolence shall break his wind 12
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm, 16
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promis'd means: 20
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your grief; nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall 25
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning in excess 28
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,—
If thy revenges hunger for that food 32
Which nature loathes,—take thou the destin'd
tenth,

And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take 36
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin 40
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt, 44
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile

Than hew to't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before, 48
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers 52
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own 56
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream 60
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.
Alcib. Descend, and keep your words. 64
[The Senators descend, and open the gates.]

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impres-
sion 68
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. Here lies a wretched corpse, of wretched
soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you
wicked caitiffs left!

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men
did hate: 72
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass and stay
not here thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets
which 76

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead 80
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword;
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war;
make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech. 84
Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.]

Julius Cæsar.

Dramatis Personæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, }
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } Triumvirs after the
 M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Death of Julius Cæsar.
 CICERO, }
 PUBLIUS, } Senators.
 POPILIUS LENA, }
 MARCUS BRUTUS, }
 CASSIUS, }
 CASCA, }
 TREBONIUS, }
 LIGARIUS, }
 DECIUS BRUTUS, }
 METELLUS CIMBER, }
 CINNA, }
 FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.
 A Soothsayer.
 CINNA, a Poet.
 Another Poet.
 LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, YOUNG CATO,
 and VOLUMNIUS; Friends to Brutus and
 Cassius.
 VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,
 DARDANIUS; Servants to Brutus.
 PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.
 CALPURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.
 PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene.—During a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards, Sardis and near Philippi.

Act I.

Scene I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain
Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get
you home:

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign 4
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy
rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on? 8
You, sir, what trade are you?

First Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine
workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me
directly. 12

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use
with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a
mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty
knave, what trade? 16

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out
with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend
me, thou saucy fellow! 20

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with
the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters,
nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, in-
deed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are
in great danger, I recover them. As proper men
as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon
my handiwork. 29

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-
day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes,
to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir,
we make holiday to see Cæsar and to rejoice in
his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest
brings he home? 36

What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, 40
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation, 45

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made a universal shout, 48
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire? 52
And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone! 56
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
fault 60

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. 64

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

See wher their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images 68

If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images 72

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:

So do you too where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's

wing 76
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—*The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. 4
[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Calphurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course. Antonius! 4

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase, 8
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says 'Do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. 8
[*Music.*]

Sooth. Cæsar! 12

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet
again! [*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music, 16

Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides
of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng; look
upon Cæsar. 21

Cæs. What sayst thou to me now? Speak
once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him; pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and*

CASSIUS.

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some
part 22

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late: 24
I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius, 26
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference, 30
Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be

griev'd,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,— 34

Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war.

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion; 38

By means whereof this breast of mine hath
buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face? 42

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself.

But by reflection, by some other things.	53	With lusty sinews, throwing it aside	108
<i>Cas.</i> 'Tis just :		And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;	
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,		But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,	
That you have no such mirrors as will turn	56	<i>Cæsar</i> cried, 'Help me, <i>Cassius</i> , or I sink !'	
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,		I, as <i>Æneas</i> , our great ancestor,	112
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,		Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder	
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—		The old <i>Anchises</i> bear, so from the waves of	
Except immortal <i>Cæsar</i> ,—speaking of <i>Brutus</i> ,	60	Tiber	
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,		Did I the tired <i>Cæsar</i> . And this man	
Have wish'd that noble <i>Brutus</i> had his eyes.		Is now become a god, and <i>Cassius</i> is	116
<i>Bru.</i> Into what dangers would you lead me,		A wretched creature and must bend his body	
<i>Cassius</i> ,		If <i>Cæsar</i> carelessly but nod on him.	
That you would have me seek into myself	64	He had a fever when he was in Spain,	
For that which is not in me ?		And when the fit was on him, I did mark	120
<i>Cas.</i> Therefore, good <i>Brutus</i> , be prepar'd to		How he did shake ; 'tis true, this god did shake ;	
hear ;		His coward lips did from their colour fly,	
And, since you know you cannot see yourself		And that same eye whose bend doth awe the	
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,	68	world	
Will modestly discover to yourself		Did lose his lustre ; I did hear him groan ;	124
That of yourself which you yet know not of.		Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans	
And be not jealous on me, gentle <i>Brutus</i> :		Mark him and write his speeches in their books,	
Were I a common laugh, or did use	72	Alas ! it cried, 'Give me some drink, <i>Titinius</i> ,'	
To stale with ordinary oaths my love		As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,	128
To every new protester ; if you know		A man of such a feeble temper should	
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,		So get the start of the majestic world,	
And after scandal them ; or if you know	76	And bear the palm alone. [<i>Flourish. Shout.</i>	
That I profess myself in banqueting		<i>Bru.</i> Another general shout !	
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.		I do believe that these applauses are	132
[<i>Flourish and shout.</i>		For some new honours that are heaped on	
<i>Bru.</i> What means this shouting ? I do fear		<i>Cæsar</i> .	
the people		<i>Cas.</i> Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow	
Choose <i>Cæsar</i> for their king.		world	
<i>Cas.</i> Ay, do you fear it ?	80	Like a Colossus ; and we petty men	
Then must I think you would not have it so.		Walk under his huge legs, and peep about	136
<i>Bru.</i> I would not, <i>Cassius</i> ; yet I love him		To find ourselves dishonourable graves.	
well.		Men at some time are masters of their fates :	
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?		The fault, dear <i>Brutus</i> , is not in our stars,	
What is it that you would impart to me ?	84	But in ourselves, that we are underlings.	140
If it be aught toward the general good,		<i>Brutus</i> and <i>Cæsar</i> : what should be in that	
Set honour in one eye and death 'i' the other,		' <i>Cæsar</i> ?'	
And I will look on both indifferently ;		Why should that name be sounded more than	
For let the gods so speed me as I love	88	yours ?	
The name of honour more than I fear death.		Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;	
<i>Cas.</i> I know that virtue to be in you, <i>Brutus</i> ,		Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;	
As well as I do know your outward favour.		Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,	
Well, honour is the subject of my story.	92	' <i>Brutus</i> ' will start a spirit as soon as ' <i>Cæsar</i> .'	
I cannot tell what you and other men		Now, in the names of all the gods at once,	
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,		Upon what meat doth this our <i>Cæsar</i> feed,	148
I had as lief not be as live to be		That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art	
In awe of such a thing as I myself.	96	sham'd !	
I was born free as <i>Cæsar</i> ; so were you :		Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !	
We both have fed as well, and we can both		When went there by an age, since the great flood,	
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :		But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?	
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,	100	When could they say, till now, that talk'd of	
The troubled <i>Tiber</i> chafing with her shores,		Rome,	152
<i>Cæsar</i> said to me, 'Dar'st thou, <i>Cassius</i> , now		That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?	
Leap in with me into this angry flood,		Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,	
And swim to yonder point ?' Upon the word,		When there is in it but one only man.	156
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in	105	O ! you and I have heard our fathers say.	
And bade him follow ; so, indeed he did.		There was a <i>Brutus</i> once that would have	
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it		brook'd	

Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome

As easily as a king. 160

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim :

How I have thought of this and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present, 164

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further mov'd. What you have said

I will consider; what you have to say

I will with patience hear, and find a time 168

Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :

Brutus had rather be a villager

Than to repute himself a son of Rome 172

Under these hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad

That my weak words have struck but thus much
show

Of fire from Brutus. 176

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is
returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the
sleeve,

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you

What hath proceeded worthy note to-day. 180

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,

And all the rest look like a chidden train :

Culphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero 184

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes

As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar. 189

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat ;

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; 193

He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;

He is a noble Roman, and well given. 196

Cas. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not :

Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer, and he looks 201

Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no
plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort 204

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous. 209

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd

Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar,

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, 212
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*
CASCA stays behind.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would
you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd
to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad. 216

Casca. Why you were with him, were you
not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had
chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him;
and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the
back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell
a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too. 224

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last
cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by
thrice, every time gentler than other; and at
every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony. 232

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the
manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not
mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;
yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these
coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once;
but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain
have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again;
then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he
was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then
he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third
time by; and still as he refus'd it the rabblement
shouted and clapped their chopp'd hands, and
threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered
such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar
refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked
Cæsar; for he swoonded and fell down at it: and
for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of
opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft, I pray you: what! did Cæsar
swoond?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and
foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-
sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that:
but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag
people did not clap him and hiss him, according
as he pleased and displeas'd them, as they use
to do the players in the theatre, I am no true
man. 263

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas! good soul,' and forgave him with all their hearts; but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came, thus sad, away? 279

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect? 284

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca? 292

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating. 297

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! 300

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form. 304

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you: 308

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world. [Exit BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, 313

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes; 316

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus and he were Cassius

He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw, 321
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at: 325
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.

Scene III.—The Same. A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero! 4

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

To be exalted with the threaten'ing clouds: 8

But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, 12

Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand, 17

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—

Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20

Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,

Without annoying me; and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,

Transformed with their fear, who swore they 24

saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit,

Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,

Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say 29

'These are their reasons, they are natural;'

For, I believe, they are portentous things

Unto the climate that they point upon. 32

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:

But men may construe things after their fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow? 36

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, Casca: this disturbed

sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets, Submitting me unto the perilous night,

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see, 48

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;

And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself Even in the aim and very flash of it. 52

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble When the most mighty gods by tokens send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us. 56

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want, Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder, 60

To see the strange impatience of the heavens;

But if you would consider the true cause

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;

Why old men, fools, and children calculate; 65

Why all these things change from their ordi-

nance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,

To monstrous quality, why, you shall find 68

That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits

To make them instruments of fear and warning

Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man 72

Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol,

A man no mightier than thyself or me 76

In personal action, yet prodigious grown

And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 80

Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;

Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish. 84

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

In every place, save here in Italy. 88

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius: Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat; 92

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;

But life, being weary of those worldly bars, 96

Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,

That part of tyranny that I do bear

I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

Casca. So can I: 100

So every bondman in his own hand bears

The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf 104

But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;

He were no lion were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire

Begin it with weak straws; what trash is Rome,

What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves 109

For the base matter to illuminate

So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief!

Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this

Before a willing bondman; then I know 113

My answer must be made: but I am arm'd,

And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a 116

man

That is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold, my hand:

Be factious for redress of all these griefs,

And I will set this foot of mine as far

As who goes furthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made. 120

Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans

To undergo with me an enterprise

Of honourable-dangerous consequence; 124

And I do know by this they stay for me

In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,

There is no stir, or walking in the streets;

And the complexion of the element 128

In favour's like the work we have in hand,

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one

in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:

He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so? 133

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus

Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate

To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is

this! 137

There's two or three of us have seen strange

sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius! if you could 140
 But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this
 paper,
 And look you lay it in the pretor's chair,
 Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
 In at his window; set this up with wax 145
 Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find
 us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there? 148
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day 153
 See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
 Is ours already, and the man entire
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours. 156
Casca. O! he sits high in all the people's
 hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,
 His countenance, like richest alchemy,
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need
 of him
 You have right well conceited. Let us go,
 For it is after midnight; and ere day
 We will awake him and be sure of him. 164

[Exeunt.]

Act II.

Scene I.—Rome. BRUTUS' Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
 Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. 4
 When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! what,
 Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
 When it is lighted, come and call me here. 8
Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my
 part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd: 12
 How that might change his nature, there's the
 question:
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
 that!

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, 16
 That at his will he may do danger with,
 The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
 Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of
 Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the upmost round, 24
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:
 Then, lest he may prevent. And, since the quar-
 rel 28

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that that he is, augmented,
 Would run to these and these extremities;
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg 32
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
 chievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found 36
 This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me
 word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.
Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air 44
 Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter.]

*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.
 Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!*

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake! 48
 Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up.

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
 Rome? 52

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
 'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
 To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee
 promise; 56

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
 [Knocking within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody
 knocks. [Exit LUCIUS.
 Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
 I have not slept.
 Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is 64
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream ;
 The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then 68
 The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone ?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them ? 72

Luc. No, sir ; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. 76

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy !

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free ? O ! then by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80

To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, conspiracy ;

Hide it in smiles and affability :

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough 84

To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest :
 Good morrow, Brutus ; do we trouble you ?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night. 88

Know I these men that come along with you ?

Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here

But honours you ; and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you. 92

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; 96

And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? 100

[*BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east : doth not the day break here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O ! pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day. 104
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
 Which is a great way growing on the south,
 Weighing the youthful season of the year. 108
 Some two months hence up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire ; and the high east
 Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one. 112

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath : if not the face of men,
 The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes, 116

And every man hence to his idle bed ;
 So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120

To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,

What need we any spur but our own cause
 To prick us to redress ? what other bond 124

Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
 And will not palter ? and what other oath

Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ? 128

Swear priests and cowards and men cautious,
 Old feeble carriages and such suffering souls

That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprise, 132

Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think that our cause or our performance

Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood 136

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,

If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

Cas. But what of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O ! let us have him ; for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion 145

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
 It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands ;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity. 149

Bru. O ! name him not : let us not break with him ;

For he will never follow any thing

That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out. 152

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
 Caesar ?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not
 meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar, 156
Should outlive Cæsar: we will find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards; 164
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood: 168
O! then that we could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar. But, alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; 172
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage, 176

And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180
And, for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the engrafted love he bears to Cæsar— 184

Bru. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of
him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company. 189

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not
die:

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three. 192

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once 196
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.

It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers, 200
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees, 204
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered. 208

Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch
him. 212

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the utter-
most?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligartius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:

I wonder none of you have thought of him. 217

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave
you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all re-
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes, 225

But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:

And so good morrow to you every one. 228

[*Exeunt all except BRUTUS.*]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:

Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men; 232
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore
rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungentle,
Brutus, 237

Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing and sighing, with your arms across, 240
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot; 244
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,

But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,

Fearful to strengthen that impatience 248
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep, 252
And could it work so much upon your shape

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief. 256

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is
all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed. 260

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical To walk unbraced and suck up the humours Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick, And will he steal out of his wholesome bed 264 To dare the vile contagion of the night, And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus; You have some sick offence within your mind, Which, by the right and virtue of my place, 269 I ought to know of; and, upon my knees, I charm you, by my once-commended beauty, By all your vows of love, and that great vow 272 Which did incorporate and make us one, That you unfold to me, your self, your half, Why are you heavy, and what men to-night Have had resort to you; for here have been 276 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it excepted, I should know no secrets 281 That appertain to you? Am I yourself But, as it were, in sort of limitation, To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs 285

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife, As dear to me as are the ruddy drops 289 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman, but, withal, 292 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife; I grant I am a woman, but, withal, A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter. Think you I am no stronger than my sex, 296 Being so father'd and so husbanded? Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em. I have made strong proof of my constancy, Giving myself a voluntary wound 300 Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods!

Render me worthy of this noble wife.

[Knocking within.

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile; And by and by thy bosom shall partake 305 The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee, All the character of my sad brows. 308

Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of. Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how? 312
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick
Lig. I am not sick if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour. 317

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome! 321
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up My mortified spirit. Now bid me run, 324

And I will strive with things impossible; Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick? 328

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,

I shall unfold to thee as we are going To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot, And with a heart new-fired I follow you, 332 To do I know not what; but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [Exit.

Scene II.—*The Same.* CÆSAR'S House.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night: Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out, 'Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord!
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth? 3

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished. 12

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets; 17
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; 21
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets. 24

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar. 29

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets
seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths; 32

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end, 36
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not; danger knows full well 44

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas! my lord, 48
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house, 52
And he shall say you are not well to-day:

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home. 56

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators, 61
And tell them that I will not come to-day;
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, false;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius. 64

Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come. 68
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate: 72
But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, 76
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and por-
tents, 80

And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate: 84

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance. 89
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I
can say: 92

And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a
mock 96

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better
dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100
'Lo! Cæsar is afraid?'

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,

And reason to my love is liable. 104
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go:

*Enter PUBLIVS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me. 108
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
 What! Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
 Good morrow, Cæsa. Caius Ligarius,
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy 112
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.
 What is t' o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights, 116
 Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
 I am to blame to be thus waited for.
 Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius!
 I have an hour's talk in store for you; 121
 Remember that you call on me to-day:
 Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—[*Aside.*] and so near will
 I be, 124
 That your best friends shall wish I had been
 further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
 with me;
 And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same,
 O Cæsar! 128
 The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—*The Same. A Street near
 the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

*Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of
 Cassius; come not near Cæsa; have an eye to
 Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metel-
 lus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou
 hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one
 mind in all these men, and it is bent against
 Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about
 you: security gives way to conspiracy. The
 mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, 9*

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
 And as a suitor will I give him this. 12
 My heart laments that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.
 If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou mayst live;
 If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*]

Scene IV.—*The Same. Another Part of the
 same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
 Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here
 again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do
 there. 4

O constancy! be strong upon my side;
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
 tongue;

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. 8
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
 Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what shall I do?
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
 And so return to you, and nothing else? 12

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
 well,

For he went sickly forth; and take good note
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
 Hark, boy! what noise is that? 16

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well:
 I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
 And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast
 thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol? 24

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my
 stand,
 To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast
 thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please
 Cæsar 28

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
 I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
 towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, but much
 that I fear may chance. 32

Good morrow to you. Here the street is
 narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
 Of senators, prætors, common suitors,
 Will crowd a feeble man almost to death: 36

I'll get me to a place more void, and there
 Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in. Ay me! how weak a
 thing

The heart of woman is. O Brutus!
 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise. 40

Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
 That Cæsar will not grant. O! I grow faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord; 44
 Say I am merry: come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

Act III.

Scene I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

A crowd of People; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.*

Cæs. [To the Soothsayer.] The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, 4
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar! read mine first; for mine's a
suit

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great
Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last
serv'd. 8

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What! urge you your petitions in the
street?

Come to the Capitol. 12

CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest
following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may
thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to CÆSAR.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might
thrive. 16

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark
him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear pre-
vention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not
change. 24

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look
you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exit ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR
and the Senators take their seats.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar. 28

Bru. He is address'd; press near and second
him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your
hand.

Casca. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress? 32

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most
puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
A humble heart,— [Kneeling.]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies, 36
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40
That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet
words,

Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished: 44

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied. 48

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Cæsar; 52

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, 56
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;

But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine, 64

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'tis furnished well with men;

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one 68

That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so. 73

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus!

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me! 76

[They stab Cæsar.]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar! [Dies.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, 80

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People and senators be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too. 84

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance— 88

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people, 92

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd. 96

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 100

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years
of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd 104
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans,
stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads, 109
Let's all cry, 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er, 112
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be, 116

So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of
Rome, 121

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of
Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; 124

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say I love Brutus, and I honour him; 128

Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd
him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death, 132

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus

Through the hazards of this untrod state 136

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant
Roman;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 140

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,

Depart untouched.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit.]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to
friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still 145
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome,
Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure. Fare thee well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit 153

As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made

rich

With the most noble blood of all this world. 156

I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die: 160

No man will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands and this our present act,

You see we do, yet see you but our hands

And this the bleeding business they have done:

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; 169

And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony; 173
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reve-
rence. 176
Cæs. Your voice shall be as strong as any
man's

In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand: 184
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours; 188
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. 193
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O! 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace, 197
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave
hart; 204

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters
stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy leth
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee. 208
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cæs. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this; 212
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cæs. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends, 216
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was
indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all, 220
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard 224
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market place; 228
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cæs. Brutus, a word with you.
[Aside to BRUTUS.] You know not what you do;
do not consent 232

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first, 236
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall 240
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cæs. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
body. 244

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all 248
About his funeral; and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more. 252

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but ANTONY.
Ant. O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers;
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man 256
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy; 264
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds: 269
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war; 273
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not? 276

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth— 280

[*Seeing the body.*]

O Cæsar!—

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine, 284

Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd;

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 289

He hence and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place; there shall I try, 292

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;

According to the which thou shalt discourse.

To young Octavius of the state of things. 296

Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.*]

Scene II.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers. 4

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak. 8

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens;*

BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.]

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last. 12

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you

may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 37

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. 44

Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. 52

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live! live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus. 57

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho! 60

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make. 65

I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony. 68

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

- Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [Goes up.]
- Fourth Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?
- Third Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all. 73
- Fourth Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
- First Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
- Third Cit.* Nay, that's certain: We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him. 76
- Sec. Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
- Ant.* You gentle Romans,—
- Citizens.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.
- Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
- I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. 80
- The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious; 84
- If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious; 92
- And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? 96
- When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man. 100
- You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; 104
- And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him? 109
- O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, 112
- And I must pause till it come back to me.
- First Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
- Sec. Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.
- Third Cit.* Has he, masters? 116
- I fear there will a worse come in his place.
- Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
- First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it. 120
- Sec. Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
- Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
- Fourth Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.
- Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence. O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, 128
- I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men. 133
- But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament— 136
- Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, 140
- And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
- Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony. 144
- Citizens.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
- Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, 149
- It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O! what would come of it.
- Fourth Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony; 153
- You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.
- Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'er-shot myself to tell you of it. 156
- I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
- Fourth Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!
- Citizens.* The will! the testament! 160
- Sec. Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.
- Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will. 164
- Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Citizens. Come down.
- Sec. Cit.* Descend. [ANTONY comes down.]

- Third Cit.* You shall have leave. 168
Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony; most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off. 172
Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on; 176
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii.
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See what a rent the envious Casca made: 180
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd 184
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd
 him.
 This was the most unkindest cut of all; 188
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
 heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face, 192
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, 196
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what! weep you when you but
 behold 200
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar! 204
Third Cit. O woeful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors! villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged. 208
Citizens. Revenge!—About!—Seek!—Burn!—
 Fire!—Kill!—Slay! Let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen!
First Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble
 Antony. 212
Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
 we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
 stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable:
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know
 not, 217
- That made them do it; they are wise and
 honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
 I am no orator, as Brutus is; 221
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full
 well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him. 224
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor
 dumb mouths, 229
 And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move 233
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Citizens. We'll mutiny.
First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the con-
 spirators. 237
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
 speak.
Citizens. Peace, ho!—Hear Antony,—most
 noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know
 not what. 240
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
 Alas! you know not: I must tell you then.
 You have forgot the will I told you of.
Citizens. Most true. The will! let's stay and
 hear the will. 244
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's
 seal.
 To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his
 death. 248
Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
Citizens. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
 On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. 256
 Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never! Come, away, away!
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,
 And with the brands fire the traitor's houses.
 Take up the body. 261
Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any
 thing. [Execute Citizens, with the body.
Ant. Now let it work: mischief, thou art
 afoot, 265
 Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he? 268

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing. 272

Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the
people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth. 4

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man, or a
bachelor? 9

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely. 12

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I
going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married
man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every
man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely
I say, I am a bachelor. 18

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are
fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for
that, I fear. Proceed; directly. 21

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend. 24

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol. 28

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

Sec. Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a con-
spirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the
poet. 33

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear
him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Sec. Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna;
pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn
him going. 39

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come,
brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus, to Cassius;
burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to
Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go! 43
[*Exeunt.*

Act IV.

**Scene I.—Rome. A Room in ANTONY'S
House.**

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a
table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names
are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent
you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, 4
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I
damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine 8
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What! shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here or at the Capitol.

[*Exit LEPIDUS.*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man, 12
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription. 17

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than
you:

And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,

Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier. 28

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.

It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on, 32
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds 36

On abject orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him

But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make
head;

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means
stretch'd out;

And let us presently go sit in council, 44
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake, 48
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I
fear,

Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.—*Camp near Sardis. Before
BRUTUS' Tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and
Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come 4
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pin-
darus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish 8
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour. 12

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;

How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect
enough;

But not with such familiar instances, 16
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their
mettle; 24

But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd; 28

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.
[*Low march within.*]

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho! 32

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sold. Stand!

Sec. Sold. Stand!

Third Sold. Stand! 36

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine
enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs; 40

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from
us, 44

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off 48
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no
man

Come to our tent till we have done our con-
ference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. 52

[Exeunt.]

Scene III.—*Within the Tent of BRUTUS.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters, praying on his side, 4
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a
case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his com-
ment. 8

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm! 12

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement! 17

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

- What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20
 And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world
 But for supporting robbers, shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes, 24
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.
- Cas.* Brutus, bay not me; 28
 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.
- Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius. 32
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
 Have mind upon your health; tempt me no
 further. 36
- Bru.* Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares? 40
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all
 this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud
 heart break;
 Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
 budge? 44
 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.
- Cas.* Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
 Let it appear so; make your vaunting true, 52
 And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong
 me, Brutus;
 I said an elder soldier, not a better: 56
 Did I say, 'better'?
- Bru.* If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus
 have moved me.
Bru. Peace, pence! you durst not so have
 tempted him.
Cas. I durst not! 60
Bru. No.
Cas. What! durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my
 love;
 I may do that I shall be sorry for. 64
Bru. You have done that you should be
 sorry for.
- There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
 For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
 That they pass by me as the idle wind, 68
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which thou denied
 me;
 For I can raise no money by vile means:
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, 72
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile
 trash
 By any indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions, 76
 Which you denied me: was that done like
 Cassius?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
 Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
 That brought my answer back. Brutus hath
 riv'd my heart. 84
 A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults. 88
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
 faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
 appear
 As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
 come, 92
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is aware of the world;
 Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
 Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart 100
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know, 104
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
 him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb 109
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd 112
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand. 116

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, 121
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave
 you so. [Noise within.]

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals;

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
 They be alone. 125

Lucil. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.

Cas. How now! What's the matter? 128

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rime!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence! 133

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools? 136

Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away! be gone.

[Exit Poet.]

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you, 140

Immediately to us.

[Exit LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [Exit LUCIUS.]

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use 144

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead. 148

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
 And grief that young Octavius with Mark

Antony 152

Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death

That tidings came:—with this she fell distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods! 156

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup; 160

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[Drinks.]

Bru. Come in, Titinius. [Exit LUCIUS.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities. 164

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power, 168

Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry, 172

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died 176

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala. 181

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours? 184

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die,
Messala: 189

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure. 192

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently? 196

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This is it:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still, 200
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place
to better,

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection; 204

For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off, 209
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note
beside, 212

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline. 216
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries. 220
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Phi-
lippi. 224

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our
talk,

And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will nigard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good-night: 228
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

My gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*

Farewell, good Messala:

Good-night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good-night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother! 232

This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good-night, my lord.

Bru. Good-night, good brother. 236

Tit. } Good-night, Lord Brutus.

Mes. }
Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.*

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd. 240

Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro! and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord? 244

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep:
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch
your pleasure. 248

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good
sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. 252

[*VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it
me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two? 256

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy
might; 260

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep
again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live, 264

I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*

This is a sleepy tune: O murderous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good-
night; 268

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd

down 272

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition. 276

It comes upon me, Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art. 280

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at
Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest: 285
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius! 288

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord! 292

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see
any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord. 296

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord!

Claud. My lord! 300

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your
sleep?

Var. } Did we, my lord?

Claud. }

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claud. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius. 304

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. } It shall be done, my lord.

Claud. }

[*Exeunt.*]

Act V.

Scene I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;

It proves not so; their battles are at hand; 4
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content 8

To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they have cour-
age;

But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals: 12
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,

And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on, 16
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the
left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent? 20
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*]

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;*
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and
talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of
battle?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their
charge. 24

Make forth; the generals would have some
words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, country-
men?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius. 29

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give
good words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying, 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

Cas. Antony 32
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too. 36
Bru. O! yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar: 40
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers! 44

- Cas.* Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
 This tongue had not offended so to-day,
 If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat, 43
 The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
 Look;
 I draw a sword against conspirators;
 When think you that the sword goes up again?
 Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds 53
 Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands, 56
 Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
 I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
 Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable. 60
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
 Join'd with a masquer and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away!
 Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth. 64
 If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
 If not, when you have stomachs.
 [Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.
Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
 The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. 68
Bru. Ho!
 Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. My lord?
 [BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.
Cas. Messala!
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala, 72
 This is my birth-day; as this very day
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
 Be thou my witness that against my will,
 As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
 Upon one battle all our liberties. 76
 You know that I held Epicurus strong,
 And his opinion; now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 80
 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
 Who to Phillippi here consorted us:
 This morning are they fled away and gone, 84
 And in their stead do ravens, crows, and kites
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which 88
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly,
- For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
 To meet all perils very constantly. 92
Bru. Even so, Lucilius,
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
 But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall, 97
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together:
 What are you then, determined to do? 100
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself; I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile, 104
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life: arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle, 108
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; 112
 He bears too great a mind: but this same day
 Must end that work the ides of March begun;
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take: 116
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
 If not, why then, this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; 121
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Bru. Why, then, lead on. O! that a man
 might know
 The end of this day's business, ere it come; 124
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,
 And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
 [Exeunt.]
- Scene II.—The Same. The Field of Battle.**
Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.
Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side,
 [Loud alarum.
 Let them set on at once, for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing, 4
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
 [Exeunt.]
- Scene III.—Another Part of the Field.**
Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.
Cas. O! look, Titinius, look, the villains fly:
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him. 4
Tit. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed. 8

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
 Titinius;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
 Mourn thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him.

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
 And here again; that I may rest assur'd 17
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
 [Exit.]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
 My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, 21
 And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[PINDARUS ascends the hill.]

This day I breathed first; time is come round,

And where I did begin, there shall I end; 24
 My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [Above.] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about 28
 With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
 Yet he spurs on: now they are almost on him;
 Now, Titinius! now some light; O! he lights too:

He's ta'en; [Shout.] and, hark! they shout for joy. 32

Cas. Come down; behold no more.
 O, coward that I am, to live so long,
 To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah: 36
 In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep
 thine oath; 40

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts;
 And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, 44
 Guide thou the sword. Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been;

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius 48

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
 Where never Roman shall take note of him.
 [Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, 52
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill. 56

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
 But Cassius is no more. O setting sun! 60

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done. 64

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not? O error! soon conceiv'd, 69

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus? 72

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
 For piercing steel and darts envenomed 76
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
 As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
 [Exit MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
 their shouts? 81

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing. 84
 But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. 88

By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
 [Kills himself.]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, Young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder: and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius! 96
Look wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as
these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome 100
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp, 105
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:— 108
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both
armies; then BRUTUS, Young CATO, LUCILIUS,
and Others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go
with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! 4
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for
Brutus! [*Exit, charging the enemy.*]

Cato is overpowered, and falls.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou
down? 9

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die: 12
There is so much that thou wilt kill me
straight. [*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is
ta'en. 16

First Sold. I'll tell the news: here comes the
general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy 21
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead, 24
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure
you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man
safe,

Give him all kindness: I had rather have 28
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see wher Brutus be alive or dead;

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—Another Part of the Field.

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on
this rock.

Cl. Stratillius show'd the torch-light; but, my
lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the
word; 4

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispers.*]

Cl. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the
world.

Bru. Peace, then! no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed? 8

Cl. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to
thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, 13
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a
word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why this, Volumnius: 16
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night; at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi fields.

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord. 20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves, 24

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school to-
gether;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it. 28

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying
here.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you,
Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; 32
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day, 36
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history: 40
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would
rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru.

Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLTIUS, DARDANIUS, and
VOLUMNIUS.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord: 44
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato? 48
Str. Give me your hand first: fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—[*He runs on his
sword.*] Cæsar, now be still;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and Army.*

Oct. What man is that? 52

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy
master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in,
Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself, 56
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank
thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain
them. 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How dled my master, Strato? 64

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators save only he 69

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them. 72

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial. 77

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So, call the field to rest; and let's away, 80

To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

Macbeth.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
 MALCOLM, } his Sons.
 DONALBAIN, }
 MACBETH, } Generals of the King's Army.
 BANQUO, }
 MACDUFF, }
 LENNOX, }
 ROSS, } Noblemen of Scotland.
 MENTEITH, }
 ANGUS, }
 CAITHNESS, }
 FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.
 SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of
 the English Forces.
 YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.
 SETTON, an Officer attending Macbeth.

Boy, Son to Macduff.
 An English Doctor.
 A Scotch Doctor.
 A Sergeant.
 A Porter.
 An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.
 LADY MACDUFF.
 Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE and Three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Mur-
 derers, Attendants, and Messengers. The
 Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

Scene.—Scotland; England.

Act I.

Scene I.—A desert Heath.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
 When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of
 sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
 Hover through the fog and filthy air. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—A Camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can
 report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
 The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
 Who, like a good and hardy soldier fought
 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
 As thou didst leave it.

Serg. Doubtful it stood;
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdon-
 wald—

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
 The multiplying villainies of nature

Do swarm upon him—from the western isles 12
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that
name,— 16

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage
Till he fac'd the slave; 20
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Serg. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to
come

Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland,
mark: 28

No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their
heels,

But the Norway lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men 32
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Serg. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were 36
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha, 41
I cannot tell—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds; 44

They smack of honour both. Go, get him
surgeons. [Exit Sergeant, attended.]

Enter Ross.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look

That seems to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the king! 48

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers, 52

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons, 56
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.—

Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That now 60

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disburs'd, at Saint Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use. 64

Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall
deceive

Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done. 68

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath
won. [Exit.]

Scene III.—A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sallow's wife had chestnuts in
her lap, 4

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:
'Give me,' quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the
Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail, 8
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou'rt kind. 12

Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know 16
I'll drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid; 20
He shall live a man forbid.

Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost, 24
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb, 28
Wrack'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*
Third Witch. A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come. 32

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand, 36
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine. 36
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these,

So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 40

That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you
 against

That man may question? You seem to under-
 stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying 44

Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
 Thane of Glamis! 48

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
 Thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be
 king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to
 fear

Things that do sound so fair? I the name of
 truth, 52

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great pro-
 diction

Of noble having and of royal hope, 56

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak
 not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say which grain will grow and which will
 not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60

Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail! 64

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and
 greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though
 thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! 68

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
 more:

By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king 73

Stands not within the prospect of belief

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why 76

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge
 you. [Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water
 has,

And these are of them. Whither are they
 vanish'd? 80

Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal
 melted

As breath into the wind. 'Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
 about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root 84

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it
 not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words. Who's
 here? 88

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success; and when he reads

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend 92

Which should be thine or his. Silence'd with
 that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norway ranks,

Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make, 96

Strange images of death. As thick as hail
 Came post with post, and every one did bear

Thy praise in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent 100

To give thee from our royal master thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of

Cawdor: 105

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
 For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do
 you dress me 108

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
 But under heavy judgment bears that life

Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
 combin'd

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel 112

With hidden help or vantage, or that with both
 He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not;

But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
 Have overthrow'n him.

Macb. [Aside.] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
 The greatest is behind. [To Ross and Angus.]

Thanks for your pains. 117

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to
 me

Promis'd no less to them?
Ban. That, trusted home, 120

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths, 124
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act 128
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success, 132
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of
Cawdor :

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears 137
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is 141
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him, 144
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
mould

But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure. 148

Macb. Give me your favour; my dull brain
was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains

Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more
time, 153

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. 156
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report 4
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it; he died 8
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face: 12
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before 16
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee; would thou hadst less
deserv'd,

That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
ment

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay. 21

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties 24
Are to your throne and state, children and
servants;

Which do but what they should, by doing every-
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour 28
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow, 32
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know 36
We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd
for you: 44

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. [*Aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland!
that is a step: 48

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be 52
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so
valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him, 56
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—*Inverness. MACBETH'S Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be 16
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be
great,

Art not without ambition, but without 20
The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst
highly,

That thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play
false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have,
great Glamis,

That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou
have it;' 24

And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee
hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue 28

All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it. 32
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is
coming;

One of my fellows had the speed of him, 36
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;

He brings great news.—[*Exit Messenger.*] The
raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts! unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top full

Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood, 44
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering

ministers, 49
Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, 52
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the

dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hall hereafter! 56

Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now

The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence? 60
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O! never
Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent

flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming

Must be provided for; and you shall put 63
This night's great business into my dispatch;

Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear; 72

To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—*The Same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALDRAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself

Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve 4
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath

Smells woingly here: no jutt, fricze,
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant
 cradle: 8
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have
 observ'd
 The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
 The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
 you 12
 How you shall bid God 'eyld us for your pains,
 And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
 In every point twice done, and then done
 double,
 Were poor and single business, to contend 16
 Against those honours deep and broad where-

with
 Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
 And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
 We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor? 20
 We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
 To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
 him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever 25
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
 compt,

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
 Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand: 28
 Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
 And shall continue our graces towards him.
 By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

**Scene VII.—The Same. A Room in the
 Castle.**

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over
 the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with
 dishes and service. Then, enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then
 'twere well

It were done quickly; if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease success; that but this blow 4
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor; this even-handed
 justice

Comments the ingredients of our poison'd
 chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust: 12
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been 17
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, 24
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no
 spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself
 And falls on the other.—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news? 28
Lady M. He has almost suppd: why have
 you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this
 business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have
 bought 32

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept
 since, 36

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valour 40
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,
 Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' 44
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace.
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't, then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me? 48
 When you durst do it then you were a man;
 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their
 fitness now 53

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
 I would, while it was smiling in my face, 56
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as
 you

Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—
Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince 64
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death, 68
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only; 72
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two

Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

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

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [Exeunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—Inverness. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a Servant
bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

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

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

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

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's hus-
bandry in heaven; 4
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.
Give me my sword.— 9

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir! not yet at rest? The king's
a-bed: 12

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd, 17
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: 20
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that
business,

If you would grant the time,
Ban. At your kind'st leisure. 24

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

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear, 28
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.
Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. 32
[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee:

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible 36
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
senses, 44
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such
thing:

It is the bloody business which informs 48
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder, 52
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his
design

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set
earth, 56

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for
fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat he
lives: 60

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
gives. [A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. 64

[Exit.]

Scene II.—The Same.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold,
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.
Hark!

Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman, 4
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is
about it:

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have
drugg'd their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die. 9

Macb. [Within.] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers
ready; 13

He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done't. My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not
hear a noise? 16

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! 20

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. [Looking on his hands.] This is a sorry
sight.

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

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and
one cried 'Murder!' 24

That they did wake each other: I stood and
heard them;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd
them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen'
the other: 28

As they had seen me with these hangman's
hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
'Amen?' 32

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep
no more!' 36

Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course, 40

Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all
the house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no
more!' 44

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainlessly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. 48
Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?

They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done; 52
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the
dead

Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, 56
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine
eyes. 60

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red. 64

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I
shame

To wear a heart so white.—[Knocking within.]

I hear a knocking
At the south entry; retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed; 68

How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [Knocking within.]

Hark! more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost 72
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed 'twere best not know
myself. [Knocking within.]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! [Exeunt.]

Scene III.—The Same.

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
were porter of hell-gate he should have old
turning the key. [Knocking within.] Knock,
knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of
Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged him-
self on the expectation of plenty: come in time;
have napkins enough about you; here you'll
sweat for't. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock!
Who's there, i' the other devil's name! Faith,
here's an equivocator, that could swear in both
the scales against either scale; who committed
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not
equivocate to heaven: O! come in, equivocator.
[Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's
there? Faith, here's an English tailor come
hither for stealing out of a French hose: come
in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.
[Knocking within.] Knock, knock; never at
quiet! What are you? But this place is too
cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further:
I had thought to have let in some of all pro-
fessions, that go the primrose way to the ever-
lasting bonfire. [Knocking within.] Anon, anon!
I pray you, remember the porter. 24

[Opens the gate.]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went
to bed,

That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing to the
second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker
of three things. 29

Macd. What three things does drink espe-
cially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unpro-
vokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away
the performance. Therefore much drink may
be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it
makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and
it takes him off; it persuades him, and dis-
heartens him; makes him stand to, and not

stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a
sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him. 41

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last
night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me:
but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being
too strong for him, though he took up my legs
sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring? 48

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely
on him: 52

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, 57
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we
lay, 60

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of
death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events 64
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure
bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it. 69

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue
nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb. } What's the matter?
Len. }

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
piece! 72

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

Macb. What is't you say? the life? 76

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy
your sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX.]

Awake! awake! So
 Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
 And look on death itself! up, up, and see 84
 The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like
 sprites,
 To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

[Bell rings.]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business, 88
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
 Macd. O gentle lady!
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
 The repetition in a woman's ear 92
 Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo!
 Our royal master's murder'd!
 Lady M. Woe, alas!
 What! in our house?
 Ban. Too cruel any where.
 Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, 96
 And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this
 chance
 I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality, 100
 All is but toys; renown and grace is dead,
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
 Macb. You are, and do not know't:
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
 Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
 Mal. O! by whom?
 Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
 done't: 108
 Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
 So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
 Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were dis-
 tracted; no man's life
 Was to be trusted with them. 112
 Macb. O! yet I do repent me of my fury,
 That I did kill them.
 Macd. Wherefore did you so?
 Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate
 and furious,
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: 116
 The expedition of my violent love
 Outran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
 His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
 nature 120
 For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the mur-
 derers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their
 daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could
 refrain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart 124
 Courage to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
 Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [Aside to DONALBAIN.] Why do we hold
 our tongues,
 That most may claim this argument for ours:
 Don. [Aside to MALCOLM.] What should be
 spoken 128
 Here where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
 May rush and seize us? Let's away: our tears
 Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [Aside to DONALBAIN.] Nor our strong
 sorrow
 Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady: 132
 [LADY MACBETH is carried out.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of work,
 To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
 In the great hand of God I stand, and thence 137
 Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
 Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
 And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented. 141

[Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort
 with them:
 To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
 Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
 Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
 Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
 There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in
 blood,
 The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
 Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way 149
 Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV.—The Same. Without the Castle.

Enter Ross and an Old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember
 well;
 Within the volume of which time I have seen

Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah! good father, 4
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb, 9
When living light should kiss it?

Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place, 12
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses,—a thing most
strange and certain,—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would 17
Make war with mankind.

Old Man. 'Tis said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine
eyes,

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good
Macduff. 20

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is't known who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd. 24
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up 28
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to
Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body? 32
Macd. Carried to Colmekill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither. 36
Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.

Old Man. God's benison go with you; and
with those 40
That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes! *[Exit.*

Act III.

Scene I.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,

As the wild women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity, 4
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good, 8
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king;
LADY MACBETH, as queen; LENNOX, ROSS,
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast, 12
And all-things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties 16
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord. 20
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
advice—

Which still hath been both grave and prosper-
perous—
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride? 24

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twillix this and supper; go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fall not our feast. 28
Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are be-
stow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers 32
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon's. 37
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. *[Exit BANQUO.*
Let every man be master of his time 41

Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with
you! [Exeunt all but MACBETH
and an Attendant.

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men 45
Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.]
To be thus is nothing; 48

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he
dares,

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, 52
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him

My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said 56
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the
sisters

When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-
like,

They hall'd him father to a line of kings. 60
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If't be so, 64
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace

Only for them; and mine eternal jewel 68
Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,

And champion me to the utterance! Who's
there? 72

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[Exit Attendant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know 76
That it was he in the times past which held you

So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you

In our last conference, pass'd in probation with
you, 80

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the
instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that
might

To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur. You made it known to us. 84
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is
now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue, 89
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; 92
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,

curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept

All by the name of dogs: the valud' file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, 96
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one

According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive

Particular addition, from the bill 100
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;

And I will put that business in your bosoms, 104
Whose execution takes your enemy off,

Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,

Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege, 108
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune, 112
That I would set my life on any chance,

To mend it or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Sec. Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody
distance 116

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120
For certain friends that are both his and mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but wall his fall
Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is

That I to your assistance do make love, 124
Masking the business from the common eye

For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. With-
in this hour at most 128

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,

The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought

That I require a clearness: and with him— 133
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—

Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me 136

Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;
I'll come to you anon.

Sec. Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide with-
in. [Exit Murderers.]

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight, 14
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.]

**Scene II.—The Same. Another Room in
the Palace.**

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent, 4

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone, 8
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died

With them they think on? Things without all
remedy

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd 13
it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor
mallice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer, 16

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor 24
poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;

Present him eminence, both with eye and 32
tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we

Must lave our honours in these flattering
streams,

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife; 36

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not
eterned.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assail-
able;

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown 40
His cloister'd flight, ere, to black Hecate's sum-
mons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done? 44

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,

And with thy bloody and invisible hand 48

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood;

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rouse. 53

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee
still;

Things bad begun make strong themselves by
ill:

So, prithee, go with me. [Exit.]

**Scene III.—The Same. A Park, with a Road
leading to the Palace.**

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since
he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do

To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us. 4

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace

To gain the timely inn; and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses. 8

Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation

Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile; but he does
usually, 12

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate

Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to't.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a torch.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down. 16

[*They set upon BANQUO.*]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[*Dies. FLEANCE escapes.*]

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was't not the way?

Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost 20

Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—*The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first and last,

The hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society

And play the humble host. 4

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome. 8

Enter First Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks;

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

The table round. [*Approaching the door.*]

There's blood upon thy face. 12

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within. Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him. 16

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he's good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scaped. 20

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air:

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a death to nature.

Macb.

Thanks for that. 28

There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; to-morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M.

My royal lord, 32

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,

'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony; '36 Meeting were bare without it.

Macb.

Sweet remembrancer!

Now good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

Len.

May it please your highness sit? 40

[*The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH'S place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, 40

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness

Than pity for mischance!

Ross.

His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness 44

To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len.

Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness? 48

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords.

What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well. 52

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him 56

You shall offend him and extend his passion:

Feed and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady M.

O proper stuff! 60

This is the very painting of your fear;

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws and starts—

Impostors to true fear—would well become 64
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You look but on a stool. 68

Macb. Prithce, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments 72
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal; 76
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again, 80
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more
strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget. 84
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all;

Then, I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy of the whole table, 89
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. 92

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the
earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other; 97
Only it spols the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; 101
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword; 104
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Why, so; being gone,

I am a man again. Pray you, sit still, 108

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth,
broke the good meeting,

With most admird disorder.

Macb. Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange 112

Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord? 116

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows
worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good-night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night; and better health 120
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good-night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will
have blood:

Stones have been known to move and trees to
speak;

Augurs and understood relations have 124
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which
is which.

Macb. How sayst thou, that Macduff denies
his person 128

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow— 132
And betimes I will—to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to
know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own
good

All causes shall give way: I am in blood 136
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep. 141

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you
look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth 4
 In riddles and affairs of death ;
 And I, the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or show the glory of our art ?
 And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spiteful and wrathful ; who, as others do, 12
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now : get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me ! the morning ; thither he 16
 Will come to know his destiny :
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms and every thing beside.
 I am for the air ; this night I'll spend 20
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end :
 Great business must be wrought ere noon :
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound ; 24
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground :
 And that distill'd by magic sleights
 Shall raise such artificial sprites
 As by the strength of their illusion 28
 Shall draw him on to his confusion :
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear ;
 And you all know security 32
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Song within*, 'Come away, come away,' &c.

Hark ! I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit*.]

First Witch. Come, let's make haste ; she'll
 soon be back again. [*Exeunt*.]

Scene VI.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
 thoughts,
 Which can interpret further : only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
 Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth : marry, he was dead : 4
 And the right-valliant Banquo walk'd too late ;
 Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance
 kill'd,

For Fleance fled : men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought how monstrous 8
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
 How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight
 In pious rage the two delinquents tear, 12
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of
 sleep ?

Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
 To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say, 16
 He has borne all things well ; and I do think
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—

As, an't please heaven, he shall not,—they should
 find

What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance,
 But, peace ! for from broad words, and 'cause he
 fall'd 21

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. The son of Duncan, 24

From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing 28

Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland and war-like Siward ;
 That, by the help of these—with him above 32

To ratify the work—we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody
 knives,

Do faithful homage and receive free honours ;
 All which we pine for now. And this report 37

Hath so exasperate the king that he
 Prepares for some attempt at war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff ?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute, 'Sir,
 not I,' 40

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the
 time

That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel 45
 Fly to the court of England and unfold
 His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country 48
 Under a hand accurs'd !

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

Act IV.

Scene I.—*A Cavern. In the middle, a boiling Cauldron.*

Thunder. *Enter the three Witches.*

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath
 mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig
 whin'd.

Third Witch. Harper cries : 'Tis time, 'tis
 time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go ; 4
 In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone
 Days and nights hast thirty-one 8

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
 Boil thou first ! 't the charmed pot.

- All.* Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
- Sec. Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake, 12
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting, 16
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
- All.* Double, double toil and trouble; 20
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
- Third Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark, 24
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse, 28
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab: 32
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
- All.* Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble, 36
- Sec. Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.
- Enter HECATE.*
- Hea.* O! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains. 40
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song, 'Black Spirits,' &c.*]
- Sec. Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs, 44
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.
- Enter MACBETH.*
- Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags! 48
What is't you do?
- All.* A deed without a name.
- Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you
profess,—
How'er you come to know it,—answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them
fight 52
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown
down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope 57
Their heads to their foundations; though the
treasure
Of Nature's gemens tumble all together,
- Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Sec. Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We'll answer.
First Witch. Say if thou'dst rather hear it
from our mouths,
Or from our masters? 64
Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath
eaten 64
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweeten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
- All.* Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show. 68
- Thunder.* *First Apparition of an armed Head.*
Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
beware Macduff;
Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.
[*Descends.*]
- Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good cau-
tion thanks; 73
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word
more,—
First Witch. He will not be commanded:
here's another,
More potent than the first. 76
- Thunder.* *Second Apparition, a bloody Child.*
- Sec. App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh
to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear
of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live; 84
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.
- Thunder.* *Third Apparition, a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand.*
What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round 88
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to't.
Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take
no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until 92
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be :
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!
good! 96
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100
Throbs to know one thing: tell me—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this, 104
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is
this? [*Hautboys.*]

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show! 108

Third Witch. Show!

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

*A show of Eight Kings; the last with a glass in
his hand: BANQUO'S Ghost following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down! 112

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs: and thy
hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:

A third is like the former. Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start,
eyes! 116

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?

Another yet? A seventh! I'll see no more:

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more; and some I see

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry. 121

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*]

What! is this so? 124

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,

And show the best of our delights. 128

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antick round,

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay. 132

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then
vanish with HECAE.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this
pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!

Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord. 136

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did
hear

The galloping of horse: who was't came by! 140

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring
you word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-
ploits; 144

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook

Unless the deed go with it; from this moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now, 148

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge of the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls 152

That trace him in his line. No boasting like a
fool;

This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:

But no more sights! Where are these gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—Fife. MACDUFF'S Castle.

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her SON, and ROSS.

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

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not 4
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us 8

He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight—

Her young ones in her nest—against the owl. 12

All is the fear and nothing is the love;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your hus-
band,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows 16
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, 20

But float upon a wild and violent sea

Each way and move. I take my leave of you:

Shall not be long but I'll be here again.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward 24

To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer, 28

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit:

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What! with worms and flies? 32

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,

The pit-fall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for. 36

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, I' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother? 44

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so? 48

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them? 52

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them. 56

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father. 61

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect. 64 I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 69
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. [Exit:
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now 72

I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly; why then, alas!

Do I put up that womanly defence, 76

To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

Mur. Where is your husband?

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

Mur. He's a traitor. 80

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain.

Mur. What! you egg
Young fry of treachery! [Stabbing him.

Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [Dies.

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder,'
and pursued by the Murderers.

Scene III.—England. Before the KING'S
Palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade,
and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom; each new

morn 4
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out

Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail, 8
What know believe, and what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him

well; 13
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but

something
You may deserve of him through me, and wid-

dom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb 16
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

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

In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon; 20

That which you are my thoughts cannot trans-

pose;

- Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
- Macd.* I have lost my hopes. 24
- Mal.* Perchance even there where I did find
my doubts.
- Why in that rawness left you wife and child—
Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love—
- Without leave-taking? I pray you, 28
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
- Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, 32
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou
thy wrongs;
- The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
- Mal.* Be not offended: 37
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds: I think withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this, 44
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever, 48
By him that shall succeed.
- Macd.* What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state 53
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
- Macd.* Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd 56
In evils to top Macbeth.
- Mal.* I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daugh-
ters, 61
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'rbear 64
That did oppose my will; better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
- Macd.* Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Thy untimely emptying of the happy throne, 68
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may
- Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink. 72
- We have willing dames enough; there cannot
be
- That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
- Mal.* With this there grows 76
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house; 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
- Macd.* This avarice 84
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will, 88
Of your mere own; all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.
- Mal.* But I have none: the king-becoming
graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, 92
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime, 96
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should
- Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
- Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland! 100
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
- Macd.* Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd, 104
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal
father 108
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore
thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself 112
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
- Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Mac-
beth 117
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me

From over-credulous haste; but God above 120
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself, 124
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsown.
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith, would not betray 128
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life; my first false
speaking

Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command; 132
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Sward, with ten thousand war-like men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you
silent? 137

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things
at once

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the king
forth, I pray you? 140

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched
souls

That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, 144
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[Exit Doctor.]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven, 149
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,

All sworn and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures; 152
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue, 156

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him
not. 160

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes
remove

The means that make us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas! poor country; 164
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent
the air 168

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps, 172
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O! relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife? 176

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

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

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did
leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how
goes't? 180

Ross. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather 184
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort, 188

We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Sward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer 192
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief 196
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main
part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine

Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,

Act V.

Scene I.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked? 3

Gen. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 9

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gen. That, sir, which I will not report after her. 16

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gen. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech. 20

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

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

Doct. How came she by that light? 24

Gen. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gen. Ay, but their sense is shut. 28

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

Gen. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her to continue in this a quarter of an hour. 33

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. 37

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One; two; why, then, 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? 44

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? What! will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. 49

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

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes 204

Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner, Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer, To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!

What! man; ne'er pull your hat upon your brows; 208

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! 212

My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us medicine of our great revenge, To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones? 216

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

What! all my pretty chickens and their dam

At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man: 220

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!

They were all struck for thee. Naught that

I am, 224

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it. 228

Macd. O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,

And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready; Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth 236

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gen. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known. 54

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh! 57

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gen. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body. 61

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gen. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds. 66

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

Doct. Even so? 71

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

Doct. Will she go now to bed? 76

Gen. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets; More needs she the divine than the physician. 81
God, God forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. So, good-night: My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

Gen. Good-night, good doctor. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm 4 Excite the mortified man.

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

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son, 9 And many rough youths that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies. Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel 16
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraids his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn 24
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd;
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge 28
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the
weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.

Scene III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-
colm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know 4

All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me
thus:

'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of
woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly,
false thanes,

And mingle with the English picures: 8
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
loon!

Where gott'st thou that goose look? 12
Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy
fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-
face? 17

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.]
Seyton!—I am sick at heart

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20
 Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.
 I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age, 24
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare 28
 not.
 Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd. 32
 Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
 Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine 36
 armour.
 How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd, 40
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient 45
 Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none
 of it.
 Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff. 48
 Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from
 me.—
 Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
 The water of my land, find her disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health, 52
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
 What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
 Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou
 of them? 56
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal prepara-
 tion
 Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.
 I will not be afraid of death and bane
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60
Doct. [*Aside.*] Were I from Dunsinane away
 and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Ezeunt.*

Scene IV.—Country near Birnam Wood.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old
 SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH,
 CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Sol-
 diers marching.*
Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
 That chambers will be safe.
Men. We doubt it nothing.
Siv. What wood is this before us?
Men. The wood of Birnam. 4
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
 And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
 The numbers of our host, and make discovery
 Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done. 8
Siv. We learn no other but the confident
 tyrant
 Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
 Our setting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
 For where there is advantage to be given, 12
 Both more and less have given him the revolt,
 And none serve with him but constrained things
 Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
 Attend the true event, and put we on 16
 Industrious soldiership.
Siv. The time approaches
 That will with due decision make us know
 What we shall say we have and what we owe.
 Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate, 21
 Towards which advance the war.
 [*Ezeunt, marching.*

Scene V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.
*Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEY-
 TON, and Soldiers.*
Macb. Hang out our banners on the out-
 ward walls;
 The cry is still, 'They come;' our castle's
 strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
 Till famine and the ague eat them up; 4
 Were they not forc'd with those that should be
 ours,
 We might have met them dareful, beard to
 beard,
 And beat them backward home.
 [*A cry of women within.*
 What is that noise?
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. 8
 [*Exit.*
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
 The time has been my senses would have cool'd
 To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir 12
 As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead. 16

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, 20
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player 24
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. 28

Enter a Messenger.

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

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir. 32

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

Macb. Liar and slave!

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

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. 41
I pull in resolution and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth; 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood 45
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here. 48
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarm-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. 52
[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene VI.—The Same. A Plain before the
Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with
boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff and we 4

Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. 8

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give
them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene VII.—The Same. Another Part
of the Plain.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot
fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none. 4

Enter Young SIWARD.

Young Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Young Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself
a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Young Siw. The devil himself could not pro-
nounce a title 8
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

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

[*They fight and Young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman;
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, 12
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show
thy face:
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou,
Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undecided. There thou should'st 20
be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*]

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently
render'd: 24
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes 28
That strike beside us.

Siv. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool,
and die

On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn! 32

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain 36
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; 40
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb 44
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd, 48
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward, 52
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield, 56
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born, 60
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my war-like shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold,
enough!'
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and
colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSS, THANES,
and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe
arriv'd. 64

Siv. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt: 68

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siv. Then he is dead? 72

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your
cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siv. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siv. Why then, God's soldier be he! 76

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:

And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siv. He's worth no more; 80

They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold,
where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free: 84

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,

That speak my salutation in their minds;

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;

Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! 88

[*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of
time

Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to
do, 93

Which would be planted newly with the time,

As calling home our exil'd friends abroad

That fled the snares of watchful tyranny; 96

Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,

Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands

Took off her life; this, and what needful else 100

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace

We will perform in measure, time, and place:

So, thanks to all at once and to each one,

Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone, 104

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Hamlet,

Prince of Denmark.

Dramatis Personæ.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.
 HAMLET, Son to the late, and Nephew to the present King.
 FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.
 HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.
 POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.
 LAERTES, his Son.
 VOLTIMAND,
 CORNELIUS, }
 ROSENCRANTZ, } Courtiers.
 GUILDENSTERN, }
 OSRIC,
 A Gentleman,
 A Priest.

MARCELLUS, } Officers.
 BERNARDO, }
 FRANCISCO, a Soldier.
 REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.
 A Captain.
 English Ambassadors.
 Players. Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark and Mother to Hamlet.
 OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Scene.—*Elsinore.*

Act I.

Scene I.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
 The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. O! farewell, honest soldier; 16
 Who hath relieved you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good-night. [Exit.]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say.

What! is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What! has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him 24
 Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:
 Therefore I have entreated him along
 With us to fortify the minutes of this night;
 That if again this apparition come, 28
 He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile,

And let us once again assall your ears,
 That are so fortified against our story, 32
 What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
 And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the
 pole 36

Had made his course to illumine that part of
 heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
 The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace! break thee off; look, where it
 comes again! 40

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's
 dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it,
 Horatio.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and
 wonder. 44

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time
 of night,

Together with that fair and war-like form
 In which the majesty of buried Denmark 48
 Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee,
 speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee,
 speak! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer. 52

Ber.—How now, Horatio! you tremble and look
 pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this be-
 lieve 56

Without the sensible and true avouch
 Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on 60
 When he the ambitious Norway combated;
 So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
 He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice.
 'Tis strange. 64

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead
 hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I
 know not;

But in the gross and scope of my opinion, 68
 This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he
 that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
 So nightly toils the subject of the land; 72

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
 And foreign mart for implements of war;

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore
 task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week; 76

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
 Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:

Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king, 80
 Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
 Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant
 Hamlet— 84

For so this side of our known world esteem'd
 him—

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd com-
 pact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,
 Did forfeit with his life all those his lands 88

Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;
 Against the which, a moiety competent

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
 To the inheritance of Fortinbras, 92

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cove-
 nant,

And carriage of the article design'd,
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full, 96
 Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there

Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in't; which is no other—
 As it doth well appear unto our state— 100

But to recover of us, by strong hand
 And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost. And this, I take it, 104
 Is the main motive of our preparations,

The source of this our watch and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so; 108
 Well may it sort that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch, so like the
 king

That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye. 112

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets; 116

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,

Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse; 120
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated 124
Unto our climatures and countrymen.
But, soft! behold! lo! where it comes again.

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice, 128
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me: 132
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O! speak;
Or if thou hast upboarded in thy life 136
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in
death, [*Cock crows.*]
Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Mar-
cellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan? 140

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone!

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence; 144
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock
crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, 149
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning, 152
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation. 156

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long; 160
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time. 164

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe
it.

But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our watch up; and by my advice 168
Let us impart what we have seen to-night

Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, 172
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning
know

Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—A Room of State in the Castle.

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS,
LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and
Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's
death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole king-
dom

To be contracted in one brow of woe, 4

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, 8
The imperial jointress of this war-like state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,

With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in mar-
riage, 12

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone

With this affair along: for all, our thanks. 16
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,

Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20
Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fall'd to pester us with message,

Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law, 24
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting,

Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, 28
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made 32
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power 36
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these related articles allow.

Farewell and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. } In that and all things will we show
Vol. } our duty. 40

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily fare-
well.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, 44
And lose your voice; what wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth, 48
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Den-
mark, 52

To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward
France

And bow them to your gracious leave and
pardon. 56

King. Have you your father's leave? What
says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my
slow leave

By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: 60
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be
thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will.

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,— 64
Ham. [*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and
less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang
on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the
sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour
off, 68

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,

Passing through nature to eternity. 73

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not
'seems.' 76

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of fore'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play: 84

But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father: 88
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor
bound

In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow; but to persever 92

In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient, 96

An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition 100

Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried, 104

From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note, 108

You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love

Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent 112

In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire;

And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye, 116

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet:

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;

This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof, 124

No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,

And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. 128
[*Exeunt all except HAMLET.*]

Ham. O! that this too too solid flesh would
melt,

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
God! 132

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.

Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
nature 136

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not
two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother 140

That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown 144
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,
Let me not think on't: Frailty, thy name is
woman!

A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she,— 149
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine
uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules; within a month, 153
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O! most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets. 157
It is not nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well: 160
Horatio, or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor ser-
vant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that
name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus? 165

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you. [To BER-
NARDO.] Good even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord. 169

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report 172
Against yourself; I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's
funeral. 176

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral
bak'd meats 180

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!

My father, methinks I see my father. 184

Hor. O! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again. 188

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king, my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while 192
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentle-
men, 196

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your
father,

Armed at points exactly, cap-a-pe, 200
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, dis-
till'd 204

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch;

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, 209
Form of the thing, each word made true and

good,

The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this? 212

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address 216

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange. 220

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles
me. 224

Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. } We do, my lord.

Ber. }

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. } Arm'd, my lord.

Ber. }

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. } My lord, from head to foot.

Ber. }

Ham. Then saw you not his face? 228

Hor. O yes! my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What! look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in

anger.

Ham. Pale or red? 232

- Hor.* Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long? 236
Hor. While one with moderate haste might
 tell a hundred.
Mar. } Longer, longer.
Ber. }
Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzled, no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life, 240
 A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
 Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape 244
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
 Let it be tenable in your silence still;
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, 248
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
 I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.
 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour. 252
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.
 [Exit HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and
 BERNARDO.
 My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
 I doubt some foul play: would the night were
 come!
 Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise, 256
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
 eyes. [Exit.
- Scene III.—A Room in POLONIUS' House.**
Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.
Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
 And, sister, as the winds give benefit
 And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
 But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that? 4
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his
 favour,
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, 8
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
 No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
 For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
 In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes, 12
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
 And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
 The virtue of his will; but you must fear, 16
- His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
 For he himself is subject to his birth;
 He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
 Carve for himself, for on his choice depends 20
 The safety and the health of the whole state;
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body
 Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he
 loves you, 24
- It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
 As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed; which is no further
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal. 28
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs,
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity. 32
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough 36
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon;
 Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
 The canker galls the infants of the spring
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd, 40
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near. 44
Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my
 brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven, 48
 Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own rede.
Laer. O! fear me not.
 I stay too long; but here my father comes. 52
- Enter POLONIUS.*
 A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
 shame!
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, 56
 And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with
 thee!
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no
 tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 60
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment 64
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Be-
 ware
 Of entrance to the quarrel, but, being in,
 Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice; 68

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man, 72
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend, 76
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [Exit.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you? 88

Oph. So please you, something touching the
Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself 92
Have of your audience been most free and
bounteous.

If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly 96
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many
tenders
Of his affection to me. 100

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green
girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should
think. 104

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself
a baby,

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
dearly;

Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, 108
Running it thus,—you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with
love

In honourable fashion. *feria*

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his
speech, my lord. 113

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul 116
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time 120
Be somewhat scanted of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young, 124
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show, 128
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious hawks,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure, 133
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck. 4

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws
near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance
shot off, within.

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes
his rouse, 8
Keeps wassall, and the swaggering up-spring
reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom? 12

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observ-
ance. 16

This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish
phrase

Soll our addition; and indeed it takes 20
From our achievements, though perform'd at
height,

The plith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them, 24
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
 Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens 29
 The form of plausive manners; that these men,
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, 32
 Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: the dram of calè 36
 Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd, 40
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from
 hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father; royal Dane, O! answer me: 45
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd, 49

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel 52
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*The Ghost beckons HAMLET.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action 60
 It waves you to a more removed ground;
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then, will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear? 64
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again; I'll follow it. 68

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood,
 my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form, 72
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
 And draw you into madness? think of it;

The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain 76
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea
 And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still. Go on, I'll follow
 thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands! 80

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[*Ghost beckons.*]

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen, 84

[*Breaking from them.*]

By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets
 me:

I say, away! Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey
 him. 88

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this
 come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of
 Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—Another Part of the Platform.

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak;
 I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas! poor ghost. 4

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious
 hearing

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou
 shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit; 8

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am
 forbid 13

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
 blood, 16

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
 spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand an end,

Like quills upon the fretful porpentine: 20

But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is; But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
mark

Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.

O Hamlet! what a falling-off was there;
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebona in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distillment; whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That quick as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;

Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. *[Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth!
What else?

And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold,
my heart!

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;

And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!

O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;

At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'

I have sworn't.

Hor. *[Within.]* My lord! my lord!

Mar. *[Within.]* Lord Hamlet!

Hor. *[Within.]* Heaven secure him!

Mar. *[Within.]* So be it!

Hor. *[Within.]* Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O! wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven!

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of
man once think it?
But you'll be secret.

Hor. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all
Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave. 124
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave, To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right; And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part; 128 You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
 For every man hath business and desire, Such as it is,—and, for mine own poor part, Look you, I'll go pray. 132
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; Yes, faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, 136 And much offence, too. Touching this vision here, It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you; For your desire to know what is between us, O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends, 140 As you are fathers, scholars, and soldiers, Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night. 144
Hor. } My lord, we will not.
Mar. }
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hor. In faith,
 My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed. 148
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. Ah, ha, boy! sayst thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
 Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
 Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord. 152
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
 Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique!* then we'll shift our ground. 156
 Come hither, gentlemen,
 And lay your hands again upon my sword:
 Never to speak of this that you have heard,
 Swear by my sword. 160
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst thou work i' the earth so fast?
 A worthy pioner! once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange! 164
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
 There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
 But come; 168
 Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
 As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antic disposition on, 172
 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
 With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, 'Well, well, we know,' or, 'We could, an if we would;' 176
 Or, 'If we list to speak,' or, 'There be, an if they might;'
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
 That you know aught of me: this not to do,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
 Swear. 180
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear. [They swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you:
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is 184
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint; O cursed spite, 188
 That ever I was born to set it right!
 Nay, come let's go together. [Exeunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—A Room in POLONIUS' House.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
 Before you visit him, to make inquiry 4
 Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
 Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep, 8
 What company, at what expense; and finding
 By this encompassment and drift of question
 That they do know my son, come you more nearer
 Than your particular demands will touch it: 12

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;

As thus, 'I know his father, and his friends, And, in part, him;' do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord. 16

Pol. 'And, in part, him; but,' you may say, 'not well:

But if't be he I mean, he's very wild, Addicted so and so;' and there put on him What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank As may dishonour him; take heed of that; 21 But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips As are companions noted and most known To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord? 24

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,

Drabbing; you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge. 28

You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open to incontinency; That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty, 32 The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind, A savageness in unrequited blood, Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord, 36

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant: You laying these slight sullies on my son, As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working, 40 Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound, Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd, 44 He closes with you in this consequence; 'Good sir,' or so; or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,' According to the phrase or the addition Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord. 48

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does,— what was I about to say? By the mass I was about to say something; where did I leave?

Rey. At 'closes in the consequence.' 52

At 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry;

He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day, 56 Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,

There was a' gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse; There falling out at tennis;' or perchance,

'I saw him enter such a house of sale,' 60 *Videlicet*, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth; And thus do we of wisdom and of reach, 64

With windlasses, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out:

So by my former lecture and advice

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well. 69

Rey. Good my lord!

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord. 72

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! [*Exit REYNALDO.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. Alas! my lord, I have been so affrighted.

Pol. With what, in the name of God? 76

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrae'd;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;

80 Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look so piteous in purport

As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors, he comes before me. 84

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard,

Then goes he to the length of all his arm, 88

And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;

At last, a little shaking of mine arm, 92

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound

That it did seem to shatter all his bulk

And end his being. That done, he lets me go, 96

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;

For out o' doors he went without their help,

And to the last bended their light on me. 100

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,

Whose violent property fordoes itself

And leads the will to desperate undertakings

As oft as any passion under heaven 105

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.

What! have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command, 108

I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad,
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee; but, beshrew my
jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close,
might move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

Come. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,

Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put
him

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with
him,

And since so neighbour'd to his youth and
humour,

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,

Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd
of you;

And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
And be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle
Rosencrantz;

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you, 36
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our
practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and
some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good
lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good
news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good
liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king;
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O! speak of that; that do I long to
hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring
them in. [*Exit POLONIUS.*]

He tells me, my sweet queen, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and
CORNELIUS.*

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and de-
sires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found

It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more

To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack;

With an entreaty, herein further shown,
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Giving a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well; 80
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Meantime we thank you for your well-took
labour.

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Pol. This business is well ended. 85
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad: 92
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.
Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all. 96
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect, 101
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause;
Thus it remains, and have the remainder thus.
Perpend. 105

I have a daughter, have while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now, gather, and surmise,
*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia.—* 109
'That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified'
is a vile phrase; but you shall hear. Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.— 112

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be
faithful.

*Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move; 116
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.*

*O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers:
I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I
love thee best, O most best! believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him,*

HAMLET.

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she 128
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might
you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing, 132
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book, 136
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak; 140
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be:' and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens. 144
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness, 148
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wall for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely. 152

Pol. Hath there been such a time,—I'd fain
know that,—

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,'

When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walks for hours
together 160

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter
to him;

Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter; if he love her not, 164
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading. 168

Pol. Away! I do beseech you, both away.

I'll board him presently.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

O! give me leave.

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a-mercy. 172

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man. 177

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; but to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand. 181

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter? 185

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't. 189

Pol. [Aside.] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord? 196

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord. 200

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward. 210

Pol. [Aside.] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave? 214

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [Aside.] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you. 222

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord. [Going.]

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is. 228

Ros. [To POLONIUS.] God save you, sir!

[Exit POLONIUS.]

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? 234

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not over happy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button. 237

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours? 241

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true; she is a strumpet. What news? 244

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord! 252

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst. 257

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison. 261

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed, are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. 269

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow. 273

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason. 277

Ros. } We'll wait upon you.

Guil. }
Ham. No such matter; I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion. 285

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord? 292

Ham. Why anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you. 297

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no! 305

Ros. [*Aside to GUILDENSTERN.*] What say you?

Ham. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not off. 309

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moutl no feather. I have of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling you seem to say so. 331

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, 'man delights not me?' 335

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what luten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service. 340

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they? 349

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their

residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. 354

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed they are not. 359

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither. 363

Ham. What! are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession? 376

Ros. Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides: and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question. 381

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O! there has been much throwing about of brains. 384

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players. 395

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players—which, I tell you, must show fairly outward—should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord? 404

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen! 408

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too; at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed. 416

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz! 421

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou! 432

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why

One fair daughter and no more,

The which he loved passing well. 436

Pol. [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well. 440

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

As by lot, God wot. 444

And then, you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was.—

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well: welcome, good friends. O, my old friend. Thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: com'st thou to heard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech. 461

First Play. What speech, my good lord!

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember

one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see:— 480

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,— 'tis not so, it begins with Pyrrhus:—

The rugged Pyrrhus, he, whose sable arm, Black as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the ominous horse, 485 Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot

Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd 488

With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,

Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,

That lend a tyrannous and damned light

To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire, 492

And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,

With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus

Old grandsire Priam seeks.

So proceed you. 496

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. Anon, he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, 500

Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;

But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword

The unnerved father falls. Then senseless

Ilum, 504

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top

Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash

Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for lo! his sword,

Which was declining on the milky head 508

Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:

So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,

And like a neutral to his will and matter,

Did nothing. 512

But, as we often see, against some storm,

A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,

The bold winds speechless and the orb below

As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder

Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,

Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;

And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall

On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne, 520

With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,

In general synod, take away her power; 524

Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,

And bowl the round nave down the hill of

heaven,

As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long. 528

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba. 532

First Play. But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen—

Ham. 'The mobled queen?'—

Pol. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames 536

With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up; 540
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom
steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have
pronounc'd:

But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's
limbs, 545

The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of
heaven, 548

And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look! wh'er he has not turned his colour
and has tears in's eyes. Prithee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the
rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players
well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well
used; for they are the abstracts and brief chroni-
cles of the time: after your death you were bet-
ter have a bad epitaph than their ill report while
you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to
their desert. 560

Ham. God's bodikins, man, much better; use
every man after his desert, and who should 'scape
whipping? Use them after your own honour and
dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is
in your bounty. Take them in. 565

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play
to-morrow. [Exit POLONIUS, with all the Players
but the First.] Dost thou hear me, old friend;
can you play the Murder of Gonzago? 570

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could,
for a need, study a speech of some dozen or six-
teen lines, which I would set down and insert
in't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord. 576

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look
you mock him not. [Exit First Player.] [To RO-
SENCRANTZ and GULDENSTERN.] My good friends,
I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to
Elstnore. 581

Ros. Good my lord!

[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GULDENSTERN.]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye! Now I am alone.
O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I: 584

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd, 588
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba! 592

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with
tears, 596

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears. 600
Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king. 604
Upon whose property and most dear life

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face? 608
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie 't the
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Swoonds, I should take it, for it cannot be 612
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-
lain! 617

O! vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, 620
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion! 624

Fie upon't! foh! About my brain! I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently 628
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father 632
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power 636
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps

Out of my weakness and my melancholy—
As he is very potent with such spirits—
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds 640
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]

Act III.

Scene I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,

Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacy? 4

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof, 8
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition. 12

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands

Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him

To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players 16

We o'er-raught on the way; of these we told him,

And there did seem in him a kind of joy

To hear of it: they are about the court,

And, as I think, they have already order 20

This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true;

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties

To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me 24

To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,

And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither, 29

That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

Affront Ophelia.

Her father and myself, lawful espials, 32

Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge,

And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no 36
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your 40
virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit QUEEN.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you;

We will bestow ourselves. [To OPHELIA.] Read on this book;

That show of such an exercise may colour 44
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,

'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er 48
The devil himself.

King. [Aside.] O! 'tis too true;

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it 52

Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord. [Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question: 56

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;

No more; and, by a sleep to say we end 61
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;

To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect 68

That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of

time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despiz'd love, the law's delay, 72
The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear, 76
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will, 80
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution 84
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. Soft you now! 88
 The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;

I never gave you aught. 96
Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well
 you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath
 compos'd

As made the things more rich: their perfume
 lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind 100
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
 There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord! 104

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your
 honesty should admit no discourse to your
 beauty. 109

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
 merce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
 sooner transform honesty from what it is to a
 bawd than the force of honesty can translate
 beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a
 paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did
 love thee once. 117

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe
 so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for
 virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we
 shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived. 123

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst
 thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself
 indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of
 such things that it were better my mother had
 not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful,
 ambitious; with more offences at my beck than
 I have thoughts to put them in, imagination
 to give them shape, or time to act them in.
 What should such fellows as I do crawling
 between heaven and earth? We are arrant
 knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to
 a nunnery. Where's your father? 135

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that
 he may play the fool nowhere but in his own
 house. Farewell.

Oph. O! help him, you sweet heaven. 140

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give you this
 plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice,
 as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.
 Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou
 wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men
 know well enough what monsters you make of
 them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too.
 Farewell. 148

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too,
 well enough; God hath given you one face, and
 you make yourselves another: you jig, you
 amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's crea-
 tures, and make your wantonness your ignorance.
 Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad.
 I say, we will have no more marriages; those
 that are married already, all but one, shall live;
 the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit.

Oph. O! what a noble mind is here o'er-
 thrown:

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
 sword; 160

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, 164
 That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
 That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
 youth 168

Blasted with ecstasy: O! woe is me,
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLOSIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way
 tend;

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a
 little, 172

Was not like madness. There's something in
 his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
 And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
 Will be some danger; which for to prevent, 176
 I have in quick determination

Thus set it down: he shall with speed to
 England,

For the demand of our neglected tribute:
 Haply the seas and countries different 180
 With variable objects shall expel

This something-settled matter in his heart,
 Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe 185
 The origin and commencement of his grief

Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
 You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
 We heard it all. My lord, do as you please; 189
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
 To show his griefs: let her be round with
 him; 192

And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,
 To England send him, or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so: 196
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pro-
 nounce it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but
 if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I
 had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor
 do not saw the air too much with your hand,
 thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent,
 tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of
 passion, you must acquire and beget a temper-
 ance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends
 me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-
 pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very
 rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who,
 for the most part are capable of nothing but
 inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would
 have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing
 Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you,
 avoid it. 17

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your
 own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to
 the word, the word to the action; with this
 special observance, that you o'erstep not the
 modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is
 from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at
 the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere,
 the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own
 feature, scorn her own image, and the very age
 and body of the time his form and pressure.
 Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it
 make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the
 judicious grieve; the censure of which one must
 in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of
 others. O! there be players that I have seen
 play, and heard others praise, and that highly,
 not to speak it profanely, that, neither having
 the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian,
 pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed
 that I have thought some of nature's journeymen
 had made men and not made them well, they
 imitated humanity so abominably. 40

First Play. I hope we have reformed that
 indifferently with us.

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let those

that play your clowns speak no more than is
 set down for them; for there be of them that
 will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of
 barren spectators to laugh too, though in the
 mean time some necessary question of the play
 be then to be considered; that's villanous, and
 shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that
 uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and
 GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece
 of work? 52

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. } We will, my lord. 56
Guil. }

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
 As e'er my conversation cop'd withal. 60

Hor. O! my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,
 That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
 To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
 be flatter'd? 64

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
 hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
 And could of men distinguish, her election 69
 Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
 A man that fortune's buffets and rewards 72
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are
 those

Whose blood and judgment are so well co-
 mingled

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that
 man 76

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. Something too much of this.

There is a play to-night before the king; 80

One scene of it comes near the circumstance

Which I have told thee of my father's death:

I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,

Even with the very comment of thy soul 84

Observe mine uncle; if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
 And my imaginations are as foul 88

As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord: 92
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must
be idle: 96
Get you a place.

*Danish march. A Flourish. Enter KING,
QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, and Others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent, I' faith; of the chameleon's
dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed; you can-
not feed capons so. 100

King. I have nothing with this answer, Ham-
let; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To POLONIUS.*] My
lord, you played once i' the university, you
say? 105

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted
a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact? 108

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar: I was kill'd
i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so
capital a calf there. Be the players ready? 112

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your
patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by
me. 116

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more
attractive.

Pol. [*To the KING.*] O ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap? 120
[*Lying down at OPHELIA'S feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord. 125

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between
maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord? 128

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord. 132

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What
should a man do but be merry? for, look you,
how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father
died within's two hours. 136

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear
black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens!
die two months ago, and not forgotten yet?
Then there's hope a great man's memory may
outlive his life half a year; but, by'r lady, he
must build churches then, or else shall he suffer

not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose
epitaph is, 'For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is
forgot.' 146

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the
Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels,
and makes show of protestation unto him.
He takes her up, and declines his head upon
her neck; lays him down upon a bank of
flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him.
Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown,
kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears,
and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King
dead, and makes passionate action. The
Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes
in again, seeming to lament with her. The
dead body is carried away. The Poisoner
wooces the Queen with gifts; she seems loath
and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts
his love. [Exit.]*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is mitching mallecho; it
means mischief. 149

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument
of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the
players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all. 153

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show
him; be not you ashamed to show, he'll not
shame to tell you what it means. 157

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll
mark the play.

Pro. For us and for our tragedy, 160
*Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a
ring? 164

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart
gone round

*Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutal in most sacred bands. 172*

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun
and moon

*Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love hold quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity. 180*

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;

And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there. 184

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind 188
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O! confound the rest;

Such love must needs be treason in my breast;
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second but who kill'd the first. 192
Ham. [Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead, 196
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory, 200
Of violent birth, but poor validity;

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget 204

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy 208
Their own enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revels grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
That even our love should with our fortunes
change; 213

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite
flies; 216

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try 220
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown, 224
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light! 228

Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!

Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 232
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now! 236
P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us train!

[Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play? 241
Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O! but she'll keep her word. 244

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest;
no offence i' the world. 248

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what of that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. 257

Enter Player as Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.
Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying. 261

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge. 264

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come; the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge. 269

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property, 274
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the Sleeper's ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife. 280

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play. 284

King. Give me some light: away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all except HAMLET and HORATIO.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

So runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rimed.

Ham. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous dis-tempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir; pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased; but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you

say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then, thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Enter Players, with recorders.

O! the recorders: let me see one. To withdraw with you: why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toll?

Guil. O! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly?

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost
in shape of a camel? 401

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel. 404

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by
and by. [*Aside.*] They fool me to the top of my
bent. [*Aloud.*] I will come by and by. 409

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit.*

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me,
friends. [*Exeunt all but HAMLET.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night, 413

When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such bitter business as the day 416

Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my
mother.

O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;

Let me be cruel, not unnatural; 420

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;

How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent! 424

[*Exit.*

Scene III.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare
you;

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you. 4

The terms of our estate may not endure

Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow

Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide.

Most holy and religious fear it is 8

To keep those many many bodies safe

That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound

With all the strength and armour of the mind

To keep itself from noyance; but much more 13

That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest

The lives of many. The cease of majesty

Dies not alone, but, like a gulf doth draw 16

What's near in with it; it is a massy wheel,

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence, 21

Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone

Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage; 24

For we will fetters put upon this fear,

Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. } We will haste us.
Guil. }

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's
closet:

Behind the arras I'll convey myself 28

To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him
home;

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,

'Tis meet that some more audience than a
mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-
hear 32

The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed

And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven; 36

It hath the primal eldest curse upon't;

A brother's murder! Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will:

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent; 40

And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood, 44

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer but this two-fold force, 48

To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,

Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up;

My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul
murder?' 52

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd

Of those effects for which I did the murder,

My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.

May one be pardon'd and retain the offence? 56

In the corrupted currents of this world

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,

And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself

Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above; 60

There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults

To give in evidence. What then? what rests?

Try what repentance can: what can it not? 65

Yet what can it, when one can not repent?

O wretched state! O bosom black as death!

O lined soul, that struggling to be free 68

Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay;

Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of
steel

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.

All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is
praying; 73
And now I'll do't: and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that, 76
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread, 80
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul, 85
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent;
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage, 89
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't; 92
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This phycic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

The KING rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below: 97
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*]

Scene IV.—*The QUEEN'S Apartment.**Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.*

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay
home to him;
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear
with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood
between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here. 4
Pray you, be round with him.
Ham. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother!
Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*POLONIUS hides behind the arras.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter? 8
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much
offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much
offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked
tongue. 12
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's
wife;
And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay then, I'll set those to you that
can speak. 17
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you
shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you. 20
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not
murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!
Ham. [*Draws.*] How now! a rat? Dead,
for a ducat, dead!
[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]
Pol. [*Behind.*] O! I am slain. 24
Queen. O me! what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the king?
Queen. O! what a rash and bloody deed is
this!
Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good
mother, 28
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers POLONIUS.*]
[*To POLONIUS.*] Thou wretched, rash, intruding
fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune; 32
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you
down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff, 36
If damned custom have not brass'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act 40
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths; O! such a deed 45
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words; heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass, 49
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this; 53
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;

Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself, 56
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
 A station like the herald Mercury
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
 A combination and a form indeed, 60
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This was your husband: look you now, what
 follows.

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear, 64
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you
 eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love, for at your age 68
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; and what judg-
 ment

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you
 have,

Else could you not have motion; but sure, that
 sense 72

Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense 80
 Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious
 hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax, 84
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet! speak no more;
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul; 89
 And there I see such black and grained spots
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, 92
 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
 Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O! speak to me no more;
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
 No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer, and a villain;
 A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe 97
 Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
 A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, 100
 And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

You heavenly guards! What would your gra-
 cious figure? 104

Queen. Alas! he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
 chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
 The important acting of your dread command?
 O! say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation 109
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
 O! step between her and her fighting soul; 112
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is 't with you,
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy 116

And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;

And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements, 120

Starts up and stands an end. O gentle son!
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale

he glares! 124
 His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
 stones,

Would make them capable. Do not look upon
 me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert
 My stern effects: then what I have to do 128

Will want true colour; tears perchance for
 blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it
 steals away; 133

My father, in his habit as he liv'd;
 Look! where he goes, even now, out at the
 portal. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your
 brain: 136

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music. It is not mad-
 ness 141

That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, 145

That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,

Whiles rank corruption, mining all within, 148
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;

Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;

And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my
virtue; 152

For in the fatness of these pury times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart
in twain. 156

Ham. O! throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery, 164
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil or throw him out 169
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-
night:

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord, 172
[Pointing to POLONIUS.

I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well 176
The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.
I must be cruel only to be kind:
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do? 180

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you
do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his
mouse;

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses, 184
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fin-
gers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him
know; 188

For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy, 192
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down. 196

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack!

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on. 201

Ham. There's letters seal'd; and my two
schoolfellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my
way, 204

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines, 208
And blow them at the moon. O! 'tis most
sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing;
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room. 212
Mother, good-night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you. 216
Good-night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in
the body of POLONIUS.*]

Act IV.

Scene I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these
profound heaves:

You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. [To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDEN-
STERN.] Bestow this place on us a little
while. 4

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*
Ah! my good lord, what have I seen to-night.

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both
content

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit, 8
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat! a rat!'
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed! 12
It had been so with us had we been there.

His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence 17
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of
haunt,

This mad young man: but so much was our
love,

We would not understand what was most fit, 20
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath
kill'd; 24
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.
King. O Gertrude! come away. 28
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho! Guilden-
stern! 32

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this. 37
[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, 41
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our
name,
And hit the woundless air. O! come away; 44
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. } [*Within.*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Guil. }

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O! here they come. 4

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis
kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it
thence
And bear it to the chapel. 8

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge,
what replication should be made by the son of
a king? 14

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's
countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But
such officers do the king best service in the end:
he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his
jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when
he needs what you have gleaned, it is but
squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry
again. 23

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech
sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the
body is, and go with us to the king. 28

Ham. The body is with the king, but the
king is not with the body. The king is a thing—
Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide
fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find
the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

He's loved of the distracted multitude, 4

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is
weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and
even,

This sudden sending him away must seem 8

Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my
lord, 12

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know
your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord. 16

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is
eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms
are e'en at him. Your worm is your only em-
peror for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat
us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat
king and your lean beggar is but variable ser-
vice; two dishes, but to one table: that's the
end.

King. Alas, alas! 28

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that
hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath
fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this? 32

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king
may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if

your messenger find him not there, seek him
 I' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you
 find him not within this month, you shall nose
 him as you go up the stairs into the lobby. 40
King. [To some Attendants.] Go seek him
 there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial
 safety,

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve 44

For that which thou hast done, must send thee
 hence

With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thy-
 self;

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
 The associates tend, and every thing is bent 48
 For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But,
 come; for England! Farewell, dear mother. 52

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man
 and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my
 mother. Come, for England! [*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with
 speed aboard: 57

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

Away! for every thing is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair: pray you, make
 haste. 60

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—
 As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe 64

Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set
 Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages, 69
 And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[*Exit.*]

Scene IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

*Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Soldiers,
 marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish
 king;

Tell him that, by his licence, Fortinbras
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march

Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous. 4
 If that his majesty would aught with us,
 We shall express our duty in his eye,

And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. 8
 [*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Soldiers.*]

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
 &c.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland. 12

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland,
 sir,

Or for some frontier? 16

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; 20

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will
 defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd. 24

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thou-
 sand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw:

This is the imposthume of much wealth and
 peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause with-
 out 28

Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little
 before. [*Exeunt all except HAMLET.*]

How all occasions do inform against me, 32

And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure he that made us with such large dis-
 course, 36

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and god-like reason

To fast in us ununs'd. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40
 Of thinking too precisely on the event,

A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
 wisdom,

And ever three parts coward, I do not know

Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do;'
 44
 Sith I have cause and will and strength and
 means

To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:

Witness this army of such mass and charge

Led by a delicate and tender prince, 48
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd

Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death and danger dare, 52
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd, 57
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men, 60
 That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent 64
 To hide the slain? O! from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[Exit.

Scene V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says
she hears 4There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats
her heart;Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in
doubt,That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshap'd use of it doth move 8The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And both the words up fit to their own thoughts;Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures
yield them,Indeed would make one think there might be
thought, 12

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit Gentleman.
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is, 17Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself in fearing to be split. 20

Re-enter Gentleman, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of
Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. How should I your true love know
From another one? 24By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.Queen. Alas! sweet lady, what imports this
song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark. 28

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone. 32

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord. 37

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers. 40

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl
was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what
we are, but know not what we may be. God be
at your table! 45

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but
when they ask you what it means, say you this:To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine: 52

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,

And dupp'd the chamber door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more. 56

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make
an end on't:By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame! 60

Young men will do't, if they come to't;

By Cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed: 64

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be
patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think
they should lay him i' the cold ground. My
brother shall know of it: and so I thank you
for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good-
night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies; good-
night, good-night. [Exit.King. Follow her close; give her good watch,
I pray you. [Exit HORATIO.O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs 76
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Ger-
trude!When sorrows come, they come not single
spies,But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; but he most violent 80

author

Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,For good Polonius' death; and we have done
but greedily,

In hugger-mugger to inter him : poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment, 85
Without the which we are pictures, or mere
beasts :

Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France, 88
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd, 92
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude ! this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.]

Queen. Alack ! what noise is this ?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Where are my Switzers ? Let them
guard the door. 97
What is the matter ?

Gen. Save yourself, my lord ;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, 101
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord ;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known, 104
The rattlers and props of every word,
They cry, ' Choose we ; Laertes shall be king !'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the
clouds,

' Laertes shall be king, Laertes king !' 108

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they
cry !

O ! this is counter, you false Danish dogs !

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.]

Enter LAERTES, armed ; Danes following.

Laer. Where is the king ? Sirs, stand you all
without. 112

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
Danes. We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.]

Laer. I thank you : keep the door. O thou
vile king !

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes. 116
Laer. That drop of blood that's calm pro-
claims me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like ? 121

Let him go, Gertrude ; do not fear our person :
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes, 125

Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go,
Gertrude.

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill. 128

Laer. How came he dead ? I'll not be juggled
with.

To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest devil !
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit !
I dare damnation. To this point I stand, 132
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes ; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the world ; 136

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your
revenge, 140

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and
foe,

Winner and loser ?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then ?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope
my arms ; 144

And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repeat them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death, 148

And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [Within.] Let her come in.

Laer. How now ! what noise is that ? 152

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains ! tears seven times
salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye !

By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May !

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia ! 157

O heavens ! is't possible a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?

Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine 160

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier ;

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny ; 164

And in his grave rain'd many a tear ;—

Fare you well, my dove !

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,

It could not move thus. 168

Oph. You must sing, a-down a-down,
And you call him a-down-a.

O how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter. 172

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. 176

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O! you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say he made a good end,— 185

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,

She turns to favour and to prettiness. 188

Oph. And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead;

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again. 192

His beard was as white as snow

All flaxen was his poll;

He is gone, he is gone, 196

And we cast away moan:

God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' ye! [Exit.] 201

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will, 204

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me. If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give, Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours, 208

To you in satisfaction; but if not, Be you content to lend your patience to us, And we shall jointly labour with your soul To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so: 212

His means of death, his obscure burial, No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones, No noble rite nor formal ostentation, Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth, That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall; 217

And where the offence is let the great axe fall. I pray you go with me. [Exeunt.]

Scene VI.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [Exit Servant.] I do not know from what part of the world I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet. 4

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sec. Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir;—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England;—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is. 12

Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very war-like appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, 32

HAMLET.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

Scene VII.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend, Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, That he which hath your noble father slain Pursu'd my life. 4

Laer. It well appears: but tell me Why you proceeded not against these feats, So criminal and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else, You mainly were stirr'd up. 8

King. O! for two special reasons; Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,

But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother

Lives almost by his looks, and for myself,— My virtue or my plague, be it either which,— She's so conjunctive to my life and soul, 12

That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive, 16
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to
stone, 20

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them. 24

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age 28
For her perfections. But my revenge will
come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you
must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more; 33

I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen. 37

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them
not:

They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd
them 40

Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*High and mighty, you shall know I am set
naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I
beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall,
first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the
occasions of my sudden and more strange re-
turn.* HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come
back? 49

Or is it some abuse and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked,'
And in a postscript here, he says, 'alone.' 52
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him
come:

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus diddest thou.' 56

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace. 60

King. To thine own peace. If he be now re-
turn'd,

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device, 64
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd; 68
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talked of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality 72
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of
parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord? 76

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds, 80
Importing health and graveness. Two months
since

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:
I've seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't, he grew unto his seat, 85
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he topp'd my
thought, 88

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same. 92

Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch in-
deed

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report 96

For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,

That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you; the scrimers of their
nation, 100

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his

Did Hamlet so environ with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg 104

Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, 108

A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
 But that I know love is begun by time,
 And that I see, in passages of proof, 112
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like goodness still, 116
 For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
 Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
 We should do when we would, for this 'would'
 changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many 120
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
 And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift
 sigh,
 That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the
 ulcer;
 Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
 To show yourself your father's son in deed 125
 More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.
King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
 Revenge should have no bounds. But, good 128
Laertes,
 Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
 Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home;
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame 132
 The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine, together,
 And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
 Most generous and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease 136
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
 A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice
 Require him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
 And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword. 140
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
 Collected from all simples that have virtue 144
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death
 That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my
 point
 With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this; 148
 Weigh what convenience both of time and
 means
 May fit us to our shape. If this should fall,
 And that our drift look through our bad performance

'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
 Should have a back or second, that might hold,
 If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see;
 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning:
 I ha't: 156

When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
 As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd
 him
 A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck, 161
 Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what
 noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen!
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
 heel, 164
 So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.
Laer. Drown'd! O, where?
Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a
 brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
 There with fantastic garlands did she come, 169
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
 them: 172
 There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
 When down her weedy trophies and herself
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
 wide, 176
 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indu'd 180
 Unto that element; but long it could not be
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas! then, she is drown'd? 184
Queen. Drown'd, drowned.
Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
 Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
 It is our trick, nature her custom holds, 188
 Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
 The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord!
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
 But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*]
King. Let's follow, Gertrude.
 How much I had to do to calm his rage! 193
 Now fear I this will give it start again;
 Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*]

Act V.

Scene I.—A Churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattock.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian
 burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore

make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman deliver—

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou sayest; and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What! art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

Sec. Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO at a distance.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with

beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, 'a grave-maker': the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit Second Clown.*]

First Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O! the time, for, ah! my behove,

O! methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo.

But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me intil the land,

As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-offices, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

First Clo.

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,

For and a shrouding sheet;

O! a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Ham. There's another; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in'time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than

the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyance of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha? 120

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sir?

First Clo. Mine, sir,

O! a pit of clay for to be made 128
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

First Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine. 134

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for? 140

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't? 144

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker? 153

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras. 156

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England. 161

Ham. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there. 166

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he. 169

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits. 172

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years. 176

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clo. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,—he will last you some eight year or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another? 184

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years. 190

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not. 194

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This!

First Clo. E'en that. 200

Ham. Let me see,—[Takes the skull].—Alas! poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord? 216

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! 220

[Puts down the skull.]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? 225

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: 236

O! that that earth, which kept the world in
awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.
But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

*Enter Priests, &c., in procession: the Corpse of
OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following;
KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they
follow? 240
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life; 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark. 244

[Retiring with HORATIO.]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far
enlarg'd 248

As we have warrantise: her death was doubt-
ful,

And, but that great command o'ersways the
order,

She should in ground un sanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, 252
Sharps, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on
her;

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial. 256

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth; 260

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia? 264

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[Scattering flowers.]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O! treble woe 268

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made, 274
To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he whose grief

Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the grave.]

Laer. The devil take thy soul! 280

[Grapples with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;

For though I am not splenetic and rash

Yet have I in me something dangerous, 284

Which let thy wisdom fear. Away thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they
come out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme 288

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand bro-
thers

Could not, with all their quantity of love, 292

Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O! he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't
tear thyself? 297

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave? 300

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone, 304

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

And thus a while the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove, 308

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter; 312

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

[Exit.]

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
him. [Exit HORATIO.]

[To LAERTES.] Strengthen your patience in our
last night's speech; 316

We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see; 320

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting

That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,

My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them, had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold—
My fears forgetting manners—to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery! an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainies,—

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair;
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm should flourish,

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,

Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordi-
nant.

I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't th' impression, plac'd it safely,

The chaneling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon—

He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother,

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect con-
science

To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd

To let this canker of our nature come

In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;

For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRICK.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. [Aside to HORATIO.] Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. [Aside to HAMLET.] No, my good lord.

Ham. [Aside to HORATIO.] Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head. 97

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; and the wind is northerly. 100

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,— 108

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see. 117

Ham. Sir, his refinement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him. 128

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really. 133

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes? 136

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant— 140

Ham. I would you did, sir; in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is— 144

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger. 152

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six

Barbary horses; against the which he has imposed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit. 160

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers. 164

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on; six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imposed,' as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer. 176

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits. 185

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will. 188

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit OSRIC.] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn. 192

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy, that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. 202

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time. 207

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down. 213

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play. 217

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter. 224

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman. 228

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it; I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be. 238

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir; I've done you wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

With sore distraction. What I have done, 244

That might your nature, honour and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, 248

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; 252

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, 257

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge; but in my terms of honour 260

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love, 265

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;

And will this brother's wager frankly play.

Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me. 268

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine

ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand. 272

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.

Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker

side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;

But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have

all a length?

Os. Ay, my good lord. 280

[*They prepare to play.*]

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that

table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire; 284

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the

cups; 288

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to

earth,

'Now the king drinks to Hamlet!' Come,

begin; 292

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well; again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this

pearl is thine; 296

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off*

within.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by

awhile.

Come.—[*They play.*] Another hit; what say

you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess. 300

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink. 304

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. [Aside.] It is the poison'd cup! it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face. 308

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. [Aside.] And yet it is almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence. 312

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [They play.

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.

King. Part them! they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again. [The QUEEN falls.

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is it, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric; 320

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoonds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink; I am poison'd. [Dies.

Ham. O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd: Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES falls.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good; 328

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo! here I lie, 332

Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.

I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—

Then, venom, do thy work. [Stabs the KING.

All. Treason! treason! 337

King. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion;—is thy union here? 340

Follow my mother. [KING dies.

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee, 344

Nor thine on me! [Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu! You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act, 349

Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death, Is strict in his arrest,—O! I could tell you—

But let it be. Horatio, I am dead; 352

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man, 356

Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have't. O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, 360

Absent thee from felicity awhile, And in this harsh world draw thy breath in

pain,

To tell my story.

[March afar off, and shot within.

What war-like noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland, 364

To the ambassadors of England gives

This war-like volley.

Ham. O! I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit: I cannot live to hear the news from England, 368

But I do prophesy the election lights On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrences, more and less, Which have solicited—The rest is silence. [Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince, 373

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! Why does the drum come hither? [March within.

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and Others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see? 376

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death!

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell, That thou so many princes at a shot 380

So bloodily hast struck?

First Amb. The sight is dismal; And our affairs from England come too late:

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing, To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd, 384

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.

Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you: 387
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from
England,

Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view; 392
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters; 396
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads; all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it, 400
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,

Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mis-
chance 408

On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his pas-
sage, 412

The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. 417

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the
bodies; after which a peal of ordnance
is shot off.*]

King Lear.

Dramatis Personæ.

LEAR, King of Britain.
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOUCESTER.
EDGAR, Son to Gloucester.
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloucester.
CURAN, a Courtier.
OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloucester.
Doctor.

Fool.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
A Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, } Daughters to Lear.
CORDELIA, }

Knights of Lear's Train, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene.—*Britain.*

Act I.

Scene I.—*A Room of State in KING LEAR'S Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord? 8

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you. 12

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault? 16

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law,

some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund? 26

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent; remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better. 32

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester. 36

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.*]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided

- In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age, 41
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of
Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany, 44
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France
and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, 48
Long in our court have made their amorous
sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my
daughters,—
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,— 52
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.
Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first. 56
Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can
wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what care can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour; 60
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech
unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.
Cor. [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia do? Love,
and be silent. 64
Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains
rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second
daughter, 69
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.
Reg. I am made of that self metal as my
sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love; 73
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense pos-
sesses 76
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.
Cor. [*Aside.*] Then, poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue. 80
Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least; to whose young love
- The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say to
draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord. 89
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak
again. 92
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech
a little, 96
Lest you may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you. 100
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight
shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters, 105
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender? 108
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so; thy truth then be thy
dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night, 112
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood, 116
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom 120
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath. 124
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my
sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France. Who
stirs? 128
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third;
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power, 132
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself by monthly
course,

With reservation of a hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode 136
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall
retain

The name and all th' addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, 140
This coronet part between you.

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make
from the shaft. 145

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork
invade

The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old
man? 148

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to
speak

When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honour's bound

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
And, in thy best consideration, check 152
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
ment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn 157
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to
lose it,

Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still
remain 160

The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal! miscreant!
[Laying his hand on his sword.

Alb. } Dear sir, forbear. 164
Corn. }

Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tilt thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant! 169
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our
vow,—

Which we durst never yet,—and, with strain'd
pride 172

To come betwixt our sentence and our power,—
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision 176

To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day follow-
ing

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd. 182

Kent. Fare thee well, king; sith thus thou
wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

[*To CORDELLIA.*] The gods to their dear shelter
take thee, maid, 185

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*] And your large
speeches may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of
love. 188

Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with FRANCE,
BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy, 192
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter. What, in the
least,

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty, 196
I crave no more than bath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us we did hold her so,
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she
stands: 200

If aught within that little-seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer. 204
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she
owes,

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,

Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir; 208
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power
that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—[*To FRANCE.*] For you,
great king,

I would not from your love make such a stray
To match you where I hate; therefore, beseech
you 213

To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange, 216
That she, who even but now was your best
object,

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of
time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle 220
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree

That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint; which to believe of her, 224
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty—
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not; since what I well
intend, 228

I'll do't before I speak—that you make known
It is no vicious blot nor other foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour,
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou 236
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd me
better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love 241
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear, 244
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm. 248
Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a
father

That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife. 252

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away. 256
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France: 260
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find. 264

Lear. Thou hast her, France; let her be
thine, for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again, therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison. 268
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-
WALL, ALBANY, GLOUCESTER, and
Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd
eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you
are;

And like a sister am most loath to call 273
Your faults as they are nam'd. Use well our
father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace, 276
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted. 282

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning
hides;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exit* FRANCE and CORDELIA.]

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think
our father will hence to-night. 288

Reg. That's most certain, and with you;
next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is;
the observation we have made of it hath not
been little: he always loved our sister most; and
with what poor judgment he hath now cast her
off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he
hath ever but slenderly known himself. 297

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath
been but rash; then, must we look to receive
from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-
engrafted condition, but, therewithal the unruly
waywardness that infirm and choleric years
bring with them. 303

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to
have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-
taking between France and him. Pray you, let
us hit together: if our father carry authority
with such dispositions as he bears, this last
surrender of his will but offend us. 310

Reg. We shall further think on't.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—A Hall in the EARL OF
GLOUCESTER'S Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy
law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me, 4
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true, 8
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base,
base?

Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality 12

Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,

Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: 16

Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate. Fine word, 'legitimate!'

Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base 20

Shall top the legitimate:—I grow, I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Kent banished thus! And France in
choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his
power! 24

Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what
news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.
[Putting up the letter.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up
that letter? 29

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord. 32

Glo. No? What need'd then that terrible
dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of
nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's
see; come; if it be nothing, I shall not need
spectacles. 37

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me; it is a
letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-
read, and for so much as I have perused, I find
it not fit for your o'er-looking. 41

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it.
The contents, as in part I understand them, are
to blame. 45

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification,
he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my
virtue. 49

Glo. This policy and reverence of age makes
the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps
our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot
relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond
bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who
sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered.
Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If
our father would sleep till I waked him, you
should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live
the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.—Hum!
Conspiracy! 'Sleep till I waked him, you should
enjoy half his revenue.'—My son Edgar! Had
he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to
breed it in? When came this to you? Who
brought it? 64

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord;
there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in
at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your
brother's? 69

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I
durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I
would fain think it were not. 72

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his
heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you
in this business? 77

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard
him maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect
age, and fathers declined, the father should be
as ward to the son, and the son manage his
revenue. 82

Glo. O villain, villain! His very opinion in
the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, de-
tested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go,
sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abomin-
able villain! Where is he? 87

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it
shall please you to suspend your indignation
against my brother till you can derive from him
better testimony of his intent, you shall run a
certain course; where, if you violently proceed
against him, mistaking his purpose, it would
make a great gap in your own honour, and shake
in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare
pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ
this to feel my affection to your honour, and to
no other pretence of danger. 98

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will
place you where you shall hear us confer of this,
and by an auricular assurance have your satis-
faction; and that without any further delay
than this very evening. 104

Glo. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo.—to his father, that so tenderly and entirely

loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution. 111

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal. 114

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange! [*Exit.*]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and traitors by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. 'Sfoot! I should have been that I am had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar— 149

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *Fa, sol, la, mi.*

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in? 156

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that? 160

Edm. I promise you the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of

friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what. 168

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last? 172

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all. 179

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay. 185

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go; there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed. 192

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you; I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business. 200

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! I see the business. 204
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

Scene III.—*A Room in the DUKE OF ALBANY'S Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and OSWALD her Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour 4

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting 8
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him. 12

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, 16
Not to be over-ru'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd 20
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen
abus'd.

Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks
among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows
so: 24

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—A Hall in the Same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd

Kent, 4

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand con-
demn'd,

So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go,
get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now!
what art thou? 10

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst
thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem;
to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to
love him that is honest; to converse with him
that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to
fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou? 19

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as
poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he
is for a king, thou art poor enough. What
wouldst thou? 24

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow? 28

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your
countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority. 32

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run,
mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a
plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men
are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me
is diligence. 38

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for
singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing;
I have years on my back forty-eight. 42

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I
like thee no worse after dinner I will not part
from thee yet. Dinner, ho! dinner! Where's
my knave? my fool? Go you and call my fool
hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter? 48

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the
clotpoll back. [*Exit a Knight.*] Where's my
fool, ho? I think the world's asleep. How now!
where's that mongrel? 53

Re-enter Knight.

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is
not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me
when I called him? 57

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest
manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not! 60

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter
is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not
entertained with that ceremonious affection as
you were wont; there's a great abatement of
kindness appears as well in the general dependants
as in the duke himself also and your
daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so? 68

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent
when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine
own conception: I have perceived a most faint
neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as
mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pre-
sence and purpose of unkindness: I will look
further into 't. But where's my fool? I have
not seen him this two days. 78

Knight. Since my young lady's going into
France, sir, the fool hath much pined him away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.
Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with
her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]
Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Re-enter OSWALD.

O! you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am
I, sir! 86

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. 'My lady's father!' my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur! 89

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [Striking him.]

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord. 94

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base football player. [Tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee. 98

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to; have you wisdom? so.

[Pushes OSWALD out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. 104

[Gives KENT money.]

Enter FOOL

Fool. Let me hire him too: here's my coxcomb. [Offers KENT his cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou? 108

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy? 119

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip. 123

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. [To KENT.] Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. 129

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest, 132

Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,

Ride more than thou goest,

Learn more than thou trowest, 136

Set less than thou throwest;

Leave thy drink and thy whore,

And keep in-a-door,

And thou shalt have more 140

Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfe'd

lawyer, you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle? 145

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [To KENT.] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. 150

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool? 153

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land, 156

Come place him here by me,

Do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear; 160

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with. 165

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't, and ladies too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns. 172

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg 't the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown 't the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so. 181

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;

For wise men are grown foppish,

And know not how their wits to wear, 184

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gavest them the rod and puttdest down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, 192

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped. 199

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for

lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle: here comes one o' the parings. 203

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown. 211

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [To GONERIL.] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum;

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb, 220

Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shealed peascod. [Pointing to LEAR.]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue 224

Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful, 228

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, 233

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding. 236

Fool. For you throw, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had it head bit off by it young.

So out went the candle, and we were left dark-ling. 240

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away

These dispositions which of late transform you

From what you rightly are. 245

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not

Lear: 248

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings

Are lethargied. Ha! waking? 'tis not so.

Who is it that can tell me who I am? 252

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks

of sovereignty, knowledge and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. 256

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour 260

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you

To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, should be wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires; 264

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,

That this our court, infected with their manners,

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel 268

Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy; be then desir'd

By her that else will take the thing she begs,

A little to disquantity your train; 272

And the remainder, that shall still depend,

To be such men as may besort your age,

Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses; call my train together. 276

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:

Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble

Make servants of their betters. 280

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents;

[To ALBANY.] O! sir, are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses.

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,

More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,

Than the sea-monster.

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient. 285

Lear. [To GONERIL.] Detested kite! thou liest:

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know, 288

And in the most exact regard support

The worship of their name. O most small fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature 292

From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.]

And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.

Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend 300

To make this creature fruitful!
 Into her womb convey sterility!
 Dry up in her the organs of increase,
 And from her derogate body never spring 304
 A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen, that it may live
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth, 308
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
 Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
 To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 312
 To have a thankless child! Away, away! [*Exit.*
Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes
 this?
Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
 But let his disposition have that scope 316
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What! fifty of my followers at a clap,
 Within a fortnight?
Alb. What's the matter, sir?
Lear. I'll tell thee. [*To GONERIL.*] Life and
 death! I am asham'd 320
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
 That these hot tears, which break from me per-
 force,
 Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs
 upon thee!
 Th' untented woundings of a father's curse 324
 Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
 Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this? 328
 Let it be so: I have another daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost
 think 333
 I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
 [*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*
Gon. Do you mark that?
Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril, 336
 To the great love I bear you.—
Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
 [*To the Fool.*] You, sir, more knave than fool,
 after your master.
Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and
 take the fool with thee. 341
 A fox, when one has caught her,
 And such a daughter,
 Should sure to the slaughter, 344
 If my cap would buy a halter;
 So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*
Gon. This man hath had good counsel. A hun-
 dred knights!
 'Tis politic and safe to let him keep 348
 At point a hundred knights; yes, that on every
 dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
 And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say! 352
Alb. Well, you may fear too far.
Gon. Safer than trust too far.
 Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
 What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister; 356
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
 When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!
 What! have you writ that letter to my sister?
Osw. Ay, madam. 360
Gon. Take you some company, and away to
 horse:
 Inform her full of my particular fear;
 And thereto add such reasons of your own
 As may compact it more. Get you gone, 364
 And hasten your return. [*Exit OSWALD.*] No,
 no, my lord,
 This milky gentleness and course of yours
 Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
 You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom
 Than praised for harmful mildness. 369
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot
 tell:
 Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
Gon. Nay, then— 372
Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*Court before the Same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these
 letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with
 any thing you know than comes from her de-
 mand out of the letter. If your diligence be not
 speedy I shall be there before you. 5
Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have
 delivered your letter. [*Exit.*
Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't
 not in danger of kibes? 9
Lear. Ay, boy.
Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall
 not go slipshod. 12
Lear. Ha, ha, ha!
Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use
 thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a
 crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can
 tell. 17
Lear. What canst tell, boy?
Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does
 to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands
 't the middle on 's face? 21
Lear. No.
Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's
 nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may
 spy into. 25
Lear. I did her wrong,—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell? 28

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why? 32

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready? 37

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason. 40

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce! Monster ingratitude! 45

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that? 48

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven;

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad! 52

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, 56

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *[Exeunt.]*

Act II.

Scene I.—A Court within the Castle of the EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him to-night. 5

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments? 9

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany? 12

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.]*

Edm. The duke be here to-night! The better! best! 16

This weaves itself perforce into my business.

My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work! Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say! 21

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches: O sir! fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night. Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall? 25

He's coming hither, now, I' the night, I' the haste, And Regan with him; have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? 28 Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming; pardon me; In cunning I must draw my sword upon you; Draw; seem to defend yourself; now 'quit you well. 32

Yield;—come before my father. Light, ho! here! Fly, brother. Torches! torches! So, farewell. *[Exit EDGAR.]*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion *[Wounds his arm.]*

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards 36

Do more than this in sport. Father! father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out, 40

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could— 44

Glo. Pursue him, ho! Go after. *[Exeunt some Servants.]* 'By no means' what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend; Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond 49 The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine, Seeing how loathly opposite I stood

To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, 52

With his prepared sword he charges home My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm;

But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter, 56

Or whether gasted by the noise I made, Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far: Not in this land shall he remain uncaught; K k

And found—dispatch. The noble duke my
master, 60

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our
thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake; 64
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied, 68
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should
deny,— 72

As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world, 76
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him. 80

[*Tucket within.*]

Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he
comes,

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his pic-
ture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom 84
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I
came hither,— 88
Which I can call but now,—I have heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my
lord?

Glo. O! madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's
crack'd. 92

Reg. What! did my father's godson seek your
life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O! lady, lady, shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights 96

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam; 'tis too bad, too
bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then though he were ill
affected; 100
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues,

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well-inform'd of them, and with such
cautions 104
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir. 108

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken he shall never more 112
Be fear'd of doing harm; make your own pur-
pose,

How in my strength you please. For you, Ed-
mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours: 116
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit
you,— 120

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd
night:

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister, 124
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old
friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow 128
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam.
Your Graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—*Before GLOUCESTER'S Castle.*

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of
this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses? 4

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then I care not for thee. 8

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I
would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know
thee not. 12

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Osw. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken
meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-

suit'd, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition. 26

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee! 29

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines: I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. [*Drawing his sword.*] Draw, you whoreson, cullionly, barber-monger, draw. 37

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways. 44

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Osw. Help, oh! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND with his rapier drawn.

Edm. How now! What's the matter? 48
[*Parting them.*]

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.

Glo. Weapons! arms! Where's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives: 52
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord. 56

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man? 61

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade. 64

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary

letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail? 72

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry? 76

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain

Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion 80

That in the natures of their lords rebel;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters, 84

Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, 88

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What! art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy 92
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault.

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers. 97

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:

I have seen better faces in my time

Than stands on any shoulder that I see 100
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb

Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he, 104

An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth:

As they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends

Than twenty silly-ducking observants, 109
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,

Under the allowance of your grand aspect, 112

Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire

On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entertain me to't. 120

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osc. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction; 124
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worth'd him, got praises of the king 128
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! 132
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn,
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you; 136
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life
and honour, 140
There shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! Till night, my lord; and all
night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's
dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. 144

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the
stocks. [Stocks brought out.]

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low cor-
rection 149

Is such as basest and contemn'd st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill, 152
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.
Reg. My sister may receive it much more
worse

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted, 156
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

[KENT is put in the stocks.]

Come, my good lord, away.

[Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER and KENT.]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the
duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows, 160
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for
thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and
travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels: 164

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be
ill taken. [Exit.]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the
common saw,

Thou out of heaven's benediction comest 168
To the warm sun.

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery: I know 'tis from Cordelia, 173
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give 176
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-
watched,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night, smile once more; turn thy
wheel! [He sleeps.]

Scene III.—A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance, 4
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man, 8
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with
filth,

Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky. 12
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary; 16
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
prayers,

Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygood! poor
Tom! 20

That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.
[Exit.]

Scene IV.—Before GLOUCESTER'S Castle.

KENT in the stocks.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart
from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master! 4

Lear. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook 12

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,

Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes. 16

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have. 20

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage. 24

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way

Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage, Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home I did commend your highness' letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd 29

My duty kneeling, there came a reeking post,

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth

From Goneril his mistress salutations; 32

Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,

Which presently they read: on whose contents

They summoned up their meiny, straight took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend 36

The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:

And meeting here the other messenger,

Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,—

Being the very fellow which of late 40

Display'd so saucily against your highness,—

Having more man than wit about me,—drew:

He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which here it suffers. 45

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags 48

Do make their children blind,

But fathers that wear bags

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore, 52

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O! how this mother swells up toward my heart; 56

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow!

Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir: here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*]

Kent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a number. 64

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form, 80
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly: 84
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool. 88

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOUCESTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me! They are sick! they are weary,

They have travell'd hard to-night! Mere fetches, The images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord, 92

You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery! what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester, 97

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man? 100

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!

Fiery! the fiery duke! Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet; may be he is not well: 106

Infirmity doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves 108

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit 112

For the sound man. Death on my state! [*Looking on KENT.*] Wherefore

Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth. 116
Go, tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death. 120

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you.

[*Exit.*]

Lear. O, me! my heart, my rising heart! but, down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay. 128

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace!
[*KENT is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, 133
Sepulchring an adultress.—[*To KENT.*] O! are you free?

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied 136
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how depriv'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope 140

You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance 144
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir! you are old; 148
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd and led
By some discretion that discerns your state

Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return; 153
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness.
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; 156
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg

[*Kneeling.*]

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. [*Rising.*] Never, Regan. 160
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall 164
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, 168
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods! So will you wish on me,

When the rash mood is on. 172

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce, but thine

Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee 176
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st 180

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. 184

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

[*Tucket within.*]

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's; this approves her letter,

That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?

Enter OSWALD.

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride 188

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your Grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope

Thou didst not know on't. Who comes here?
O heavens, 192

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my
part!

[*To GONERIL.*] Art not asham'd to look upon
this beard? 196

O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have
I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides! you are too tough;
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the
stocks? 201

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own dis-
orders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.

If, till the expiration of your month, 205
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dis-
miss'd!

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air; 212
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her!
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless
took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her!
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at OSWALD.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir. 220
Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me
mad:

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my
daughter; 224

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide
thee; 228

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy
leisure; 232

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my
sister; 236

For that that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what! fifty
followers! 240

Is it not well? What should you need of
more?

Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and
danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one
house,

Should many people, under two commands, 244
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from
mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they
chanc'd to slack you 248

We could control them. If you will come to
me,—

For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice. 252

Lear. I gave you all—
Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my deposit-
aries,

But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What! must I come to
you 256

With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?
Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
well-favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the
worst 260

Stands in some rank of praise. [*To GONERIL.*]
I'll go with thee:

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five, 264

To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?
Lear. O! reason not the need; our basest
beggars 268

Are in the poorest thing superfluous: 268
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wear'st, 272

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true
need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both! 276

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble
anger,

And let not women's weapons, water-drops, 280
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural
hags,

I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are yet I know not,—but they
shall be 284

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:

I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws 288
Or ere I'll weep. O fool! I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOUCESTER, KENT, and Fool.
Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his
people

Cannot be well bestow'd. 292

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself
from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him
gladly,

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd. 296

Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth. He is
return'd.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither. 300

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads
himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to
stay.

Glo. Alack! the night comes on, and the
bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about 304
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O! sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure

Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your
doors;

He is attended with a desperate train, 308
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his car abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a
wild night:

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

Act III.

Scene I.—A Heath.

*A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter
KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most
unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea, 5

Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his
white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage, 8
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch, 12

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,

And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-
jest 16

His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;

And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is divi-
sion,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd 20
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-
wall;

Who have—as who have not, that their great
stars

Thron'd and set high—servants, who seem no
less,

Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen, 25

Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have
borne

Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings; 29

But, true it is, from France there comes a
power

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet 32

In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find 36

Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow

The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding, 40
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more 44

Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take

What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—

As doubt not but you shall,—show her this ring,

And she will tell you who your fellow is 48

That yet you do not know. Fle on this storm!

I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet; 52

That, when we have found the king,—in which your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him

Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene II.—Another Part of the Heath.

Storm still.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout

Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires, 4

Vault-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,

Sing me my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!

Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once That make ingrateful man! 9

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door.

Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Split, fire! spout, rain! 14

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,

You owe me no subscription: then, let fall

Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man. 20

But yet I call you servile ministers,

That have with two pernicious daughters join'd

Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head

So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul. 24

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house

Before the head has any, 28

The head and he shall house;

So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make, 32

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass. 36

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool. 41

Kent. Alas! sir, are you here? things that love night

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, 44

And make them keep their caves. Since I was man

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot

carry 48

The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes, 52

Unwhipp'd of justice; hide thee, thou bloody hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue Thou art incestuous; caitiff, to pieces shake,

That under covert and convenient seeming 56

Hast practis'd on man's life; close pent-up guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man

More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack! bare-headed! Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel; 61

Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;

Repose you there while I to this hard house,—

More harder than the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,—

Which even but now, demanding after you, 65

Denied me to come in, return and force

Your scanted courtesies.

Lear. My wits begin to turn. Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art

cold? 68

I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart That's sorry yet for thee. 73

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, Must make content with his fortunes fit, 76

Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.

I'll speak a prophecy ere I go: 80

When priests are more in word than matter;

When brewers mar their malt with water;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors;

No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors; 84

When every case in law is right;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues;

Nor cutpurses come not to throgs; 88

When usurers tell their gold i' the field;

And bawds and whores do churches build;

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion: 92

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*]

Scene III.—A Room in GLOUCESTER'S Castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural! 7

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there's part of a power already footed; we must incline to the king. I will seek him and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. 21

[*Exit.*]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too: This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me that which my father loses; no less than all: 25 The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*]

Scene IV.—The Heath. Before a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart? 4

Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;

But where the greater malady is fix'd, 8

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea, Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind 12

Doth from my senses take all feeling else

Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to't? But I will punish home:

No, I will weep no more. In such a night 17

To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,— 20

O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;

No more of that.

Kent. Good, my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder 24

On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.

[*To the Fool.*] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are, 28

That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,

How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en 32

Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,

And show the heavens more just. 36

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit.

Help me! help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there? 40

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me! 44

Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.
Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy two daughters?

And art thou come to this? 48

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O! do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there.

[*Storm still.*]

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed. 65

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir. 68

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? 72

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillocock sat on Pillocock-hill:

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo! 76

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold. 82

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A servingman, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman; keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul

fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mun ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come; unbutton here. 112

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wide field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look! here comes a walking fire. 117

Enter GLOUCESTER with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth. 122

Swihold footed thrice the old;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your Grace? 125

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog; the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear; 141

But mice and rats and such small deer

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend. 145

Glo. What! hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modò he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it. 150

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughter's hard commands; Though their injunction be to bar my doors, 154

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out 156
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.

What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house. 160

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord; 165

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him? [*Storm still.*]
His daughters seek his death. Ah! that good Kent;

He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!

Thou sayst the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend, 169

I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend, 172
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your Grace,—

Lear. O! cry you mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company. 176

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher. 180

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words: hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. 187

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—A Room in GLOUCESTER'S Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of. 5

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether

your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a proveable badness in himself. 9

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand. 17

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension. 20

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—A Chamber in a Farmhouse adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. 4

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit GLOUCESTER.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman! 12

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him. 16

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hizzing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

[*To EDGAR.*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer; 24

[*To the Fool.*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares! wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,— 28

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: 36

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.

[*To EDGAR.*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;

[*To the Fool.*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, 40

Bench by his side. [*To KENT.*] You are o' the commission,

Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd? 44

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Purr! the cat is grey. 48

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril? 53

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim 56

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits! 60

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting. 64

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.

Avaunt, you curs! 68

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lyn; 72

Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail;

Tom will make them weep and wail;

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fid. 76

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause

in nature that makes these hard hearts? [*To EDGAR.*] You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile. 88

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon. 92

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone. 96

Glo. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready; lay him in't,

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet 100

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up; 104

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps: This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,

Which, if convenience will not allow, 108

Stand in hard cure.—[*To the Fool.*] Come, help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

Glo. Come, come, away. [*Exeunt KENT, GLOUCESTER, and the Fool, bearing away LEAR.*]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes. 112

Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind, Leaving free things and happy shows behind;

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-ship. 116

How light and portable my pain seems now, When that which makes me bend makes the king bow;

He childed as I father'd! Tom, away! Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray 120

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee. What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!

Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

Scene VII.—A Room in GLOUCESTER'S Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband ;
show him this letter : the army of France is
landed. Seek out the traitor Gloucester.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly. 4

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund,
keep you our sister company : the revenges we
are bound to take upon your traitorous father
are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke,
where you are going, to a most festinate prepa-
ration : we are bound to the like. Our posts
shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Fare-
well, dear sister : farewell, my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter OSWALD.

How now ? Where's the king ?
Osw. My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd
him hence :

Some five or six and thirty of his knights, 16
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover, where they
boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress. 20

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and
OSWALD.*]

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life 24
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame but not control. Who's there ? The
traitor ?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOUCESTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 'tis he. 28

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces ? Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor !

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none. 33

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou
shalt find— [*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard. 36

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glo.

Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee : I am your host :
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours 40
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late
from France ?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the
truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with
the traitors 44

Late footed in the kingdom ?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the
lunatic king ?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down, 48
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king ?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover ? Wast thou not
charg'd at peril— 52

Corn. Wherefore to Dover ? Let him answer
that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand
the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover ?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes ; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires ; 61

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that dern time,
Thou shouldst have said, 'Good porter, turn the
key,' 64

All cruels else subscrib'd ; but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold
the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot. 68

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help ! O cruel ! O ye gods !

[*GLOUCESTER'S eye put out.*]

Reg. One side will mock another ; the other
too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord :
I have served you ever since I was a child, 73
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog !

First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon
your chin, 76
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you
mean ?

Corn. My villain ! [*Draws.*]

First Serv. Nay then, come on, and take the
chance of anger. [*Draws. They fight.*]

CORNWALL is wounded.

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus! [*Takes a sword and runs at him behind.*]

First Serv. O! I am slain. My lord, you have one eye left 81

To see some mischief on him. O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now? 84

Glo. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain! Thou call'st on him that hates thee; it was he That made the overture of thy treasons to us, 89 Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him! 92

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell His way to Dover. [*Exit one with GLOUCESTER.*]

How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, lady.

Turn out that eyeless villain; and throw this slave Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace: 97 Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL led by REGAN.*]

Sec. Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do If this man come to good.

Third Serv. If she live long, 100 And, in the end, meet the old course of death, Women will all turn monsters.

Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would: his roguish madness 104 Allows itself to any thing.

Third Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

Act IV.

Scene I.—The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear: 4
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace:
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here? 9

Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord! 12
I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone;

Thy comforts can do me no good at all; 16
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects 20
Prove our commodities. Ah! dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath;
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again.

Old Man. How now! Who's there? 24

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, 'I am at the worst?'

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet; the worst is not,

So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.' 28

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg. I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw, 32
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; 35
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside.*] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—[*To GLOUCESTER.*]

Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, prithee, get thee gone. If, for my sake, 41
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul 44
Who I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir! he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone. 43

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,

Come on't what will.

[Exit.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom is a-cold. [Aside.] I cannot daub it further. 52

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must. Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididence, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master! 64

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, 68 That slaves your ordinance, that will not see

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover? 72

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep; Bring me but to the very brim of it, 76

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear; With something rich about me; from that place I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm: Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—Before the DUKE OF ALBANY'S Palace.

Enter GENERIL and EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord; I marvel our mild husband

Not met us on the way. [Enter OSWALD.] Now, where's your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.

I told him of the army that was landed; 4 He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;

His answer was, 'The worse:' of Gloucester's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son, When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot, 8

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out; What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. [To EDMUND.] Then, shall you go no further.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit 12

That dares not undertake; he'll not feel wrongs Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother; Hasten his musters and conduct his powers: 16 I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20 A mistress's command. Wear this; spare favour; [Giving a favour.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it dare speak, Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.

Conceive, and fare thee well. 24

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!

[Exit EDMUND.

O! the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due:

My fool usurps my bed.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Generil! 29 You are not worth the dust which the rude wind

Blows in your face. I fear your disposition: That nature, which contemns its origin, 32

Cannot be border'd certain in itself; She that herself will sliver and disbranch

From her material sap, perforce must wither And come to deadly use. 36

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;

Filth's savour but themselves. What have you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd? A father, and a gracious aged man, 41

Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it? 44 A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

It will come, 48 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs; Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning 52

Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless
land, 56
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats,
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest
'Alack! why does he so?'

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend 60
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!
Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood, 64

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones; howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood,—Mew! 68

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O! my good lord, the Duke of Corn-
wall's dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes! 72

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with
remorse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which
since 77

Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can vengeance! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lest he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord. 81
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck 85
Upon my hateful life: another way,
This news is not so tart. [*To Messenger.*] I'll
read and answer. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son when they did take
his eyes? 88

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.
Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back
again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
against him, 92

And quit the house on purpose that their
punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the
king,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—*The French Camp, near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the
state, which since his coming forth is thought of;
which imports to the kingdom so much fear and
danger, that his personal return was most requir'd
and necessary. 7

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur la
Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to
any demonstration of grief? 12

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in
my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like, 16
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O! then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow
strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have
seen

Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better way; those happy smiles 21
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief, 24
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the
name of 'father'

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart; 28
Cried, 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!

Kent! father! sisters! What, 't the storm? 't the
night?

Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes, 32
And clamour-moisten'd, then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and make could not beget 36
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's
't the town, 40

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means.

Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness, 44

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting

His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack! poor gentleman. 49

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear, 52

And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.—The Same. A Tent.

*Enter with drum and colours, CORDELLA, Doctor,
and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack! 'tis he: why, he was met even
now

As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow 5
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]

What can man's wisdom 8
In restoring his bereaved sense?

He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam;
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose, 12

The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublisch'd virtues of the earth, 16

Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for
him,

Lest his un govern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam; 20
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation
stands

In expectation of them. O dear father!
It is thy business that I go about; 24

Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right,
Soon may I hear and see him! [Exeunt.]

Scene V.—A Room in GLOUCESTER'S Castle.

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord
at home? 4

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious
matter. 8

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being
out,

To let him live; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch 12
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with
my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay
with us, 16

The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might
not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike, 20
Something—I know not what. I'll love thee
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her
husband;

I am sure of that; and at her late being here 24
She gave strange celliades and most speaking
looks

To noble Edmund. I know you are of her
bosom.

Osw. I, madam!

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I
know't: 28

Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,

And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's. You may gather more. 32

If you do find him, pray you, give him this,
And when your mistress hears thus much from
you,

I pray desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well. 36

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam: I would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now; look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep: Hark! do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly. 4

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.

Methinks thy voice is altered, and thou speak'st in better phrase and matter than thou didst. 8

Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.

How fearful 12

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade! 16

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy 20

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,

That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight 24

Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright. 28

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going. 32

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trife thus with his despair

Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and, in your sights, 36

Shake patiently my great affliction off;

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff and loathed part of nature should 40

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!

Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls forward.*]

Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.

[*Aside.*] And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life when life itself 44

Yields to the theft; had he been where he thought

By this had thought been past. Alive or dead? 48

[*To GLOUCESTER.*] Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir? speak!

Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives. 48

What are you, sir?

Glo. Away and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou'dst shivered like an egg; but thou dost breathe, 52

Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again. 56

Glo. But have I fallen or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn,

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up. 60

Glo. Alack! I have no eyes.

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage, 64

And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up: so. How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that

Which parted from you? 69

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below methought his eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,

Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them

honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now; henceforth I'll bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself 77

'Enough, enough, and die. That thing you

speak of

I took it for a man; often 'twould say
'The fiend, the fiend:' he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. But
who comes here? 81

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with
flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself. 85

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.
There's your press-money. That fellow handles
his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's
yard. Look, look! a mouse. Peace, peace!
this piece of toasted cheese will do't. There's
my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring
up the brown bills. O! well flown, bird; i' the
clout, i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass. 96

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard!
They flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had
white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were
there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to everything
I said! 'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity.
When the rain came to wet me once and
the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder
would not peace at my bidding, there I
found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they
are not men o' their words: they told me I was
every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof. 108

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well re-
member:

Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery? 113

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight. 116

Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard
son

Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers. 120

Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name; 124

The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above: 128

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends':

There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sul-
phurous pit,

Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie,
fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good
apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's
money for thee.

Glo. O! let me kiss that hand! 136

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mor-
tality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great
world

Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know
me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.
Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst,
blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this
challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see.

Edg. [*Aside.*] I would not take this from
report; it is, 145

And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What! with the case of eyes? 148

Lear. O, ho! are you there with me? No
eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse?
Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a
light; yet you see how this world goes. 152

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What! art mad? A man may see how
this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine
ears: see how yond justice rails upon yon simple
thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and,
handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the
thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a
beggar? 160

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur?
There thou mightst behold the great image of
authority; a dog's obey'd in office. 164

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine
own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs
the cozener. 168

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say none; I'll able
'em: 173

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. Now, now,

now, now;

Pull off my boots; harder, harder; so.

Edg. [*Aside.*] O! matter and impertinency
mix'd;

Reason in madness! 180

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
my eyes;

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither: Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air We waul and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

Glo. Alack! alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools. This' a good block! It were a delicate stratagem to shoe 189
A troop of horse with felt; I'll put it in proof,
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! 192

Enter Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O! here he is; lay hand upon him. Sir, Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well; 196
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why this would make a man a man of salt, 200
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely as a bridegroom.
What!

I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king, 204
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, 209

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to. 212

Edg. Hail, gentle sir!

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour, 216

How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here, 220

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father. 224

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand, I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks: 229

The bounty and the benison of heaven To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor, 233

Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to't. [*EDGAR interposes.*]

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant, 236
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;

Lest that infection of his fortune take

Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zur, without vurther 'casion. 241

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder. Chill be plain with you. 249

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zur. Come; no matter vor your foins. 252

[*They fight and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse.

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; And give the letters which thou find'st about me To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out Upon the English party: O! untimely death. 257

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain; As duteous to the vices of thy mistress As badness would desire.

Glo. What! is he dead? 260

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.

Let's see his pockets: these letters that he speaks of

May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry He had no other deaths-man. Let us see: 264

Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not: To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your—wife, so I would say— 276

Affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life, 280

And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified

Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time

With this ungracious paper strike the sight 284

Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well

That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling 288

Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:

So should my thoughts be sever'd from my

griefs,

And woes by wrong imaginations lose

The knowledge of themselves. [*Drums afar off.*

Edg. Give me your hand: 292

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum,

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—A Tent in the French Camp.

Enter CORDELLA, KENT, Doctor, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent! how shall I live and

work

To match thy goodness? My life will be too

short,

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-

paid. 4

All my reports go with the modest truth,

Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:

These weeds are memories of those wors'er

hours:

I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me dear madam; 8

Yet to be known shortens my made intent:

My boon I make it that you know me not

Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.—[*To the*

Doctor.] How does the king? 12

Doc. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature!

The untun'd and jarring senses, O! wind up 16

Of this child-changed father!

Doc. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king? he hath slept
long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and
proceed

I'll the sway of your own will. Is he array'd? 20

*Enter LEAR in his chair, carried by
Servants.*

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Doc. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. [*Music.*

Doc. Please you, draw near. Louder the
music there. 25

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang

Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss

Repair those violent harms that my two sisters

Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess! 29

Cor. Had you not been their father, these
white flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face

To be expos'd against the warring winds? 32

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thun-
der?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick cross lightning? to watch—poor
perdu!—

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog, 36

Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor
father,

To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 40

'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once

Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to
him.

Doc. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares
your majesty? 44

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out
o' the grave;

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears

Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me? 48

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did
you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Doc. He's scarce awake; let him alone a-
while.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?

Fair day-light? 52

I am mightily abus'd. I should even die with
pity

To see another thus, I know not what to
say.

I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd 56
Of my condition!

Cor. O! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man, 60
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or
less;

And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this
man; 64

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know
not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at
me; 68

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I
pray, weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it. 72
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me. 77

Doc. Be comforted, good madam; the great
rage,

You see, is kill'd in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost. 80
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and
foolish. [*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, DOC-
tor, and Attendants.*]

Genl. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of
Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Genl. Who is conductor of his people? 88

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Glou-
cester.

Genl. They say Edgar, his banished son, is
with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to
look about; the powers of the kingdom
approach apace.

Genl. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be throughly
wrought, 97

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[*Exit.*]

Act V.

Scene I.—The British Camp near Dover.

*Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN,
Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose
hold,

Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course; he's full of alteration
And self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth, 8
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's
way

To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been con-
junct 12

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not. 16

She and the duke her husband!

*Enter with drums and colours, ALBANY,
GENERIL, and Soldiers.*

Gon. [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle
than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met. 20

Sir, this I heard, the king is come to his daughter,
With others; whom the rigour of our state

For'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant: for this business, 24

It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not holds the king, with others, whom, I fear,

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd? 28

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding. 32

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your
tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go
with us. 36

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho! I know the riddle.
[*Aloud.*] I will go.

Enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man
so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. Speak.
[*Exeunt* EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this
letter. 40

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though
I seem,

I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry, 44
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry, 48
And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy
paper. [*Exit* EDGAR.]

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your
powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and
forces 52

By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung 56
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril; 60
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being
done

Let her who would be rid of him devise 64
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state 68
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours,
LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exe-
unt. Enter* EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this
tree
For your good host; pray that the right may
thrive.

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! 4
[*Exit* EDGAR.]

*Alarum; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter
EDGAR.*

Edg. Away, old man! give me thy hand:
away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even
here. 8

Edg. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—*The British Camp, near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours,
EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, prisoners;
Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good
guard,

Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the
worst. 4

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these
sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to
prison; 8

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
laugh 12

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too,

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things, 16

As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, 20
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
caught thee?

Ho that parts us shall bring a brand from
heaven,

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The gougiers shall devour them, flesh and fell, 24
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em
starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark,
Take thou this note; [*Giving a paper.*] 60
follow them to prison: 28
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes; know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded 32
Does not become a sword; thy great employ-
ment
Will not bear question; either say thou 't do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy when
thou hast done. 36

Mark,—I say, instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart nor eat dried
oats;

If it be man's work I will do it. [*Exit.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant
strain, 41
And fortune led you well; you have the cap-
tives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife;
We do require them of you, so to use them 44
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard; 48
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen; 52

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this
time

We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his
friend, 56
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness;
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience, 60
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him:
Methinks our pleasure might have been de-
manded, 64
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot;
In his own grace he doth exalt himself 68
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should hus-
band you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla! 72
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should
answer

From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony; 76
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes. 81

Reg. [*To EDMUND.*] Let the drum strike, and
prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I ar-
rest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest, 84

This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to GONERIL.*] For
your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans. 88

If you will marry, make your love to me,

My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester; let the
trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person 92

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge; [*Throws down a glove.*] I'll

prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick! O sick! 96

Gon. [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throws down
a glove.*] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.

Call by thy trumpet; he that dares approach,

On him, on you, who not? I will maintain 101

My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho! a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name 105

Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]

Come hither, herald,

Enter a Herald.

Let the trumpet sound,— 108

And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Her. If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence. 116

Edm. Sound! [First Trumpet.]

Her. Again! [Second Trumpet.]

Her. Again! [Third Trumpet.]

[Trumpet answers within.]

Enter EDGAR, armed, with a Trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you? 121
Your name? your quality? and why you answer This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary 125
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself: what sayst thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword, 128

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest, 132
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,' 140
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But since thy outside looks so fair and war-like,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding
breathes, 145

What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn;
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head, 148
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart,
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely
bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets,
speak! 152

[Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.]

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloucester:
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to
answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame, 156
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own
evil:

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[Gives the letter to EDMUND.]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not
thine: 160

Who can arraign me for 't? [Exit.]

Alb. Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Edm. Ask me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern
her. [Exit an Officer.]

Edm. What have you charg'd me with, that
have I done, 164

And more, much more; the time will bring it
out:

'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity. 168

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices 172

Make instruments to plague us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got

Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;

The wheel has come full circle; I am here. 176

Alb. Methought the very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I

Did hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't. 180

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your
father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale;

And, when 'tis told, O! that my heart would burst,
The bloody proclamation to escape 185

That follow'd me so near,—O! our lives' sweet-
ness,

That we the pain of death would hourly die

Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift 188

Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost; became his

guide, 192

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from de-
spair;

Never,—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,

Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd;

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last 197

Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—

Alack! too weak the conflict to support;
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief, 200
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good; but speak you
on;

You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve, 205
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity. 209

Whilst I was big in clamour came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhor'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him 216
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpet
sounded,

And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was this? 220

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in
disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man. 224

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her
sister 228

By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contract'd to them both: all
three

Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or
dead: 232

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

O! is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manner urges.

Kent. I am come 236

To bid my king and master aye good-night;

Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?

Seest thou this object, Kent? 240

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN
are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack! why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces. 244

Edm. I pant for life: some good I mean to
do

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia. 248
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run! O run!

Edg. To whom, my lord? Who has the
office? send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword, 252
Give it the captain.

Alb. Hasten thee, for thy life.
[*Exit EDMUND.*]

Edm. He hath commission from my wife and
me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair, 256
That she forfeit herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms;
EDGAR, Officer, and Others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O! you are
men of stones:

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vaults should crack. She's gone
for ever. 261

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath shall mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end? 265

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall and cease?

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows 268
That ever I have felt.

Kent. [*Kneeling.*] O, my good master!

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
all!

I might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for
ever! 272

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou sayst? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.

I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee. 276

Off. 'Tis true, my lord, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you
straight. 281

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and
hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same, 284
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant
Calus?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and
rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very
man— 288
Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and
decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark,
and deadly: 292

Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain
it is

That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless. 296

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign, 300

During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—[*To EDGAR and
KENT.*] You, to your rights;

With boot and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes 305
The cup of their deservings. O! see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no,
no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, 308
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no
more,

Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips, 312
Look there, look there! [*Dies.*]

Edg. He faints!—my lord, my lord!
Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break.

Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass;
he hates him

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed. 317
Kent. The wonder is he hath endured so
long:

He but usurp'd his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present
business 320

Is general woe. [*To KENT and EDGAR.*] Friends
of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the god'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no. 324

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must
obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long. 328
[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

Othello, The Moor of Venice.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a Senator. Other Senators.
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, a noble Moor; in the service of the Venetian State.
CASSIO, his Lieutenant.
IAGO, his Ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.
EMILIA, Wife to Iago.
BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Heralds, Attendants.

Scene.—For the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus.

Act I.

Scene I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! Never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me: 4
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city, 8

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capped to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place;
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes, 12
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he, 16

'I have already chose my officer.'

And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a splinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose 25
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election;

And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof 28
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd and calm'd

By debtor and creditor; this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, 32
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of the service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection, 36
Not by the old gradation, where each second

- Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affin'd
 To love the Moor.
Rod. I would not follow him then. 40
Iago. O! sir, content you;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him;
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark 44
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender, and when he's old,
 cashier'd; 48
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And, throwing but shows of service on their
 lords, 52
 Do well thrive by them, and when they have
 lined their coats
 Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
 soul;
 And such a one I do profess myself. For, sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo, 56
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
 In following him, I follow but myself;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end: 60
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve 64
 For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips
 owe,
 If he can carry't thus!
Iago. Call up her father;
 Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight,
 Proclaim him in the streets, incense his kinsmen,
 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on't 72
 As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call
 aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire
 yell
 As when, by night and negligence, the fire 76
 Is spied in populous cities.
Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio,
 ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
 thieves! thieves!
 Look to your house, your daughter, and your
 bags! 80
 Thieves! thieves!
- Enter BRABANTIO, above, at a window.*
Bra. What is the reason of this terrible
 summons?
- What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within? 84
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds! sir, you are robb'd; for shame,
 put on your gown;
 Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
 Even now, now, very now, an old black ram 88
 Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
 Awake the smorting citizens with the bell,
 Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
 Arise, I say.
Bra. What! have you lost your wits? 92
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
 voice?
Bra. Not I, what are you?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worse welcome:
 I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
 In honest plainness thou hast heard me say 97
 My daughter is not for thee; and now, in mad-
 ness,
 Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
 Upon malicious knavery dost thou come 100
 To start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, sir, sir!
Bra. But thou must needs be sure
 My spirit and my place have in them power
 To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir. 104
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
 Venice;
 My house is not a grange.
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
 In simple and pure soul I come to you.
Iago. 'Zounds! sir, you are one of those that
 will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because
 we come to do you service and you think we are
 ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with
 a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh
 to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and
 gennets for germans. 114
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you,
 your daughter and the Moor are now making
 the beast with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are—a senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee,
 Roderigo. 120
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I
 beseech you,
 If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,—
 As partly, I find, it is,—that your fair daughter,
 At this odd-even and dull-watch o' the night, 124
 Transported with no worse nor better guard
 But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
 To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
 If this be known to you, and your allowance, 128
 We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
 But if you know not this, my manners tell me

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility, 132
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes 136
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy your-
self:

If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state 140
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already. 144
Light, I say! light! [*Exit, from above.*]

Iago. Farewell, for I must leave you:
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place
To be produc'd, as, if I stay, I shall,
Against the Moor; for, I do know the state, 148
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,—
Which even now stand in act,—that, for their
souls, 152

Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business; in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life, 156
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. 160
[*Exit.*]

*Enter below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with
torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O, unhappy girl!
With the Moor, sayst thou? Who would be a
father! 165
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives
me
Past thought. What said she to you? Get
more tapers!
Rise all my kindred! Are they married, think
you? 168

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O, treason
of the blood:
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
minds

By what you see them act. Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O! that you had
had her. 176

Some one way, some another! Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you
please

To get good guard and go along with me. 180

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
call;

I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains. 184
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—Another Street.

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants, with
torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten
times 4
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under
the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour 8
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this, 12
That the magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and griev-
ance

The law—with all his might to enforce it on— 16
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to
know,

Which when I know that boasting is an honour 20
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know, Iago, 24
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhousewifed free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights
come yond? 28

Iago. Those are the raised father and his
friends:

You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they? 32

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO and certain Officers, with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends! What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general, 36
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat; the galleys 40
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly
call'd for; 44

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house, 43
And go with you. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carrack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who? 52

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for
you.

Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers,
with torches and weapons.*

Oth. Holla! stand there! 56

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for
you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with
years 60

Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou
stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense, 64

If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation, 68
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense 72
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or mine-

erals
That weaken motion: I'll have 't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking. 76
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practisier
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, 80
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; till fit time 85
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied, 88
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke's in council, and your noble self, 92
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away.
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state, 96
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene III.—A Council Chamber. The DUKE
and Senators sitting at a table. Officers at-*
tending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

First Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred: 4
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus. 8

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judg-
ment:

I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What, ho! what, ho! what,
ho! 13

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state

By Signior Angelo. 16

Duke. How say you by this change?

First Sen. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant

To keep us in false gaze. When we consider

The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 20

And let ourselves again but understand,

That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question bear it,

For that it stands not in such war-like brace, 24

But altogether lacks the abilities

That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought

of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful

To leave that latest which concerns him first, 28

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,

To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news. 32

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of
Rhodes,

Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

First Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as
you guess? 36

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-steer
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most vallant servitor, 40

With his free duty recommends you thus,

And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then, for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town? 44

First Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the
vallant Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Officers.*

Duke. Vallant Othello, we must straight employ you 48

Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[*To BRABANTIO.*] I did not see you; welcome,
gentle signior;

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me; 52

Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the
general care

Take hold of me, for my particuler grief

Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature 56

That it engults and swallows other sorrows

And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O! my daughter.

Duke. } Dead?

Sen. }

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted 60

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;

For nature so preposterously to err,

Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,

Sans witchcraft could not. 64

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding

Hath thus begull'd your daughter of herself

And you of her, the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter 68

After your own sense; yea, though our proper son

Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it
seems,

Your special mandate for the state affairs, 72

Hath hither brought.

Duke. } We are very sorry for it.

Sen. }

Duke. [*To OTHELLO.*] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signors, 76

My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her:

The very head and front of my offending 80

Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;

For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field; 85

And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;

And therefore little shall I grace my cause 88

In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver

Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic, 92

For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;

L1

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing, 97
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look
on!

It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err 100
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the
blood, 104

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods 108
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;
Or came it by request and such fair question 113
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father: 116
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.
Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know
the place. 121

[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present 124
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life 129
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days 132
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach, 136

Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and desarts idle, 140
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads
touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads 144
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;

But still the house-affairs would draw her
thence;

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear 149
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart 152

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears, 156

When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange; 160

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man; she
thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story, 165
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake:

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them. 168
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter
too.

Good Brabantio, 172
Take up this mangled matter at the best;
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer, 176
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mis-
tress:

Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty: 181
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my
husband; 185

And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess 188
Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be with you! I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor: 192

I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,

I am glad that soul I have no other child ; 196
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself and lay a sentence,

Which as a grize or step, may help these lovers
 Into your favour. 201

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes
 depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone 204
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd that smiles steals something from
 the thief ; 208

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
 We lose it not so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears ;

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall, 216
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :

But words are words ; I never yet did hear
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
 state. 220

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty prepara-
 tion makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of

the place is best known to you ; and though
 we have there a substitute of most allowed

sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of
 effects, throws a more safer voice on you ; you

must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of
 your new fortunes with this more stubborn and

boisterous expedition. 229

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war

My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize 232
 A natural and prompt alacrity

I find in hardness, and do undertake
 These present wars against the Ottomites.

Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife, 237

Due reference of place and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort

As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please, 240
 Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.
Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts

By being in his eye. Most gracious duke, 244
 To my unfolding lend your gracious ear ;

And let me find a charter in your voice
 To assist my simpleness. 248

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
 My downright violence and storm of fortunes

May trumpet to the world ; my heart's subdu'd
 Even to the very quality of my lord ; 253

I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
 And to his honours and his valliant parts

Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate. 256
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,

A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites for which I love him are bereft me,

And I a heavy interim shall support 260
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voices.
 Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not

To please the palate of my appetite, 264
 Nor to comply with heat,—the young affects

In me defunct,—and proper satisfaction,
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind ;

And heaven defend your good souls that you think
 I will your serious and great business scant 269

For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness

My speculative and offe'd instruments, 272
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,

Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities

Make head against my estimation ! 276
Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,

Either for her stay or going. The affair cries
 haste,

And speed must answer it.

First Sen. You must away to-night.
Oth. With all my heart. 280

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet
 again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you ;

With such things else of quality and respect 284
 As doth import you.

Oth. So please your Grace, my ancient ;
 A man he is of honesty and trust :

To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall

think 288
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
 Good night to every one. [To BRABANTIO.] And,

noble signior,
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

Your son-in-law is far more fair than black. 292
First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona

well.
Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see :

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
 [Exit Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.]

Oth. My life upon her faith ! Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee : 297

I prithee, let thy wife attend on her ;
 And bring them after in the best advantage.

Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour 300
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction,

To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

Rod. Iago!

Iago. What sayst thou, noble heart? 304

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman! 309

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician. 312

Iago. O! villainous; I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon. 319

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it. 322

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason to cool our raging motions; our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion. 338

Rod. It cannot be. 338

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with a usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst.

If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue? 370

Iago. Thou art sure of me: go, make money. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu. 380

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you? 385

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell! put money enough in your purse. [*Exit RODERIGO.*]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse; 389
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well; 396
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man; let me see now:
To get his place; and to plume up my will
In double knavery; how, how? Let's see: 400
After some time to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature, 405
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are. 408
I have't; it is engender'd: hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light. [*Exit.*]

Act II.

Scene I.—*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.*

An open place near the Quay.

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

First Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;

I cannot 'twixt heaven and the main
Desery a sail. 4

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at
land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath rufflan'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of
this? 9

Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds; 12
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view 16
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are
drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks
That their designment halts; a noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their fleet. 24

Mon. How! is this true?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the war-like Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea, 28
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though he
speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly 32
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were
parted

With foul and violent tempest.
Mon. Pray heaven he be;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho! 36
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let's do so; 40
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this war-like
isle,
That so approve the Moor. O! let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements, 45
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
pilot 48

Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within, 'A sail!—a sail!—a sail!*']

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise? 52

Mess. The town is empty; on the brow o' the
sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, 'A sail!'

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the go-
vernor. [*Guns heard.*]

Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of
courtesy; 56
Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Sec. Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd? 60

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a
maid

That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation 64
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy
speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
winds, 68

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by 72
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts 76
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful
breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits, 80
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
Attendants.*

O! behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees. 84
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,

Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord? 88

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O! but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and
skies 92

Parted our fellowship. But hark! a sail.

[*Cry within*, 'A sail!—a sail!'] *Guns heard.*

Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the
citadel:

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news!

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome:—[*To EMILIA.*]
welcome, mistress. 96

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her
lips 100

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still when I have list to sleep: 104

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so. 108

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures
out of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds. 112

Des. O! fie upon thee, slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:

You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not. 116

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't,

For I am nothing if not critical.

Des. Come on; assay. There's one gone to
the harbour? 120

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry, but I do beguile

The thing I am by seeming otherwise.

Come, how wouldst thou praise me? 124

Iago. I am about it; but indeed my inven-
tion

Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;
It plucks out brains and all: but my muse la-
bours,

And thus she is deliver'd. 128

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and
witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly help'd her to an heir. 137

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable
praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul and foolish there-
unto 141

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou be-
stow on a deserving woman indeed, one that,
in the authority of her merit, did justly put on
the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud, 149

Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly, 153
She that in wisdom never was so frail

To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,

See suitors following and not look behind, 157
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!

Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy
husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a
most profane and liberal counsellor? 164

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may
relish him more in the soldier than in the
scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm; ay,
well said, whisper; with as little a web as this
will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile
upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own
courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed. If
such tricks as these strip you out of your
lieutenantry, it had been better you had not
kissed your three fingers so oft, which now
again you are most apt to play the sir in.
Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy!
'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your
lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your
sake! [*A trumpet heard.*] The Moor! I know
his trumpet. 181

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo! where he comes. 184

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
 If after every tempest come such calms, 188
 May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
 And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
 Olympus-high, and duck again as low
 As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 192
 'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
 My soul hath her content so absolute
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid 196
 But that our loves and comforts should increase
 Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
 I cannot speak enough of this content;
 It stops me here; it is too much of joy: 200
 And this, and this, the greatest discords be,

[*Kissing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside.*] O! you are well tun'd now,
 But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
 As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle. 204
 News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are
 drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
 Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
 I have found great love amongst them. O my
 sweet, 208

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
 In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
 Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.
 Bring thou the master to the citadel; 212
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect. Come, Desde-
 mona,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt all except IAGO and RODERIGO.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the
 harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,
 as they say base men being in love have then
 a nobility in their natures more than is native
 to them, list me. The lieutenant to-night watches
 on the court of guard: first, I must tell thee this,
 Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible. 223
Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul
 be instructed. Mark me with what violence she
 first loved the Moor but for bragging and telling
 her fantastical lies; and will she love him still
 for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it.
 Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall
 she have to look on the devil? When the blood
 is made dull with the act of sport, there should
 be, again to inflame it, and to give satiety a
 fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy
 in years, manners, and beauties; all which the
 Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these
 required conveniences, her delicate tenderness
 will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge,
 disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will

instruct her in it, and compel her to some se-
 cond choice. Now, sir, this granted, as it is a
 most pregnant and unforced position, who stands
 so eminently in the degree of this fortune as
 Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further
 conscionable than in putting on the mere form
 of civil and humane seeming, for the better
 compassing of his salt and most hidden loose
 affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and
 subtle knave, a finder-out of occasions, that has
 an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages,
 though true advantage never present itself; a
 devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome,
 young, and hath all those requisites in him that
 folly and green minds look after; a pestilent
 complete knave! and the woman hath found
 him already. 255

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full
 of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks
 is made of grapes; if she had been blessed she
 would never have loved the Moor; blessed pud-
 ding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the
 palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but cour-
 tesy. 264

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index and
 obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul
 thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that
 their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous
 thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so
 marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master
 and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion.
 Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have
 brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night;
 for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio
 knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you
 find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by
 speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline;
 or from what other course you please, which the
 time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well. 280

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in
 choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke
 him, that he may; for even out of that will I
 cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose quali-
 fication shall come into no true taste again but
 by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have
 a shorter journey to your desires by the means
 I shall then have to prefer them; and the im-
 pediment most profitably removed, without the
 which there were no expectation of our prosper-
 ity. 291

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any
 opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at
 the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore.
 Farewell. 296

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*]
Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well be-
 lieve it;

That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit :
 The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, 300
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ;
 And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
 A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too ;
 Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure
 I stand accountant for as great a sin,— 305
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leap'd into my seat ; the thought whereof
 Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my in-
 wards ; 309
 And nothing can or shall content my soul
 Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife ;
 Or falling so, yet that I put the Moor 312
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to
 do,
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ; 317
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too,
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward
 me 320
 For making him egregiously an ass
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd ;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. 324

[Exit.]

Scene II.—A Street.

Enter a Herald with a proclamation ; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello ! [Exeunt.]

Scene III.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to outport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do ;
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
 Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night ; to-morrow with your earliest

Let me have speech with you. [To DESDEMONA.]
 Come, my dear love, 8

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;
 That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.
 Good night.

[Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago ; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove. 17

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature. 21

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parody of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest. 25

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love ?

Cas. She is indeed perfection. 28

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello. 33

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago : I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking ; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment. 37

Iago. O ! they are our friends ; but one cup : I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more. 44

Iago. What, man ! 'tis a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they ?

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in. 49

Cas. I'll do't ; but it dislikes me. [Exit.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, with that which he hath drunk to-night already, he'll be as full of quarrel and offence 53

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd 56

Potations pottle deep ; and he's to watch.

Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
 That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements of this war-like isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gen-
tlemen. Servant following with wine.*

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse
already. 68

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,
as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; 72

And let me the canakin clink;

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why then let a soldier drink. 76

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed
they are most potent in potting; your Dane,
your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,
—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his
drinking? 84

Iago. Why he drinks you with facility your
Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow
your Alman; he gives your Hollander a vomit
ere the next pottle can be filled. 88

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you
justice.

Iago. O sweet England! 92

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown. 96

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree;

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho! 101

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than
the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again? 104

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of
his place that does those things. Well, God's
above all; and there be souls must be saved, and
there be souls must not be saved. 108

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the
general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be
saved. 112

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me;
the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.

Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.
God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look to
our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am
drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right
hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk
now; I can stand well enough, and speak well
enough. 122

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not
think then that I am drunk. *[Exit.]*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's
set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar 128
And give direction; and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other; 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in, 132
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set, 136
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well

The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, 140
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODRIGO.

Iago. *[Aside to him.]* How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[Exit RODRIGO.]

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island: 148
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?
[Cry within, 'Help! Help!']

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODRIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! 152

I'll beat the knave into a twigen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking RODRIGO.]

Mon. *[Stopping him.]* Nay, good lieutenant;
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir, 156
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come; you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! *[They fight.]*

Iago. *[Aside to RODRIGO.]* A WRY, I WRY! go
out, and cry a mutiny. *[Exit RODRIGO.]*

Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!

Help, ho! Lieutenant! sir! Montano! sir!
 Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch indeed!
 [Bell rings.]
 Who's that that rings the bell? *Diablo*, ho!
 The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!
 You will be sham'd for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here? 165
Mon. 'Zounds! I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.
Oth. Hold, for your lives!
Iago. Hold, ho, lieutenant! Sir! Montano! gentlemen! 168
 Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
 Hold! the general speaks to you; hold for shame!
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
 Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
 Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? 173
 For Christian shame put by this barbarous brawl;
 He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
 Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
 Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle 177
 From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?
 Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
 Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee. 180
Iago. I do not know; friends all but now, even now,
 In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
 Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,— 184
 As if some planet had unwitting men,—
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds,
 And would in action glorious I had lost 188
 Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil; 192
 The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus 196
 And spend your rich opinion for the name
 Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you, 200
 While I spare speech, which something now
 Offends me,
 Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
 By me that's said or done amiss this night,
 Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice, 204
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin
 When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
 And passion, having my best judgment collied,
 Assays to lead the way. If I once stir, 209
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who set it on; 212
 And he that is approv'd in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me—both at a
 birth—
 Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear, 216
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
 'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?
Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth, 221
 Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near;
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my
 mouth
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio; 224
 Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.
 Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow crying out for help, 228
 And Cassio following with determin'd sword
 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 232
 Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
 The town might fall in fright; he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night 237
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,—
 For this was brief,—I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust, even as again they were 240
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter can I not report:
 But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, 244
 As men in rage strike those that wish them
 best,
 Yet, surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.
Oth. I know, Iago, 248
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
 But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.
 Look! if my gentle love be not rais'd up; 252
 [To Cassio.] I'll make thee an example.
Des. What's the matter?
Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.
 Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.
 Lead him off. [MONTANO is led off.]

Iago, look with care about the town, 257
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balny slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

Iago. What! are you hurt, lieutenant? 261

Cas. Ay; past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O!
I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What! man; there are ways to recover the general again; you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he is yours. 279

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk! and speak parrot! and squabble, swagger, swear, and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you? 288

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts. 296

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. 302

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen, but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good. 307

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil. 314

Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good fami-

liar creature if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you. 318

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before. 334

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here. 341

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago! [Exit.]

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain? 345

When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy 348

The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, 353

His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god 356
With his weak function. How am I then a
villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on, 360
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,

As I do now; for while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, 364
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear
That she repeats him for her body's lust;

And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor. 368
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees? 380
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashiered
Cassio. 384

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morn-
ing;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: 389
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit RODERIGO.*] Two things
are to be done,

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on; 393

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way: 396
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

Act III.

Scene I.—Cyprus. Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your
pains;
Something that's brief; and bid 'Good morrow,
general.' [*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

Clow. Why, masters, have your instruments
been in Naples, that they speak f' the nose thus?

First Mus. How, sir, how? 5

Clow. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clow. O! thereby hangs a tail. 8

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clow. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument
that I know. But, masters, here's money for
you; and the general so likes your music, that
he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more
noise with it. 14

First Mus. Well, sir; we will not.

Clow. If you have any music that may not be
heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music
the general does not greatly care. 18

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clow. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for
I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away! 21

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?
Clow. No, I hear not your honest friend; I
hear you. 24

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a
poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman
that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell
her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour
of speech: wilt thou do this? 29

Clow. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither,
I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago. 32

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife; my suit to her 36
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. 41

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. [*Exit IAGO.*]
I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am
sorry 44

For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus 43
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wis-
dom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests he
loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front 52
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in: 56
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentleman.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't. 4
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]Scene III.—*Before the Castle.**Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves
 my husband,
 As if the case were his. 4

Des. O! that's an honest fellow. Do not
 doubt, Cassio,
 But I will have my lord and you again
 As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
 Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, 8
 He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. I know't; I thank you. You do love
 my lord;
 You have known him long; and be you well
 assur'd

He shall in strangeness stand no further off 12
 Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
 That policy may either last so long,
 Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
 Or breed itself so out of circumstance, 15
 That, I being absent and my place supplied,
 My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
 I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee, 20
 If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
 To the last article; my lord shall never rest;
 I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of pa-
 tience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
 I'll intermingle every thing he does 25
 With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;
 For thy solicitor shall rather die
 Than give thy cause away. 28

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
 Unfit for mine own purposes. 33

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not
 what. 36

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my
 wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot
 think it

That he would steal away so guilty-like,

Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he. 40

Des. How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean? 44

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good
 my lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you,
 His present reconciliation take;

For if he be not one that truly loves you, 48
 That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
 I have no judgment in an honest face.

I prithee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled, 52
 That he hath left part of his grief with me,
 To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other
 time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you. 56

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
 I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday
 morn; 60

On Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn:
 I prithee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
 And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—

Save that they say, the wars must make examples
 Out of their best,—is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he come?
 Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul, 68

What you could ask me that I should deny,
 Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael

Cassio,

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,
 When I have spoke of you disparagingly, 72

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
 To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much.—

Oth. Prithee, no more; let him come when
 he will;

I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon; 76

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
 Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
 To your own person; nay, when I have a suit 80

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
 It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,

And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
 Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this, 84

To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to
 thee straight.

- Des.* Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you; 88
 What'e'er you be, I am obedient.
- [*Exit, with EMILIA.*]
- Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
 But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again. 92
- Iago.* My noble lord,—
- Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?
- Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
 Know of your love?
- Oth.* He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask? 96
- Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;
 No further harm.
- Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?
- Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
- Oth.* O! yes; and went between us very oft. 100
- Iago.* Indeed!
- Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed; discern'st thou aught in that?
- Is he not honest?
- Iago.* Honest, my lord?
- Oth.* Honest! ay, honest.
- Iago.* My lord, for aught I know. 104
- Oth.* What dost thou think?
- Iago.* Think, my lord!
- Oth.* Think, my lord!
- By heaven, he echoes me,
 As if there were some monster in his thought
 Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something: 108
- I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that,
 When Cassio left my wife; what didst not like?
 And when I told thee he was of my counsel
 In my whole course of wooing, thou criest, 'Indeed!'
 And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
 Show me thy thought. 116
- Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.
- Oth.* I think thou dost;
 And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
 And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
 breath,
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the
 more; 120
- For such things in a false disloyal knave
 Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just
 They are close delations, working from the heart
 That passion cannot rule.
- Iago.* For Michael Cassio, 124
- I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.
- Oth.* I think so too.
- Iago.* Men should be what they seem;
 Or those that be not, would they might seem
 none!
- Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why then, I think Cassio is an honest
 man. 129
- Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this.
 I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thoughts,
 As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of
 thoughts 132
- The worst of words.
- Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me;
 Though I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
 Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile
 and false; 136
- As where's that palace whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so
 pure
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets and law days, and in session sit 140
 With meditations lawful?
- Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
 Iago,
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his
 ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts.
- Iago.* I do beseech you, 144
 Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,—
 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not,—that your wisdom
 yet, 148
- From one that so imperfectly conceits,
 Would take no notice, nor build yourself a
 trouble
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
 It were not for your quiet nor your good, 152
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.
- Oth.* What dost thou mean?
- Iago.* Good name in man and woman, dear
 my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls: 156
 Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
 nothing;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
 sands;
 But he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him, 160
 And makes me poor indeed.
- Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.
- Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your
 hand;
 Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody. 164
- Oth.* Ha!
- Iago.* O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
 It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger; 168
 But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er
 Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly
 loves!
- Oth.* O misery!

- Iago.* Poor and content is rich, and rich enough, 172
 But riches fincless is as poor as winter
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy!
- Oth.* Why, why is this? 176
 Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
 Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat
 When I shall turn the business of my soul 181
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
 jealous
 To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt; 188
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
 I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
 Away at once with love or jealousy! 192
- Iago.* I am glad of it; for now I shall have
 reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me; I speak not yet of proof. 196
 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
 Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure;
 I would not have your free and noble nature
 Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't: 200
 I know our country disposition well;
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their best
 conscience
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep unknown. 204
- Oth.* Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying
 you;
 And when she seem'd to shake and fear your
 looks,
 She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then; 208
 She that so young could give out such a seem-
 ing,
 To see her father's eyes up close as oak,
 He thought 'twas witchcraft; but I am much to
 blame;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon 212
 For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your
 spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.
 I hope you will consider what is spoke 216
 Comes from my love. But, I do see you're
 mov'd;
- I am to pray you not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues nor to larger reach
 Than to suspicion. 220
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
 My speech should fall into such vile success
 As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
 friend—
 My lord, I see you're mov'd
Oth. No, not much mov'd: 224
 I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
 think so!
Oth. And, yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point: as, to be bold
 with you, 228
 Not to affect many proposed matches
 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
 Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends;
 Foh! one may smell in such, a will most rank, 232
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural,
 But pardon me; I do not in position
 Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment, 236
 May fall to match you with her country forms
 And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
 If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
 Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago. 240
- Iago.* My lord, I take my leave, [Going.
Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature,
 doubtless,
 Sees and knows more, much more, than he un-
 folds.
Iago. [Returning.] My lord, I would I might
 entreat your honour 244
 To scan this thing no further; leave it to time.
 Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
 For, sure he fills it up with great ability,
 Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile, 248
 You shall by that perceive him and his means:
 Note if your lady strain his entertainment
 With any strong or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time, 252
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
 As worthy cause I have to fear I am,
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government. 256
Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings; if I do prove her haggard, 260
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
 And have not those soft parts of conversation 264
 That chamberers have, or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—
 She's gone, I am abus'd; and my relief
 Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage! 268
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites. I had rather be a
load,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love 272
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great
ones;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us 276
When we do quicken.

Look! where she comes.
If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.
I'll not believe it.

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner and the generous islanders 280
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why is your speech so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here. 284
Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away
again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:
[She drops her handkerchief.]
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you. 288

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[Exit OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times 292
Woo'd me to steal it, but she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago: 297
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone? 300
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for
you.

Iago. A thing for me? It is a common thing—
Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife. 304
Emil. O! is that all? What will you give
me now

For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona: 308
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?
Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being there, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me. 313

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you
have been so earnest

To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what's that to you? [Snatches it.]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of im-
port 317

Give't me again; poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not unknow'n on't; I have use
for it. 320

Go, leave me. [Exit EMILIA.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it; trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong 324
As proofs of holy writ; this may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,

But with a little act upon the blood, 329
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:

Look! where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, 332
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

Which thou ow'd'st yesterday.
Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of
that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on
the rack; 336

I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!
Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of
lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harmed not me;
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't and he's not robbed at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this. 345
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O! now, for ever 348
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill
trump, 352

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counter-
feit, 357

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
Iago. Is it possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore, 360

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so
prove it, 365

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,— 368

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture
me,

Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth
amaz'd;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that. 372

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man! have you a soul or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched
fool! 376

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice.
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O
world!

To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and, from hence 380
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such
offence.

Oth. Nay, stay; thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world, 384
I think my wife be honest and think she is not;
I think that thou art just and think thou art
not.

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black 388
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with pas-
sion. 392

I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my
lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on; 396
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect; damn them!
then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster 400
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross 405

As ignorance made drunk; but yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth, 408
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far, 412

Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep. 416

There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona, 420
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!'

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my
hand,

Cry, 'O, sweet creature!' and then kiss me
hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots, 424
That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg

Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
cried, 'Curs'd fate, that gave thee to the Moor!'

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other
proofs

That do demonstrate thine.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces. 432

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing
done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first
gift. 437

Iago. I know not that; but such a handker-
chief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,— 440

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O! that the slave had forty thousand
lives;

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge. 444
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love! thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate. Swell, bosom, with thy
fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O! blood, blood, blood! 452

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps,
may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on 456
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge 460
Swallow them up. [Kneels.]

Now, by yond marble heaven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. [Kneels.]
Witness, you ever-burning lights above! 464

You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him com-
mand, 468

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't: 472
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your
request:

But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw 477
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.—Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
Cassio lies?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man? 4

Clow. He is a soldier; and for one to say a
soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you
where I lie, 9

Des. Can anything be made of this?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for me
to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he
lies there, were to lie in mine own throat. 13

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified
by report?

Clow. I will catechize the world for him; that
is, make questions, and by them answer. 17

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell
him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and
hope all will be well. 20

Clow. To do this is within the compass of
man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the
doing it. [Exit.]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief,
Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam. 24

Des. Believe me, I had rather lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes; and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough 29
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who! he? I think the sun where he
was born

Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look! where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio 33
Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [Aside.] O! hard-
ness to dissemble.

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist,
my lady. 37

Des. It yet has felt no age nor known no
sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal
heart;

Hot, hot, and moist; this hand of yours re-
quires 40

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, 44
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand; the hearts of old gave
hands,

But our new heraldry is hands not hearts. 48

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now,
your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak
with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends
me. 52

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief 56

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she
kept it,

'Twould make her amiable and subdue my
father 60

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should
hunt

After new fancies. She dying gave it me; 64
And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't or give't away, were such perdition 68
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of
it;

A sibil, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses, 72
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the
silk,

And it was dy'd in mummy which the skillful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true? 76

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heaven that I had never
seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and
rash? 80

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'
the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How! 84

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:

Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again. 88

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief; my mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio. 92

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth you are to blame. 96

Oth. Away! [Exit.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;
I am most unhappy in the loss of it. 101

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a
man;

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerily, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you! Cassio and my hus-
band. 105

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must
do't;

And, lo! the happiness: go and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news
with you? 108

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech
you

That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love

Whom I with all the office of my heart 112
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd.

If my offence be of such mortal kind

That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, 116

Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;

So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course 120

To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio!

My advocacy is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd. 124

So help me every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best

And stood within the blank of his displeasure

For my free speech. You must awhile be pa-
tient; 128

What I can do I will, and more I will

Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,

And, certainly in strange inquietness. 132

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the
cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air,

And, like the devil, from his very arm

Puff'd his own brother; and can he be angry?

Something of moment then; I will go meet him;

There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prithee, do so. [Exit IAGO.] Some-
thing, sure, of state,

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him, 141

Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such
cases

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,

Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;

For let our finger ache, and it induces 145

Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense

Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,

Nor of them look for such observancy 148

As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,

I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—

Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;

But now I find I had suborn'd the witness, 152

And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you
think,

And no conception, nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause. 156

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd
so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous; 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself. 161

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here-
about; 164

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit

And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca? 169

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging,
Cassio.

What! keep a week away? seven days and
nights? 172

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent
hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca,
I have this while with leaden thoughts been
press'd, 176

But I shall, in a more continueate time,

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca.

[*Giving her DESDEMONA'S handkerchief.*]
Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio! whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend; 180

To the felt absence now I feel a cause;

Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous
now 184

That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet; I found it in my
chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,— 188

As like enough it will,—I'd have it copied;

Take it and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general, 192

And think it no addition nor my wish
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me,
I pray you, bring me on the way a little 196
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring
you,

For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circum-
stanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IV.

Scene I.—*Cyprus. Before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago!

Iago. What!

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend a-bed

An hour or more, not meaning any harm? 4

Oth. Naked a-bed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven. 8

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip;

But if I gave my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and,
being hers, 12

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;

May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not
seen; 16

They have it very oft that have it not:

But for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have
forgot it:—

Thou said'st,—O! it comes o'er my memory, 20

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What.

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong? 24

Or heard him say, as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose 28

But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well
assur'd,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what
he did. 32

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say, lie on her, when they belle her. Lie with her! that's fulsome. Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief. To confess, and be hanged for his labour. First, to be hanged, and then to confess: I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips. Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil! [*Falls in a trance.*]
Iago. Work on, 45
 My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
 And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
 All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord! 48
 My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio?

Cas. What's the matter!
Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
 This is his second fit; he had one yesterday. 52
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear;
 The lethargy must have his quiet course,
 If not he foams at mouth, and by and by
 Breaks out to savage madness. Look! he stirs;
 Do you withdraw yourself a little while, 57
 He will recover straight; when he is gone,
 I would on great occasion speak with you.
 [*Exit CASSIO.*]
 How is it, general? have you not hurt your head? 60
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
 Would you would bear your fortune like a man!
Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast then, in a populous city, 64
 And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
 Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
 May draw with you; there's millions now alive
 That nightly lie in those unproper beds 69
 Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
 O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
 To lip a wanton in a secure couch, 72
 And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;
 And knowing what I am I know what she shall be.
Oth. O! thou art wise; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
 Confine yourself but in a patient list. 76
 Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief,—

A passion most unsuiting such a man,—
 Cassio came hither; I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy; 80
 Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
 The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable
 scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face; 84
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
 Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen, 89
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
 I will be found most cunning in my patience;
 But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.
Iago. That's not amiss; 92
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
 [*OTHELLO goes apart.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife that by selling her desires
 Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's
 plague 97
 To beguile many and be beguill'd by one.
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; 101
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light be-
 haviour
 Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieuten-
 ant? 104
Cas. The worse that you give me the ad-
 dition
 Whose want even kills me.
Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure
 on't.
 [*Speaking lower.*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's
 power, 108
 How quickly should you speed!
Cas. Alas! poor caitiff!
Oth. Look! how he laughs already!
Iago. I never knew woman love man so.
Cas. Alas! poor rogue, I think, I' faith, she
 loves me. 112
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it
 out.
Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?
Oth. Now he importunes him
 To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.
Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry
 her; 116
 Do you intend it?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you tri-
 umph?
Cas. I marry her! what? a customer? I

prithce, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her. 125

Cas. Prithce, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. 128

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. 133

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea bank with certain Venetians, and thither come this bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, 'O dear Cassio!' as it were; his gesture imports it. 140

Cas. So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me; so hailes and pulls me; ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not the dog I shall throw it to. 145

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one. 149

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work! A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There, give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now! 161

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [Exit.]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else. 169

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you. 173

Cas. Prithce, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit CASSIO.]

Oth. [Advancing.] How shall I murder him, Iago? 177

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O! Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief? 180

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore. 185

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 188

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way. 195

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is. So delicate with her needle! An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear. Of so high and plenteous wit and invention! 200

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O! a thousand, a thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle. 204

Oth. Nay, that's certain;—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O! Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody. 209

Oth. I will chop her into messes. Cuckold me!

Iago. O! 'tis foul in her. 212

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago. 218

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker; you shall hear more by midnight. 224

Oth. Excellent good. [A trumpet within.] What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

Come from the duke; and see, your wife is with him. 228

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. God save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a packet.]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [Opens the packet, and reads.]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico? 232

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant
Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir. 236

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and
my lord

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord? 240

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the
paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio. 245

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What! is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter moved him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government. 249

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [Strikes her.

Des. I have not deserved this. 252

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in
Venice,

Though I should swear I saw 't: 'tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile. 257

Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady;
I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 260

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her
turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, 264

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,

Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—

I am commanded home. Get you away; 269

I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice. Hence! avaunt!

[Exit DESDEMONA.

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together; 273

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and
monkeys! [Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full
senate

Call all-in-all sufficient? is this the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid
virtue

The shot of accident nor dart of chance

Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of
brain? 280

Iago. He's that he is; I may not breathe my
censure.

What he might be, if, what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were!

Lod. What! strike his wife!

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would
I knew 284

That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak 288

What I have seen and known. You shall observe
him,

And his own courses will denote him so

That I may save my speech. Do but go after

And mark how he continues. 292

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him.
[Exit.

Scene II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her to-
gether.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I
heard 4

Each syllable that breath made up between
them.

Oth. What! did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,
nor nothing? 8

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true, 16

There's no man happy; thè purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither; go.

[Exit EMILIA.

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle
whore, 20
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her
do't.

Re-enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; 24

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [To EMILIA.] Some of your function,
mistress;

Leave procreants alone and shut the door;

Cough or cry 'hem' if any body come; 28

Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch.

[Exit EMILIA.]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech
import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words. 32

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-
selves

Should fear to seize thee; therefore be double-
damnd; 36

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false
as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how
am I false?

Oth. Ah! Desdemona; away, away, away! 40

Des. Alas! the heavy day!—Why do you
weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back, 44

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost
him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction, had he rain'd

All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips, 49

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,

I should have found in some part of my soul

A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me 52

The fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at;

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well;

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live or bear no life, 57

The fountain from the which my current runs

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads 60

To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion
there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me
honest. 64

Oth. O! ay; as summer flies are in the
shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst
ne'er been born. 68

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I com-
mitted?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly
book,

Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner! 72

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!

Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets 77

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it. What committed!

Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong. 80

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord

From any other foul unlawful touch

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none. 84

Oth. What! not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O! heaven forgive us.

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice 88

That married with Othello. You, mistress,

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for
your pains. 92

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.

[Exit.]

Emil. Alas! what does this gentleman con-
ceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good
lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep. 96

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with
my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady. 100

Des. I have none; do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep, nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember:
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change indeed! 105
[*Exit.*]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse? 108

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How
is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach
young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks; 112
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd
her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear. 117

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his
drink 120

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the
day! 124

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble
matches,

Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one
weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it! 128
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie! there is no such man; it is im-
possible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon
him!

Emil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw
his bones! 136

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her
company?

What place? what time? what form? what
likelihood?

The Moor's abused by some most villanous
knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven! that such companions thou'dst un-
fold, 141

And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door. 144
Emil. O! fie upon them. Some such squire
he was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago, 148

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of
heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love, 152
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did, 156
And ever will, though he do shake me off,
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life, 160
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':
It does abhor me now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content, 'tis but his
humour; 165

The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*]
Hark! how these instruments summon to supper;
169

The messengers of Venice stay the meat:

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo! 172

Rod. I do not find that thou dealest justly
with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daffest me with some
device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now,
keepest from me all conveniency, than suppliest
me with the least advantage of hope. I will in-
deed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded
to put up in peace what already I have foolishly
suffered. 182

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much, for your
words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly. 186

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted
myself out of my means. The jewels you have
had from me to deliver to Desdemona would
half have corrupted a votarist; you have told
me she has received them, and returned me

expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none. 193

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well; by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well. 198

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona; if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now. 204

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo; thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair. 212

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage, and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass? 224

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice. 228

Iago. O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio. 233

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do? 237

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste; about it. 250

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O! pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir? 4

O! Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look it be done. 9

Des. I will, my lord.

[Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent; 12
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: 16
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns,— 20

Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one. Good faith! how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me 24
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad
And did forsake her; she had a song of 'willow'; 28

An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,

And she died singing it; that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side, 32
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man. 36

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have

walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his
 nether lip. 40

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
 Sing all a green willow;
 Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
 Sing willow, willow, willow: 44
 The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd
 her moans;
 Sing willow, willow, willow:
 Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the
 stones;—

Lay by these:— 48
 Sing willow, willow, willow:

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—
 Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
 Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next. Hark! who is it that
 knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. I call'd my love false love; but what said he
 then? 56
 Sing willow, willow, willow:
 If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe
 men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do
 itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O! these men,
 these men! 61

Dest thou in conscience think, tell me, Emilia,
 That there be women do abuse their husbands
 In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
 world? 65

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light!

I might do 't as well i' the dark. 68

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
 world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing; 'tis a great
 price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should, and undo't
 when I had done. Marry, I would not do such
 a thing for a joint-ring, nor measures of lawn,
 nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty
 exhibition; but for the whole world, who would
 not make her husband a cuckold to make him
 a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
 For the whole world. 80

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the
 world; and having the world for your labour,
 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might
 quickly make it right. 84

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the
 vantage, as would store the world they play'd
 for. 88

But I do think it is their husbands' faults
 If wives do fall. Say that they slack their
 duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
 Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
 Throwing restraint upon us; or, say they strike
 us,

Or scant our former having in despite;
 Why, we have galls, and though we have some
 grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
 Their wives have sense like them; they see and
 smell, 97

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do
 When they change us for others? Is it sport?
 I think it is; and doth affection breed it? 101
 I think it doth; is't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too; and have not we affections,
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have? 104
 Then, let them use us well; else let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night; heaven me such
 usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! 108
 [Exeunt.]

Act V.

Scene I.—Cyprus. A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight
 will he come;

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
 Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
 It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, 4
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take
 thy stand. [Retires.]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed; 8
 And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:
 'Tis but a man gone: forth, my sword; he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost
 to the sense,
 And he grows angry. Nay, whether he kill
 Cassio, 12

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
 Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold and jewels that I bob'd from him, 16
 As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life
 That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor 20

May unfold me to him; there stand I in much
peril.
No, he must die. But so; I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he. Villain, thou
diest! [*Makes a pass at CASSIO.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy in-
deed

But that my coat is better than thou know'st;
I will make proof of thine.

Rod. [*Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.*]
O! I am slain.

[*IAGO from behind wounds CASSIO in
the leg, and exit.*]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder!
murder! [*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his
word.

Rod. O! villain that I am!

Oth. It is e'en so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he: O brave Iago, honest and just!
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies; strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
blotted;

Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be
spotted. [*Exit.*]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What ho! no watch? no passage? mur-
der! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very
direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans: it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to
death.

Lod. Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, with a light.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light
and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that
cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valliant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so griev-
ously?

Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, Heutenant! what villains have
done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!
[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*] What are you
there? come in, and give some help.

Rod. O! help me here.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[*Stabs RODERIGO.*]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men! the dark! Where be these
bloody thieves?

How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt
by villains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid,
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that
cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried!

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you
suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled
you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus; I have
been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O! for a
chair,

To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas! he faints! O Cassio, Cassio,
Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come.
Lend me a light. Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no: yes, sure, O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What! of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle
pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my man-
ners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? O! a chair, a chair! 96

Gra. Roderigo! [*A chair brought in.*]

Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—O! that's well said; the chair:

Some good men bear him carefully from hence; I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To BIANCA.*]

For you, mistress, 100

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To BIANCA.*] What! look you pale? O! bear him out o' the air— 104

[*CASSIO AND RODERIGO are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistresses?—

Do you perceive the gashness of her eye? Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her: 108

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las! what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark 112

By Roderigo and fellows that are 'scaped: He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas! good gentleman; alas! good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia, 116

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night. What! do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O! did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet! 121

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd. 124

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale. Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd. Will you go on afore? [*Aside.*] This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite. 129

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—*A Bedchamber in the Castle. DES- DEMONA in bed asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood, Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow, 4

And smooth as monumental alabaster. Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light: If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, 8

I can again thy former light restore, Should I repent me; but once put out thy light, Thou cunning'st pattern of excellent nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat 12 That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd

the rose, I cannot give it vital growth again, It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

[*Kisses her.*]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade 16 Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee, And love thee after. One more, and this the

last: So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20

But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly, It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord? 24

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight. 28

Des. Alas! my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No; heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven 33

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen! with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum! 36

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then

When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you. 40

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip? Some bloody passion shakes your very frame; 44

These are portents, but yet, I hope, I hope They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

- Oth.* That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee 48
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
- Des.* No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man and ask him.
- Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.
- Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.
- Oth.* Yes, presently; 52
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die. 56
- Des.* Then Lord have mercy on me!
- Oth.* I say, amen.
- Des.* And have you mercy too! I never did offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven 60
As I might love; I never gave him token.
- Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do 64
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
- Des.* He found it then;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
- Oth.* He hath confess'd. 68
- Des.* What, my lord?
- Oth.* That he hath us'd thee.
- Des.* How? unlawfully?
- Oth.* Ay.
- Des.* He will not say so.
- Oth.* No; his mouth is stopped;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't. 72
- Des.* O! my fear interprets. What! is he dead?
- Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
- Des.* Alas! he is betray'd and I undone. 76
- Oth.* Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
- Des.* O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
- Oth.* Down, strumpet!
- Des.* Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.
- Oth.* Nay, if you strive,— 81
- Des.* But half an hour!
- Oth.* Being done, there is no pause.
- Des.* But while I say one prayer.
- Oth.* It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]
- Emil.* [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what, ho!
my lord, my lord! 84
- Oth.* What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
- I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.
- Emil.* [*Within.*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!
- Oth.* Who's there? 88
- Emil.* [*Within.*] O! good my lord, I would speak a word with you!
- Oth.* Yes; 'tis Emilia: by and by. She's dead. 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high. Ha! no more moving? 92
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?
- I think she stirs again: no. What's best to do?
If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife:
O, insupportable! O heavy hour! 97
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
- Emil.* [*Within.*] I do beseech you 100
That I may speak with you, O! good my lord.
- Oth.* I had forgot thee: O! come in, Emilia:
Soft, by and by: let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*]
- Enter EMILIA.*
- What's the matter with thee now? 104
- Emil.* O! my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.
- Oth.* What! now?
- Emil.* But now, my lord.
- Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont, 108
And makes men mad.
- Emil.* Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.
- Oth.* Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd?
- Emil.* No, Cassio is not kill'd. 112
- Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
- Des.* O! falsely, falsely murder'd.
- Emil.* Alas! what cry is that?
- Oth.* That! what? 116
- Emil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:
Help! Help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O! sweet mistress, speak.
- Des.* A guiltless death I die. 120
- Emil.* O! who hath done this deed?
- Des.* Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O! farewell!
- [Dies.]*
- Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?
- Emil.* Alas! who knows? 124
- Oth.* You heard her say herself it was not I.
- Emil.* She said so; I must needs report the truth.
- Oth.* She's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
- Emil.* O! the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil. 129
- Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire to say That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell But that I did proceed upon just grounds— 136 To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock? 140

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world Of one entire and perfect chrysolite, I'd not have sold her for it. 144

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first: An honest man he is, and hates the slime That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband. 148

Emil. O mistress! villany hath made mocks with love.

My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman; I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago. 152

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart: She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha! 156

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace! you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm 160

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,— I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known, Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help, ho! help! 164

The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and Others.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, general!

Emil. O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter? 169

Emil. Disprove this villain if thou be'st a man:

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false. I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain. Speak, for my heart is full. 173

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false? 176

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio! Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue. 181

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak.

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forfend! 184

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany! villany! villany!

I think upon't, I think, I smell't; O villany! 189 I thought so then; I'll kill myself for grief.

O! villany, villany!

Iago. What! are you mad? I charge you, get you home. 192

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now. Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Falls on the bed.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar,

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent 197 That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O! she was foul.

I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd: 200

I know this act shows terrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn, Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows 208

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works With that recognizance and pledge of love 212

Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand: It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out; I hold my peace, sir? no; 217