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THE WORKS  
of  
**WILLIAM SHAKSPERE**  
*Dramatic and Poetical*  
with an Account of his Life and Writings  
*Knight's Cabinet Edition*  
*With Additional Notes*



VOLUME IX

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The PORTRAIT to this Volume is taken from a design after  
Roubiliac.









'THE Tragedie of Macbeth' was first published in the folio collection of 1623. Its place in that edition is between 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Hamlet.' And yet, in the modern reprints of the text of Shakspeare, 'Macbeth' is placed the first amongst the Histories. This is to convey a wrong notion of the character of this great drama. Shakspeare's Chronicle-histories are essentially conducted upon a different principle. The interest of 'Macbeth' is not an historical interest. It matters not whether the action is true, or has been related as true: it belongs to the realms of poetry altogether. We might as well call 'Lear' or 'Hamlet' historical plays, because the outlines of the story of each are to be found in old records of the past. Our text is, with very few exceptions, a restoration of the text of the original folio.

In Coleridge's early sonnet 'to the Author of the Robbers,' his imagination is enchained to the most terrible scene of that play; disregarding, as it were, all the accessaries by which its horrors are mitigated and rendered endurable:—

" Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,  
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent  
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent,  
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry—  
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean  
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout  
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout  
Diminish'd shrunk from the more withering scene!"

It was in a somewhat similar manner that Shakspeare's representation of the murder of Duncan affected the imagination of Mrs. Siddons:—"It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that on which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But, to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, (a night I can never forget,) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting it out; and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes."\* If the drama of 'Macbeth' were to produce the same

\* Memoranda by Mrs. Siddons, inserted in her 'Life' by Mr. Campbell.

effect upon the mind of an imaginative reader as that described by Mrs. Siddons, it would not be the great work of art which it really is. If our poet had resolved, using the words of his own 'Othello,' to

"abandon all remorse,

On horror's head horrors accumulate,"

the midnight terrors, such as Mrs. Siddons has described, would have indeed been a tribute to *power*,—but not to the power which has produced 'Macbeth.' The paroxysm of fear, the panic-struck fancy, the prostrated senses, so beautifully described by this impassioned actress, were the result of the intensity with which she had fixed her mind upon that part of the play which she was herself to act. In the endeavour to get the words into her head her own fine genius was naturally kindled to behold a complete vision of the wonderful scene. Again, and again, were the words repeated, on that night which she could never forget,—in the silence of that night when all about her were sleeping. And then she heard the owl shriek, amidst the hurried steps in the fatal chamber,—and she saw the bloody hands of the assassin,—and, personifying the murderess, she rushed to dip her own hands in the gore of Duncan. It is perfectly evident that this intensity of conception has carried the horrors far beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion, and has produced all the terrors of a real murder. No reader of the play, and no spectator, can regard this play as Mrs. Siddons regarded it. On that night she, probably for the first time, had a strong though imperfect vision of the character of Lady Macbeth, such as she afterwards delineated it; and in that case,

what to all of us must, under any circumstances, be a work of art, however glorious, was to her almost a reality. It was the isolation of the scene, demanded by her own attempt to conceive the character of Lady Macbeth, which made it so terrible to Mrs. Siddons. The reader has to regard it as a part of a great whole, which combines and harmonises with all around it; for which he is adequately prepared by what has gone before; and which,—even if we look at it as a picture which represents only that one portion of the action, has still its own repose, its own harmony of colouring, its own chiaroscuro,—is to be seen under a natural light. There was a preternatural light upon it when Mrs. Siddons saw it as she has described.

The leading characteristic of this glorious tragedy is, without doubt, that which constitutes the essential difference between a work of the highest genius and a work of mediocrity. Without *power*—by which we here especially mean the ability to produce strong excitement by the display of scenes of horror—no poet of the highest order was ever made; but this alone does not make such a poet. If he is called upon to present such scenes, they must, even in their most striking forms, be associated with the beautiful. The pre-eminence of his art in this particular can alone prevent them affecting the imagination beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion. To keep within these limits, and yet to preserve all the energy which results from the power of dealing with the terrible apart from the beautiful, belongs to few that the world has seen: to Shakspeare it belongs surpassingly.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.*

MALCOLM, *son to Duncan.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act IV.  
sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.*

DONALBAIN, *son to Duncan.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3.*

MACBETH, *general of the King's army.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2;  
sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V.  
sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 7.*

BANQUO, *general of the King's army.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1.  
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

MACDUFF, *a nobleman of Scotland.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 3.  
Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.*

LENOX, *a nobleman of Scotland.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;  
sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.*

ROSSE, *a nobleman of Scotland.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 4. Act III.  
sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 7.*

MENTETH, *a nobleman of Scotland.*

*Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.*

ANGUS, *a nobleman of Scotland.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.*

CATHNESS, *a nobleman of Scotland.*

*Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.*

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**SIWARD**, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*

*Appears, Act V. sc. 4 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7.*

**Young SIWARD**, *son to the Earl of Northumberland.*

*Appears, Act V. sc. 4 ; sc. 7.*

**SEYTON**, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

*Appears, Act V. sc. 3 ; sc. 5.*

**Son to Macduff.**

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.*

**An English Doctor.**

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.*

**A Scotch Doctor.**

*Appears, Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 3.*

**A Soldier.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2.*

**A Porter.**

*Appears, Act II. sc. 3.*

**An old Man.**

*Appears, Act II. sc. 4.*

**LADY MACBETH.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 5 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.*

**LADY MACDUFF.**

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.*

**Gentlewoman**, *attending on Lady Macbeth.*

*Appears, Act V. sc. 1.*

**HECATE.**

*Appears, Act III. sc. 5.*

**Three Witches.**

*Appear, Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1.*

**Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.**

**SCENE**,—**IN THE END OF ACT IV. IN ENGLAND ;  
THROUGH THE REST OF THE PLAY IN SCOTLAND.**

# M A C B E T H.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's<sup>a</sup> done,  
When the battle's lost and won:

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!<sup>b</sup>

*All.* Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Witches vanish.*]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres. Alarum within.*

*Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX,*  
*with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

<sup>a</sup> *Hurlyburly.* In Peacham's 'Garden of Eloquence,' 1577, this word is given as an example of that ornament of language which consists in "a name intimating the sound of that it signifieth, as *hurlyburly*, for an uproar and tumultuous stir."

<sup>b</sup> *Graymalkin* is a cat; *Paddock*, a toad.

*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.

*Sold.* Doubtful it stood ;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald  
(Worthy to be a rebel ; for, to that,  
The multiplying villainies of nature  
Do swarn upon him) from the western isles  
Of<sup>a</sup> kernes and gallowglasses is supplied :  
And fortune, on his damned quarry<sup>b</sup> smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's whore : But all 's too weak :  
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)  
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 ;  
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 !

*Sold.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break ;<sup>c</sup>  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :  
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,

<sup>a</sup> *Of* is here used in the sense of *with*.

<sup>b</sup> *Quarry*.—So the original. The common reading, on the emendation of Johnson, is *quarrel*. We conceive that the original word is that used by Shakspeare; the "damned quarry" being the doomed army of kernes and gallowglasses, who, although fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fled before the sword of Macbeth, and became his *quarry*—his prey.

<sup>c</sup> The word *break* is not in the original. The second folio adds *breaking*. Some verb is wanting ; and the reading of the second folio is some sort of authority for the introduction of *break*.

Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels,  
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this our captains, Macbeth and  
Banquo?

*Sold.* Yes: As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
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,  
I cannot tell:

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

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

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

*Enter Rosse.*

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthythane of Rosse.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes!

So should he look that seems to speak things strange.

*Rosse.* God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

*Rosse.* From Fife, great king,  
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,  
And fan our people cold.  
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,<sup>a</sup> lapp'd in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Bellona's bridegroom* is here undoubtedly Macbeth.

<sup>b</sup> This is the original punctuation, which we think, with Tieck, is better than

“Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm.”

Curbing his lavish spirit : And, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us ;—

*Dun.* Great happiness !

*Rosse.* That now  
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest :—Go, pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath. Thunder.*

*Enter the three Witches.*

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

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou ?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,  
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :—"Give  
me," quoth I :

"Aroint thee," witch !" the rump-fed ronyon<sup>b</sup> cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger :  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Th' art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other ;  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know

<sup>a</sup> *Aroint thee.*—See King Lear, Act III. Scene 4.

<sup>b</sup> *Ronyon.*—See As You Like It, Act II. Scene 2.

I' the shipman's card.  
I'll drain him dry as hay :  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;  
He shall live a man forbid :  
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.  
Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within*.

3 *Witch*. A drum, a drum :  
Macbeth doth come.

*All*. The weird<sup>a</sup> sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about ;  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again, to make up nine :  
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

*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 ;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on 't ? Live you ? or are you aught  
That man may question ? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips :—You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

<sup>a</sup> *Weird*. There can be no doubt that this term is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wyrd*, word spoken ; and in the same way that the word *fate* is anything spoken, *weird* and *fatal* are synonymous, and equally applicable to such mysterious beings as Macbeth's witches.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that 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, Are ye fantastical,<sup>a</sup> or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having, and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, And say, which grain will grow, and which will not, Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none: So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis; But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king, Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence You owe this strange intelligence? or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches *vanish*.]

<sup>a</sup> *Fantastical*—belonging to fantasy—imaginary.

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them : Whither are they vanish'd ?

*Macb.* Into the air : and what seem'd corporal,  
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid !

*Ban.* Were such things here as we do speak about ?  
Or have we eaten on the insane root,<sup>a</sup>  
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 ?

*Enter Rosse and Angus.*

*Rosse.* The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
'The news of thy success : and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which should be thine, or his : Silenc'd with that  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death, as thick as tale  
Can post with post ; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent,  
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;  
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

*Rosse.* And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true ?

<sup>a</sup> *Henbane* is called *insana* in an old book of medicine, which  
Shakspeare might have consulted.

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives : Why do you  
dress me  
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 with hidden help  
And 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 overthrown him.

*Macb.* Glamis, and thane of Cawdor .  
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—  
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,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.—  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—  
This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
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  
Are less than horrible imaginings :

My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.

*Macb.* If chance will have me king, why, chance  
may crown me,

Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,  
But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*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,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,  
LENOX, 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,  
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  
As one that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 't were a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There 's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face :  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.*

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me : Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd ;  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties : and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children and servants ;  
Which do but what they should, by doing everything  
Safe toward your love and honour.

*Dun.* Welcome hither :  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
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 enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
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,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter

The prince of Cumberland : which honour must  
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you ;  
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.* The prince of Cumberland !—That is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !  
Let not light see my black and deep desires :  
The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

*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,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :  
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's  
Castle.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.*

*Lady M.* " 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 mis-  
sives from the king, who all hailed me, ' Thane of Cawdor ;'  
by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and re-  
ferred 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  
What thou art promis'd :—Yet do I fear thy nature ;



Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect, and it!<sup>a</sup> Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, "Hold, hold!"—Great Glamis, worthy  
Cawdor!

*Enter MACBETH.*

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
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?

*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 it. He that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
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.

<sup>a</sup> If fear, compassion, or any other compunctious visitings, stand between a cruel purpose and its realization, they may be said to keep peace between them, as one who interferes between a violent man and the object of his wrath keeps peace.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear;  
 To alter favour ever is to fear:  
 Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.*

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,  
 LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
 Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
 By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
 Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,  
 Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
 Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:  
 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,  
 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

\* We have restored the old familiar expression *God-eyld*, as suiting better with the playfulness of Duncan's speech than the *God yield us* of the modern text. There is great refinement in the sentiment of the passage, but the meaning is tolerably clear. The love which follows us is sometimes troublesome; so we give you trouble, but look you only at the love we bear to you, and so bless us and thank us.

Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.<sup>a</sup>

*Dun.* Where 's the thane of Cawdor ?  
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand :  
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.

SCENE 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 ser-  
vice. Then enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were  
well

It were done quickly : If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal<sup>b</sup> of time,  
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,

<sup>a</sup> *Hermits*—beadsmen—bound to pray for a benefactor.

<sup>b</sup> *Shoal*—in the original, *schoole*. Theobald corrected the word to *shoal*, "by which," says Steevens, "our author means the shallow ford of life." We shall not disturb the received reading, which is unquestionably the safest.

We still have judgment here ; that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice  
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust :  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed : then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
 The deep damnation of his taking-off :  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,<sup>a</sup>  
 And falls on the other<sup>b</sup>—How now, what news ?

<sup>a</sup> It has been proposed to read, instead of *itself*, *its sell*, *its saddle*. However clever may be the notion, we can scarcely admit the necessity for the change of the original. A person (and vaulting ambition is personified) might be said to *overleap himself*, as well as *overbalance himself*, or *overcharge himself*, or *overlabour himself*, or *overmeasure himself*, or *overreach himself*. The word *over* in all these cases is used in the sense of *too much*.

<sup>b</sup> After *other* Hanmer introduced *side*. The commentators say that the addition is unnecessary, inasmuch as the plural noun, *sides*, occurs just before. But surely this notion is to produce a jumble of the metaphor. Macbeth compares his *intent* to a courser: I have no spur to urge him on. Unprepared I am about to vault into my seat, but I overleap myself and fall. It appears to us that the sentence is broken by the entrance of the messenger; that it is not complete in itself; and would not have been completed with *side*.

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd : 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  
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 ?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely ? From this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem ;  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?<sup>a</sup>

*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 ?  
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  
Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know  
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me :  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,

<sup>a</sup> We find the adage in Heywood's Proverbs, 1566 :—"The cat would eat fish and would not wet her feet."

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,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
(Where to the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,<sup>a</sup>  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck<sup>b</sup> only : When in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
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?<sup>c</sup>

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only,  
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.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Convince*—overpower.

<sup>b</sup> *Limbeck*—alambic.

<sup>c</sup> *Quell*—murder.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.*

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.*

*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, 't is later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword.—There 's husbandry<sup>a</sup> in heaven,

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!—Give me my sword;—

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

Who 's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:

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,

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:

To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them:

<sup>a</sup> *Husbandry*—frugality.

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<sup>st</sup> leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent,<sup>a</sup>—when 't  
is,

It shall make honour for you.

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

*Macb.* Good repose, the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, sir; the like to you! [*Exit BANQUO.*]

*Macb.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit SERV.*]  
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  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou 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,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade, and dudgeon,<sup>b</sup> gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing.  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates

<sup>a</sup> *Consent*—union.

<sup>b</sup> *Dudgeon*—the handle of the dagger.

Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing sides,\* towards his design,  
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he lives :  
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. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk hath  
made me bold :  
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire :—  
Hark ! Peace ! It was the owl that shriek'd,  
The fatal bellman 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.

*Macb.* [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

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

\* *Sides.*—This is the word of the old copies ; but Pope changed it to *strides*. A doubt arises whether this word is compatible with "stealthy pace." The word, in its usual acceptation, and looking at its etymology, does not convey the notion of stealthy and silent movement. Can we reconcile then the word *sides* with the context? Tieck contends that *sides* has been received as the seat of the passions, and is so here poetically used.

And 't is not done :—the attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us :—Hark !—I laid their daggers ready,  
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 ?

*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 !—

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

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

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

*Macb.* There 's one did laugh in his sleep,  
And one cried, "murther !" 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 ;

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 ?  
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

Macbeth does murther sleep, the innocent sleep ;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave<sup>a</sup> of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

*Lady M.* What do you mean ?

*Macb.* Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house :

"Glamis hath murther'd sleep : and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !"

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things :—Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?  
They must 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 ;  
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 ; 't is the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
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 !

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather

<sup>a</sup> *Sleeve*—unwrought silk—the *sfilezza* of the Italians,

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green—one red.\*

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking  
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more  
knocking:  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 't were best not know  
myself. [*Knock.*  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I would thou  
couldst! [*Exeunt,*

### SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter a Porter.* [*Knocking within.*

*Porter.* Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a man were  
porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.  
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who 's there,

\* The idea of this passage, and, in some degree, the expression, is to be found in a line of Heywood ('Robert Earl of Huntingdon') :—

"The multitudes of seas dyed red with blood."

This gives us, we think, the meaning of *multitudinous*. Upon the mode of reading the following line the commentators are at variance. In the original it stands

"Making the green one, red."

This Malone adopts. The ordinary reading,

"Making the green—one red,"

was suggested by Murphy, and adopted by Steevens. There can be little doubt, we apprehend, of the propriety of the alteration.

i' the name of Belzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty : Come in time ; have napkins enough about you ; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking.*] 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.*] 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.*] Knock, knock : Never at quiet ! What are you ?—But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further : I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon ; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late ?

*Port.* 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second  
cock : and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

*Macd.* What three things does drink especially provoke ?

*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes : it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance : Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off ; it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and not stand to : in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Port.* That it did, sir, i' 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?—  
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*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;  
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 't is one.

*Macb.* The labour we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I 'll make so hold to call,  
For 't is my limited<sup>a</sup> service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does:—he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly: Where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death:  
And prophesying with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time,  
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night:  
Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake.<sup>b</sup>

*Macb.* 'T was a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

<sup>a</sup> *Limited*—appointed.

<sup>b</sup> We here follow the regulation of the original. But we have adopted a punctuation suggested by a friend, which connects "the obscure bird" with "prophesying."

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror!  
Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee!

*Macb., Len.* What 's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-piece!  
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?

*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.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!  
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeits,  
And look on death itself:—up, up, and see  
The great doom's image—Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,  
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.<sup>a</sup> [*Bell rings.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* What 's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

*Macd.* O, gentle lady,  
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.—

<sup>a</sup> The words "*ring the bell*" form part of the original text; and the stage direction, "*bell rings*," immediately follows. The commentators strike out "*ring the bell*," contending that these words also were a stage direction. But how natural is it that Macduff, having previously cried "*ring the alarum-bell*," should repeat the order!

*Enter BANQUO.*

O Banquo! Banquo! our royal master 's murder'd!

*Lady M.* Woe, alas! what, in our house?

*Ban.* Too cruel, anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,

And say, it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.*

*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:  
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:  
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 distracted;  
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,  
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
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  
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : Who could refrain  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make his love known ?

*Lady M.*

Help me hence, ho !

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.*

Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

*Don.* What should be spoken here,  
Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,  
May rush, and seize us ? Let 's away ; our tears  
Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.*

Look to the lady :—

[*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :  
In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.*

And so do I.<sup>a</sup>

*All.*

So all.

*Macb.* Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

*All.* Well contented. [*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

*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.

<sup>a</sup> This speech in the original belongs to *Macduff* ; but, without any explanation, it is given by all the modern editors to *Macbeth*.

*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  
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. [*Ext.*]

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

*Enter Rosse and an Old Man.*

*Old M.* 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.

*Rosse.* Ah, good father,  
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'T is unnatural,  
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

*Rosse.* 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  
Make war with mankind.

*Old M.* 'T is said, they eat each other.

*Rosse.* They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Rosse.* Is 't known who did this more than bloody  
deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Rosse.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?\*

*Macd.* They were suborn'd:  
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still:  
Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

*Macd.* He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,  
To be invested.

*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colmes-kill;  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there:—  
adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Rosse.* Farewell, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you, and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

\* Pretend—propose.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter BANQUO.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promis'd; and I fear  
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy posterity;  
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,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Scenet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; LADY  
MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, 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,  
And all-thing 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  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd your good advice  
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)

In this day's council; but we 'll take<sup>a</sup> to-morrow.  
Is 't far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night,  
For a dark hour, or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;  
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell. [Exit BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time  
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 LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.]  
Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our  
pleasure?

*Attend.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.—[Exit Atten.] To be  
thus, is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he dares;  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

<sup>a</sup> *Take.* This is generally altered to *talk*. It is difficult to imagine a more unnecessary change. Who could doubt our meaning if we were to say, "Well, sir, if you cannot come this afternoon, we will *take* to-morrow?"

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,  
 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 hail'd him father to a line of kings :  
 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 it be so,  
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd<sup>a</sup> my mind ;  
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murth'ring'd :  
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,  
 Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel  
 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 !<sup>b</sup>—Who's there ?—

*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 ?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.*

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,  
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
 So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been  
 Our innocent self : this I made good to you  
 In our last conference ; pass'd in probation with you,  
 How you were borne in hand ;<sup>c</sup> how cross'd ; the in-  
 struments ;

<sup>a</sup> *Fil'd*—defiled.

<sup>b</sup> *Utterance*.—The French *combat à-outrance*.

<sup>c</sup> *Borne in hand*—encouraged by false hopes.

Who wrought with them ; and all things else, that might,  
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,  
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

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

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped  
All by the name of dogs : the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
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  
That writes them all alike : and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not in the worst rank<sup>a</sup> of manhood, say it ;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms  
Whose execution takes your enemy off ;  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.*

I am one, my liege,

<sup>a</sup> In the preceding part of this speech a distinction is drawn between the *catalogue* and the *valued file*. The catalogue contains the names of all ; the valued file, select names. So in these lines there may be a "station in the file" above that of the "worst rank." The *rank*, then, is the row,—the *file*, those set apart from the row, for superior qualities. Is not this the meaning of the military term, rank and file, which is still in use ?

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

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

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

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

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

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

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within this  
hour, at most,  
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,<sup>b</sup>  
And something from the palace; always thought

<sup>a</sup> For—on account of—because of.

<sup>b</sup> We understand this passage as follows. Macbeth has said,

“I will advise you where to plant yourselves:”

he then adds, “Acquaint you”—inform yourselves—“with the perfect spy”—with a most careful inquiry—“o' the time”—the expected time of Banquo's return;—

“The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night.”

That I require a clearness : And with him,  
(To leave no rubs, nor hotches, in the work,)  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;  
I 'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

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

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

*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,  
Where our desire is got without content :  
'T is 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,  
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 it ;  
She 'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly : Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace,<sup>a</sup> have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;  
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor 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 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 !  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

*Macb.* There 's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;  
Then be thou jocund : Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's summons,  
The shard-borne beetle,<sup>b</sup> with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal,  
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

<sup>a</sup> *Peace*.—For this word of the original the editor of the second folio substituted *place* ; and it has been adopted by all succeeding editors. The repetition of the word *peace* seems very much in Shakspeare's manner ; and as every one who commits a crime such as that of Macbeth proposes to himself, in the result, happiness, which is another word for peace,—as the very promptings to the crime disturb his peace,—we think there is something much higher in the sentiment conveyed by the original word than in that of *place*.

<sup>b</sup> *Shard-borne beetle*—the beetle borne on its shards, or scaly wing-cases.

*Lady M.* What 's to be done ?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling<sup>a</sup> night,  
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;  
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
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 prey do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill :  
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

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

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

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

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

3 *Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

2 *Mur.* Then 't is he ; the rest  
That are within the note of expectation,  
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile ; but he does usually,

<sup>a</sup> *Seeling*—blinding.

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch  
preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'T is he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

*[Assaults BANQUO.]*

*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;  
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave!

*[Dies. FLEANCE and Servant escape.]*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There 's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let 's away, and say how much is done.  
*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace.  
A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX,  
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.

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.

*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.—There 's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'T is Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'T is better thee without, than he within.  
Is he despatch'd ?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

*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 'scap'd.

*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 :  
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,  
You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,  
'T is given with welcome : To feed, were best at home ;  
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,  
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!

*Enter the Ghost of BANQUO and sits in MACBETH'S place.*

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

*Rosse.* His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness  
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?

*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.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

*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,  
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!

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

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.

*Macb.* Prithee, 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  
Shall be the maws of kites.

*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;  
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,  
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:—  
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:—

*Enter Ghost.*

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*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: 't is no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,  
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;  
If trembling I inhabit then,<sup>a</sup> protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*  
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,  
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the  
good meeting,  
With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
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.

*Rosse.* What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and  
worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—

<sup>a</sup> *Inhabit then.*—This is the original reading, which has been changed into *inhibit thee*. Horne Tooke was the first to denounce this alteration; contending that the true meaning is, that if he were dared to the desert he would not skulk within his house.

Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good night, and better health  
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  
By magot-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 say'st thou, that Macduff denies his  
person,

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

(And betimes I will) unto 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

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.

*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.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

*Enter HECATE, meeting the threc Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
In riddles, and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or 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,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: Get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning; thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.  
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
Your charms, and everything beside:  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
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;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that, distill'd by magic slights,  
Shall raise such artificial sprites,  
As, by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:  
And you all know, security  
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

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.*]

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be  
back again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LENOX, and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious  
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—

And the right-valiant Banquo walked 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

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,

That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep:

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

For't would have anger'd any heart alive

To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,

He has borne all things well: and I do think,

That had he Duncan's sons under his key,

(As, in't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find

What't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.

But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell

Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.*

The son of Duncan,

From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd

Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect : Thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward :  
That, by the help of these, (with Him above  
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  
Hath so exasperate the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

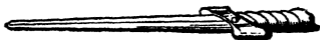
*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

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

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
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  
Under a hand accurs'd !

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him !

[*Exeunt.*



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.*

*Enter the three Witches.*

- 1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.  
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.  
3 *Witch.* Harpier cries :—'T is time, 't is time.  
1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone,  
Days and nights hast thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!  
*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.  
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the caldron boil and bake :  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble;  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.  
*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.  
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;  
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 ;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab ;  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,<sup>a</sup>  
For the ingredients of our caldron.  
*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble ;  
Fire, burn ; and, caldron, bubble.  
*2 Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.*

*Hec.* O, well done ! I commend your pains ;  
And every one shall share i' the gains,  
And now about the caldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.  
[*Music and a Song, ' Black spirits, ' &c.*<sup>b</sup>

*2 Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes :—  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
hags,  
What is 't you do ?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me :

<sup>a</sup> *Chaudron*—entrails.

<sup>b</sup> This is the original stage direction. The modern editors have inserted four lines of a song, which they find in Middleton's 'Witch,' but without any authority for their introduction here, beyond the stage-direction. In the Witch scene of Act III, we have mention of a song "Come away." These words are also in Middleton. If the song of the fourth act should be inserted in the text, why not that of the third act ?

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
 Against the churches : though the yesty waves  
 Confound and swallow navigation up ;  
 Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down ;  
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;  
 Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure  
 Of nature's germins<sup>a</sup> tumble all together,  
 Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
 To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We 'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our  
 mouths,  
 Or from our masters' ?

*Macb.* Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
 Her nine farrow ; grease, that 's sweaten  
 From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
 Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high, or low ;  
 Thyself, and office, dèstly show.

*Thunder.* *An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought ;  
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Mac-  
 duff ;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—Enough.

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
 thanks ;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :—But one word more :—

<sup>a</sup> *Germins*—the original is *germaine*. *Germins* are seeds ; *germaine*, kindred, something closely related to another.

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded : Here 's another,  
More potent than the first.

*Thunder.* An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*]

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee?

But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder.* An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a  
Tree in his Hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king ;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty ?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to 't.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
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 !  
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing : Tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom ?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—  
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise<sup>a</sup> is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order;  
the last with a Glass in his hand; BANQUO follow-  
ing.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;  
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—And thy hair,<sup>b</sup>  
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!  
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:  
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 't is true;  
For the blood-bolter'd<sup>c</sup> Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

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

<sup>a</sup> *Noise.*—This is the music of the hautboys, the word *noise* being synonymous with the sound of instruments. It was so little understood, even by John Kemble, that under his management a *shriek* was here heard.

<sup>b</sup> *Hair.*—This is the original word; but the modern reading is *air*. Monck Mason acutely defends the old reading: "It implies that their *hair* was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness than the *air*, which depends on habit."

<sup>c</sup> *Blood-bolter'd.*—*Bolter'd* is a word of the midland counties, meaning begrimed, besmeared.

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
 And show the best of our delights;  
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
 While you perform your antique round:  
 That this great king may kindly say,  
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious  
 hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—  
 Come in, without there!

*Enter LENOX*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

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

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

*Macb.* Fled to England?

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:  
 The flighty purpose never is o'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,  
 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 o' the sword  
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
 This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:

But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

*Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Rosse.*

*Lady Macd.* What had he done to make him fly the  
land?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none:  
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Rosse.* You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his  
babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My dearest coz,  
I pray you school yourself: But, for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
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;  
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  
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :  
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father 's dead ;  
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies ?

*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-full, nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are  
not set for.

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.

*Son.* Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet,  
i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother ?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor ?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so ?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor, and  
must be hanged.

*Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear and lie ?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them ?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools : for there  
are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men,  
and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* 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.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler! how thou talkest!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm. But I remember now  
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,  
To say, I have done no harm? What are these faces?

*Enter Murderers.*

*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.

*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd<sup>a</sup> villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*]  
Young fry of treachery!

*Son.* He has kill'd me, mother:  
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*]  
[*Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying "Murder," and*  
*pursued by the Murderers.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Shag-ear'd*.—This should be probably *shag-hair'd*, a form of abuse found in old plays, and even in law reports.

SCENE III.—England. *A Room in 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,  
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;  
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well;  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but some-  
thing

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb,  
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;  
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*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,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties :— You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country !  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dares not check thee ! wear thou thy wrongs,  
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 ;  
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  
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,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before ;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be ?

*Mal.* It is 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  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils, to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,

\* The title is *affeer'd*—confirmed—admitted—as asseerors  
decide upon a claim, and terminate a dispute.

Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear,  
That did oppose my will : Better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours : you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.  
We 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,  
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such  
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house :  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
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 foysons<sup>a</sup> to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own : All these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none : The king-becoming graces,

<sup>a</sup> *Foysons*—abundant provision.

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them ; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland ! Scotland !

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak :  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern !  
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptre'd,  
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  
Was a most sainted king : the queen, that bore thee,  
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,  
Thy hope ends here !

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste : But God above  
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,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet

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

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,  
'T is hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I  
pray you ?

*Doct.* Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls  
That stay his cure : their malady convinces  
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*

*Macd.* What 's the disease he means ?

*Mal.* 'T is 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,  
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,  
All swolln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;

\* Is it not that the "ten thousand warlike men" were already assembled "at a point?"—at a particular spot where they had collected—a point of space.

Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers : and 't is spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter ROSSE.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here ?

*Mal.* My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

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

*Rosse.* Sir, Amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did ?

*Rosse.* Alas, poor country ;  
Almost afraid to know 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,  
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,  
Dying, or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation,  
Too nice, and yet too true !

*Mal.* What 's the newest grief ?

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

*Macd.* How does my wife ?

*Rosse.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children ?

*Rosse.* Well too.

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

*Rosse.* No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

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

*Rosse.* 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,  
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,  
We are coming thither: gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;  
An older, and a better soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Rosse.* 'Would I could answer  
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,  
Due to some single breast?

*Rosse.* No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Humph! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and  
babes,

\* *Latch them*—lay hold of them.

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 ;  
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too ?

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all that could be  
found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence ! My wife kill'd  
too ?

*Rosse.*

I have said.

*Mal.*

Be comforted :

Let 's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children.—All my pretty ones ?  
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 :

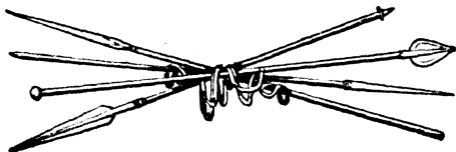
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them now :

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief  
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*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 time <sup>a</sup> goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you  
may ;  
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> *Time*.—Rowe changed this to *tune*. Gifford has shown, in a note on Massinger, that the two words were once synonymous in a musical acceptation ; and that *time* was the more ancient and common term.



## 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?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

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

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*

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

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

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

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

*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.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two: Why, then 't is 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!

*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.

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

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

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

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

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

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* 'Pray God, it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

*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 's grave.

*Doct.* Even so!

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone; To bed, to bed, to bed.  
[*Exit LADY MACBETH.*]

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* 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.  
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,<sup>a</sup> and amaz'd my sight:  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

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

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

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

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file  
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,

<sup>a</sup> *Mated*—amated—dismayed.

<sup>b</sup> *Mortified man*.—We think, with Warburton, that the poet here means a hermit or religious ascetic,—one indifferent to the concerns of the world, but who would be excited to fight by such "causes" of revenge as Macduff comes with.

And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

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

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

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

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd :  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal ;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

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

[*Exeunt, 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 Malcolm ?  
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know  
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 epicures :  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sagg<sup>a</sup> 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?**

*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?**

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

*Macb.* Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick  
at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push

**Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.**

**I have liv'd long enough: my way of life<sup>b</sup>**

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:

**And that which should accompany old age,**

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

**I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,**

**Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath.**

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

**Seyton!—**

*Enter SEYTON.*

**Sey.** What 's your gracious pleasure?

**Macb.**

## What news more?

• *Sagg*—sink down.

\* Gifford says, "*way of life* is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for *life*."

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

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'T is not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir<sup>a</sup> the country round ;

Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour :—

How does your patient, doctor ?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that :

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd :

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;

And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,

Which weighs upon the heart ?

*Doct.* Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

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

Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :—

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me :—

Come, sir, despatch :—If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—

What rhubarb, senna,<sup>b</sup> or what purgative drug,

Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou of them ?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

<sup>a</sup> *Skir*—scur—scur.

<sup>b</sup> *Senna*.—We are not sure about this word. The original reads *cyme*.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.—  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*  
*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane. A Wood  
in view.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD  
and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS,  
ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other, but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

*Mal.* 'T is his main hope :  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less <sup>a</sup> have given him the revolt;  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches,

<sup>a</sup> *More and less.*—Shakspeare uses these words, as Chaucer  
and Spenser use them, for *greater and less*.

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

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON,  
 and Soldiers.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
 The cry is still, "They come:" Our castle's strength  
 Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
 Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:  
 Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
 And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within, of women.*]

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
 To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir  
 As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;  
 Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,  
 Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*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,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time;  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusty<sup>a</sup> death. Out, out, brief candle!

<sup>a</sup> *Dusty.*—Douce has the following valuable illustration of the passage: "Perhaps no quotation can be better calculated to show the propriety of this epithet than the following grand

Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.—

*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.

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

*Macb.* Liar, and slave !

*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. *[Striking him.]*

*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.—  
I pull in resolution ;<sup>a</sup> 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

lines in 'The Vision of Pierce Plowman,' a work which Shakspeare might have seen :—

' Death came drivynge after, and all to dust pashed  
Kynges and kayzers, knightes and popes.' "

<sup>a</sup> Monck Mason gives an illustration from Fletcher, which explains the use of *pull in* :—

" All my spirits  
As if they had heard my passing bell go for me,  
*Pull in* their powers, and give me up to destiny."

Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—  
Ring the alarum-bell :—Blow wind! come wrack!  
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums 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,  
Shall take upon us 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.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give them all  
breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the  
Plain.*

*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.

*Enter Young SIWARD.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name ?

*Macb.* Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No ; though thou call'st thyself a hotter  
name

Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name 's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a  
title

More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

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

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.—

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

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is :—Tyrant, 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 kernes, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves ; either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be ;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune !  
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*]

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord ;—the castle 's gently  
render'd :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;

The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarm.*]

*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.

*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  
Than terms can give thee out. [*They fight.*]

*Macb.* Thou loosest labour :  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm ;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untirrely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !  
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense ;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the 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,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last: Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough."  
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours,*  
MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS,  
CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

*Siw.* Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:  
He only liv'd but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

*Siw.* Then he is dead?

*Rosse.* Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of  
sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Rosse.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why, then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He 's worth more sorrow,  
And that I 'll spend for him.  
*Siw.* He 's worth no more ;  
They say, he parted well, and paid his score :  
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 :  
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 ! [*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,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,—  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life ;—this, and what needful else  
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.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

**End of Macbeth.**







'THE Life of Tymon of Athens' was first published in the folio collection of 1623. The text, in this first edition, has no division into acts and scenes. We have reason to believe that, with a few exceptions, it is accurately printed from the copy which was in the possession of Heminge and Condell; and we have judged it important to follow that copy with very slight variations. In our fuller editions we have entered into a minute examination of this play, for the purpose of expressing our belief that it was founded by Shakspeare upon some older play, of which much has been retained; and that our poet's hand can only be traced with certainty in those scenes in which Timon appears.

The Timon of Shakspeare is not the Timon of the popular stories of Shakspeare's day. The 28th novel of 'The Palace of Pleasure' has for its title "Of the strange and *beastly* nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind." According to this authority, "he was a man but by shape only"—he lived "a beastly and churlish life." Neither was the Timon of Plutarch the Timon of Shakspeare. The Greek biographer, indeed, tells us, that he was angry with all men, and would trust no man, "for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends;" but that he was represented as "a viper and malicious

man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth." The Timon of Plutarch, and of the popular stories of Shakspeare's time, was little different from the ordinary cynic. The Timon of Shakspeare is in many respects essentially different from any model with which we are acquainted, but it approaches nearer, as Mr. Skottowe first observed, to the Timon of Lucian than the commentators have pointed out. The character of Shakspeare's misanthrope presents one of the most striking creations of his originality.

The vices of Shakspeare's Timon are not the vices of a sensualist. It is true that his offices have been oppressed with riotous feeders,—that his vaults have wept with drunken spilth of wine,—that every room

"Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;"

But he has nothing selfish in the enjoyment of his prodigality and his magnificence. He himself truly expresses the weakness as well as the beauty of his own character : "Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits, and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!" Charles Lamb, in his contrast between 'Timon of Athens' and Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress,' has scarcely done justice to Timon : "The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts; and, in the other, with conducting Hogarth's Rake through his several

stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature." Hogarth's Rake is all sensuality and selfishness ; Timon is essentially high-minded and generous : he truly says, in the first chill of his fortunes—

" No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart.  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given."

In his splendid speech to Apemantus in the fourth act, he distinctly proclaims, that in the weakness with which he had lavished his fortunes upon the unworthy, he had not pampered his own passions :—

" Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded  
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive drugs of it  
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself  
In general riot ; melted down thy youth  
In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
Who had the world as my confectionary ;  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
At duty, more than I could frame employment ;  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows."

The all-absorbing defect of Timon—the root of those generous vices which wear the garb of virtue—is the entire want of discrimination (by which he is also characterized in Lucian's dialogue). Shakspeare has seized upon this point, and held firmly to it. He releases Ventidius from prison,—he bestows an estate upon his ser-

vant,—he lavishes jewels upon all the dependants who crowd his board. That universal philanthropy, of which the most selfish men sometimes talk, is in Timon an active principle; but let it be observed that he has no preferences—a most remarkable example of the profound sagacity of Shakspeare. Had he loved a single human being with that intensity which constitutes affection in the relation of the sexes, and friendship in the relation of man to man, he would have been exempt from that unjudging lavishness which was necessary to satisfy his morbid craving for human sympathy.

With this key to Timon's character, it appears to us that we may properly understand the "general and exceptless rashness" of his misanthropy. The only relations in which he stood to mankind are utterly destroyed. In lavishing his wealth as if it were a common property, he had believed that the same common property would flow back to him in his hour of adversity. "O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves." His false confidence is at once, and irreparably, destroyed. If Timon had possessed one friend with whom he could have interchanged confidence upon equal terms, he would have been saved from his fall, and certainly from his misanthropy.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**TIMON**, *a noble Athenian.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.  
sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**LUCIUS**, *a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

**LUCULLUS**, *a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

**SEMPRONIUS**, *a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3.

**VENTIDIUS**, *one of Timon's false friends.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.

**APEMANTUS**, *a churlish philosopher.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3.

**ALCIBIADES**, *an Athenian general.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 5.  
Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.

**FLAVIUS**, *steward to Timon.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV.  
sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

**FLAMINIUS**, *servant to Timon.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

**LUCILIUS**, *servant to Timon.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

**SERVILIUS**, *servant to Timon.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.

**CAPHIS**, *servant to Timon's creditors.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**PHILOTUS**, *servant to Timon's creditors.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 4.

**TITUS**, *servant to Timon's creditors.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 4.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LUCIUS, *servant to Timon's creditors.*

*Appears, Act III. sc. 4.*

HORTENSIVS, *servant to Timon's creditors.*

*Appears, Act III. sc. 4.*

Two Servants of Varro, *a creditor of Timon.*

*Appear, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.*

A Servant of Isidore, *a creditor of Timon.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2.*

Cupid and Maskers.

*Appear, Act I. sc. 2.*

Three Strangers.

*Appear, Act III. sc. 2.*

Poet.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.*

Painter.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.*

Jeweller.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

Merchant.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

An old Athenian.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

A Page.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2.*

A Fool.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2.*

PHRYNIA, *a mistress to Alcibiades.*

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.*

TIMANDRA, *a mistress to Alcibiades.*

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.*

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti,  
and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ATHENS, AND THE WOODS ADJOINING.

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others,  
at several doors.*

*Poet.* Good day, sir.

*Pain.* I am glad you are well.

*Poet.* I have not seen you long: How goes the world?

*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.

*Poet.* Ay, that 's well known:  
But what particular rarity? what strange,  
Which manifold record not matches? See,  
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both; th' other 's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O, 't is a worthy lord!

*Jew.* Nay, that 's most fix'd.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man; breath'd,<sup>a</sup> as it  
were,  
To an untirable and continue goodness:  
He passes.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Breath'd.* When Hamlet says,

“It is the *breathing* time of day with me,”

he refers to the time of habitual exercise, by which his animal strength was fitted for “untirable and continue” exertion. The analogy between this and the habitual exercise of “goodness” is obvious.

<sup>b</sup> *He passes*—he excels, he goes beyond common virtues.

*Jew.* I have a jewel here.

*Mer.* O, pray, let 's see 't: For the lord Timon, sir?

*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate: But, for that—

*Poet.* "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,  
It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good."<sup>a</sup>

*Mer.* 'T is a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*]

*Jew.* And rich: here is a water, look you.

*Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes  
From whence 't is nourished: The fire i' the flint  
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it chafes.<sup>b</sup> What have you there?

*Pain.* A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let 's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'T is a good piece.

*Poet.* So 't is: this comes off well and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable: How this grace  
Speaks his own standing! <sup>c</sup> what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.

<sup>a</sup> The poet is here supposed to be reading his own performance.

<sup>b</sup> This passage has been considered difficult, but if we receive *bound* in the sense of boundary, obstacle, the image is tolerably clear.

<sup>c</sup> The commentators have not noticed what appears to us tolerably obvious, that the flattering painter had brought with him a portrait of Timon, in which the grace of the attitude spoke "his own standing,"—the habitual carriage of the original.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch : Is 't good ?

*Poet.* I 'll say of it,  
It tutors nature : artificial strife<sup>a</sup>  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

*Pain.* How this lord 's follow'd !

*Poet.* The senators of Athens :—Happy men !

*Pain.* Look, more !

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of  
visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment : My free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax :<sup>b</sup> no levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you ?

*Poet.* I 'll unbolt<sup>c</sup> to you.  
You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down  
Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer  
To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself : even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

<sup>a</sup> *Artificial strife*—the contest of art with nature.

<sup>b</sup> An allusion to the ancient practice of writing upon waxen tablets with a style.

<sup>c</sup> *Unbolt*—unfold, explain.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o' the mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states : amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'T is conceiv'd to scope.  
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
In our condition.<sup>a</sup>

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on :  
All those which were his fellows but of late,  
(Some better than his value,) on the moment  
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,  
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him  
Drink the free air.<sup>b</sup>

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these ?

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and change of  
mood,  
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'T is common :  
A thousand moral paintings I can show,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune's  
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,

<sup>a</sup> Condition is here used for art.

<sup>b</sup> Drink the free air—live, breathe but through him.

To show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?

*Ven. Serv.* Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait:  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,  
Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well;  
I am not of that feather to shake off  
My friend when he must need me. I do know him  
A gentleman that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

*Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;  
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—  
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

*Ven. Serv.* All happiness to your honour. [*Exit.*]

*Enter an Old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

*Tim.* I have so: What of him?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow ~~here~~ lord Timon. this the creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclined to thrift ;  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well ; what further ?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got :  
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love : I prithee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort ;  
Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon :  
His honesty rewards him in itself,<sup>a</sup>  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him ?

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt :  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity 's in youth.

*Tim.* [To LUCILIUS] Love you the maid ?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,  
I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

*Old Ath.* Three talents, on the present ; in future, all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long ;  
To build his fortune I would strain a little,

<sup>a</sup> The following is Coleridge's explanation of this passage :  
—" The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or  
rather unfolds, in the second. ' The man is honest ! '— True ;  
and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic  
motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who  
is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its own reward.' "

For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :  
What you bestow, in him I 'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

*Tim.* My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship : Never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you !

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian.*]

*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship !

*Tim.* I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :  
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend ?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man ;  
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,  
He is but outside : These pencil'd figures are  
Even such as they give out. I like your work ;  
And you shall find I like it : wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

*Pain.* The gods preserve you !

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentlemen : Give me your hand ;  
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord ? dispraise ?

*Tim.* A meer satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd  
It would unclew me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 't is rated  
As those which sell would give : But you well know  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters : believe 't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

*Jew.* We will bear with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou know'st I do; I called thee by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

*Tim.* Whither art going?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?

*Apem.* He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* You are a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation: What's she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No; I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger ladies.

*Apem.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

*Tim.* That 's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 't is worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

*Poet.* How now, philosopher?

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That 's not feign'd, he is so.

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

*Tim.* What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore?

*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffic 's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

*Tim.* What trumpet 's that ?

*Serv.* 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,  
All of companionship.

*Tim.* Pray entertain them ; give them guide to us.—  
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me :—Go not you hence  
Till I have thank'd you ; and, when dinner 's done,  
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.*

Most welcome, sir ! [ *They salute.* ]

*Apem.* So, so ; there !—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints !—  
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet  
knaves,

And all this court'sy ! The strain of man 's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey.

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir.  
Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[ *Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.* ]

*Enter Two Lords.*

*1 Lord.* What time a day is 't, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

*1 Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The most accursed thou that still omitt'st it.

*2 Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

*Apem.* Ay ; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat  
fools.

*2 Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

*2 Lord.* Why, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

*1 Lord.* Hang thyself.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

*2 Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee hence.

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[*Exit.*

*1 Lord.* He 's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness.

*2 Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,  
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quittance.

*1 Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man.

*2 Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

*1 Lord.* I 'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.*

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon,  
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age  
And call him to long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help  
I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O, by no means,  
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;  
I gave it freely ever; and there's none  
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:  
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.

*Ven.* A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*

*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at  
first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me.

[*They sit.*

*1 Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

*Tim.* O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

*Apem.* No, you shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

*Tim.* Fye, thou'rt a churl; you have got a humour  
there

Does not become a man, 't is much to blame:—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man's very angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for 't, indeed.

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine apperil,<sup>a</sup> Timon;  
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian;

<sup>a</sup> *Apperil.* The word repeatedly occurs in Ben Jonson, as in  
the 'Tale of a Tub':—

“As you will answer it at your *apperil*.”

therefore welcome : I myself would have no power :  
prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat ; 't would choke me, for I  
should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number  
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat  
In one man's blood ; and all the madness is,  
He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men :

Methinks, they should invite them without knives ;\*

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There 's much example for 't ; the fellow, that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes :

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

*Tim.* My lord, in heart ; and let the health go round.

*2 Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way ! A brave fellow !—he keeps  
his tides well.

Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill,  
Timon :

Here 's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire :

This, and my food, are equals ; there 's no odds.

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

#### APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;

I pray for no man, but myself :

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond ;

\* Every guest in our author's time brought his own knife.

Or a harlot, for her weeping ;  
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping ;  
Or a keeper with my freedom ;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
Amen. So fall to 't :  
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now.

*Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's no meat like them ; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

*Apem.* 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then ; that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

*I Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

*Tim.* O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : How had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them ? they were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for them : and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and

what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is to have so many like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem.* Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

*2 Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

*3 Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

*Apem.* Much! \* [ *Tucket sounded.*

*Tim.* What means that trump?—How now?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies? What are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter Cupid.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—the five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise:

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance.

*Music,* make their welcome. [ *Exit Cupid.*

*1 Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample y'are belov'd.

\* *Much*—an ironical and contemptuous expression.

*Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

*Apem.* Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!  
They dance! they are mad women.  
Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.  
We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;  
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spite and envy.  
Who lives that 's not depraved, or depraves?  
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves  
Of their friends' gift?  
I should fear those that dance before me now,  
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done:  
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,  
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
You have added worth unto 't, and lustre,  
And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
I am to thank you for it.

*1 Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

*Apem.* 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet  
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.]*

*Tim.* Flavius!

*Flav.* My lord.

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside.*  
Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,  
When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd then, an he could.  
'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind;  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

*Tim.* O my friends,

I have one word to say to you;—Look you, my good  
lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much,

As to advance this jewel; accept it, and wear it,

Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate  
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honour,  
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:  
I prithee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment.

*Flav.* I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

*Enter another Servant.*

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

*Enter a third Servant.*

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gen-

tleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd, Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffer.— Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for every word;

He is so kind, that he now pays interest for 't; His lands put to their books. Well, 'would I were Gently put out of office, before I were forc'd out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such that do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Tim.* You do yourselves Much wrong, you hate too much of your own merits: Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

*2 Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

*3 Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it!

*2 Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

*All Lords.* None so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations

So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give;  
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;  
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.* Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

*1 Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

*Tim.* And so

Am I to you.

*2 Lord.* So infinitely endear'd—

*Tim.* All to you.—Lights, more lights.

*1 Lord.* The best of happiness,  
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES, LORDS, &c.*

*Apem.* What a coil 's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!  
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums  
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs:  
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.  
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
I would be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I 'll nothing: for if I should be brib'd  
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and  
then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long,  
Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper  
shortly: What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I  
am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and  
come with better music. [*Exit.*

*Apem.* So;—Thou 'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt  
not then. I 'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*

\* Be ruined by the securities you give.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in a Senator's House.**Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thousand :<sup>a</sup> to Varro, and to Isidore,

He owes nine thousand ; besides my former sum,  
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion  
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold ; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :  
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,<sup>b</sup>

And able horses : No porter at his gate ;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites

All that pass by.<sup>c</sup> It cannot hold ; no reason

Can sound<sup>d</sup> his state in safety. Caphis, ho !

Caphis, I say !

*Enter CAPHIS.*

Caph. Here, sir : What is your pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord  
Timon.

Importune him for my monies ; be not ceas'd

<sup>a</sup> We follow the punctuation of the original. It appears to us that the senator is recapitulating what Timon owes himself—"and late, five thousand"—"besides my former sum, which makes it five-and-twenty." The mention of what Timon owes to Varro and Isidore is parenthetical.

<sup>b</sup> *Straight*—immediately.

<sup>c</sup> The porter at a great man's gate was proverbially a repulsive person.

<sup>d</sup> *Sound*. The meaning appears to be, that no reason which fathoms Timon's state can find it safe.

With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, when—  
" Commend me to your master "—and the cap  
Plays in the right hand, thus :—but tell him, sirrah,  
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,  
And my reliances on his fracted dates  
Have smit my credit : I love, and honour him ;  
But must not break my back, to heal his finger :  
Immediate are my needs ; and my relief  
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
But find supply immediate. Get you gone :  
Put on a most importunate aspect,  
A visage of demand : for, I do fear,  
When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* Ay, go, Sir.—Take the bonds along with you,  
And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.*

I will, sir.

*Sen.*

*Go.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS with many bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop ! so senseless of expense,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot : Takes no account  
How things go from him ; nor resumes no care  
Of what is to continue. Never mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done ? He will not hear, till feel :  
I must be round with him, now he comes from  
hunting.  
**Fye, fye, fye, fye !**

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even, Varro:<sup>a</sup> What,  
You come for money?  
*Var. Serv.* Is 't not your business too?  
*Caph.* It is;—and yours too, Isidore?  
*Isid. Serv.* It is so.  
*Caph.* 'Would we were all discharg'd!  
*Var. Serv.* I fear it.  
*Caph.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,  
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?  
*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.  
*Tim.* Dues? whence are you?  
*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord.  
*Tim.* Go to my steward.  
*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off  
To the succession of new days this month:  
My master is awak'd by great occasion,  
To call upon his own: and humbly prays you,  
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,  
In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,  
I prithee but repair to me next morning.  
*Caph.* Nay, good my lord,—  
*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.  
*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good lord,—  
*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore;  
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—  
*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—  
*Var. Serv.* 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,  
And past,—

<sup>a</sup> *Good even, Varro.* It is remarkable that the servants in this scene take the names of their masters, like the Lord Duke and Sir Charles of 'High Life Below Stairs.'

*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord;  
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you,  
[*To FLAVIUS.*]

How goes the world that I am thus encounter'd  
With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds,  
And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business:  
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends:  
See them well entertained. [*Exit TIMON.*]

*Flav.* Pray draw near. [*Exit FLAV.*]

*Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.*

*Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog!

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No; 't is to thyself.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*]

*Isid. Serv.* [*To VAR. SERV.*] There's the fool hangs  
on your back already.

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him  
yet.

*Caph.* Where's the fool now?

*Apem.* He last asked the question.—Poor rogues and  
usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?

*Apem. Asses.*

*All Serv. Why?*

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.

*Apem.* Good! Gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

*Page.* [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

*Apem.* 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*Page.* Prithce, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.]

*Apem.* Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

*All Serv.* Ay; 'would they served us!

*Apem.* So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-man served thief.

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

*Var. Serv.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight, and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

*Flav.* 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Serv.*]

*Tim.* You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;  
That I might so have rated my expense,  
As I had leave of means?

*Flav.* You would not hear me,  
At many leasures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to :  
Perchance, some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back ;  
And that unaptness made your minister,<sup>a</sup>  
Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O my good lord !  
At many times I brought in my accounts ;  
Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,  
And say, you found them in mine honesty.  
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me  
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept :  
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you  
To hold your hand more close : I did endure  
Not seldom, nor no slight checks ; when I have  
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,  
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,  
Though you hear now, (too late !) yet now 's a time,  
The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and gone ;  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues : the future comes apace :  
What shall defend the interim ? and at length  
How goes our reckoning ?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but a word ;  
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone ?

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
Call me before the exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

<sup>a</sup> The meaning of this construction is,—perchance you made that unaptness your minister.

When all our offices <sup>a</sup> have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;  
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Prithee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord !

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,  
This night englutted ! Who is not Timon's ?  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord  
Timon's ?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon ?  
Ah ! when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :  
Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further :  
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.  
Why dost thou weep ? Canst thou the conscience lack  
To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy heart ;  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,  
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts !

*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine are  
crown'd,

That I account them blessings ; for by these  
Shall I try friends : You shall perceive, how you  
Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there !—Flaminius ! Servilius !

<sup>a</sup> *Offices.* These are not the apartments for servants, in our present acceptation of the term, but rooms of hospitality.

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord,—

*Tim.* I will despatch you severally.—You to lord Lucius,—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius: Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Flav.* Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph! [*Aside.*

*Tim.* Go you, sir, [*to another Serv.*] to the senators, (Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most general way,)  
To them to use your signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is 't true? can 't be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—  
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'t is pity—  
And so, intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,  
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!  
'Prithee, man, look cheerly! These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows;  
'T is lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.  
Go to Ventidius,—[*to a Serv.*] 'Prithee, [*to FLAVIUS*]  
be not sad,  
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to Serv.*] Ventidius lately  
Buried his father; by whose death he 's stepp'd  
Into a great estate: when he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;  
Bid him suppose some good necessity  
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
With those five talents:—that had, [*to FLAV.*] give 't  
these fellows  
To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.  
*Flav.* I would I could not think it: That thought  
is bounty's foe;  
Being free itself it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in Lucullus's House.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver hason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively <sup>a</sup> welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

*Flam.* 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no

<sup>a</sup> *Respectively*—respectfully.





warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty<sup>a</sup> is his; I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is 't possible, the world should so much differ: And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing the money away.*

*Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,  
I feel my master's passion! This slave unto his honour  
Has my lord's meat in him;  
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

<sup>a</sup> *Honesty* is here used in the sense of liberality.

When he is turn'd to poison?  
 O, may diseases only work upon 't!  
 And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part of  
                   nature  
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with Three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

*1 Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

*2 Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How?

*2 Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man; there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have

sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[To LUCIUS.

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well :—Commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

*Ser.* He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord: requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

*Luc.* I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

*Ser.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Ser.* Upon my soul 't is true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods I am not able to do 't, the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship: and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit SERVILIUS.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed ;  
And he that 's once denied will hardly speed.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this is the world's soul ;  
And just of the same piece  
Is every flatterer's sport : who can call him his friend  
That dips in the same dish ? for, in my knowing,  
Timon has been this lord's father,  
And kept his credit with his purse ;  
Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money  
Has paid his men their wages : He ne'er drinks,  
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip :  
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man  
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)  
He does deny him, in respect of his,  
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,  
I never tasted Timon in my life,  
Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,  
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
And honourable carriage,  
Had his necessity made use of me,  
I would have put my wealth into donation,  
And the best half should have return'd to him,  
So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense :  
For policy sits above conscience.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—A Room in Sempronius's House.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in 't ? Humph !  
'bove all others ?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;  
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these  
Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* My lord,  
They have all been touch'd and found base metal;  
For they have all denied him!

*Sem.* How! have they denied him?  
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?  
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—  
It shows but little love or judgment in him.  
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrice give him over: Must I take th' cure upon me?  
H' has much disgrac'd me in 't, I 'm angry at him,  
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,  
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:  
And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I 'll requite it last? No.  
So it may prove an argument of laughter  
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.  
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
H' had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;  
I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,  
And with their faint reply this answer join;  
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

*Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship 's a goodly villain.  
The devil knew not what he did when he made man  
politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think,  
but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.  
How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes vir-  
tuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot  
ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire: Of such a  
nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,  
 Save only the gods : Now his friends are dead,  
 Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
 Now to guard sure their master.  
 And this is all a liberal course allows ;  
 Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.  
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*Var. Serv.* Well met ; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*Hor.* Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and I think  
 One business doth command us all ; for mine  
 Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And, sir,  
 Philotus too !

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother,  
 What do you think the hour ?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much ?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet ?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder on 't ; he was wont to shine at seven.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him :

You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable.  
I fear,  
'T is deepest winter in lord Timon's purse ;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I 'll show you how to observe a strange event.  
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.

*Hor.* I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness :  
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

*1 Var. Serv.* Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns :  
What 's yours ?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

*1 Var. Serv.* 'T is much deep : and it should seem  
by the sum,  
Your master's confidence was above mine :  
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

*Enter FLAMINIUS.*

*Tit.* One of lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius ! sir, a word : 'Pray, is my lord  
ready to come forth ?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship ; 'Pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that ; he knows you are  
too diligent. *[Exit FLAMINIUS.]*

*Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha ! is not that his steward muffled so  
He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir ?

*1 Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend ?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.*

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'T were sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat ?

Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,

And take down th' interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up ;

Let me pass quietly :

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end ;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as you ;

For you serve knaves.

[*Exit.*

*1 Var. Serv.* How ! what does his cashier'd worship  
mutter ?

*2 Var. Serv.* No matter what ; he 's poor, and that 's  
revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that  
has no house to put his head in ? Such may rail against  
great buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O, here 's Servilius ; now we shall know some  
answer.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair  
some other hour, I should derive much from 't : for,  
take 't of my soul, my lord leans wond'rously to dis-  
content. His comfortable temper has forsook him ; he  
is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers are not sick :

And if it be so far beyond his health,  
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,  
And make a clear way to the gods.

*Ser.* Good gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for answer, sir.

*Flam.* [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

*Enter TIMON, in a rage ; FLAMINIUS following.*

*Tim.* What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?  
The place which I have feasted, does it now,  
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em : cleave me to the girdle.\*

*Luc. Serv.* Alas ! my lord,—

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours ?—and yours ?

*1 Var. Serv.* My lord,—

\* The quibble which Timon here employs is used by Dekker in his 'Gull's Hornbook ;'—"They durst not *strike down* their customers with large *bills* ;" the allusion is to *bills*, or battle-axes.

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Tim.* Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.*

*Hor.* 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the  
slaves—  
Creditors!—devils.

*Flav.* My dear lord,—

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord,—

*Tim.* I'll have it so:—My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So, fitly. Go, bid all my friends again,  
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:  
I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O my lord,  
You only speak from your distracted soul;  
There is not so much left, to furnish out  
A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be't not in thy care; go,  
I charge thee; invite them all; let in the tide  
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Senate House.*

*The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it;  
The fault's bloody;  
'T is necessary he should die:  
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

*Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

*1 Sen.* Now, captain.

*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues;  
For pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.  
He is a man, setting his fate aside,  
Of comely virtues :  
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice ;  
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)  
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
He did oppose his foe :  
And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,  
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

*1 Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,  
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :  
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd  
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling  
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,  
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world  
When sects and factions were newly born :  
He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe ;  
And make his wrongs his outsides, -  
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.  
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,  
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill !

*Alcib.* My lord,—

*1 Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;  
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,

If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without repugnancy? If there be  
Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;  
And the ass, more captain than the lion;  
The fellow loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,  
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,  
As you are great, be pitifully good:  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?  
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;  
But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.  
To be in anger is impiety;  
But who is man that is not angry?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain? his service done  
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What 's that?

*Alcib.* Why, say, my lords, h' has done fair service,  
And slain in fight many of your enemies:  
How full of valour did he bear himself  
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em.  
He 's a sworn rioter: he has a sin  
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:  
If there were no foes, that were enough  
To overcome him: in that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages,  
And cherish factions: 't is inferr'd to us,  
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,  
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both :  
And, for I know, your reverend ages love security,  
I 'll pawn my victories, all my honour to you,  
Upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why let the war receive 't in valiant gore ;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,  
On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How ?

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What ?

*Alcib.* I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;  
It could not else be I should prove so base,  
To sue, and be denied such common grace :  
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?  
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect ;  
We banish thee for ever.

*Alcib.* Banish me ?  
Banish your dotage ; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our  
spirit,  
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough ; that you  
may live  
Only in bone, that none may look on you !  
I 'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money, and let out

Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,  
Rich only in large hurts :—All those, for this ?  
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate  
Pours into captains' wounds ? Banishment ?  
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
'T is honour with most lands to be at odds ;  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

*Music. Tables set out : Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered : I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so : He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off ; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here 's so. What would he have borrowed of you ?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir.—Here he comes.

*Enter TIMON and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willingly than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to 't presently.

1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season, can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'T is so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How ? how ?

2 *Lord.* I pray you upon what ?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near ?

3 *Lord.* I 'll tell you more anon. Here 's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will 't hold, will 't hold ?

2 *Lord.* It does : but time will—and so—

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress : your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place : Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised : but reserve still to give lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another : for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains : If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered, are full of warm water.*

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean ?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,  
You knot of mouth-friends ! smoke and lukewarm  
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last ;

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*]

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours and minute-jacks!  
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady  
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?  
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain 's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords, and Senators.*

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He 's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 't is.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let 's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon 's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel 't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Excunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,  
That girdles in those wolves, dive in the earth,  
And fence not Athens!<sup>a</sup> Matrons turn, incontinent!  
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools  
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,  
And minister in their steads! To general filths  
Convert,<sup>b</sup> o' the instant, green Virginitv—  
Do 't in your parent's eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;  
Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!  
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;  
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,  
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,  
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
Domestic awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries,  
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious fevers heap

<sup>a</sup> We follow the punctuation of the original. When Timon says, "let me look back upon thee," he apostrophizes the city generally—the seat of his splendour and his misery. To say nothing of the metrical beauty of the pause after *thee*, there is much greater force and propriety, as it appears to us, in the arrangement which we adopt.

<sup>b</sup> *Convert* is here used in the sense of *turn*—turn yourself "green virginitv."

On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,  
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty  
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;  
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,  
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop  
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath;  
That their society, as their friendship, may  
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
But nakedness, thou detestable town!  
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!  
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)  
The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!  
Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with Two or Three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where 's our master?  
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

*Flav.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?  
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,  
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!  
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not  
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs  
From our companion thrown into his grave,  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,

A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow : Leak'd is our bark ;  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
Hearing the surges threat : we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

*Flav.* Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,  
As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
"We have seen better days." Let each take some ;  
[*Giving them money.*  
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :  
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

O, the fierce <sup>a</sup> wretchedness that glory brings us !  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?  
Who'd be so mock'd with glory ? or to live  
But in a dream of friendship ?  
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,  
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?  
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;  
Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,<sup>b</sup>  
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !  
Who then dares to be half so kind again ?  
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
My dearest lord,—bless'd to be most accurs'd,  
Rich, only to be wretched—thy great fortunes

<sup>a</sup> *Fierce*—violent, excessive.    <sup>b</sup> *Blood*—natural disposition.

Are made thy chief afflictions. 'Alas, kind lord !  
He 's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat  
Of monstrous friends :  
Nor has he with him to supply his life,  
Or that which can command it.  
I 'll follow, and inquire him out :  
I 'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;  
Whilst I have gold I 'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Woods.*

*Enter* TIMON.

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth  
Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb  
Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—  
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes ;  
The greater scorns the lesser : Not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature :  
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord ;  
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
The beggar native honour :  
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,  
The want that makes him lean.<sup>a</sup> Who dares, who dares,

<sup>a</sup> There is considerable obscurity in all this passage, both in the progress of the thought and the form of expression. It appears to us that it may be simplified by bearing in mind that one idea runs through the whole from the commencement, "*twinn'd brothers*," down to "*the want that makes him lean*." Touch the twinn'd brothers with several fortunes, that is, with different fortunes, and the greater scorns the lesser. The poet then interposes a reflection that man's nature, obnoxious as it is to all miseries, cannot bear great fortune without contempt of kindred nature. The greater and the lesser brothers now change places :—

" Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord."

The lord is now despised, the beggar now honoured ; and the poet goes on to show that the difference of property is the sole

In purity of manhood stand upright,  
 And say, "This man 's a flatterer"? If one be,  
 So are they all; for every grize<sup>a</sup> of fortune  
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;  
 There 's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd  
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?  
 No, gods, I am no idle votarist.  
 Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this, will  
 make

Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;  
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.  
 Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why  
 this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;  
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:<sup>b</sup>  
 This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;  
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
 With senators on the bench: this is it,

cause of the difference of estimation. He puts this in the most contemptuous way, making the power of feeding and fattening constitute the great distinction between the brother, whose pasture lards his sides, and *him*, the other brother, whose want produces leanness.

<sup>a</sup> *Grize*, greese, greece, gree, are all words expressing a step—a degree.

<sup>b</sup> *Stout* means here, in health. There was a notion that the departure of the dying was rendered easier by removing the pillow from under their heads.

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again :  
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
To the April-day again.<sup>a</sup> Come, damned earth,  
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds  
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*—Ha! a  
drum?—Thou 'rt quick,  
But yet I 'll bury thee : Thou 'lt go, strong thief,  
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand :—  
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike  
manner ; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.*

*Alcib.* Speak, what art thou there ?

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy  
heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man !

*Alcib.* What is thy name ? Is man so hateful to thee,  
That art thyself a man ?

*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

*Alcib.* I know thee well ;  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

*Tim.* I know thee too ; and more, than that I know  
thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum ;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules :  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;  
Then what should war be ? This fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.

*Phry.* Thy lips rot off !

<sup>a</sup> *The April-day* is not the fool's day, as Johnson imagined ;  
but simply the spring-time of life.

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee ; then the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this change ?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give :  
But then renew I could not, like the moon ;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee ?

*Tim.* None, but to maintain my opinion.

*Alcib.* What is it, Timon ?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none : If  
thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art  
a man ! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou 'rt  
a man !

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timan.* Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world  
Voic'd so regardfully ?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra ?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still ! They love thee not that use  
thee.

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.  
Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves  
For tubs and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth  
To the tub-fast and the diet.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster !

*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra ; for his wits  
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.  
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt  
In my penurious band : I have heard, and griev'd,  
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,  
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

*Tim.* I prithee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well :

Here 's some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep 't, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all in thy conquest;  
and thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to  
conquer my country.

Put up thy gold : Go on,—here 's gold,—go on ;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air : Let not thy sword skip one :

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He 's an usurer : Strike me the counterfeit matron ;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself 's a bawd : Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse : <sup>a</sup> Swear against objects ;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers :

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the 'Tale of Œdipus,' according to Johnson.

Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet ? I 'll take the gold thou  
giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon  
thee !

*Phr. & Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon :  
Hast thou more ?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,  
Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable,—  
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,  
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,  
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,  
I 'll trust to your conditions : Be whores still ;  
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;  
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  
And be no turncoats : Yet may your pains, six months,  
Be quite contrary : And thatch your poor thin roofs  
With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,  
No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore  
still ;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :  
A pox of wrinkles !

*Phr. & Timan.* Well, more gold ;—What then ;—  
Believe 't, that we 'll do anything for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow  
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself : down with the nose,  
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to foresee,

Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruffians  
bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;  
That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection.—There 's more gold :  
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave you all !<sup>a</sup>

*Phr. & Timan.* More counsel with more money,  
bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first ; I have given  
you earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-  
well, Timon ;

If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm ?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away,  
And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him.—  
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA,  
and TIMANDRA.*

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry ;—Common mother, thou,  
[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven

<sup>a</sup> So in 'Chapman's Homer's Iliad : '—

——“ The throats of dogs shall grave  
His manly limbs.”

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;  
Yield him, who all the human sours doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !  
Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented !—O, a root,—Dear thanks !  
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;  
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips !

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man ? Plague ! plague !

*Apem.* I was directed hither : Men report  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'T is then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
Whom I would imitate : Consumption catch thee !

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but infected ;  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this place ?  
This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.  
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,  
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,  
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent : Thou wast told thus :  
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,  
To knaves and all approachers : 'T is most just  
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee I 'd throw away myself.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool : What, think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm ? Will these moist trees,  
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out ? Will the cold brook,  
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures,—  
Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare unhoused trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee ;  
O ! thou shalt find—

*Tim.* . . . A fool of thee : Depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* . . . Why ?

*Tim.* . . . Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not ; but say thou art a caitiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out ?

*Apem.* . . . To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's ;  
Dost please thyself in 't ?

*Apem.* . . . Ay.

*Tim.* . . . What ! a knave too ?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 't were well : but thou  
Dost it enforcedly ; thou 'dst courtier be again,  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :  
The one is filling still, never complete ;  
The other, at high wish : Best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content.  
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath that is more miserable.  
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.  
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded  
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive drugs of it  
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself  
In general riot; melted down thy youth  
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
Who had the world as my confectionary;  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
At duty, more than I could frame employment;  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden:  
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate  
men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?  
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,  
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff  
To some she beggar, and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone?  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was no prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,  
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—

That the whole-life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*]

*Apem.* Here ; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thyself.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

*Tim.* 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;  
If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,  
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best and truest :  
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st o' nights, Timon ?

*Tim.* Under that 's above me.  
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather,  
where I eat it.

*Tim.* 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my  
mind !

*Apem.* Where wouldst thou send it ?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest,  
but the extremity of both ends : When thou wast in  
thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too  
much curiosity ;<sup>a</sup> in thy rags thou knowest none, but  
art despised for the contrary. There 's a medlar for  
thee, eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar ?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou  
shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man  
didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his  
means ?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst  
thou ever know beloved ?

<sup>a</sup> *Curiosity*—niceness, delicacy.

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee ; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers ?

*Tim.* Women nearest ; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power ?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts ?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to ! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee : if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee : if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass : if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee ; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf : if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner : wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury : wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse ; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard : wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life : all thy safety were remotion ; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast ? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation !

*Apem.* If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here : The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How ! has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city ?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet and a painter : The plague of company light upon thee : I will fear to catch

it, and give way: When I know not what else to do,  
I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou  
shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog,  
than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

*Apem.* A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* 'Would thou wouldst burst!

*Tim.* Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going*

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,  
 That solder'st close impossibilities,  
 And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue  
 To every purpose! O thou touch<sup>a</sup> of hearts!  
 Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue  
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
 May have the world in empire!

*Apem.* 'Would 't were so;—  
 But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:  
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I prithee.

*Apem.* Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[Exit APEMANTUS.]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

*Enter Banditti.*

1 *Ban.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Ban.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Ban.* Let us make the assay upon him. If he care not for 't, he will supply us easily: If he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2 *Ban.* True; for he bears it not about him, 't is hid.

1 *Ban.* Is not this he?

*Banditti.* Where?

2 *Ban.* 'T is his description.

3 *Ban.* He; I know him.

*Banditti.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*Banditti.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too; and women's sons.

<sup>a</sup> *Touch*—touchstone.

*Banditti.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is you want much of meat. Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs: The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

*Ban.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes:

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,  
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not  
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft  
In limited<sup>a</sup> professions. Rascal thieves,  
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,  
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,  
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician;  
His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together;  
Do villainy, do, since you protest<sup>b</sup> to do 't  
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:  
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,  
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:  
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,  
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen  
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;  
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power  
Have uncheck'd theft.<sup>c</sup> Love not yourselves: away;

<sup>a</sup> *Limited*—legalized.

<sup>b</sup> *Protest*. The ordinary reading is *profess*. There appears no necessity for the change, for either word may be used in the sense of to declare openly.

<sup>c</sup> That is, the laws, being powerful, have their theft unchecked.

Rob one another. There 's more gold : Cut throats ;  
 All that you meet are thieves : To Athens go ;  
 Break open shops ; nothing can you steal,  
 But thieves do lose it : Steal not less, for this  
 I give you ; and gold confound you howsoever !

Amen.

[TIMON retires to his cave.]

3 *Ban.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Ban.* 'T is in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Ban.* I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Ban.* Let us first see peace in Athens : There is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*]

*Enter FLAVIUS.*

*Flav.* O you gods !

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord ?

Full of decay and failing ? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !

What an alteration of honour has

Desperate want made !

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 :

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me, than those that do !

He has caught me in his eye : I will present

My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

*TIMON comes forward from his cave.*

*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.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then I know thee not.

I ne'er had honest man about me ; ay, all  
I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,  
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  
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,  
To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward  
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?  
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.  
Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man  
Was born of woman.—  
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
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,  
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,  
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,  
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  
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late;  
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:  
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.  
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,  
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,  
My most honour'd lord,  
For any benefit that points to me,  
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, 't is so!—Thou singly honest man,  
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;  
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 them,  
Debts wither them to nothing: Be men like blasted  
woods,

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 hat'st curses,  
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free;  
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter ; TIMON behind, unseen.*

*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 's so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain : Alcibiades reports it ; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him : he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity : 'T is said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*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, 't is 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.

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

*Tim.* 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.

*Tim.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine  
own work ? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other  
men ? Do so, I have gold for thee.

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

*Tim.* I 'll meet you at the turn. What a god 's  
gold,  
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,  
Than where swine feed !  
'T is thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam ,  
Settlest admired reverence in a slave :  
To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye  
Be crowned with plagues, that thee alone obey !  
\*Fit I meet them. [Advancing.

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon !

*Pain.* Our late noble master.

*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 'm rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

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

*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.

*Tim.* You are honest men: You have heard that I  
have gold;

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

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore  
Came not my friend, nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit  
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,  
[To the Poet.

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:  
Marry, 't is 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?

*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 dissemble,  
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.

*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,  
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,  
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.  
If where thou art, two villains shall not be, [*To the Pain.*  
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

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

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

You are an alchymist, make gold of that :—

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

## SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter FLAVIUS and Two Senators.*

*Flav.* It is 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.

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

2 *Sen.* At all times alike  
Men are not still the same : 'T was time, and griefs,  
That fram'd him thus : time, with his fairer hand,  
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 !  
Look out, and speak to friends : The Athenians,  
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :  
Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !—Speak, and  
be hang'd :  
For each true word, a blister ! and each false  
Be as a caut'rising to the root o' the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking !

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *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.

1 *Sen.* O, forget  
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.  
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.

2 *Sen.* They confess,

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  
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon ;  
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed 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 blot 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 ;  
Surprise me to the very brink of tears :  
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And I 'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
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 ;  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

*2 Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

*Tim.* Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir : Thus,—  
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
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,  
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 whittle in the unruly camp,  
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,  
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,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ;  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough !

*1 Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country, and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wrack,  
As common bruit doth put it.

*1 Sen.* That 's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

*1 Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass  
through them.

*2 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.

*2 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,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,

From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
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  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;  
Whom once a day with his embossed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come,  
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—  
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 TIMON.*]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably  
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead : let us return,  
And strain what other means is left unto us  
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*The Walls of Athens.*

*Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd ; are his files  
As full as thy report ?

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

2 *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 oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force.

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,  
In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter Senators from Timon.*

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—  
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust : In, and prepare ;  
Ours is the fall, I fear ; our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a  
Tombstone 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 ; there does not live a man.  
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 :  
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Before the walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES and Forces.*

*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  
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,  
 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,  
 With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *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,  
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
 Above their quantity.

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

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours  
 Were not erected by their hands from whom  
 You have receiv'd your grief : nor are they such  
 That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall  
 For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living  
 Who were the motives that you first went out ;  
 Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess,<sup>a</sup>  
 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,  
 Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth ;  
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
 Let die the spotted.

<sup>a</sup> *Cunning* in this line is not used in an evil sense, but with its ancient meaning of knowledge, wisdom ;—Excessive shame that they have wanted wisdom has broken their hearts.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended ;  
For those that were, it is not square to take,  
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  
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall  
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,  
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,  
But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

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

2 *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  
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,  
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  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
But shall be remedied, to your public laws,  
At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'T is most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sol.* 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 impression  
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* [*Reads.*] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul  
bereft :

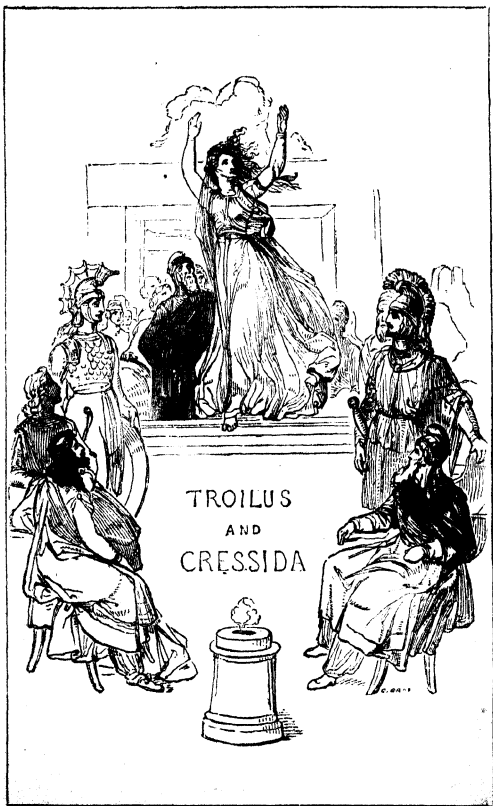
Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left !  
Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :  
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass and stay not here thy gait.

These will 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  
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead  
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.  
Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

**End of  
Timon of Athens.**







THE original quarto edition of 'Troilus and Cressida' was printed in 1609. No other edition of the play was published until it appeared in the folio collection of 1623.

"The original story," says Dryden, "was written by one Lollius, a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English; intended, I suppose, a satire on the inconstancy of women. I find nothing of it among the ancients, not so much as the name Cressida once mentioned. Shakspere (as I hinted), *in the apprenticeship of his writing*, modelled it into that play which is now called by the name of 'Troilus and Cressida.' " Without entering into the question who Lollius was, we at once receive the 'Troilus and Creseide' of Chaucer as the foundation of Shakspere's play. Of his perfect acquaintance with that poem there can be no doubt. Chaucer, of all English writers, was the one who would have the greatest charm for Shakspere. Mr. Godwin has justly observed that the Shaksperian commentators have done injustice to Chaucer in not more distinctly associating his poem with this remarkable play. But although the main incidents in the adventures of the Greek lover and his faithless mistress, as given by Chaucer, are followed with little deviation, yet, independent of the wonderful difference in the characterisation, the whole story under the treatment of

Shakspere becomes thoroughly original. In no play does he appear to us to have a more complete mastery over his materials, or to mould them into more plastic shapes by the force of his most surpassing imagination. The great Homeric poem, the rude romance of the destruction of Troy, the beautiful elaboration of that romance by Chaucer, are all subjected to his wondrous alchemy; and new forms and combinations are called forth so lifelike, that all the representations which have preceded them look cold and rigid statues, not warm and breathing men and women. Coleridge's theory of the principle upon which this was effected is, we have no doubt, essentially true:—

“I am half inclined to believe that Shakspere's main object (or shall I rather say his ruling impulse?) was to translate the poetic heroes of Paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry, and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Dürer.” \*

Dryden, we have seen, speaks of Shakspere's ‘Troilus and Cressida’ as a work of his apprenticeship. Dryden himself aspired to reform it with his own master-hand. The notion of Dryden was to convert the ‘Troilus and Cressida’ into a regular tragedy. He complains that “the chief persons who give name to the tragedy are left alive: Cressida is false, and is not punished.” The excitement of pity and terror, we are told, is the only

\* Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 163.

ground of tragedy. Tragedy, too, must have "a moral that directs the whole action of the play to one centre." To this standard, then, is Shakspeare's 'Troilus and Cressida' to be reduced. The chief persons who give name to the tragedy are *not* to be left alive. Cressida is *not* to be false; but she is to die: and so terror and pity are to be produced. And then comes the moral:—

"Then, since from home-bred factions ruin springs,  
Let subjects learn obedience to their kings."

The management by which Dryden has accomplished this metamorphosis is one of the most remarkable examples of perverted ingenuity. He had a licentious age to please. He could not spare a line, or a word, of what may be considered the objectionable scenes between Pandarus, Troilus, and Cressida. They formed no part of the "rubbish" he desired to remove. He has heightened them wherever possible; and what in Shakspeare was a sly allusion becomes with him a positive grossness. Now let us consider for a moment what Shakspeare intended by these scenes. Cressida is the exception to Shakspeare's general idea of the female character. She is beautiful, witty, accomplished,—but she is impure. In her, love is not a sentiment, or a passion,—it is an impulse. Temperament is stronger than will. Her love has nothing ideal, spiritual, in its composition. It is not constant, because it is not discriminate. Setting apart her inconstancy, how altogether different is Cressida from Juliet, or Viola, or Helena, or Perdita! There is nothing in her which could be called love: no depth, no concentration of feeling,—nothing that can

bear the name of *devotion*. Shakspeare would not permit a mistake to be made on the subject; and he has therefore given to Ulysses to describe her, as *he* conceived her. Considering what his intentions were, and what really is the high morality of the characterisation, we can scarcely say that he has made the representation too prominent. When he drew Cressida, we think he had the feeling strong on his mind which gave birth to the 129th Sonnet. A French writer, in a notice of this play, says, "*Les deux amants se voient, s'entendent, et sont heureux.*" Shakspeare has described such happiness:—

"A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;  
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:  
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell."

It was this morality that Shakspeare meant to teach when he painted this one exception to the general purity of his female characters.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED

**PRIAM**, *King of Troy.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

**HECTOR**, *son to Priam.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V.  
sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 9.

**TROILUS**, *son to Priam.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3;  
sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 11.

**PARIS**, *son to Priam.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV.  
sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 8.

**DEIPHOBUS**, *son to Priam.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

**HELENUS**, *son to Priam.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

**ÆNEAS**, *a Trojan commander.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3;  
sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 11.

**ANTENOR**, *a Trojan commander.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

**CALCHAS**, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 3.

**PANDARUS**, *uncle to Cressida.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV.  
sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 11.

**MARGARELON**, *a bastard son to Priam.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 8.

**AGAMEMNON**, *the Grecian general.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV.  
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.

**MENELAUS**, *brother to Agamemnon.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 8; sc. 10.

**ACHILLES**, *a Grecian commander.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 9.

**AJAX**, *a Grecian commander.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

**ULYSSES**, *a Grecian commander.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV.  
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.

**NESTOR**, *a Grecian commander.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV.  
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.

**DIOMEDES**, *a Grecian commander.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3;  
sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

**PATROCLUS**, *a Grecian commander.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5.  
Act V. sc. 1.

**THERSITES**, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1;  
sc. 4; sc. 8.

**ALEXANDER**, *servant to Cressida.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.

*Servant to Troilus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

*Servant to Paris.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

*Servant to Diomedes.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 5.

**HELEN**, *wife to Menelaus.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

**ANDROMACHE**, *wife to Hector.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3.

**CASSANDRA**, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

**CRESSIDA**, *daughter to Calchas.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4;  
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

*Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—TROY, AND THE GRECIAN CAMP BEFORE IT.

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

## PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece  
The princes orgulous,<sup>a</sup> their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war : Sixty and nine that wore  
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia : and their vow is made  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps,—and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come ;  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their warlike fraughtage : Now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions : Priam's six-gated city,  
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,  
And Antenorides, with massy staples,  
And corresponsive and fulfilling<sup>b</sup> bolts,  
Sperr up<sup>c</sup> the sons of Troy.  
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard :—And hither am I come

<sup>a</sup> *Orgulous*—proud—the French *orgueilleux*.

<sup>b</sup> *Fulfilling*. The verb *fulfil* is here used in the original sense of *fill full*.

<sup>c</sup> *Sperr up*. The original has *stirre up*, but we prefer the alteration. The relative positions of each force are contrasted. The Greeks pitch their pavilions on Dardan plains ; the Trojans are shut up in their six-gated city. *Sperr* is used in the sense of to fasten, by Spenser and earlier writers.

A prologue arm'd,<sup>a</sup>—but not in confidence  
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited  
In like conditions as our argument,—  
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
Leaps o'er the vaunt<sup>b</sup> and firstlings of those broils,  
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away  
To what may be digested in a play.  
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

<sup>a</sup> *Arm'd.* Johnson has pointed out that the Prologue was spoken by one of the characters in armour. This was noticed, because in general the speaker of the Prologue wore a black cloak.

<sup>b</sup> *Vaunt*—the van.



## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

*Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*

*Tro.* Call here my varlet,<sup>a</sup> I'll unarm again :  
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within ?  
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

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

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

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

*Tro.* Have I not tarried ?

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

*Tro.* Have I not tarried ?

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

*Tro.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* Ay, to the leavening : but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must

<sup>a</sup> *Varlet*—a servant. Tooke considers that *varlet* and *valet* are the same ; and that, as well as *harlot*, they mean *hireling*.

stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

*Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.  
At Priam's royal table do I sit;  
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—  
So, traitor! when she comes!—When is she thence?

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

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

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

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

<sup>a</sup> We do not receive this passage as an interjection beginning "O! that her hand;" for what does Troilus desire?—the wish is incomplete. The meaning we conceive to be rather,—in thy discourse thou handlest that hand of hers, in whose comparison, &c.

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense \*  
Hard as the palm of ploughman ;—this thou tell'st me,  
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ;  
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
The knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

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

*Tro.* Good Pandarus ! How now, Pandarus ?

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

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

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

*Tro.* Say I she is not fair ?

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

*Tro.* Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

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

[Exit PANDARUS. *An alarum.*

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

\* Johnson explains *spirit of sense* as the most exquisite sensibility of touch.

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

*Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* How now, prince Troilus ? wherefore not afield ?

*Tro.* Because not there : This woman's answer sorts,  
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

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

*Tro.* By whom, Æneas ?

*Æne.* Troilus, by Menelaus.

*Tro.* Let Paris bleed : 't is but a scar to scorn ;  
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

*Æne.* Hark ! what good sport is out of town to-day !

*Tro.* Better at home, if " would I might " were  
" may. "—

But to the sport abroad :—Are you bound thither ?

*Æne.* In all swift haste.

*Tro.* Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.*

*Cres.* Who were those went by ?

*Alex.* Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

*Cres.* And whither go they ?

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

*Cres.* What was his cause of anger ?

*Alex.* The noise goes, this : There is among the  
Greeks  
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;  
They call him Ajax.

*Cres.* Good ; and what of him ?

*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*,  
And stands alone.

*Cres.* So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick,  
or have no legs.

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

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

*Alex.* They say he yesterday coped Hector in the

battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* Who comes here?

*Alex.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Cres.* Hector 's a gallant man.

*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.

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

*Cres.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

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

*Cres.* This morning, uncle.

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

*Cres.* Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

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

*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cres.* So he says here.

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

*Cres.* What, is he angry too?

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

*Cres.* O, Jupiter! there 's no comparison.

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

*Cres.* Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

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

*Cres.* Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

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

*Cres.* 'T is just to each of them; he is himself.

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

*Cres.* So he is.

*Pan.* 'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

*Cres.* He is not Hector.

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

*Cres.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* The other's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

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

*Pan.* Nor his qualities;—

*Cres.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cres.* 'T would not become him, his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 't is, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

*Cres.* No, but brown.

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

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

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

*Cres.* Why, Paris hath colour enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Cres.* Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?<sup>b</sup>

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

*Cres.* Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

*Cres.* O, he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not?

*Cres.* O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

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

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

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

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin!—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

*Cres.* Without the rack.

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

<sup>a</sup> *Compassed window*—a bow-window.

<sup>b</sup> *Lifter*—thief. We still say a *shoplifter*.

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

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

*Cres.* With mill-stones.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed.

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

*Pan.* And Hector laughed.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing?

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

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

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

*Cres.* What was his answer?

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

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That 's true ; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white : That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons."—"Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?"—"The forked one," quoth he, "pluck it out, and give it him." But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.<sup>a</sup>

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

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

*Cres.* So I do.

*Pan.* I 'll be sworn 't is true ; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

<sup>a</sup> *Passed*—was excessive. The retort of Cressida accepts the word in its common signification.

*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an't were a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*]

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

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

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

*ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.*

*Cres.* Speak not so loud.

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

*Cres.* Who 's that?

*ANTENOR passes over.*

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

*Cres.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

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

*HECTOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That 's Hector, that, that, look you, that: there 's a fellow;—Go thy way, Hector!—There 's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there 's a countenance! Is 't not a brave man?

*Cres.* O, a brave man!

*Pan.* Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder,

do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there laying on; take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*PARIS passes over.*

*Pan.* Swords? anything, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece. Is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*HELENUS passes over.*

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

*Cres.* Can Helenus fight, uncle?

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

*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROILUS passes over.*

*Pan.* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'T is Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

*Cres.* Peace, for shame, peace!

*Pan.* Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or

a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

*Forces pass over the stage.*

*Cres.* Here come more.

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

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

*Pan.* Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

*Cres.* Well, well.

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

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

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

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

*Pan.* Say one of your watches.

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

*Pan.* You are such another!

*Enter TROILUS' Boy.*

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

*Pan.* Where?

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

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come : *[Exit Boy.]*

I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cres.* Adieu, uncle.

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

*Cres.* To bring, uncle,—

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus.

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

*[Exit PANDARUS.]*

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

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

*Senet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,  
MENELAUS, and others.*

*Agam.* Princes,

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

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.  
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,  
That we come short of our suppose so far,  
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand :  
Sith every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,  
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works ;  
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else  
But the protractive trials of great Jove,  
To find persistive constancy in men ?  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune's love : for then, the bold and coward,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :  
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;  
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself  
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

*Nest.* With due observance of thy godlike seat,  
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men : the sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk !  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,  
Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse : Where 's then the saucy boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,  
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,  
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize<sup>a</sup>  
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of  
courage,  
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,  
Returns to chiding fortune.

*Ulyss.* Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Græce,  
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.  
Besides the applause and approbation  
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—  
[To AGAMEMNON.  
And thou most rëverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—  
[To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches,—which were such  
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,  
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree  
On which the heavens ride, knit all Greeks' ears  
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—  
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

*Agam.* Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less  
expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,  
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

<sup>a</sup> *Brize*—the gad-fly.

When rank Thersites opes his mastick<sup>a</sup> jaws,  
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

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

The specialty of rule hath been neglected :  
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.  
When that the general is not like the hive,  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,  
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order :  
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check, to good and bad : But when the planets,  
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !  
What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !  
Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,

<sup>a</sup> *Mastick*. We retain the word of the original. *Masticke* is there printed with a capital initial, as marking something emphatic. In all modern editions the word is rendered *mastive*. We are inclined to think that *mastick* is not a typographical mistake. Every one has heard of Prynne's celebrated book, '*Histrio-Mastix* : The Player's Scourge ;' but it is not so generally known that this title was borrowed by the great controversialist from a play first printed in 1610, but supposed to be written earlier, which is a satire upon actors and dramatic writers from first to last. It appears to us by no means improbable that an epithet should be applied to the "rank Thersites" which should pretty clearly point at one who had done enough to make himself obnoxious to the poet's fraternity.

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shak'd,  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,  
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogenitive and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong  
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
Then everything includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite;  
And appetite an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,  
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking.  
And this neglection of degree is it,  
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose  
It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd  
By him one step below; he, by the next;  
That next, by him beneath: so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,

Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

*Nest.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

*Agam.* The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,  
What is the remedy?

*Ulyss.* The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns  
The sinew and the forehead of our host,  
Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,  
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day  
Breaks scurril jests;  
And with ridiculous and awkward action  
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)  
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on;  
And like a strutting player, whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,  
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming  
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,  
'T is like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,  
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd  
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,  
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;  
Cries—"Excellent!—'T is Agamemnon just.—  
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,  
As he, being 'dress'd to some oration."  
That 's done;—as near as the extremest ends  
Of parallels,—as like as Vulcan and his wife:  
Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent;  
'T is Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,  
Arming to answer in a night alarm."  
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age

Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and spit,  
And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,  
Shake in and out the rivet ;—and at this sport,  
Sir Valour dies ; cries, “ O !—enough, Patroclus ;  
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all  
In pleasure of my spleen.” And in this fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact,  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain  
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him ;  
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,  
Bold as an oracle ; and sets Thersites  
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)  
To match us in comparisons with dirt ;  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,  
Count wisdom as no member of the war ;  
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act  
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—  
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure  
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :  
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war :  
So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
They place before his hand that made the engine ;  
Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
By reason guide his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. [Tucket sounds.

*Agam.* What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Men.* From Troy.

*Agam.* What would you 'fore our tent?

*Æne.* Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

*Agam.* Even this.

*Æne.* May one that is a herald, and a prince,

Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles' arm  
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice  
Call Agamemnon head and general.

*Æne.* Fair leave, and large security. How may  
A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

*Agam.* How?

*Æne.* Ay;

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

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

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

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,  
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's  
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,  
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!  
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:  
But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

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

*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Agam.* What 's your affair, I pray you?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamemnon's ears.

*Agam.* He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :  
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;  
To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
And then to speak.

*Agam.* Speak frankly as the wind;  
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour;  
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

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

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy  
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!  
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,  
That holds his honour higher than his ease;  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;  
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,  
That loves his mistress more than in confession,  
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,  
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.  
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,  
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,

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

*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*;  
If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
That one meets Hector; if none else, I 'll be he.

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;  
But, if there be not in our Grecian mould  
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire  
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—  
I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,  
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;  
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste  
As may be in the world; his youth in flood,  
I 'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

*Æne.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

*Ulyss.* Amen.

*Agam.* Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand;  
To our pavilion shall I lead you first.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:  
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

*Ulyss.* Nestor!

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* I have a young conception in my brain,  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is 't?

*Ulyss.* This 't is :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how ?

*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,  
However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,  
Whose grossness little characters sum up :  
And, in the publication, make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,  
'T is dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,  
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
Pointing on him.

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

*Nest.*

Yes,

It is most meet ; Whom may you else suppose,  
That can from Hector bring his honour off,  
If not Achilles ? Though 't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells ;  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their fin'st palate : And trust to me, Ulysses,  
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd  
In this wild action : for the success,  
Although particular, shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general ;  
And in such indexes, although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,

He that meets Hector issues from our choice :  
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,  
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd  
Out of our virtues ; who, miscarrying,  
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,  
To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?  
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,  
In no less working, than are swords and bows  
Directive by the limbs.

*Ulyss.* Give pardon to my speech ;—  
Therefore 't is meet, Achilles meet not Hector.  
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,  
And think, perchance, they 'll sell ; if not,  
The lustre of the better yet to show  
Shall show the better. Do not consent  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;  
For both our honour and our shame, in this,  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

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

*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should wear with him :  
But he already is too insolent ;  
And we were better parch in Afric sun,  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,  
Why, then we did our main opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;  
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw  
The sort to fight with Hector : Among ourselves  
Give him allowance as the worthier man,  
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,  
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall  
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,  
We 'll dress him up in voices : If he fail,

Yet go we under our opinion still  
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,  
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*Nest.* Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice;  
And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.  
Two curs shall tame each other : Pride alone  
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.

[*Exeunt.*



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp.**Enter AJAX and THERSITES.**Ajax.* Thersites,—*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils ? full, all over, generally ?*Ajax.* Thersites,—*Ther.* And those boils did run ?—Say so,—did not the general run ? were not that a botchy core ?*Ajax.* Dog,—*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him ; I see none now.*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ?  
Feel then. *[Strikes him.]**Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord !*Ajax.* Speak then, thou vinew'd<sup>a</sup> leaven, speak : I will beat thee into handsomeness.*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness : but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou ? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks !*Ajax.* Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus ?*Ajax.* The proclamation—*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.*Ajax.* Do not, porcupine, do not ; my fingers itch.

<sup>a</sup> *Vinew'dest*—vinewed—vinny—signifies decayed, mouldy ; the word in the text is the superlative of *vinewed*. In the preface to our translation of the Bible we have "*fenewed* traditions."

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

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation,—

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

*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites!

*Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him.

*Ajax.* Cobloaf!

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

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

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!

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

*Ajax.* You dog!

*Ther.* You scurvy lord!

*Ajax.* You cur! [Beating him.

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

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

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

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

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

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

<sup>a</sup> Pun—pound.

<sup>b</sup> Assinego—an ass.

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

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well, why I do so.

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

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

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

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax—

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*]

*Ther.* Has not so much wit—

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool!

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

*Ajax.* O thou damned cur! I shall—

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

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

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.

*Achil.* What's the quarrel?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of proclamation, and he rails upon me.

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ex.* Well, go to, go to.  
the wol.  
face to c  
tions." I serve here voluntary.

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

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

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

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

*Achil.* What, what ?

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles ! to, Ajax ! to !

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'T is no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

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

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

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

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

*Patr.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host :

That Hector, by the fifth<sup>a</sup> hour of the sun,  
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,  
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,  
That hath a stomach ; and such a one that dare  
Maintain—I know not what ; 't is trash : Farewell.

<sup>a</sup> *Fifth.* So the folio ; the quarto has *first*. The knights of chivalry did not encounter at the *first* hour of the sun ; by the *fifth* of a summer's morning the lists would be set, and the ladies in their seats. The usages of chivalry are those of this play.

*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

*Achil.* I know not, it is put to lottery ; otherwise,  
He knew his man.

*Ajax.* O, meaning you :—I'll go learn more of it.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

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

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks :  
“ Deliver Helen, and all damage else—  
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd  
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—  
Shall be struck off : ”—Hector, what say you to 't ?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,  
As far as toucheth my particular, yet, dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out—“ Who knows what follows ? ”  
Than Hector is : The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :  
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,<sup>a</sup>  
Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean of ours :  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,  
To guard a thing not ours ; nor worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten ;  
What merit's in that reason which denies  
The yielding of her up ?

*Tro.* Fie, fie, my brother !  
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king

<sup>a</sup> *Dismes*—tenths.

So great as our dread father, in a scale  
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum  
The past-proportion of his infinite?  
And buckle in a waist most fathomless  
With spans and inches so diminutive  
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,  
You are so empty of them. Should not our father  
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,  
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

*Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,  
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:  
You know an enemy intends you harm;  
You know a sword employ'd is perilous  
And reason flies the object of all harm<sup>ness</sup>  
Who marvels then, when Helenus beh<sup>e</sup>.  
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set a<sup>y</sup>.  
The very wings of reason to his heels a<sup>y</sup>.  
And fly like chidden Mercury from J<sup>o</sup>.  
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we;  
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: M<sup>ove</sup>,  
Should have hare hearts, would I talk of reason,  
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason; rea<sup>l</sup> they but f<sup>ect</sup>  
Make livers pale, and lustihop

*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost  
The holding<sup>g</sup>

*Tro.* What's aught but as 't is valued?

*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;  
holds his estimate and dignity

well wherein 't is precious of itself

in the prizer; 't is mad idolatry

make the service greater than the god;

the will dotes that is inclinable

what infectiousl<sup>y</sup> itself affects,

ut some image of the affected merit.

I take to-day a wife, and my election





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

*Par.* Else might the world convince of levity  
As well my undertakings as your counsels :  
But I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project.  
For what, alas, can these my single arms?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,  
And had as ample power as I have will,  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :  
You have the off-spring still, but these the gall ;  
So to be <sup>rough</sup> <sup>rough</sup> is no praise at all.

*Par.* have I not propose not merely to myself  
The hono<sup>r</sup> which a beauty brings with it ;  
But <sup>in</sup> were <sup>in</sup> the soil of her fair rape  
Where <sup>is</sup> <sup>is</sup> What's a the soil of her fair rape  
But value dwurable keeping her.  
*Hect.* But value a it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your is bat worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up,  
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be  
That so degenerate a strain as this  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,  
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,  
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,  
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,  
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

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

And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have gloz'd,—but superficially ; not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy :

The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong ; for pleasure, and revenge,  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves  
All dues be render'd to their owners : Now  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband ? if this law  
Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—  
As it is known she is,—these moral laws  
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud  
To have her back return'd : Thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,  
My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen-still ;  
For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependence  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :  
Were it not glory that we more affected  
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
She is a theme of honour and renown ;  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;

Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us :  
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,  
 For the wide world's revenue.

*Hect.*

I am yours,

You valiant offspring of great Priamus.  
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,  
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :  
 I was advertis'd their great general slept,  
 Whilst emulation in the army crept ;  
 This, I presume, will wake him. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter THERSITES.*

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

thinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

*Enter PATROCLUS.*

*Patr.* Who 's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter: Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I 'll be sworn and sworn upon 't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where 's Achilles?

*Patr.* What, art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

*Ther.* Ay: the heavens hear me!

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Who 's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

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

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

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

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

*Patr.* Thou mayst tell that knowest.

*Achil.* O, tell, tell.

*Ther.* I 'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon

commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal!

*Ther.* Peace, fool; I have not done.

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

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

*Achil.* Derive this; come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

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

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

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

*Agam.* Where is Achilles?

*Patr.* Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

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

He shent<sup>a</sup> our messengers, and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

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

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent;  
He is not sick.

<sup>a</sup> *Shent*—rebuked.

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

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

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

*Nest.* Who ? Thersites ?

*Ulyss.* He.

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

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

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

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

*Re-enter PATROCLUS.*

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

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

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

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus ;—  
We are too well acquainted with these answers :  
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,  
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.  
Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason  
Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues,  
Not virtuously of his own part beheld,  
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;  
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,

Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him  
We come to speak with him : And you shall not sin,  
If you do say—we think him over-proud,  
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater  
Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than him-  
self

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ;  
Disguise the holy strength of their command,  
And underwrite in an observing kind  
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch  
His pettish lines, his ebbs, his flows, as if  
The passage and whole carriage of this action  
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,  
That, if he overhold his price so much,  
We 'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine  
Not portable, lie under this report—  
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :  
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give  
Before a sleeping giant :—Tell him so.

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

*Agam.* In second voice we 'll not be satisfied,  
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit Ulyss.*

*Ajax.* What is he more than another ?

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

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

*Agam.* No question.

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

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

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

*Agam.* Your mind 's the clearer, Ajax, and your  
virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself :  
pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chro-

nicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

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

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

*Re-enter ULYSSES.*

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

*Agam.* What 's his excuse?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*Agam.* Why, will he not, upon our fair request,  
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,  
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;  
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride  
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth  
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,  
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
And batters 'gainst itself. What should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it  
Cry—"No recovery."

*Agam.* Let Ajax go to him.—  
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:  
'T is said, he holds you well; and will be led,  
At your request, a little from himself.

*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon, let it not be so!  
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,  
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve  
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,  
By going to Achilles ;  
That were to enlard his fat-already pride ;  
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion.  
This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid ;  
And say in thunder—" Achilles go to him."

*Nest.* O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*]

*Dio.* And how his silence drinks up this applause !

[*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him  
Over the face.

*Agam.* O, no, you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride :  
Let me go to him.

*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow !

*Nest.* How he describes himself ! [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable ?

*Ulyss.* The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* I'll let his humours blood.

*Agam.* He will be the physician, that should be the  
patient. [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind !

*Ulyss.* Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* A should not bear it so, a should eat swords  
first : Shall pride carry it ?

*Nest.* An't would, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

*Ulyss.* He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

*Nest.* He's not yet through warm : force him with  
praises : Pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*]

*Ulyss.* My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*To AGAM.*]

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.

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

*Ulyss.* Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.  
Here is a man—But 't is before his face ;  
I will be silent.

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

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with  
us ! Would he were a Trojan !

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

*Ulyss.* If he were proud—

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise—

*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne—

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected !

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet  
composure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition :

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half : and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts : Here 's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father ?

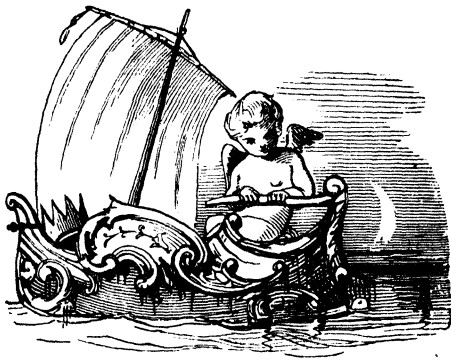
*Ulyss.* Ay, my good son.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> In Shakspeare's time it was the highest compliment to call a man whose wit or learning was revered, *father*. Ben Jonson had thus his sons.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here ; the hart Achilles  
Keeps thicket. Please it our general  
To call together all his state of war ;  
Fresh kings are come to Troy : To-morrow,  
We must with all our main of power stand fast :  
And here 's a lord,—come knights from east to west,  
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

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



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.*

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

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean.

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman ; I must needs praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised !

*Pan.* You know me, do you not ?

*Serv.* 'Faith, sir, superficially.

*Pan.* Friend, know me better ; I am the lord Pandarus.

*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honour better.

*Pan.* I do desire it.

*Serv.* You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*]

*Pan.* Grace ! not so, friend ; honour and lordship are my titles :—What music is this ?

*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir ; it is music in parts.

*Pan.* Know you the musicians ?

*Serv.* Wholly, sir.

*Pan.* Who play they to ?

*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.

*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend ?

*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir ?

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another : I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning : At whose request do these men play ?

*Serv.* That 's to 't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who 's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love 's invisible soul,—

*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida?

*Serv.* No, sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

*Serv.* Sodden business! there 's a stewed phrase, indeed!

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

*Par.* You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.

*Helen.* O, sir,—

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

*Par.* Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we 'll hear you sing, certainly.

*Pan.* Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen; go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

*Helen.* You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen; that 's a sweet queen, i' faith.

*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper you will make his excuse.

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

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

*Helen.* Nay, but my lord,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

*Par.* I 'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

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

*Par.* Well, I 'll make excuse.

*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer 's sick.

*Par.* I spy.

*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done.

*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

*Pan.* He! no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain.

*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

*Helen.* Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Helen.* Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

*Pan.* Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love

*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!  
 For, oh, love's bow  
 Shoots buck and doe:  
 The shaft confounds,  
 Not that it wounds,  
 But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!  
 Yet that which seems the wound to kill,  
 Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!  
 So dying love lives still:  
 Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!  
 Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

*Helen.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my  
 estecher Troilus went not?

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something ; you know all, lord Pandarus.

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You 'll remember your brother's excuse?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece.

*Pan.* I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

*[A retreat sounded.]*

*Par.* They are come from field : let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you  
To help unarm our Hector : his stubborn buckles,  
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,  
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,  
Or force of Greekish sinews ; you shall do more  
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

*Helen.* 'T will make us proud to be his servant,  
Paris :

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty  
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have ;  
Yea, overshines ourself.

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Troy. Pandarus' Orchard.

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.*

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

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

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Pan.* O, here he comes—How now, how now ?

*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin ?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus : I stalk about her door,

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,  
And give me swift transportance to those fields  
Where I may wallow in the lily beds  
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to Cressid!

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

*Tro.* I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense. What will it be,  
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;  
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* She's making her ready, she'll come straight:  
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and  
fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a  
sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she  
fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:  
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring  
The eye of majesty.

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

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

that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we 'll put you i' the fills.<sup>a</sup>—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an't were dark you 'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

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

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

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

*Tro.* O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

*Cres.* Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—

O my lord!

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

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

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

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

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

*Cres.* Nor nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro.* Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking

<sup>a</sup> *Fills*—thills, shafts.

it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

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

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

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

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Cres.* Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,  
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.  
I love you now; but not, till now, so much  
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;  
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown  
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!  
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?  
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;  
Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;  
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,  
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
My soul of counsel from me: Stop my mouth.

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

*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:  
'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:  
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—  
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid?

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

*Cres.* Pray you, content you.

*Tro.* What offends you, lady?

*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.* You cannot shun  
Yourself.

*Cres.* Let me go and try:  
I have a kind of self resides with you:  
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?  
I would be gone :—I speak I know not what.

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

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

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;  
Or else you love not : For to be wise, and love,  
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

*Tro.* O, that I thought it could be in a woman,  
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)  
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !  
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,  
That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be affronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnowed purity in love ;  
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,  
I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

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

*Tro.* O virtuous fight,  
When right with right wars who shall be most right !  
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,  
Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,  
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,  
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—  
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—  
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
As truth's authentic author to be cited,  
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,  
And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be!  
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing; yet let memory  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said, as false  
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;  
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
As false as Cressid.

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

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

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

*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have done you,  
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud

To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,  
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,<sup>a</sup>  
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all  
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;  
And here, to do you service, am become  
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:  
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
To give me now a little benefit,  
Out of those many register'd in promise,  
Which you say live to come in my behalf.

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

*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)  
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,  
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,  
That their negotiations all must slack,  
Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

<sup>a</sup> The meaning appears to us sufficiently clear—through my prescience in knowing what things I should love.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake ; and 't is a burthen  
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exeunt DIOM. and CAL.*]

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :—  
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :  
I will come last : 'T is like, he 'll question me,  
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on  
him :

If so, I have derision medicinable,  
To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;  
It may do good : pride hath no other glass  
To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees  
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

*Agam.* We 'll execute your purpose, and put on  
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;—  
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What, comes the general to speak with me ?  
You know my mind, I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Agam.* What says Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing, my lord.

*Agam.* The better. [*Exeunt AGAM. and NEST.*]

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you ? how do you ? [*Exit MEN.*]

*Achil.* What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus ?

*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha ?

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit AJAX.*]

*Achil.* What mean these fellows ? Know they not Achilles ?

*Patr.* They pass by strangely : they were us'd to bend,  
To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;  
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep  
To holy altars.

*Achil.* What, am I poor of late ?  
'T is certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too : What the declin'd is,  
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,  
As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer ;  
And not a man, for being simply man,  
Hath any honour ; but honour for those honours  
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,  
Prizes of accident as oft as merit :  
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
Do one pluck down another, and together  
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me :  
Fortune and I are friends ; I do enjoy  
At ample point all that I did possess,  
Save these men's looks : who do, methinks, find out  
Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses ;  
I 'll interrupt his reading.—  
How now, Ulysses ?

*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son !

*Achil.* What are you reading ?

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here  
Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted,  
How much in having, or without, or in,  
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection ;  
As when his virtues shining upon others  
Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
To the first giver.

*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.  
The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself  
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,  
Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd  
Salutes each other with each other's form.  
For speculation turns not to itself,  
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there  
Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,  
It is familiar ; but at the author's drift :  
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,  
That no man is the lord of anything,  
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)  
Till he communicate his parts to others :  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they are extended ; which, like an arch, rever-  
berates

The voice again ; or, like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;  
And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.  
Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;  
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things  
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !  
What things again most dear in the esteem,  
And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow,  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,  
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,  
While some men leave to do !  
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !  
How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is feasting in his wantonness!  
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrinking.

*Achil.* I do believe it : for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me  
Good word nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingritudes :  
Those scraps are good deeds past : which are devour'd  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done : Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to lang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue : If you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost ;—  
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'errun and trampled on : Then what they do in present,  
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :  
For time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;  
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps—in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it was !  
For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—  
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past;  
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:  
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
And still it might; and yet it may again,  
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
And case thy reputation in thy tent;  
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,  
And drave great Mars to faction.

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

*Ulyss.* But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroical:  
'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.

*Achil.* Ha! known?

*Ulyss.* Is that a wonder?  
The providence that's in 'a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;  
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,  
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
There is a mystery (with whom relation  
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;  
Which hath an operation more divine  
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:  
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,  
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;

And better would it fit Achilles much,  
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :  
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump ;  
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—  
“ Great Hector’s sister did Achilles win ;  
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.”  
Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;  
The fool slides o’er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*]

*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov’d you :  
A woman impudent and mannish grown  
Is not more loath’d than an effeminate man  
In time of action. I stand condemn’d for this ;  
They think, my little stomach to the war,  
And your great love to me, restrains you thus :  
Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion’s mane,  
Be shook to airy air.

*Achil.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

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

*Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake ;  
My fame is shrewdly gor’d.

*Patr.* O, then beware ;  
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves :  
Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*Achil.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus :  
I’ll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him  
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,  
To see us here unarm’d : I have a woman’s longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace :  
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,  
Even to my full of view. A labour sav’d !

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* A wonder !

*Achil.* What ?

*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

*Achil.* How so ?

*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector ; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be ?

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

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him, Ther-sites.

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

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus : Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent ; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and

most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax.

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

*Ther.* Humph!

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

*Ther.* Agamemnon?

*Patr.* Ay, my lord.

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* What say you to 't?

*Ther.* God be wi' you, with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart.

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

*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none: unless the fiddler Apollo gets his sinews to make catlings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

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

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

*Ther.* 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Street.*

*Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch ; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIO-MEDES, and others, with torches.*

*Par.* See, ho ! who 's that there ?

*Dei.* 'T is the lord Æneas.

*Æne.* Is the prince there in person ?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,  
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business  
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

*Dio.* That 's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord  
Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas ; take his hand :  
Witness the process of your speech, wherein  
You told how Diomed, in a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir,  
During all question of the gentle truce :<sup>a</sup>  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,  
As heart can think or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces.  
Our bloods are now in calm ; and, so long, health :  
But, when contention and occasion meet,  
By Jove, I 'll play the hunter for thy life,  
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly  
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,  
Welcome to Troy ! now, by Anchises' life,

\* The sentence scarcely requires explanation : Æneas wishes Diomedes health, whilst there is no question, argument, between them but what arises out of the truce.

Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,  
No man alive can love, in such a sort,  
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathize :—Jove, let Æneas live,  
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun !  
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,  
With every joint a wound ; and that to-morrow !

*Æne.* We know each other well.

*Dio.* We do ; and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most despitfull'st<sup>a</sup> gentle greeting,  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—

What business, lord, so early ?

*Æne.* I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know  
not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you : 'T was to bring this  
Greek

To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,  
For the enfrèed Antenor, the fair Cressid :  
Let 's have your company ; or, if you please,  
Haste there before us : I constantly do think,  
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;  
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality whereof ; I fear,  
We shall be much unwelcome.

*Æne.* That I assure you ;  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*Par.* There is no help ;  
The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

*Æne.* Good morrow, all. [Exit.

*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed ; faith, tell me  
true,  
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—

<sup>a</sup> This is the common construction of the age of Shakspeare.

Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,  
Myself, or Menelaus?

*Dio.* Both alike:

He merits well to have her that doth seek her  
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)  
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;  
And you as well to keep her, that defend her  
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:  
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;  
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more;  
But he as he; which heavier for a whore?

*Par.* You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

*Dio.* She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris.—  
For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,  
She hath not given so many good words breath,  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—  
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.  
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Court before the House of*  
PANDARUS.

*Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle  
down;

He shall unbolt the gates

*Tro.* Trouble him not;  
To bed, to bed : Sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,  
As infants' empty of all thought!

*Cres.* Good morrow, then.

*Tro.* Prithee now, to bed.'

*Cres.* Are you aweary of me?

*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,  
I would not from thee.

*Cres.* Night hath been too brief.

*Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she  
stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cres.* Prithee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.—  
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,  
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one  
up.

*Pan.* [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

*Tro.* It is your uncle.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking :  
I shall have such a life,—

*Pan.* How now? how now? how go maidenheads?  
Here, you maid, where's my cousin Cressid?

*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking  
uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what?—let her say what:  
what have I brought you to do?

*Cres.* Come, come; beshrew your heart: you'll  
ne'er be good,  
Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! a poor capocchia !<sup>a</sup> hast not slept to-night ? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep ? a bugbear take him ! [*Knocking.*]

*Cres.* Did not I tell you ?—'would he were knock'd o' the head !—

Who 's that at door ? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber :

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha !

*Cres.* Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking.*]

How earnestly they knock ! pray you, come in ;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*]

*Pan.* [*Going to the door.*] Who 's there ? what 's the matter ? will you beat down the door ? How now ? what 's the matter ?

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

*Pan.* Who 's there ? my lord Æneas ? By my troth, I knew you not : what news with you so early ?

*Æne.* Is not prince Troilus here ?

*Pan.* Here ! what should he do here ?

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him ; It doth import him much to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you ? 't is more than I know, I 'll be sworn :—For my own part, I came in late : What should he do here ?

*Æne.* Who !—nay, then :—Come, come, you 'll do him wrong ere y' are 'ware : You 'll be so true to him, to be false to him : Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither ; go.

*As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* How now ? what 's the matter ?

<sup>a</sup> *Capocchia.* Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, explains *capocchio* as "a shallow skonce, a loggerhead."

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,  
 My matter is so rash : There is at hand  
 Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,  
 The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor  
 Deliver'd to us ; and for him forthwith,  
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
 We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
 The lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it concluded so ?

*Æne.* By Priam, and the general state of Troy :  
 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me !  
 I will go meet them : and, my lord *Æneas*,  
 We met by chance ; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord ; the secrets of nature  
 Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*]

*Pan.* Is 't possible ? no sooner got but lost ? The  
 devil take Antenor ! the young prince will go mad. A  
 plague upon Antenor ! I would they had broke 's  
 neck.

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

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

*Pan.* Ah, ah !

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly ? where 's my  
 lord gone ?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter ?

*Pan.* 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am  
 above !

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

*Pan.* Prithee, get thee in. 'Would thou hadst ne'er  
 been born ! I knew thou wouldst be his death :—O poor  
 gentleman !—A plague upon Antenor !

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,  
 I beseech you what 's the matter ?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

*Cres.* O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;  
I know no touch of consanguinity;  
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,  
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!  
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood  
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,  
Do to this body what extremity you can;  
But the strong base and building of my love  
Is as the very centre of the earth,  
Drawing all things to it.—I will go in, and weep;—

*Pan.* Do, do.

*Cres.* Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;  
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart  
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.*

*Par.* It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd  
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek  
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,  
Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk in to her house;  
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:  
And to his hand when I deliver her,  
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus  
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit.*]

*Par.* I know what 't is to love ;  
 And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—  
 Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation ?  
 The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
 And no less in a sense as strong as that  
 Which causeth it : How can I moderate it ?  
 If I could temporize with my affection,  
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
 The like allayment could I give my grief :  
 My love admits no qualifying cross :  
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes, a sweet duck !

*Cres.* O Troilus ! Troilus !

*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me embrace too : *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

*O heart, heavy heart,  
 Why sigh'st thou without breaking?*

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,  
 By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse ; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs ?

*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,  
 That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,  
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
 Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envy?

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

*Cres.* And is it true that I must go from Troy?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.

*Cres.* What, and from Troilus too?

*Tro.* From Troy, and Troilus.

*Cres.* Is 't possible?

*Tro.* And suddenly; where injury of chance  
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows  
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:  
We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves  
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.  
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,  
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:  
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,  
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;  
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

*Ænē.* [Within.] My lord! is the lady ready?

*Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius

so

Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—  
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or  
my heart will be blown up by the root. [Exit PAN.]

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Tro.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!  
When shall we see again?

*Tro.* Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

*Cres.* I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us :  
I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;  
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,  
That there 's no maculation in thy heart :  
But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in  
My sequent protestation ; be thou true,  
And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers  
As infinite as imminent ! but, I 'll be true.

*Tro.* And I 'll grow friend with danger. Wear this  
sleeve.

*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I see you ?

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.  
But yet, be true.

*Cres.* O heavens !—be true, again ?

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love ;  
The Grecian youths are full of quality ;  
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,  
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;  
How novelties may move, and parts with person,  
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy  
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)  
Makes me afraid.

*Cres.* O heavens ! you love me not.

*Tro.* Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in question,  
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,  
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :  
But I can tell, that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,  
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think I will ?

*Tro.* No.

But something may be done that we will not :

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeeful potency.

*Æne.* [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

*Tro.* Come, kiss, and let us part.

*Par.* [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither;  
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

*Cres.* My lord, will you be true?

*Tro.* Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;  
While others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit  
Is—plain, and true,—there 's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and  
DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,  
Which for Antenor we deliver you:  
At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand;  
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.  
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilion.

*Dio.* Fair lady Cressid,  
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects;  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,  
To shame the seal of my petition to thee,  
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,  
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;  
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
 I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:  
 Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,  
 To be a speaker free; when I am hence,  
 I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,  
 I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth  
 She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,  
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

*Tro.* Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,  
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—  
 Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,  
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.]

[*Trumpet heard.*]

*Par.* Hark! Hector's trumpet.

*Ane.* How have we spent this morning!  
 The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
 That swore to ride before him in the field.

*Par.* 'T is Troilus' fault; Come, come, to field with  
 him.

*Dei.* Let us make ready straight.

*Ane.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:  
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
 On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter* AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATRO-  
 CLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.

*Agam.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,  
 Anticipating time. With starting courage,  
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
 Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air

May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
And hale him hither.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :  
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek  
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon :  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood ;  
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Ulyss.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'T is but early days.

*Agam.* Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter ?

*Ulyss.* 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait ;  
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.*

*Agam.* Is this the lady Cressid ?

*Dio.* Even she.

*Agam.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet  
lady.

*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

*Ulyss.* Yet is the kindness but particular ;  
'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

*Nest.* And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.—  
So much for Nestor.

*Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady :  
Achilles bids you welcome.

*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing now :  
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;  
And parted thus you and your argument.

*Ulyss.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !  
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

*Patr.* The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this, mine :  
Patroclus kisses you.

*Men.* O, this is trim !

*Patr.* Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

*Men.* I 'll have my kiss, sir :—Lady, by your leave.

*Cres.* In kissing, do you render or receive?

*Patr.* Both take and give.

*Cres.* I 'll make my match to live,  
The kiss you take is better than you give;  
Therefore no kiss.

*Men.* I 'll give you boot, I 'll give you three for one.

*Cres.* You 're an odd man; give even, or give none.

*Men.* An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

*Cres.* No, Paris is not; for you know 't is true  
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

*Men.* You fillip me o' the head.

*Cres.* No, I 'll be sworn.

*Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail against his horn.—  
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

*Cres.* You may.

*Ulyss.* I do desire it.

*Cres.* Why, beg then.

*Ulyss.* Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,  
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

*Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 't is due.

*Ulyss.* Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.

*Dio.* Lady, a word;—I 'll bring you to your father  
[*DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.*]

*Nest.* A woman of quick sense.

*Ulyss.* Fie, fie upon her!

There 's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
To every tickling reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet within.*]

*All.* The Trojaus' trumpet.

*Agam.* Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter* HECTOR, *armed*; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other*  
Trojans, *with Attendants*:

*Æne.* Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be  
done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,  
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights  
Shall to the edge of all extremity  
Pursue each other, or shall be divided  
By any voice or order of the field?  
Hector bade ask.

*Agam.* Which way would Hector have it?

*Æne.* He cares not, he 'll obey conditions.

*Achil.* 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,  
A little proudly, and great deal disprizing  
The knight oppos'd.

*Æne.* If not Achilles, sir,  
What is your name?

*Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing.

*Æne.* Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know  
this;—

In the extremity of great and little,  
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;  
The one almost as infinite as all,  
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.  
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:  
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

*Achil.* A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

*Re-enter* DIOMEDES.

*Agam.* Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,  
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas  
Consent upon the order of their fight,  
So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath : the combatants being kin,  
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.

*Ulyss.* They are oppos'd already.

*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy ?

*Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam ; a true knight ;  
Not yet mature, yet matchless : firm of word ;  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;  
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd :  
His heart and hand both open, and both free ;  
For what he has he gives ; what thinks he shows ;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath :  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;  
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,  
Is more vindicative than jealous love :  
They call him Troilus ; and on him erect  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth  
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,  
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.

*Agam.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

*Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st ;  
Awake thee !

*Agam.* His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax !

*Dio.* You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

*Æne.* Princes, enough, so please you.

*Ajax.* I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

*Dio.* As Hector pleases.

*Hect.* Why then, will I no more :—  
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,  
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;  
The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :  
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so  
That thou couldst say—"This hand is Grecian all,  
And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg  
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
Bounds in my father's ;" by Jove multipotent,  
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member  
Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,  
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd : Let me embrace thee, Ajax :  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus :  
Cousin, all honour to thee !

*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector :  
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
A great addition earned in thy death.

*Hect.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable  
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes  
Cries, "This is he,") could promise to himself  
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

*Æne.* There is expectance here from both thosides,  
What further you will do.

*Hect.* We 'll answer it ;  
The issue is embracement :—Ajax, farewell.

*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success,  
(As sold' I have the chance,) I would desire  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

*Dio.* 'T is Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

*Hect.* Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me :  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;  
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me name by name ;  
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

*Agam.* Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy ;  
But that 's no welcome : Understand more clear  
What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with husks  
And formless ruin of oblivion ;  
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,  
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,  
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

*Hect.* I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

*Agam.* My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To TROILUS.]

*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-  
ing ;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

*Hect.* Whom must we answer ?

*Ane.* The noble Menelaus.

*Hect.* O you, my lord ? by Mars his gauntlet,  
thanks !

Mock not, that I affect the untraded<sup>a</sup> oath ;  
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove :  
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

*Men.* Name her not now, sir ; she 's a deadly theme.

*Hect.* O, pardon ; I offend.

*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,  
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth : and I have seen  
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

<sup>a</sup> *Untraded*—unused, uncommon.

And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,  
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;  
That I have said unto my standers-by,  
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"  
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,  
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,  
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;  
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*Ane.* 'T is the old Nestor.

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

*Nest.* I would my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

*Hect.* I would they could.

*Nest.* Ha!

By this white beard, I 'd fight with thee to-morrow.  
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.

*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

*Hect.* I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.  
Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:  
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,  
Must kiss their own feet.

*Hect.* I must not believe you:

There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;  
And that old common arbitrator, time,  
Will one day end it.

*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it.  
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :  
After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou !—  
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee :  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.

*Hect.* Is this Achilles ?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er ;  
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.  
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his  
body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, or there, or there ?  
That I may give the local wound a name ;  
And make distinct the very breach whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

*Hect.* It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud  
man,  
To answer such a question : Stand again :  
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
As to prenominate in nice conjecture  
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,

I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;  
 For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
 But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,  
 I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—  
 You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,  
 His insolence draws folly from my lips;  
 But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
 Or may I never—

*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee, cousin;—  
 And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,  
 Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:  
 You may have every day enough of Hector,  
 If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,  
 Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field;  
 We have had pelting<sup>a</sup> wars, since you refus'd  
 The Grecians' cause.

*Achil.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector?  
 To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;  
 To-night, all friends.

*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match.

*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;  
 There in the full convive you: afterwards,  
 As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
 Concur together, severally entreat him.  
 Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,  
 That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

*Tro.* My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
 In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

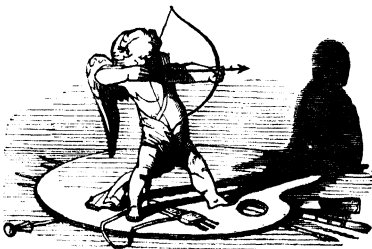
*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:  
 There Diomed doth feast with him to-night.  
 Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,  
 But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
 On the fair Cressid.

*Pelting—petty.*

*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,  
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir,  
As gentle tell me, of what honour was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,  
That wails her absence?

*Tro.* O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,  
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?  
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:  
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [Ex.]



## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greeckish wine to-night,  
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—  
*Patroclus*, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter* THERSITES.

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy?  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

*Achil.* From whence, fragment?

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now?

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

*Patr.* Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

*Ther.* Prithee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

*Patr.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

*Ther.* No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

*Patr.* Out, gall!

*Ther.* Finch egg!

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fall, Greeks: fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay:

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

*Ther.* With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring

without a roe, I would not care : but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites ; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day ! spirits and fires !

*Enter* HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, *with lights*.

*Agam.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No, yonder 't is ;  
There, where we see the lights.

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector ; welcome, princes all.

*Agam.* So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.  
*Ajax* commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

*Men.* Good night, my lord.

*Hect.* Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

*Ther.* Sweet draught : Sweet, quoth 'a ! sweet sink,  
sweet sewer.

*Achil.* Good night, and welcome, both at once, to  
those

That go, or tarry.

*Agam.* Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

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

*Dio.* I cannot, lord ; I have important business,  
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

*Ulyss.* Follow his torch, he goes  
To Calchas' tent ; I 'll keep you company.

[*Aside to* TROILUS.]

*Tro.* Sweet sir, you honour me.

*Hect.* And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSS. and *Tro.* following.]

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Excunt* ACHIL., HECTOR, AJAX, and NEST.]

*Ther.* That same Diomed 's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it that it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I 'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.*

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* What, are you up here, ho? speak.

*Cal.* [*Within.*] Who calls?

*Dio.* Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where 's your daughter?

*Cal.* [*Within.*] She comes to you.

*Enter* TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

*Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter* CRESSIDA.

*Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now, my charge?

*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*]

*Tro.* Yea, so familiar!

*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.

*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

*Dio.* Will you remember?

*Cres.* Remember? yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

*Tro.* What should she remember?

*Ulyss.* List!

*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

*Ther.* Roguery!

*Dio.* Nay, then,—

*Cres.* I'll tell you what:

*Dio.* Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are a fore-sworn—

*Cres.* In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

*Ther.* A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me?

*Cres.* I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

*Dio.* Good night.

*Tro.* Hold, patience!

*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan?

*Cres.* Diomed,—

*Dio.* No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

*Tro.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Hark! one word in your ear.

*Tro.* O plague and madness!

*Ulyss.* You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!

*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

*Tro.* I pray thee, stay.

*Ulyss.* You have not patience; come.  
*Tro.* I pray you, stay; by hell, and hell torments,  
I will not speak a word.

*Dio.* And so, good night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee?  
O wither'd truth!

*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord?

*Tro.* By Jove,  
I will be patient.

*Cres.* Guardian!—why, Greek!

*Dio.* Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

*Cres.* In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something; will you  
go?

You will break out.

*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!

*Ulyss.* Come, come.

*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:  
There is between my will and all offences  
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

*Ther.* How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and  
potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

*Dio.* But will you then?

*Cres.* In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.

*Cres.* I'll fetch you one. [Exit.]

*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.

*Tro.* Fear me not, sweet lord;  
I will not be myself, nor have cognition  
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

*Ther.* Now the pledge; now, now, now!

*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

*Tro.* O beauty! where's thy faith?

*Ulyss.* My lord,—

*Tro.* I will be patient; outwardly I will.

*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve: Behold it well.—  
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.

*Dio.* Whose was 't?

*Cres.* No matter, now I have 't again.  
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:  
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

*Ther.* Now she sharpens:—Well said, whetstone.

*Dio.* I shall have it.

*Cres.* What, this?

*Dio.* Ay, that.

*Cres.* O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!  
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed  
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,  
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,  
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;  
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

*Dio.* I had your heart before, this follows it.

*Tro.* I did swear patience.

*Cres.* You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith, you  
shall not;  
I 'll give you something else.

*Dio.* I will have this: whose was it?

*Cres.* 'T is no matter.

*Dio.* Come, tell me whose it was.

*Cres.* 'T was one's that loved me better than you will.  
But, now you have it, take it.

*Dio.* Whose was it?

*Cres.* By all Diana's waiting-women, yond,  
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

*Dio.* To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;  
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

*Tro.* Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,  
It should be challeng'd.

*Cres.* Well, well, 't is done, 't is past:—And yet it  
is not;  
I will not keep my word.

*Dio.* Why then, farewell;  
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

*Cres.* You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,  
But it straight starts you.

*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.

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

*Dio.* What, shall I come? the hour?

*Cres.* Ay, come:—O Jove!  
Do come:—I shall be plagued.

*Dio.* Farewell till then.

*Cres.* Good night. I prithee, come.—

[Exit DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads must err; O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

[Exit CRESSIDA.]

*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not publish more,  
Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

*Ulyss.* All 's done, my lord.

*Tro.* It is.

*Ulyss.* Why stay we then?

*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,

As if those organs had deceptious functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.

*Tro.* She was not, sure.

*Ulyss.* Most sure she was.

*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

*Ulyss.* Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was here but now.

*Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !  
Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage  
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,  
For depravation, to square the general sex  
By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cressid.

*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers ?

*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes ?

*Tro.* This she ? no, this is Diomed's Cressida :

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,  
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,  
If there be rule in unity itself,  
This is not she. O madness of discourse,  
That cause sets up with and against thyself !  
Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt  
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
Without revolt ; this is, and is not, Cressid !  
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight  
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate  
Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;  
And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle  
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.  
Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;  
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven :  
Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;  
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd ;  
And with another knot, five-finger tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

*Ulyss.* May worthy Troilus be half attach'd  
With that which here his passion doth express?

*Tro.* Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well  
In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy  
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.  
Hark, Greek: As much as I do Cressida love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:  
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm;  
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,  
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout  
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,  
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,  
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed.

*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.

*Tro.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!  
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulyss.* O, contain yourself;  
Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:  
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord,  
adieu:—  
Farewell, revolted fair!—and Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROIILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

*Ther.* 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I  
would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.  
Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of

this whore : the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery ; still, wars and lechery ; nothing else holds fashion : A burning devil take them ! [Exit.

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment ?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train me to offend you ; get you gone :  
By the everlasting gods, I'll go.

*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the  
day.

*Hect.* No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector ?

*And.* Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent.  
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,  
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

*Cas.* O, it is true.

*Hect.* Ho ! bid my trumpet sound !

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

*Hect.* Begone, I say : the gods have heard me swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;  
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O ! be persuaded : Do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just : it is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to count violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong the vow :

But vows to every purpose must not hold :  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say ;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :  
Life every man holds dear ; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—

*Enter TROILUS.*

How now, young man ? mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

*Hect.* No, faith, young Troilus ; doff thy harness,  
youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry :  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion than a man.

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

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise and live.

*Hect.* O, 't is fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector !

*Hect.* How now ? how now ?

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers ;  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords ;  
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie !

*Tro.* Hector, then 't is wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

*Tro.* Who should withhold me ?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

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

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come, go back:  
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;  
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore, come back.

*Hect.* Æneas is a-field;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

*Pri.* Ay, but thou shalt not go.

*Hect.* I must not break my faith.  
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*Cas.* O Priam, yield not to him.

*And.* Do not, dear father.

*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you:  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit ANDRO.*]

*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* O farewell, dear Hector.  
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!  
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!  
Behold destruction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

*Tro.* Away!—Away!

*Cas.* Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take my leave:  
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:  
Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth and fight;  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

*Pri.* Farewell: the gods with safety stand about  
thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRI. and HECT. Alarums.*

*Tro.* They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,  
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

*As TROIILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,*  
PANDARUS.

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

*Tro.* What now?

*Pan.* Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

*Tro.* Let me read.

*Pan.* A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick  
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and  
what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you  
one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes  
too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man  
were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What  
says she there?

*Tro.* Words, words, mere words, no matter from the  
heart; [*Tearing the letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.

*Pan.* Why ! but hear you.

*Tro.* Hence, broker lackey ! ignomy and shame  
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another ;  
I 'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet,  
Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young  
knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm : I would fain  
see them meet ; that that same young Trojan ass, that  
loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-  
masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dis-  
sembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O'  
the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,  
—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and  
that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a  
blackberry :—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel  
cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles ;  
and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles,  
and will not arm to-day ; whereupon the Grecians  
begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an  
ill opinion. Soft ! here come sleeve, and t' other.

*Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.*

*Tro.* Fly not ; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,  
I would swim after.

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire :  
I do not fly ; but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :  
Have at thee !

*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian !—now for thy whore,  
Trojan !—now the sleeve, now the sleeve !

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

*Ther.* No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

*Hect.* I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

*Ther.* God-a-mercy that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same.*

*Enter* DIOMEDES and a Servant.

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse!  
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:  
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;  
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.

*Serv.* I go, my lord. [*Exit* Servant.]

*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

*Agam.* Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus  
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner;  
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings  
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;  
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;  
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,  
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter NESTOR.*

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.  
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:  
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,  
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,  
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls<sup>a</sup>  
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him like the mower's swath:  
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes;  
Dexterity so obeying appetite  
That what he will he does; and does so much  
That proof is call'd impossibility.

*Enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulyss.* O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;  
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to  
him,  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution;  
Engaging and redeeming of himself,  
With such a careless force, and forceless care,  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

<sup>a</sup> *Sculls*—shoals of fish. We have the word in Milton ('Paradise Lost,' book vii.):—

"Fish, that with their fins and shining scales  
Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft  
Bank the mid sea."

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [Exit.

*Dio.* Ay, there, there.

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where 's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Troilus, I say! where 's Troilus?

*Ajax.* What wouldst thou?

*Dio.* I would correct him.

*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office

Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

*Dio.* Ha! art thou there?

*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

*Dio.* He is my prize. I will not look upon.

*Tro.* Come both you cogging Greeks; have at you both.

[Exeunt fighting.]

*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O well fought, my youngest brother!

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Now do I see thee:—Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.  
Be happy that my arms are out of use:  
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,  
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;  
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

*Hect.* Fare thee well:—  
I would have been much more a fresher man  
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

*Re-enter* TROILUS.

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,  
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!  
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

*Enter one in sumptuous armour.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—  
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well  
I'll frush<sup>a</sup> it, and unlock the rivets all,  
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?  
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

*Enter* ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;  
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:

*Frush*—break to pieces.

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;  
And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about;  
In fellest manner execute your arms.  
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—  
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—*The same.*

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then THER-  
SITES.*

*Ther.* The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—ware horns, ho! [*Ex. PAR. and MEN.*]

*Enter MARGARELON.*

*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

*Ther.* I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Most putrified core, so fair without,  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath:  
Rest, sword: thou hast thy fill of blood and death!  
[Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield  
behind him.]

*Enter* ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :  
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd ; forego this vantage, Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike ; this is the man I seek.  
[HECTOR falls.]

So, Ilion, fall thou ; now, Troy, sink down ;  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—  
On, Myrmidons ; and cry you all amain,  
“ Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.”

[A retreat sounded.]

Hark ! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,  
And, stickler-like,<sup>a</sup> the armies separate.  
My half-suppl'd sword that frankly would have fed,  
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[Sheaths his sword.]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail ;  
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—*The same.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIO-  
MEDES, and others, marching. *Shouts within.*

*Agam.* Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

*Nest.*

Peace, drums.

[Within.]

Achilles !

Achilles ! Hector 's slain ! Achilles !

*Dio.* The bruit is Hector 's slain, and by Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam.* March patiently along :—Let one be sent

<sup>a</sup> *Stickler-like.* A stickler was an arbitrator, or sidesman ; one who presided over the combats of quarter-staff and wrestling.

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—  
 If in his death the gods have us befriended,  
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.  
*[Exeunt, marching.]*

SCENE XI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.*

*Æne.* Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:  
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.* Hector?—The gods forbid!

*Tro.* He 's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,  
 In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—  
 Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!  
 Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!  
 I say, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,  
 And linger not our sure destructions on!

*Æne.* My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

*Tro.* You understand me not that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;  
 But dare all imminence that gods and men  
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!  
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?  
 Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd  
 Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector 's dead:  
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone;  
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,  
 Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,  
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:  
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.  
 Stay yet:—You vile abominable tents,  
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,  
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd  
 coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.  
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,*

PANDARUS.

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you!

*Tro.* Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame  
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

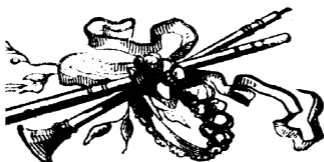
[*Exit TROILUS.*]

*Pan.* A goodly medicine for mine aching bones!—  
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent de-  
spised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you  
set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our  
endeavour be so desired, and the performance so loathed?  
what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:  
And being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—  
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

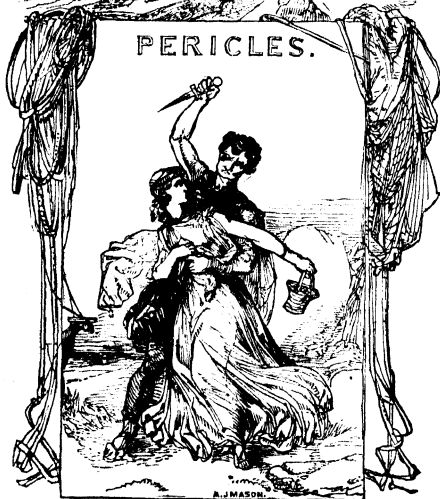
As many as be here of pander's hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:  
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:  
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:  
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;  
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [Exit

End of  
Troilus and Cressida.





PERICLES.



A. J. MASON.





THE first edition of 'Pericles' appeared in 1609, under the following title:—"The late and much admired play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the birth and life of his daughter Mariana. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted [by] his Maiesties Seruants at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sunne in Paternoster-row, &c. 1609." Other quarto editions appeared in 1611, in 1619, in 1630, and in 1635. The variations in these from the text of 1609 are very slight. In 1664 'Pericles' first appeared in the folio collection of Shakspeare's works, being introduced into the third edition, whose title-page states—"Unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio."

We advocate the belief that 'Pyrocles,' or 'Pericles,' was a very early work of Shakspeare, in some form, however different from that which we possess. That it was an early work we are constrained to believe; not from the evidence of particular passages, which may be deficient in power or devoid of refinement, but from the entire construction of the dramatic action. The

play is essentially one of movement, which is a great requisite for dramatic success; but that movement is not held in subjection to an unity of idea. But with this essential disadvantage we cannot doubt that, even with very imperfect dialogue, the action presented a succession of scenes of very absorbing interest. The introduction of Gower, however inartificial it may seem, was the result of very profound skill. The presence of Gower supplied the unity of idea which the desultory nature of the story wanted. Nevertheless, such a story we believe could not have been chosen by Shakspeare in the seventeenth century, when his art was fully developed in all its wondrous powers and combinations. With his perfect mastery of the faculty of representing, instead of recording, the treatment of a story which would have required perpetual explanation and connection would have been painful to him, if not impossible.

Dr. Drake has bestowed very considerable attention upon the endeavour to prove that 'Pericles' ought to be received as the indisputable work of Shakspeare. Yet his arguments, after all, amount only to the establishment of the following theory: "No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakspeare than 'Pericles,' and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced, in the first and second acts; after which, *feeling the incompetency of his fellow-labourer*, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole of the third, fourth, and fifth acts bearing indisputable

testimony to the genius and execution of the great master."\* We have no faith whatever in this very easy mode of disposing of the authorship of a doubtful play—of leaving entirely out of view the most important part of every drama, its action, its characterization, looking at the whole merely as a collection of passages, of which the worst are to be assigned to some *âme damnée*, and the best triumphantly claimed for Shakspeare. There are some, however, who judge of such matters upon broader principles. Mr. Hallam says, "Pericles is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakspeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character, for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw, and a general feebleness of the tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakspeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted."† Here "the poverty and bad management of the fable"—"the want of any effective or distinguishable character," are assigned for the belief that the structure could not have been Shakspeare's. But let us accept Dryden's opinion that

"Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,"

with reference to the original structure of the play, and the difficulty vanishes. It was impossible that the character of the early drama should not have been im-

\* 'Shakspeare and his Times,' vol. ii. p. 268.

† 'History of Literature,' vol. iii. p. 569.

pressed upon Shakspeare's earliest efforts. Do we therefore think that the drama, as it has come down to us, is presented in the form in which it was first written? By no means. We agree with Mr. Hallam that in parts the language seems rather that of Shakspeare's "second or third manner than of his first." But this belief is not inconsistent with the opinion that the original structure was Shakspeare's. No other poet that existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century—perhaps no poet that came after that period, whether Massinger, or Fletcher, or Webster—could have written the greater part of the fifth act. Coarse as the comic scenes are, there are touches in them unlike any other writer but Shakspeare. We are willing to believe that, even in the very height of his fame, Shakspeare would have bestowed any amount of labour for the improvement of an early production of his own, if the taste of his audiences had from time to time demanded its continuance upon the stage. It is for this reason that we think that the 'Pericles' which appears to have been in some respects a new play at the beginning of the seventeenth century was the revival of a play written by Shakspeare some twenty years earlier.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**ANTIOCHUS**, *King of Antioch.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

**PERICLES**, *Prince of Tyre.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 3.

**HELICANUS**, *a lord of Tyre.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 3.

**ESCANES**, *a lord of Tyre.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4.

**SIMONIDES**, *King of Pentapolis.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 5.

**CLEON**, *Governor of Tharsus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4.

**LYSIMACHUS**, *Governor of Mitylene.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 3.

**CERIMON**, *a lord of Ephesus.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.

**THALIARD**, *servant to Antiochus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 3.

**LEONINE**, *servant to Dionyza.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 2.

**Marshal.**

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 3.

**A Pander and his Wife.**

*Appear*, Act IV. sc. 3 ; sc. 6.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BOULT, *servant to the Pander.*

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 6.*

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

*Appears, Act I. Chorus. Act II. Chorus. Act III. Chorus.  
Act IV. Chorus, sc. 4. Act V. Chorus, sc. 2; sc. 3.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.*

THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.  
Act V. sc. 3.*

MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

*Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act V.  
sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*

*Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

DIANA.

*Appears, Act V. sc. 2.*

*Lords, Knights, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and  
Messengers.*

SCENE,—DISPERSEDLY IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.



# PERICLES.

## ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Before the Palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song of old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung, at festivals,  
On ember-eves, and holy-ales ;  
And lords and ladies, in<sup>a</sup> their lives  
Have read it for restoratives.  
The purpose is to make men glorious ;  
*Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.*  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit 's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that to hear an old man sing,  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like taper-light.  
This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great  
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat ;  
The fairest in all Syria ;  
(I tell you what mine authors say :)  
This king unto him took a pheere,<sup>b</sup>  
Who died and left a female heir,

<sup>a</sup> *In their lives*—during their lives.

<sup>b</sup> *Pheere*, or *ferē*, is a mate.

So buxom, blythe, and full of face,  
As Heaven had lent her all his grace :  
With whom the father liking took,  
And her to incest did provoke ;  
Bad child, worse father ! to entice his own  
To evil, should be done by none.  
By custom, what they did begin  
Was with long use account'd no sin.  
The beauty of this sinful dame  
Made many princes thither frame,  
To seek her as a bedfellow,  
In marriage-pleasures playfellow :  
Which to prevent, he made a law,  
(To keep her still, and men in awe,)  
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
His riddle told not, lost his life :  
So for her many a wight did die,  
As yon grim looks do testify.  
What ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Antioch.*

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

*Per.* I have, Antiochus, and with a soul  
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [Music.]

*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For the embracements, even of Jove himself ;  
At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence ;  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

*Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.*

*Per.* See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men !  
Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever 'ras'd, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.  
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness !

*Ant.* Prince Pericles—

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :  
Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain :  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
You sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,  
That, without covering save yon field of stars,  
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on Death's net, whom none resist.

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must :  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us, life 's but breath, to trust it error.

I'll make my will then ; and, as sick men do  
 Who know the world, see heav'n, but feeling woe,  
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;  
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you  
 And all good men, as every prince should do ;  
 My riches to the earth from whence they came ;  
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the Daughter of Antiochus.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
 I wait the sharpest blow.

*Ant.* Scorning advice ; read the conclusion then ;  
 Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,  
 As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous !

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness !<sup>a</sup>

*Per.* Like a bold champion I assume the lists,  
 Nor ask advice of any other thought,  
 But faithfulness, and courage.

#### THE RIDDLE.

" I am no viper, yet I feed  
 On mother's flesh which did me breed :  
 I sought a husband, in which labour,  
 I found that kindness in a father.  
 He's father, son, and husband mild,  
 I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
 How they may be, and yet in two,  
 As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last : but O, ye powers !  
 That give heav'n countless eyes to view men's acts,  
 Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?  
 Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :

<sup>a</sup> *Of all sayd yet* is the ancient reading ; which Percy suggested meant—of all who have essay'd yet.

But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;  
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait,  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
You 're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;  
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,  
Would draw heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken;  
But being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,  
For that 's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expir'd:  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;  
'T would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it  
Who hath a book of all that monarchs do,  
He 's more secure to keep it shut, than shown:  
For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear;  
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole  
casts

Copp'd hills toward heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd  
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.  
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law 's their will;  
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?  
It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.—  
All love the womb that their first being bred,  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* Heaven that I had thy head! he has found the  
meaning!  
But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of  
Tyre,  
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,

Your exposition misinterpreting,  
We might proceed to cancel of your days ;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :  
Forty days longer we do respite you,  
If by which time our secret be undone,  
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son :  
And, until then, your entertain shall be,  
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Excunt ANT., his Daughter, and Attendants.*

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin !  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
If it be true that I interpret false,  
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,  
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;  
Where now you 're both a father and a son,  
By your untimely clasplings with your child  
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father) ;  
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;  
And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.  
One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;  
Murder 's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :  
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

*Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.*

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for the which we  
mean  
To have his head ;

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin  
In such a loathed manner :  
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;  
For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
Who attends us there ?

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* Doth your highness call ?

*Ant.* Thaliard, you 're of our chamber, and our  
mind

Partakes her private actions to your secrecy ;  
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
Thaliard, behold here 's poison, and here 's gold ;  
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him ;  
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

*Thal.* My lord, 't is done.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ant.* Enough.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

*Mes.* My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

*Ant.* As thou

Wilt live, fly after ; and like an arrow, shot  
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so do thou ne'er return,  
Unless thou say'st, prince Pericles is dead.

*Thal.* My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's  
length, I 'll make him sure enough : so farewell to your  
highness. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu ! till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Tyre.

*Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.*

*Per.* Let none disturb us : why should this charge  
of thoughts,—

The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,  
 By me [be] so us'd a guest, as not an hour,  
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
 (The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me  
 quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun  
 them,

And danger which I feared, is at Antioch,  
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;  
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me:  
 Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,  
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
 And what was first but fear what might be done,  
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.  
 And so with me;—the great Antiochus  
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
 Since he 's so great, can make his will his act)  
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
 Nor boots it me to say I honour him,  
 If he suspect I may dishonour him:  
 And what may make him blush in being known,  
 He 'll stop the course by which it might be known,  
 With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,  
 And with the stint of war will look so huge,<sup>a</sup>  
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state;  
 Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,  
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:  
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 (Who am no more but as the tops of trees,  
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)

<sup>a</sup> *Stint*, "which is the reading of all the copies, has here no meaning," according to Malone. *Ostent* is therefore adopted. But what has been said just before?—

"He 'll stop the course by which it might be known?"

He will stop it, by the *stint of war*. *Stint* is synonymous with *stop*, in the old writers.

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
Peaceful and comfortable !

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and give experience tongue :  
They do abuse the king that flatter him,  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
To which that spark gives heat and stronger glowing ;  
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.  
When signior Sooth here doth proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life :  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook  
What shipping, and what lading 's in our haven,  
And then return to us. Helicanus, thou  
Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven, from  
whence

They have their nourishment ?

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from  
thee.

*Hel.* I have ground the axe myself ; do but you  
strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, prithee, rise : sit down, thou art no flat-  
terer ;

I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid,  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid !  
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
What wouldst thou have me do ?

*Hel.* To bear with patience  
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus ;  
That minister'st a potion unto me,  
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me then ; I went to Antioch,  
Whereas,<sup>a</sup> thou know'st, against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate ;  
Are arms<sup>b</sup> to princes, and bring joys to subjects.  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;  
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest ;  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father,  
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth :<sup>c</sup> but thou know'st this,  
'T is time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.  
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seem'd my good protector : and, being here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed ;  
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years :  
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)  
That I should open to the listening air,  
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—  
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;  
When all, for mine, if I may call 't offence,  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :  
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,  
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

*Hel.* Alas, sir !

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my  
cheeks,

<sup>a</sup> *Whereas*, in the sense of *where*.

<sup>b</sup> Which *are arms*, &c., is here understood.

<sup>c</sup> To *smooth* signifies to *flatter*.

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
How I might stop this tempest ere it came ;  
And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me leave  
to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear ;  
And justly too, I think ; you fear the tyrant,  
Who either by public war, or private treason,  
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot ;  
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life :  
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith ;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—

*Hel.* We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus  
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee ;  
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.  
The care I had and have of subjects' good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;  
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :  
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,<sup>a</sup>  
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exe.*

### SCENE III.

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here  
must I kill king Pericles ; and if I do it not, I am sure  
to be hanged at home : 't is dangerous.—Well, I per-

<sup>a</sup> *Convince*, in the sense of *overcome*.

ceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter* HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords of Tyre.

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,  
Further to question me of your king's departure.  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch——

*Thal.* What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)  
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so:  
And doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone, the king sure must please  
He'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—  
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre.

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles;  
But since my landing I have understood,  
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels;  
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it,

Commended to our master, not to us :  
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.—Tharsus.

*Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and others.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 't will teach us to forget our own ?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are ;  
Here they 're but felt, and seen<sup>a</sup> with mischief's eyes,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish ?  
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes  
Into the air ; our eyes do weep, till tongues  
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder, that  
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,  
They may awake their helpers to comfort them.  
I 'll then discourse our woes felt several years,  
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

*Dio.* I 'll do my best, sir.

*Cle.* This Tharsus, over which I have the govern-  
ment,  
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,  
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets ;  
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,  
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at ;

<sup>a</sup> Dionyza means to say that here their griefs are but felt and seen with mischief's eyes—eyes of discontent and suffering ; but if topp'd with other tales—that is, cut down by the comparison—like groves they will rise higher, be more unbearable.

Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glass to trim them by :  
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feed on, as delight ;  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* Oh, 't is too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do ! By this our  
change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
They are now starv'd for want of exercise ;  
Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's savour,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it ;  
Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes,  
'Thought nought too curious, are ready now,  
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd ;  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life :  
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true ?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O let those cities that of Plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !  
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where 's the lord governor ?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st, in haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;  
And so in ours : some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat us down, the which are down already ;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

*Lord.* That 's the least fear ; for, by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat,  
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need we fear ?

The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there :  
Go tell their general, we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord.

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships, and number of our men,  
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets :  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;  
And these our ships (you happily may think

\* *Consist*—stands on.

Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,  
With bloody views expecting overthrow)  
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

*Omnes.* The gods of Greece protect you!  
And we will pray for you.

*Per.* Arise, I pray you, rise;  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!  
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,  
Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*



## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring :  
A better prince and benign lord,  
That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then, as men should be,  
Till he hath past necessity.  
I 'll show you those in trouble's reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good, in conversation  
(To whom I give my benizon)  
Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken can :<sup>a</sup>  
And, to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious :  
But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought to your eyes ; what need speak I ?

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON ; all the Train with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON ; PERICLES gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him.*

*[Exit PER. at one door, and CLE. at another.]*<sup>b</sup>

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey, like a drone,

<sup>a</sup> The meaning of this obscure line probably is—thinks all he can speak is as holy writ.

<sup>b</sup> We give this *dumb show* literally, as in the original.

From others' labours; for though he strive  
 To killen bad, keeps good alive;  
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire,  
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:  
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
 And had intent to murder him;  
 And that in Tharsus 't was not best  
 Longer for him to make his rest:  
 He, knowing so, put forth to seas,  
 Where when men bin, there 's seldom ease;  
 For now the wind begins to blow;  
 Thunder above, and deeps below,  
 Make such unquiet, that the ship  
 Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split;  
 And he, good prince, having all lost,  
 By waves from coast to coast is toss'd:  
 All perishen of man, of pelf,  
 Ne aught escapen'd but himself;  
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
 Threw him ashore to give him glad:  
 And here he comes; what shall be next,  
 Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text.<sup>a</sup> [Exit.

# SCENE I.—Pentapolis.

*Enter PERICLES, wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heav'n!  
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
 Is but a substance, that must yield to you;  
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath,  
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:

<sup>a</sup> Douce explains this clearly:—"This 'longs the text' is, in Gower's elliptical construction, *this belongs to the text*; I need not comment upon it; you will see it.

Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
To have hereft a prince of all his fortunes ;  
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,  
Here to have death in peace, is all he 'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche !<sup>a</sup>

2 *Fish.* Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say !

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now : come away, or  
I 'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor  
men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls ! it griev'd my heart to hear  
what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when,  
well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I  
saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled ? they  
say, they are half fish, half flesh ; a plague on them !  
they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd. Master, I  
marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land ; the great ones eat  
up the little ones : I can compare our rich misers to  
nothing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles,  
driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours  
them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on  
a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they 've swal-  
low'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

*Per.* A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I  
would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man ?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too ;  
and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept

<sup>a</sup> *Pilche* is most probably a name ; as we have afterwards  
Patch-breech.

such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

*Per.* Simonides?

*3 Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* How from the finny subject<sup>a</sup> of the sea  
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;  
And from their watery empire recollect  
All that may men approve, or men detect!  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

*2 Fish.* Honest, good fellow, what's that? If it be  
a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody  
look after it.<sup>b</sup>

*Per.* You may see, the sea hath cast me on your  
coast.

*2 Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast  
thee in our way!

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;  
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

*1 Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in  
our country of Greece gets more with begging than we  
can do with working.

*2 Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

*Per.* I never practis'd it.

*2 Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's  
nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been, I have forgot to know;

<sup>a</sup> *Subject* must be taken as a plural noun.

<sup>b</sup> This is the reading of the original, and has occasioned some discussion. Does it not mean that the fisherman, laughing at the rarity of being honest, remarks, if it be a day (*i. e.* a salut's or red-letter day) fits you, search out of (not in) the calendar, and nobody look after it (there, as it would be useless)?

But what I am, want teaches me to think on ;  
A man throng'd up with cold ; my veins are chill,  
And have no more of life than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help :  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, quoth-a ? Now gods forbid ! I have  
a gown here ; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now,  
afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go  
home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-  
days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks ; and thou  
shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could  
not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave ? then I'll turn craver too, and  
so I shall 'scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then ?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all ; for if all  
your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better  
office than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw  
up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

*Per.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour !

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir, do you know where you are ?

*Per.* Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you ; this is called Penta-  
polis, and our king, the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good king Simonides, do you call him ?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called, for  
his peaceable reign, and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains from his  
subjects the name of good, by his government. How  
far is his court distant from this shore ?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey ; and I'll  
tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is  
her birthday ; and there are princes and knights come

from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

*1 Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.<sup>a</sup>

*Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.*

*2 Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 't is come at last, and 't is turn'd to a rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge (even as he left his life), "Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace); For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from! 't may defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;  
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
Took it in rage, though calm'd they've given it again:  
I thank thee for it; my shipwrack now 's no ill,  
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

*1 Fish.* What mean you, sir?

*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,  
For it was some time target to a king;  
I know it by this mark; he lov'd me dearly,  
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;  
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,

<sup>a</sup> We cannot attempt to explain this. There are more riddles in this play than that of Antiochus.

Where with it I may appear a gentleman ;  
And if that ever my low fortune 's better,  
I 'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

*Per*. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, d' ye take it, and the gods give thee good on 't !

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 't was we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the water : there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per*. Believe it, I will ;

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel ;  
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,  
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm ;  
Unto thy value I will mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—  
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
Of a pair of bases.<sup>a</sup>

2 *Fish*. We 'll sure provide : thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair ; and I 'll bring thee to the court myself.

*Per*. Then honour be but a goal to my will,  
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [ *Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—*A public Way or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King and Princess.*<sup>b</sup>

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Sim*. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege ;

And stay your coming, to present themselves.

<sup>a</sup> Armour for the legs.

<sup>b</sup> This description of the scene is modern.

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready ; and our daughter,  
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom Nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

*Sim.* 'T is fit it should be so ; for princes are  
A model which heaven makes like to itself :  
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,  
So princes their renown, if not respected.  
'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight, in his device.

*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.

[*Enter a Knight ; he passes over the stage, and  
his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.*]

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun ;  
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

*Sim.* He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second that presents himself ?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight, that 's conquer'd by a lady :  
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulcura que per  
fuerça.*

[*The third Knight passes.*]

*Sim.* And what 's the third ?

*Thai.* The third of Antioch ; and his device,  
A wreath of chivalry : the word, *Me pompæ provexit  
apex.*

[*The fourth Knight passes.*]

*Sim.* What is the fourth ?

*Thai.* A burning torch that 's turned upside down ;  
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

*Sim.* Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,  
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*]

*Thai.* The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,  
Holding out gold, that 's by the touchstone tried :  
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*

*Sim.* And what 's the sixth and last, the which the  
knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger ; but his present  
Is a wither'd branch, that 's only green at top ;  
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

*Sim.* A pretty moral ;  
From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward  
show

Can any way speak in his just commend :  
For, by his rusty outside, he appears  
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim.* Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming ; we 'll withdraw  
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants, and the  
Knights from tilting.*

*Sim.* Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself.  
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :  
 You are princes, and my guests.

*Thai.* But you, my knight and guest ;  
 To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
 And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per.* 'T is more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;  
 And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
 In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,  
 To make some good, but others to exceed ;  
 And you 're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the  
 feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place :  
 Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

*Sim.* Your presence glads our days ; honour we love,  
 For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

*Marsh.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

*1 Knight.* Contend not, sir ; for we are gentlemen,  
 That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
 Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*Sim.* Sit, sir, sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
 These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen of marriage,  
 All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,  
 Wishing him my meat : sure he's a gallant gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but a country gentleman ; has done no  
 more  
 Than other knights have done ; has broken a staff,  
 Or so ; so let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

*Per.* You king's to me, like to my father's picture,  
 Which tells me, in that glory once he was ;

Had princes sit like stars about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence.  
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,  
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;  
Where<sup>a</sup> now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;  
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men,  
For he 's their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave

*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights?

*1 Knight.* Who can be other in this royal presence?

*Sim.* Here, with a cup that 's stor'd unto the brim,  
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)  
We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

*Sim.* Yet pause a while; yon knight doth sit too  
melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is 't to me, my father?

*Sim.* O, attend, my daughter;  
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honour them:  
And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.  
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,  
Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How! do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

*Thai.* Now, by the gods, he could not please me  
better. [Aside.

*Where—whereas.*

*Sim.* And further tell him, we desire to know of him,  
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, hath drunk to you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him  
freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre—(my name Pericles;  
My education has been in arts and arms;)   
Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men,  
And, after shipwrack, driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by  
Misfortune of the sea has been bereft  
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance:  
I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;  
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd; 't was so well perform'd.  
Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing too:  
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip;  
And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

*Sim.* Oh, that 's as much as you would be denied

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights,  
to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,  
We have given order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
For that 's the mark I know you level at:  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.*

*Hel.* No, Escanes, know this of me,  
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;  
For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
Due to this heinous capital offence;  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated in a chariot of  
An inestimable value, and his daughter  
With him, a fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up  
Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
That all those eyes ador'd them<sup>a</sup> ere their fall,  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Esca.* 'T was very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but justice; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*Esca.* 'T is very true.

*Enter three Lords.*

*1 Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,  
Or council, hath respect with him but he.

<sup>a</sup> An elliptical construction—all those eyes *which* ador'd them.

2 *Lord*. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord*. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord*. Follow me then : lord Helicane, a word.

*Hel*. With me ? and welcome : happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord*. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,  
And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel*. Your griefs, for what ? wrong not your prince  
you love.

1 *Lord*. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane ;  
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.  
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out ;  
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there ;  
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,  
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord*. Whose death 's, indeed, the strongest in our  
censure :<sup>a</sup>

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,  
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof  
Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,  
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

*Omn*. Live, noble Helicane.

*Hel*. Try honour's cause ; forbear your suffrages :  
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
Where 's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.  
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
To forbear the absence of your king ;  
If in which time expir'd, he not return,  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;

*Censure—opinion.*

Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord*. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield ;  
And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
We with our travels will endeavour it.

*Hel*. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp  
hands ;  
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exe*.

SCENE V.—Pentapolis.

*Enter SIMONIDES reading a Letter ; the Knights meet him.*

1 *Knight*. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

*Sim*. Knights, from my daughter this I let you  
know,

That for this twelvemonth she will not undertake  
A married life :

Her reason to herself is only known,  
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight*. May we not get access to her, my lord ?

*Sim*. 'Faith, by no means ; she hath so strictly tied  
her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery ;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,

And on her virgin honour will not break.

3 *Knight*. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt*.

*Sim*. So,

They 're well despatch'd ; now to my daughter's letter :

She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'T is well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine ;

I like that well :—nay, how absolute she 's in 't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no.

Well, I do commend her choice,  
And will no longer have it be delay'd :  
Soft, here he comes ;—I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simouides !

*Sim.* To you as much ! Sir, I am beholden to you,  
For your sweet music this last night : I do  
Protest, my ears were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;  
Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.

*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

*Sim.* Let me ask you one thing. What do you  
think

Of my daughter, sir ?

*Per.* A most virtuous princess.

*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not ?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer ; wond'rous fair.

*Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;  
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,  
And she will be your scholar ; therefore look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

*Sim.* She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

*Per.* What 's here !

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?

'T is the king's subtilty to have my life. [Aside.]

Oh, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou  
art

A villain.

*Per.* By the gods I have not ;  
Never did thought of mine levy offence

Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor!

*Sim.* Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat (unless it be a king),  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.  
[*Aside.*

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent.  
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.*

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you?

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offence  
At that would make me glad?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?  
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside*

I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.  
Will you, not having my consent, bestow  
Your love and your affections upon a stranger?  
(Who, for aught I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,  
As great in blood as I myself.) [*Aside.*

Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame  
Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you,  
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—  
Man and wife;

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:  
And, being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;—  
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—  
What, are you both pleas'd?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

*Sim.* What, are you both agreed?

*Both.* Yes, if it please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, that I 'll see you wed;  
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;  
No din but snores, the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage feast,  
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches from <sup>a</sup> the mouse's hole;  
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
Are the blither for their drouth.  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded:—Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;<sup>b</sup>  
What 's dumb in show, I 'll plain with speech.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA, a nurse. SIMONIDES shows [his daughter] the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart.*

*Gow.* By many a derne<sup>c</sup> and painful perch,  
Of Pericles the careful search  
By the four opposing coignes,  
Which the world together joins,

<sup>a</sup> *From*—before—a short distance off.

<sup>b</sup> *Eche*—eke out.

<sup>c</sup> *Derne*—solitary.

Is made, with all due diligence,  
That horse and sail, and high expense,  
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre  
(Fame answering the most strange inquire)  
To the court of king Simonides  
Are letters brought ; the tenor these :  
Antiochus and his daughter dead ;  
The men of Tyrus on the head  
Of Helicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none ;  
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress ;  
Says to them, if king Pericles  
Come not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms,  
Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
Yraved the regions round,  
And every one with claps 'gan sound,  
“ Our heir apparent is a king :  
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ? ”  
Brief he must hence depart to Tyre ;  
His queen with child, makes her desire  
(Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;  
(Omit we all their dole and woe :)  
Lychorida her nurse she takes,  
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
On Neptune's billow ; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut ; but fortune mov'd,  
Varies again : the grizzled north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
That, as a duck for life that dives,  
So up and down the poor ship drives.  
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near  
Doth fall in travail with her fear :  
And what ensues in this fell storm,  
Shall for itself, itself perform ;

I will relate; action may  
Conveniently the rest convey :  
Which might not what by me is told.—  
In your imagination hold  
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck  
The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.

## SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES on a ship at sea.*

*Per.* Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these  
surges,

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast  
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep! O still  
Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench  
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,  
How does my queen?—Thou storm, venomously,  
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle  
Is as a whisper in the ear of death,  
Unheard—Lychorida!—Lucina, O  
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

*Enter LYCHORIDA.*

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

*Per.* How! how, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen,  
A little daughter; for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* Oh ye gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with you.

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!  
For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb:  
Even at the first, thy loss is more than can  
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here.—  
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it!

*Enter two Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* What! courage, sir! God save you.

*Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;  
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,  
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt  
thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow  
kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea  
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the  
ship be clear'd of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath  
been still observed; and we are strong in, astern.\*

\* *Strong in, astern.* The original copies have, "we are strong  
in easterne." Will not the slightest change give a nautical sense,

Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

*Per.* Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the satin coffin:<sup>a</sup> lay the babe  
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

*2 Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches  
caulk'd and bitumed ready.

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is this?

*2 Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner;  
Alter thy course for Tyre.<sup>b</sup> When canst thou reach it?

*2 Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;  
I'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt.

with the conciseness of nautical language? All that one of the sailors wants is "sea room." The ship, as we learn immediately, is off the coast of Tharsus. The sailor dreads the coast, and the ship is driving upon it, unmanageable—answering not the helm:—"We are *strong in* [driving strongly in shore] *astern*."

<sup>a</sup> *Coffin*, and *coffer*, are words of the same original meaning.

<sup>b</sup> Pursue not the course for Tyre.

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho !

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call ?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men ;  
It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Ser.* I have been in many ; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return ;  
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature,  
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,  
And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON.]

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Good morrow.

*2 Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen, why do you stir so early ?

*1 Gent.* Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook as the earth did quake ;  
The very principals<sup>a</sup> did seem to rend,  
And all to topple : pure surprise and fear  
Made me to leave the house.

*2 Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early ;  
'T is not our husbandry.

*Cer.* O you say well.

*1 Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having  
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose :  
It is most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

<sup>a</sup> *Principals.* The strongest timbers of a building.

*Cer.* I held it ever,  
Virtue and cunning<sup>a</sup> were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend ;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever  
Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice) made familiar  
To me and to my aid, the bless'd infusions  
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;  
And I can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures ; which gives me  
A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death.<sup>b</sup>

2 *Gent.* Your honour hath through Ephesus pour'd  
forth  
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :  
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but  
even  
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall never——

*Enter two Servants with a Chest.*

*Ser.* So ; lift there.

*Cer.* What 's that ?

*Ser.* Sir,

Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore  
This chest : 't is of some wrack.

<sup>a</sup> *Cunning*—knowledge.

<sup>b</sup> So, in Measure for Measure :—

“ Merely thou art *death's* fool,  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet runn'st toward him still.”



The o'erpress'd spirits. I have heard of an Egyptian  
That had nine hours lien dead,  
Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Enter a Servant with napkins and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—  
The rough and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.  
The viol once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block!—  
The music there.—I pray you, give her air;—  
Gentlemen, this queen will live:  
Nature awakes; a warmth breathes out of her;  
She hath not been entranc'd above five hours.  
See how she 'gins to blow into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The heavens, through you, increase our  
wonder,  
And set up your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive; behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;  
The diamonds of a most praised water  
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*]

*Thai.* O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, my gentle neighbours;  
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.  
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,  
And Esculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,  
and MARINA.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;  
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You and your lady  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you  
mortally,  
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.

*Dion.* O your sweet queen!  
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her  
hither,  
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe, Marina,  
(Whom, for she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,)  
Here I charge your charity withal,  
Leaving her the infant of your care, beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord; but think,  
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,  
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)  
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,

Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show will in 't.<sup>a</sup> So I take my leave ;  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,  
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,  
Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cle.* We 'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the  
shore ;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears :  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's  
House.*

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer ; which are now  
At your command. Know you the character ?

*Thai.* It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea  
I well remember, even on my yearning time ;  
But whether there delivered or no,  
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say ;  
But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,

<sup>a</sup> The original has "*unsister'd* shall this *hair*." He will not marry ; she shall be *unsister'd*. But when Pericles in the fifth act discovers his daughter, he will "*clip to form*" what makes him "*look so dismal* ;" and beautify what for "*fourteen years no razor touch'd*."

I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery  
Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may 'bide until your date expire :<sup>a</sup>  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that 's all ;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> Until you die.



## ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder. But, alack !  
That monster Envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even right for marriage fight; this maid  
Hight Philoten : and it is said  
For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with Marina be.  
Be 't when she weav'd the sleided silk  
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;  
Or when she would with sharp neeld wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it; or when to the lute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute  
That still records<sup>a</sup> with moan; or when  
She would with rich and constant pen  
Vail to her mistress Dian; still  
This Philoten contends in skill

<sup>a</sup> *Records*—makes music—sings.

With absolute Marina : so  
 The dove of Paphos might with the crow  
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
 All praises, which are paid as debts,  
 And not as given. This so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks,  
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good Marina, that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,  
 And cursed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath  
 Prest<sup>a</sup> for this blow. The unborn event  
 I do commend to your content :  
 Only I carried winged time  
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;  
 Which never could I so convey,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—  
 Dionyza doth appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it.  
 'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.  
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,  
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,  
 Inflamm too nicely ; nor let pity, which  
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
 A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I 'll do 't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

<sup>a</sup> *Prest*—ready.

*Dion.* The fitter then the gods above should have her.  
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.  
Thou art resolv'd?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd.

*Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.*

*Mar.* No : I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers : the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall as a carpet<sup>a</sup> hang upon thy grave,  
While summer days do last. Ah me ! poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Whirring me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now, Marina ! why do you keep alone ?  
How chance my daughter is not with you ? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing ; you have  
A nurse of me. Lord ! how your favour 's chang'd  
With this unprofitable woe !

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar them.  
Walk with Leonine ; the air 's quick there,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

*Mar.* No, I pray you ;  
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.* Come, come ;  
I love the king your father, and yourself,

<sup>a</sup> *Carpet.* So the old copies. The modern reading is *chaplet*. But it is evident that the poet was thinking of the *green* mound that marks the last resting-place of the humble, and not of the sculptured tomb to be adorned with wreaths. Upon the grassy grave Marina will hang a *carpet* of flowers—she will *strew* flowers, she has before said. The *carpet* of Shakspeare's time was a piece of tapestry, or embroidery, spread upon tables ; and the real flowers with which Marina will cover the grave of her friend might have been, in her imagination, so intertwined as to resemble a *carpet*, usually bright with the flowers of the needle.

With more than foreign heart. We every day  
 Expect him here : when he shall come, and find  
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;  
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en  
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,  
 Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve<sup>a</sup>  
 That excellent complexion which did steal  
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;  
 I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go ;  
 But yet I have no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 't is good for you.  
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least ;  
 Remember what I have said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.

*Dion.* I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while ;  
 Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood :  
 What ! I must have a care of you.

*Mar.* My thanks, sweet madam.  
 [Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

*Leon.* South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born the wind was north.

*Leon.* Was 't so ?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
 But cried, " Good seamen," to the sailors, galling  
 His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes ;  
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
 That almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this ?

*Mar.* When I was born.  
 Never was waves nor wind more violent ;  
 And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
 A canvas-climber : " Ha ! " says one, " wilt out ? "  
 And with a dropping industry they skip

<sup>a</sup> Reserve—preserve.

From stem to stern : the boatswain whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* Come, say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you ?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it : pray ; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why will you kill me ?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd ?  
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life ;  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,  
To any living creature : believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,  
Or my life imply her any danger ?

*Leon.* My commission  
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :  
Good sooth, it show'd well in you ; do so now :  
Your lady seeks my life ;—come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,  
And will despatch.

*Enter Pirates whilst she is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain ! [*LEON. runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let 's  
have her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt Pirates with MAR.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.**Re-enter LEONINE.*

*Leon.* These roguing thieves serve the great pirate  
Valdes;  
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;  
There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's dead,  
And thrown into the sea.—But I 'll see further;  
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Mitylenc. A Room in a Brothel.**Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.**Pand.* Boul't.*Boul't.* Sir.

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full  
of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by  
being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures.  
We have but poor three, and they can do no more than  
they can do; and they with continual action are even  
as good as rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we  
pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used  
in every trade, we shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true: 't is not our bringing up  
of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some  
eleven——

*Boul't.* Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.  
But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong  
wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

*Pand.* Thou say'st true; they 're too unwholesome  
o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that  
lay with the little baggage.

*Boult.* Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms :—but I 'll go search the market.

[*Exit BOULT.*]

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

*Pand.* O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's no calling; but here comes Boult.

*Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.*

*Boult.* Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*] My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

*1 Pirate.* O sir, we doubt it not.

*Boult.* Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boult, has she any qualities?

*Boult.* She has a good face, speaks well, and hath excellent good clothes; there 's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What 's her price, Boult?

*Boult.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

*Bawd.* Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour

of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most, shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boult.* Performance shall follow. [Exit BOULT.]

*Mar.* Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates, Not enough barbarous, had but overboard Thrown me, for to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault, to 'scape his hands, where I Was like to die.

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

*Enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market ?

*Boult.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs ; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

*Bawd.* And I prithee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort ?

*Boult.* 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow, with his best ruff on.

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams ?

*Bawd.* Who ? monsieur Veroles ?

*Boult.* Ay ; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation ; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd.* Well, well ; as for him, he brought his disease hither ; here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd.* Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me ; you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly ; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers : Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere<sup>a</sup> profit.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O take her home, mistress, take her home : these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

<sup>a</sup> *Mere*—absolute—certain.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boult.* 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

*Bawd.* Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

*Bawd.* Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out of her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,  
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.  
Diana, aid my purpose!

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana? Pray you,  
will you go with us? [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Cleon's House at Tharsus.

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

*Dion.* Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

*Cle.* O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

*Dion.* I think you 'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,  
I 'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown o' the earth,  
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,  
Whom thou hast poison'd too!  
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy face: What canst thou say  
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,  
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.  
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?  
Unless you play the impious innocent,  
And for an honest attribute, cry out,  
"She died by foul play."

*Cle.* O, go to. Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods  
Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those that think  
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow  
From honourable courses.

*Dion.* Be it so then:  
Yet none doth know, but you, how she came dead,  
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.  
She did disdain my child, and stood between  
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,  
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;  
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin  
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;  
And though you call my course unnatural,  
You not your child well loving, yet I find,  
It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness,  
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles,  
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And even yet we mourn: her monument  
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs  
In glittering golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us  
At whose expense 't is done.

*Cle.* Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

*Dion.* You are like one, that superstitiously  
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies:  
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues  
make short,  
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;  
Making (to take your imagination)  
From bourn to bourn, region to region.  
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
To use one language, in each several clime  
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,  
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,  
The stages of our story. Pericles  
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,  
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)  
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,  
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
Old Helicanus goes along behind.  
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought  
This king to Tharsus (think his pilot thought;  
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on),  
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.

Like motes and shadows see them move a while ;  
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter PERICLES at one door, with all his train ;  
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows  
PERICLES the tomb [of MARINA] ; whereat PERI-  
CLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a  
mighty passion departs.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show !  
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;  
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'erflow'd,  
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears  
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;  
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,  
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit<sup>a</sup>  
The epitaph is for Marina writ  
By wicked Dionyza.

*[Reads the inscription on MARINA's monument.*

" The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here,  
Who wither'd in her spring of year.  
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,  
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;  
Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,  
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth.  
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :  
Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,  
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No vizer does become black villainy,  
So well as soft and tender flattery.  
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
And bear his courses to be ordered  
By lady Fortune ; while our tears must play  
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,

<sup>a</sup> *Please you wit—be pleased to know.*

In her unholy service. Patience then,  
And think you now are all in Mitylene. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

*Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like ?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there ! did you ever dream of such a thing ?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses : shall we go hear the vestals sing ?

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The same. *A Room in the Brothel.*

*Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fie, fie upon her ; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees ; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*Boult.* 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me !

*Bawd.* 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS.

*Lys.* How now? How a dozen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honour in good health.

*Lys.* You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

*Bawd.* We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

*Lys.* If she 'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

*Bawd.* Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

*Lys.* Well; call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

*Lys.* What, prithee?

*Boult.* O, sir, I can be modest.

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

*Enter* MARINA.

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

*Lys.* 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you;—leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To* MARINA, *whom she takes aside.*

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bawd.* Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

*Bawd.* Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Have you done ?

*Bawd.* My lord, she 's not pac'd yet ; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Ereunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.*]

*Lys.* Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade ?

*Mar.* What trade, sir ?

*Lys.* What I cannot name but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession ?

*Mar.* Ever since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to it so young ? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven ?

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it ? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am ?

*Mar.* Who is my principal ?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman ; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my autho-

rity shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee.  
Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, show it now;  
If put upon you, make the judgment good  
That thought you worthy of it.

*Lys.* How 's this? how 's this?—Some more;—be sage.

*Mar.* For me, that am a maid, though most ungentle  
Fortune hath plac'd me in this loathsome sty,  
Where since I came, diseases have been sold  
Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i' the purer air!

*Lys.* I did not think  
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou  
couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:  
Persever in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The good gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent; for to me  
The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue,  
And I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.  
Hold; here 's more gold for thee.  
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me  
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* *LYSIMACHUS* is putting up his purse,

*BOULT* enters.

*Boult.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!  
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,  
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away. [Exit.

*Boult.* How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*Bawd.* How now! what 's the matter?

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O abominable!

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, ye gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She 's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit Bawd.*]

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your way with me.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Prithee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing?

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou art the damn'd door-keeper to every coyst'rel That comes inquiring for his fib;

To the choleric fisting of every rogue thy ear

Is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*Mar.* Do anything but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman; Any of these ways are better yet than this: For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too dear. That the gods would safely

Deliver me from this place! Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again,

And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But amongst honest women?

*Boult.* 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*



## ACT V.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances  
Into an honest house, our story says.  
She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
As goddess-like to her admired lays:  
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needl com-

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;  
That even her art sisters the natural roses;  
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:  
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain  
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,  
And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
Where we left him on the sea. We there him  
lost:

Where driven before the winds he is arriv'd  
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast  
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd  
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence  
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;  
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.  
In your supposing once more put your sight:  
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:  
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,  
Shall be discover'd; please you sit and hark. [*Exit.*

**SCENE I.**—*On board PERICLES' ship off Mitylene.*  
*A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it;*  
*PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge*  
*lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel,*  
*the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*] O, here he is. Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

*Hel.* Gentlemen, there is some one of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*]

*Enter from thence LYSIMACHUS, attended; the Tyrian*  
*Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir, this is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

*Hel.* And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,  
And die as I would do.

*Lys.* You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

*Hel.* First, what is your place?

*Lys.* I am the governor of this place you lie before.

*Hel.* Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man, who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance,  
But to prorogue his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hel.* Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;  
But the main grief of all springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

*Lys.* May we not see him?

*Hel.* You may,  
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak to any.

*Lys.* Yet let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him, sir. [*PERICLES discovered.*] This  
was a goodly person,  
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,  
Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,  
Royal sir!

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

*Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,  
Would win some words of him.

*Lys.* 'T is well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,  
And other chosen attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
Which now are midway stopp'd:

She is all happy as the fairest of all,  
And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords.* Exit Lord  
in the barge of *LYSIMACHUS*.]

*Hel.* Sure all 's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit  
That bears recovery's name. But since your kindness  
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy,

Which if we should deny, the most just God  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.  
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.*

*Lys.* O here's the lady that I sent for. Welcome,  
fair one!

Is 't not a goodly presence?

*Hel.* She 's a gallant lady.

*Lys.* She 's such a one, that were I well assur'd  
Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,  
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided none but I and my companion  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her,  
And the gods make her prosperous! [*MARINA sings.*]

*Lys.* Mark'd he your music?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord,  
Lend ear.

*Per.* Hum, ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

[*Aside.*

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,  
You would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon  
me.

You are like something, that—What country-woman?  
Here of these shores?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores:  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.  
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been: my queen's square  
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;  
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,  
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;  
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them  
hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the deck  
You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred?  
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe?<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Owe—own.*

*Mar.* If I should tell my history, it would seem  
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Prithee, speak ;  
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st  
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in : I'll believe thee,  
And make my senses credit thy relation,  
To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st  
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends ?  
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,  
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st  
From good descending ?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st  
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,  
If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing I said, and said no more  
But what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story ;  
If thine, consider'd, prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look  
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends ?  
How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most kind  
virgin ?

Recount, I do beseech thee ; come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* O, I am mock'd,  
And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
To make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient ;  
Thou little knowest how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name was given me  
By one that had some power ; my father and a king.

*Per.* How ! a king's daughter, and call'd Marina ?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me ;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood ?  
Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy-motion ?  
Well ; speak on. Where were you born ?  
And wherefore call'd Marina ?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina,  
For I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea ? who was thy mother ?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king ;  
Who died the very minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O, stop there a little !  
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be  
My daughter buried. [*Aside.*] Well ;—where were  
you bred ?

I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You 'll scarce believe me ; 't were best I did  
give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave—  
How came you in these parts ? where were you bred ?

*Mar.* The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me ;  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me ;  
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither  
Will you have me ? Why do you weep ? It may be  
You think me an impostor ; no, good faith ;  
I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
If good king Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus !

*Hel.* Calls my lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.* I know not; but  
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene  
Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She never would tell her parentage;  
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O come hither,  
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud  
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—  
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now  
My drown'd queen's name: as in the rest you said,  
Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms,  
And another like to Pericles thy father.

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter, than  
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.

*Per.* Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my  
child.  
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus, she  
is;  
Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,  
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;

When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,  
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

*Hel.* Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you  
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music 's this?  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give him way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds do ye not hear?

*Lys.* Music? My lord, I hear—

*Per.* Most heavenly music:  
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs on mine eyes; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

*Lys.* A pillow for his head.

So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I 'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and  
attendant Lady.]

SCENE II.—The same.

PERICLES *on deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him  
as in a vision.*

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,  
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.  
There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all  
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:  
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,  
And give them repetition to the like.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe :  
Do 't, and be happy : by my silver bow  
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA disappears.]

*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,  
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
Th' inhospitable Cleon ; but I am  
For other service first : toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown sails : eftsoons I'll tell thee why.

[*To* HELICANUS.]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need ?

*Lys.* Sir,

With all my heart ; and when you come ashore,  
I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at  
Ephesus.

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run ;  
More a little, and then dumb.  
This, as my last boon, give me,  
(For such kindness must relieve me,)   
That you aptly will suppose  
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, what pretty din,  
The regent made in Mitylin,  
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,  
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd  
To fair Marina ; but in no wise,  
Till he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade : whereto being bound,  
The interim, pray you, all confound.  
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.  
At Ephesus, the temple see,  
Our king, and all his company.  
That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus ;  
THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess ;  
a number of Virgins on each side ; CERIMON and  
other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES with his Train ; LYSIMACHUS,  
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

*Per.* Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just command,  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.  
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child called Marina ; who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery. She, at Tharsus,  
Was nurs'd with Cleon ; whom at fourteen years  
He sought to murder : but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene ; against whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favour !—  
You are, you are—O royal Pericles !— [She faints.

*Per.* What means the woman ? she dies ! help, gentlemen !

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no ;

I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'T is most certain.

*Cer.* Look to the lady ;—O, she 's but o'erjoy'd.

Early in blust'ring morn this lady was  
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin, and  
Found there rich jewels ; recover'd her, and plac'd her  
Here in Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them ?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,  
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is  
Recovered.

*Thai.* O, let me look upon him !  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles ? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are : Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death !

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa !

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed drown'd  
And dead.

*Per.* Immortal Dian !

*Thai.* Now I know you better.—  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

*Per.* This, this ; no more, you gods ! your present  
kindness

Makes my past miseries sports : You shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to THAISA.*  
*Per.* Look, who kneels here ! Flesh of thy flesh,  
Thaisa ;

Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Bless'd, and mine own !

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen !

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly from  
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man ?

I have nam'd him oft.

*Thai.* 'T was Helicanus then.

*Per.* Still confirmation :

Embrace him, dear Thaisa : this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found ;

How possibly preserv'd ; and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man, through  
whom

The gods have shown their power ; that can from first  
To last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir, the gods  
Can have no mortal officer more like  
A god than you. Will you deliver how  
This dead queen re-lives ?

*Cer.* I will, my lord.  
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;  
How she came placed here within the temple ;  
No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Diana !  
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer  
Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,  
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,  
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,  
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form ;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,  
Sir, that my father's dead.

*Per.* Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my  
queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyros reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* In Antiochus and his daughter, you have  
heard  
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen  
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)  
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last  
In Helicanus may you well descry  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:  
In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
The worth that learned charity aye wears.  
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;  
That him and his they in his palace burn.  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them; although not done, but meant.  
So, on your patience ever more attending,  
New joy wait on you! Here our play hath ending.

[*Exit GOWER.*]

**End of Pericles.**

ADDITIONAL NOTES  
AND SUGGESTED EMENDATIONS.

VOLUME IX.

M A C B E T H.

Page 10 (Act I. Scene ii.)

"His damned *quarry*."—The Perkins folio anticipates the emendation of Johnson: "His damned *quarrel*." *His*, plainly refers to Macdonwald. But the kernes and gallowglasses are not *his* quarry—that is, prey—they are Macbeth's. The *quarrel* is *his*.

Page 15 (Act I. Scene iii.)

"As thick as tale

*Can* post with post."

The more common reading is: "*Came* post with post."

Page 25 (Act I. Scene vii.)

"What beast was't then?"—It is necessary to mention, not only for the purpose of rejecting the celebrated emendation which Mr Collier has so strenuously urged: "What beast was't then?" Besides the grammatical impropriety of such a phrase, it is quite inconsistent with the general drift of the passage. Lady Macbeth asks her husband, if he means

to be "like the poor *cat* i' the adage." He replies, that he dares act like a *man*. And she then retorts :

"What *beast* was 't then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you darst do it, then you were a *man*."

Page 26 (Act I. Scene vii.)

"We fail."—There is a quiet self-possession in this punctuation; but it is well to remember, that in all the old folios—1623, 1632, 1664, 1685—it is more passionately rendered: "We fail?" Lady Macbeth was not likely to have admitted the possibility of failure, nor to speak so calmly of failure where failure was direst ruin.

Page 60 (Act IV. Scene i.)

"*Rebellion's* head" is suggested in the Perkins folio for "*Rebellious* head."

Page 63 (Act IV. Scene i.)

"But no more *flights*!" is proposed by the same authority for "But no more *sights*!"

Page 79 (Act V. Scene iit.)

"*My way* of life."—Amended by Johnson to "*May* of life." He is supported by the Perkins edition; his correction being grounded on the contrast suggested between the May and the Autumn of life. But Mr Knight aptly says, that the Macbeth who had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, was not then a young man in the "May of life;" and it seems to have been overlooked, that throughout the passage Shakspeare had in his mind the *idea of a procession and following*. If authority be desired for the reading in the text, we have come upon a parallel passage in the "Roman Actor" of Massinger (Act II. Scene i.), where Domitia says, referring to her maidenhood:

"When I was mistress of myself  
And in my *way* of youth."

## TIMON OF ATHENS.

Page 106 (Act I. Scene i.)

"That I had no angry wit *to be* a lord."—Many emendations have been proposed, although none is necessary. Apemantus means: That I had lost my angry wit *in becoming* a lord. To be = in being.

Page 108 (Act I. Scene ii.)

"They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,  
But yond' man's *very* angry."

The correction of Rowe is more commonly adopted: "*ever* angry," as the antithesis of "*furor brevis*."

Page 117 (Act II. Scene ii.)

"Never mind  
Was *to be* so unwise, to be so kind."

"Never mind  
Was  $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \textit{truly} \\ \textit{surely} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$  so unwise, to be so kind."

*Truly* is the correction adopted by Mr Singer; *surely*, by Mr Collier.

Page 127 (Act III. Scene i.)

"This slave *unto his honour*  
Has my lord's meat in him."

Monck Mason's emendation is worth mentioning as plausible:

"This slave, *unto this hour*,  
Has my lord's meat in him."

Page 147 (Act IV. Scene iii.)

"It is the pasture lards the *brother's* sides,  
The want that makes him lean."

For *brother* read *rother*—as suggested by Singer, and adopted by Collier. Warburton proposed *wether*, with an approach to the true reading. A *rother* is a horned beast. In the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, there still exists what is called a "rother-market."

Page 163 (Act IV. Scene iii.)

"I do proclaim  
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;—  
No more, I pray—and he's a *steward*."

Pronounced "a Stewart," with a distinct reference to the king, as Tieck plausibly suggests.

Page 175 (Act V. Scene v.)

"Not a man  
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
But shall be *remedied*, to your public laws,  
At heaviest answer."

Mr Collier and Mr Dyce propose to read *rendered* for *remedied*

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Page 201 (Act I. Scene iii.)

"Venerable Nestor, *hatched in silver*."—To hatch, is to inlay, to mark with lines; and is still used in this sense by engravers. Here the word has reference to the silvery hairs of the old man. So Shirley ("Love in a Maze," Act II. Scene ii.): "Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is hatched with silver."

Page 212 (Act II. Scene i.)

*Porcupine*.—*Porpentine* in the original, and Mr Knight so prints it in the "Comedy of Errors," with a note, applicable here also: "This word is invariably used throughout the early editions of Shakspeare for *porcupine*. It was, no doubt, the familiar word in Shakspeare's time, and ought not to be changed."

Page 214 (Act II. Scene i.)

*Ther*. "Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil*. *Well*, why I do so."

Mr Dyce has shewn that the reading ought to be: "Well! why I do so"—Achilles echoing the "well" of Thersites. His reading is proved to be correct by the immediate reply of Thersites: "But yet you look not *well* upon him."

Page 226 (Act II. Scene iii.)

"His pettish *lines*, his ebbs, his flows."—*Lunes*, the emendation of Hammer, is more generally accepted.

Page 233 (Act III. Scene i.)

*Paris*. "I'll lay my life, with my *disposer* Cressida."—This speech belongs not to Paris, but to Helen; *disposer* signifying a *handmaid*, and Cressida having been that of Helen.

Page 245 (Act III. Scene iii.)

"Speculation turns not to itself,  
Till it hath travelled, and is *married* there  
Where it may see itself."

*Mirrored*, in the Perkins folio.





Page 264 (Act IV. Scene v.)

"O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give a *coasting* welcome ere it comes."  
Coleridge, and Monck Mason before him, suggest :  
"That give *accosting* welcome ere it comes."

Page 283 (Act V. Scene iii.)

"It is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to *count* violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity"  
"To *commit* lawful thefts."—*Singer*.

## P E R I C L E S.

Page 306 (Act I. Prologue.)

"Account'd."—Read "Account."

Page 320 (Act I. Scene iv.)

"Like the Trojan horse, war-stuffed within,  
With bloody *views* expecting overthrow."  
*Veins*, in all the old editions.

Page 327 (Act II. Scene i.)

"And spite of all the *rupture* of the sea,  
This jewel holds his *biding* on my arm."

The old copies read *building*, and certainly that is the proper antithesis to *rupture*. If we change *building* to *biding*; then also for *rupture* we ought to read *rapture*. And this, probably, is the true lection. We are informed in the novel, that Pericles got to land "with a jewel whom all the raptures of the sea could not bereave from his arm."

Page 327 (Act II. Scene i.)

"Bases."—"Armour for the legs," says Mr Knight in the foot-note; but the reply of the fisherman: "Thou shalt have my best *gown* to make thee a pair," shews that *bases* cannot signify "armour for the legs." It is, in fact, identical with the French *bas*, and here signifies *hose*. If it should appear

indicrous to represent Pericles cast on shore *sans culotte*, read the original description from Gower's "*Confessio Amantis*:"

"There came a fisher on the way,  
And saw a man there naked stond :  
And when that he hath understond  
The cause, he hath of him great ruth,  
And only of his poor truth  
Of such clothes as he had  
With great pity this lord he clad."

Page 334 (Act II. Scene iv.)

"Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages."

"For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages."—*Dyce*.

Page 337 (Act II. Scene v.)

"Why, sir, say if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?"

The arrangement in the text annihilates the palpable rhyme.

Page 349 (Act III. Scene iii.)

"Unscissared shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show *will* in 't."

"Though I show *ill* in 't."—*Dyce*.

Page 351 (Act IV. Prologue.)

"Even *right* for marriage *fight*."—"Even *ripe* for marriage *rite*," is suggested by Collier, and adopted by Dyce. The reading of the first edition (1609) is: "Even *right* for marriage *sight*." In one of the quartos of 1611, and all the subsequent editions, it is: "Even *ripe* for marriage *sight*." Probably Mr Collier is correct.



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