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V IX

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
IN TWELVE VOLUMES

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THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME NINE



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CONTENTS.

VOL. IX.

Tragedies.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. *Before* 1595.

ROMEO AND JULIET. *Before* 1600.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. *After* 1600.

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

First printed in Quarto, 1600.

The play contains 5 Acts, 16 Scenes, 2492 lines of verse,
and 22 lines of prose.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome.*

BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,

QUINTUS,

MARTIUS,

MUTIUS,

YOUNG LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus Andronicus.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,

CHIRON,

DEMETRIUS,

AARON, *a Moor.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.

Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: Rome and neighbourhood.

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft : and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drums and trumpets.

Saturninus.

N OBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords :
I am his first-born son, that was the last 5
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome :
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my
right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, 10
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;

And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers, and as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness. 45

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, 50
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weighed. 55

[Exeunt followers of Bassianus.]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person and the cause.

[Exeunt followers of Saturninus.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me 60
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.]

Titus
Andronicus.
I. 1.

Titus
Andronicus.
I. 2.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way : the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returned,
From where he circumscribed with his sword, 5
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of TITUS' Sons. After them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black : then two other Sons. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS ; and then TAMORA, the queen of Goths, and her two Sons, CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, and others, as many as can be. They set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds !
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weighed her anchorage, 10
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rights that we intend ! 15
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead !
These that survive let Rome reward with love ;

These that I bring unto their latest home, 20 Titus
With burial amongst their ancestors. Andronicus.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword. I. 2.
Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ? 25
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars :
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility, 30
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more !

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh, 35
Before this earthly prison of their bones ;
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen. 40

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren ! Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my son to be as dear to me ! 45
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs and return
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke ;

Titus But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets,
Andronicus. For valiant doings in their country's cause? 50
I. 2. O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful: 55
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.
Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain 60
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is marked and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood, 65
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.
[*Exeunt Titus' sons with Alarbus.*]
Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Demet. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest and we survive 70
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that armed the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent, 75
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths,
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen,

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Titus
Andronicus.
I. 2.

Enter the Sons of ANDRONICUS again.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopped, 80
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so and let Andronicus 85
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

*[Flourish. Sound trumpets, and they lay the
coffin in the tomb.]*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells, 90
Here grow no damned drugs; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame! 95
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O bless me here with thy victorious hand, 100
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Titus *Tit.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
Andronicus. The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !
I. 2. Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise ! 105

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS,
and others.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive and you that sleep in fame : 110

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords.
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed. 115

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire, 120
With these our late deceased emperor's sons :
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness. 125
What, should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,

And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country;
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world!
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Titus
130 Andronicus.
I. 2.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right. 140

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:

Andronicus, would thou wert shipped to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good 145
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee and will do till I die: 150
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages; 155
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,

And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son, 161
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal :
Then, if you will elect by my advice, 165
Crown him and say, " Long live our emperor ! "

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!" 170
[*A long flourish till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And for an onset, Titus, to advance 175
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ? 180

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord, and in this match
I hold me highly honoured of your grace.
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;

Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord :
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Titus
Andronicus.
I. 2

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life! 190
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;
[*To Tamora.*

To him that, for your honour and your state, 196
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew :
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudly countenance : 200
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you, 205
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths :
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord, sith truly nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go :
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free. 211
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

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

Titus
Andronicus.
I. 2.

Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest then my lord?

Bass. Ay, noble Titus, and resolved withal 215
To do myself this reason and this right.

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

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

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised. 221

Sat. Surprised? by whom?

Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

[*Exeunt Marcus and Bassianus, with Lavinia.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe. 225

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*]

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

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain boy, barr'st me my way in
Rome?

Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Titus kills him.*]

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust and more than so; 230
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

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

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife, 235
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit.*]

*Exit and re-enter aloft the EMPEROR, with TAMORA
and her two Sons, and AARON the Moor.*

Titus
Andronicus.
I. 2.

Sat. No, Titus, no : the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons, 240
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begged the empire at thy hands. 245

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are these ?

Sat. But go thy ways ; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourished for her with his sword :
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons, 250
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome, 255
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choicæ,
Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths ; dost thou applaud my choice ?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,— 260
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright and everything
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Titus Or climb my palace, till from forth this place 265
Andronicus. I lead espoused my bride along with me.
I. 2.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth. 270

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon : Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites. 275

[*Exeunt Saturninus and his Followers ; Tamora,
and her Sons ; Aaron and Goths.*]

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

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see ! O see what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son. 280

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no : no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonoured all our family ;
Unworthy brother and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes : 285
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb :
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors, 290

Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

Titus
Andronicus
I. 2.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

295

Quint., Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake that
word?

Quint. He that would vouch it in any place but
here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

300

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one.

So trouble me no more but get you gone.

305

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*]

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul!

311

Luc. Dear father! soul and substance of us all!

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

315

Titus That slew himself: and wise Laertes' son
Andronicus. Did graciously plead for his funerals:
I. 2. Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy, 320
Be barred his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise!
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonoured by my sons in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[They put Mutius in the tomb.]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends, 325
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[They all kneel and say,

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

[Exeunt all but Marcus and Titus.]

Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths 330
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus: but I know it is;
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell;
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far? 335
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

*Enter the EMPEROR, TAMORA and her two Sons, with
the Moor, at one door; enter at the other door, BAS-
SIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have played your prize!
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bass. And you of yours, my lord ! I say no more,
Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave. 340

Titus
Andronicus.
I. 2.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bass. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all : 345
Meanwhile I am possessed of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir ; you are very short with us ;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life. 350

Only thus much I give your grace to know :
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wronged,
That, in the rescue of Lavinia, 355

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath
To be controlled in that he frankly gave.
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath expressed himself in all his deeds 360
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :
'Tis thou and those that have dishonoured me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine ! 365

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all :

Titus And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
 Andronicus. *Sat.* What, madam! be dishonoured openly, 370
 I. 2. And basely put it up without revenge?
 Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forbend
 I should be author to dishonour you!
 But on mine honour dare I undertake
 For good Lord Titus' innocence in all; 375
 Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.
 Then, at my suit, look graciously on him:
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
 Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
 My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last; [*Aside.*
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents: 381
 You are but newly planted in your throne;
 Lest then the people and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey take Titus' part,
 And so supplant us for ingratitude, 385
 Which Rome reposes to be a heinous sin,
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
 I'll find a day to massacre them all;
 And raze their faction and their family,
 The cruel father and his traitorous sons, 390
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
 And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
 Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
 Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
 Take up this good old man and cheer the heart 395
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
 King. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevailed.
 Tit. I thank your majesty and her, my lord.

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

Titus
Andronicus.
I. 2.
400

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;

And let it be mine honour, good my lord,

That I have reconciled your friends and you.

405

For you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed

My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable :

And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia,

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

410

You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven and to his highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,

Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest. 415

Sat. Away and talk not ; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;

I will not be denied : sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

421

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up. Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend : and sure as death I swear,

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

425

Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :

Titus

Andronicus.

I. 2.

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound, we'll give your grace "bonjour." 430

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron.

NOW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach :
As when the golden sun salutes the morn, 5
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills ;
So Tamora.
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, 10
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains, 15
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!

Titus
Andronicus.
II. I.

I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.
Hollo! what storm is this?

20

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Demet. Chiron, thy years wants wit, thy wit wants
edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am graced;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30
'Tis not the difference of a year or two

Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress's grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve, 35
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aaron. [*Aside.*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not
keep the peace.

Demet. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends? 40
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Demet. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.* Titus

Aaron. Why, how now, lords? Andronicus

II. 1.

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw, 46

And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;

I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most concerns. 50

Nor would your noble mother for much more

Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

Demet. Not I, till I have sheathed

My rapier in his bosom, and withal

Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat 55

That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved.

Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aaron. Away, I say ! 60

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all !

Why, lords ! and think you not how dangerous

It is to jet upon a prince's right ?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose, 65

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broached,

Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?

Young lords, beware ! and should the empress know

This discord's ground, the music would not please. 70

Chi. I care not, I, knew she, and all the world ;

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Titus
Andronicus.
II. 1.

Demet. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aaron. Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not in Rome
How furious and impatient they be, 75
And cannot brook competitors in love ?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose, 80
To achieve her whom I love.

Aaron. To achieve her, how ?

Demet. Why mak'st thou it so strange ?
She is a woman, therefore may be wooed ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved. 85
What, man ! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know :
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge. 90

Aaron. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Demet. Then why should he despair that knows to
court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality ?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose ? 95

Aaron. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Demet. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aaron. Would you had hit it too ! Titus
 Then should not we be tired with this ado. Andronicus.
 Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools 100 II. 1.
 To square for this? would it offend you then
 That both should speed ?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aaron. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.
 'Tis policy and stratagem must do 105
 That you affect, and so must you resolve
 That what you cannot as you would achieve
 You must perforce accomplish as you may :
 Take this of me ; Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love. 110
 A speedier course than lingering languishment
 Must we pursue ; and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
 The forest walks are wide and spacious, 115
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kind for rape and villainy :
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope. 120
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves, 125
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.

Titus
Andronicus.
II. 1.

The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull : 129
There speak and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Demet. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits. 135
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Forest.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *his three Sons, and* MARCUS,
making a noise with hounds and horns.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green ;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal, 5
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired. 10

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal ; then
enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,
CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and their attendants.*
Many good morrows to your majesty ;

Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Titus
Andronicus.
II. 3.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords ;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies. 15

Bass. Lavinia, how say you?

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

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

Marc. I have dogs, my lord, 20
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

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

Demet. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound; 25
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem, 5
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy :

Titus And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
Andronicus. That have their alms out of the empress' chest.
II. 3.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast? 11
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequered shadow on the ground : 15
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise, 20
And, after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoyed,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms, 25
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aaron. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine : 31
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll 35

Titus
Andronicus.
II. 3.

To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,

40

Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;

His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,

And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

45

Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,

And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.

Now question me no more ; we are espied :

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,

Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

50

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

Aaron. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes.

Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons

To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bass. Who have we here ? Rome's royal empress, 55

Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop ?

Or is it Dian, habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,

To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps !

60

Had I the power that some say Dian had,

Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds

Titus Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Andronicus. Unmannerly intruder as thou art ! 65
II. 3.

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments :
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day ! 70
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarty Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestered from all your train, 75
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport, 80
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness : I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-coloured love ;
This valley fits the purpose passing well. 84

Bass. The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.

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

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Demet. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
 mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ? 90

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?

Titus
Andronicus
II. 3.

These two have ticed me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see it is ;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.

95

Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven :

And when they showed me this abhorred pit,

They told me here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

100

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

105

But straight they told me they would bind me here,

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they called me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

110

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed :

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth called my children.

115

Demet. This is a witness that I am thy son.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my
strength. [*They stab Bassianus.*

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

Titus
Andronicus.
II. 3.

Tam. Give me the poniard; you shall know, my boys, 120

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Demet. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty, 125

And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust. 130

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,

Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy

That nice preserved honesty of yours. 135

Lav. Oh, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

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

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Demet. Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory

To see her tears, but be your heart to them 140

As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.

The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny. 145

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard? Titus
Andronicus.

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark : II. 3.

Yet have I heard, oh could I find it now! 150

The lion, moved with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws pared all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :

Oh, be to me, though thy hard heart say no, 155

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

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

Lav. O let me teach thee ! For my father's sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain

To save your brother from the sacrifice ;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent : 165

Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will ;

The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. Oh Tamora, be called a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place !
For 'tis not life that I have begged so long ; 170
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

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

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
Oh, keep me from their worse than killing lust, 175

Titus
Andronicus.
II. 3.

And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body ;
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

Demet. Away, for thou hast stayed us here too long.

Lav. No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly
creature,

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—

Cbi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth ; bring thou her
husband : [*Dragging off Lavinia.*

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. 186

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see that you make her sure,
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor, 190
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aaron. Come on, my lords, the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you ; were it not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

Titus
Andronicus.
II. 4.

[*Martius falls into the pit.*]

Quint. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole
is this,

Whose mouth is covered with rude growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning dew distilled on flowers? 10

A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt,
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aaron. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here, 15

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole?

Quint. I am surprised with an uncouth fear; 20
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death. 25

Quint. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what. 30

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies imbrued here,

Titus All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,
Andronicus. In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
II. 4. *Quint.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear 35
A precious ring, that lightens all this hole :
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus, 40
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth. 45

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
 out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink. 50

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
 Quint. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :
Thou canst not come to me ; I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me : I'll see what hole is here, 55
And what he is that now is leaped into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Titus
Andronicus.
II. 4.
60

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest :
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
'Tis not an hour since I left them there. 65

Mart. We know not where you left them all alive,
But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king !

Sat. Here, Tamora, though grieved with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus? 70

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound ;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy ;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold 75
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth SATURNINE a letter.*

SATURNINUS reads the letter.

*An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;
Thou know'st our meaning : look for thy reward 80
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,*

Titus

Andronicus.

II. 4.

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

Oh, Tamora, was ever heard the like ?

85

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree :

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murdered Bassianus here.

Aaron. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To Titus*] fell curs of
bloody kind,

90

Have here bereft my brother of his life :

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;

There let them bide until we have devised

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit ? oh wondrous
thing !

95

How easily murder is discovered !

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be proved in them—

100

Sat. If it be proved ! you see it is apparent.

Who found this letter, Tamora, was it you ?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord ; yet let me be their bail :

For by my father's reverend tomb I vow

105

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them ; see thou follow me.
Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers :

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

110 Titus
Andronicus.
II. 5.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

114

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravished.

Demet. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

4

Demet. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Demet. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so, let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my cause, I should go hang myself.

9

Demet. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*]

Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

Marc. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?

Titus
Andronicus.
II. 5.

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !

15

Speak, gentle niece ; what stern ungentle hands

Have lopped and hewed, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

20

As have thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

25

But sure some Tereus hath deflowered thee,

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,

As from a conduit, with their issuing spouts,

30

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,

Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say, 'tis so ?

Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind !

35

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopped,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind.

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;

40

A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sewed than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touched them for his life!
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep, 50
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes? 55
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee ;
 Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [*Exeunt.*

Titus
 Andronicus.
 45 II. 5.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARTIUS and
QUINTUS bound, passing on the stage to the place of
execution ; and TITUS going before, pleading.*

Titus.

HEAR me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
For all the frosty nights that I have watched ; 5
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept, 10
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Andronicus lieth down and the Judges pass by him.]
For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears ;
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush. 15

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, and Prisoners.]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still ;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Titus
Andronicus,
III. 1.

20

Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators!

25

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain ;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you!

30

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man ; if they did hear
They would not mark me : or if they did mark,
They would not pity me : yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.

35

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale :
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,

40

Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;

A stone is silent and offendeth not ; 46

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death :

For which attempt, the judges have pronounced 50

My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee:

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive

That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?

Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey 55

But me and mine: how happy art thou then,

From these devourers to be banished!

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep,

Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break: 60

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? Let me see it, then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit.

Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ay me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her: 65

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?

What fool hath added water to the sea?

Or brought a fagot to bright burning Troy?

My grief was at the height before thou camest, 70

And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds :
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life ;
In bootless prayer have they been held up, 75
And they have served me to effectless use.

Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
For hands to do Rome service is but vain. 80

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyred thee ?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung 85
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound. 90

Tit. It was my dear ; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he killed me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environed with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave, 95
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
Here stands my other son, a banished man ;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes : 100

Titus
Andronicus.
III. 1.

But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?

105

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

110

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they killed her
husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

115

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them:
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,

120

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks
How they are stained as meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that c'earnness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

125

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine? 130 Titus
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days? Andronicus.
III. 1.

What shall we do? let us that have our tongues
Plot some device of further misery
To make us wondered at in time to come. 135

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

Marc. Patience, dear niece; good Titus, dry thine
eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, 140
For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine own.

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

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs;
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee. 145

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor 150
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive, 155
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Titus

Andronicus.

III. 1.

Tit. O, gracious emperor ! O gentle Aaron !

Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?

With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand : 160

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,

Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :

My youth can better spare my blood than you, 165

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended

Rome,

And reared aloft the bloody battle-axe,

Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?

O, none of both but are of high desert :

170

My hand hath been but idle : let it serve

To ransom my two nephews from their death,

Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aaron. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

175

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc.

By heaven, it shall not go !

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such withered herbs as
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

180

Marc. And for our father's sake and mother's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

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

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc.

But I will use the axe.

Titus
Andronicus.
III. 1.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine. 186

Aaron. If that be called deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be is
dispatched: 191

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand;

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:

More hath it merited, that let it have. 195

As for my sons, say I account of them

As jewels purchased at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aaron. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee. 200

Their heads I mean: O how this villainy [*Aside.*]

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven, 205

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

Titus
Andronicus.
III. 1.

To that I call! What, would thou kneel with me?
[*To Lavinia.*]

Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim, 210
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom? 215
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes :
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad, 221
Threatening the welkin with his big-swollen face ?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?

I am the sea. Hark how her sighs do flow :
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth : 225
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned :
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them. 230
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messen. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor :

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back :
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mocked :
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

235 Titus
Andronicus.
III. 1.

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell :
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal ;
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

240

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

246

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

250

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Marc. Now farewell flattery : die, Andronicus ;
Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here ;
Thy other banished son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, ay,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

255

Ah, now no more will I control my griefs :
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes :
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

260

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Titus
Andronicus.
III. 1.

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this
hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed : 265
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes
And make them blind with tributary tears.
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me, 270
And threat me I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be returned again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about, 275
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear, 279
And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things.
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth :
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight ;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there ;
And if you love me, as I think you do, 285
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;
The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome :
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again :
He loves his pledges, dearer than his life. 290
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;

O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been
 But now, nor Lucius, nor Lavinia, lives
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs :
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs, 295
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress
 Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths and raise a power,
 To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit Lucius.*]

Titus
 Andronicus.
 III. 2.

SCENE II.—*A Room in TITUS's House. A Banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young
 LUCIUS, a boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit : and look you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot ;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands, 5
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
 Who when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10
 Then thus I thump it down.
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !
 [*To Lavinia.*]
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ; 15

Titus
Andronicus.
III. 2.

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears. 20

Marc. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote already ?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life ? 25
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable ?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;
Lest we remember still that we have none.— 30
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk !

As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—
Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this :—
Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she says ; 35
I can interpret all her martyred signs ;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brewed with her sorrow, meshed upon her cheeks :—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40
As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning. 45

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments : Titus
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale. Andronicus.
III. 2.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears, 50
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Marc. At that that I have killed, my lord ; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murtherer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny : 55
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother : get thee gone ;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.

Tit. " But ! " How, if that fly had a father and mother ?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings, 61
And buzz lamenting doings in the air !
Poor harmless fly !

That, with his pretty buzzing melody, 64
Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast killed him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir ; 'twas a black ill-favoured fly,
Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I killed him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Titus Ah, sirrah ! 75
 Andronicus. Yet, I think we are not brought so low,
 III. 2. But that between us, we can kill a fly,
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
 Marc. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances. 80
 Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me :
 I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee
 Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
 Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle. 85
 [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before TITUS's House.*

Enter Young LUCIUS and LAVINIA *running after him, and the boy flies from her with his books under his arm. Enter* TITUS and MARCUS.

Boy.

HELP, grandsire, help ! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes !
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius ; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm. 6

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

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs ?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius : somewhat doth she mean :

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee : 10
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator :

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus ? 15

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :

Titus
Andronicus.
IV. 1.

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20
Ran mad for sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books and fly, 25
Causeless perhaps: but pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

*[Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius
has let fall.]*

Tit. How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see: 31
Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read and better skilled:
Come and take choice of all my library;
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens 35
Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there was more than
one

Confederate in the fact; ay, more there was:
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge. 40

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses*;
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
60

Perhaps she culled it from among the rest.

44 Titus
Andronicus.
IV. 1.

Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves! Help her!
What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the
leaves. 50

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravished and wronged as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see! Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt,—
O had we never, never, hunted there!— 55
Patterned by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but
friends, 60
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury, 65

Inspire me that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia.
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This, after me.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides
it with feet and mouth.]*

Titus

Andronicus.

IV. 1.

I have writ my name,

Without the help of any hand at all.

70

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift !

Write thou, good niece, and here display at last,

What God will have discovered for revenge.

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth ! 75

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ ?
“Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.”

Marc. What, what ! the lustful sons of Tamora,
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magni Dominator poli,* 80
Tam lentus audis scelera ? Tam lentus vides ?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord ; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams. 85
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me, as with the woful fere,
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,— 90
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how ;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware : 95
The dam will wake ; and if she wind you once,

She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young hunstman, Marcus; let alone; 100
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad, 104
And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy; thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like. 110

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

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both : 115
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

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

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court : 120
Ay, marry will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius.*]

Marc. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart, 125

Titus
Andronicus.
IV. 1.

Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield ;
But yet so just that he will not revenge :
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus ! [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS at one door ; at another door young LUCIUS and Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

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

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

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ; 5
And pray the Roman gods confound you both ! [*Aside.*

Demet. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what 's the news ?

Boy. That you are both deciphered, that 's the news,
For villains marked with rape [*Aside*]. May it please
you,

My grandsire, well-advised, hath sent by me 10
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome ; for so he bad me say :
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships ; whenever you have need, 15
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both : [*Aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Demet. What's here? a scroll, and written round about?
Titus Andronicus.
IV. 2.

Let's see:

*"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu."* 20

Chi. O 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aaron. Ay just; a verse in Horace; right, you have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines, 26
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile. 30

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate,
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing. 35

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

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

Demet. I would we had a thousand Roman dames 40
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aaron. Here lacks but your mother for to say
"Amen."

Titus
Andronicus.
IV. 2.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Demet. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods, 45
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aaron. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
over. [*Aside.* *Trumpets sound.*]

Demet. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Demet. Soft; who comes here? 50

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor child.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords;

O, tell me, did you see Aaron, the Moor?

Aaron. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone! 55
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aaron. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nurse. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,—

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace; 60
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

Aaron. To whom?

Nurse. I mean she is brought a-bed.

Aaron. Well, God give her good rest! What hath
he sent her?

Nurse. A devil.

Aaron. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful
issue. 65

Nurse. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point. 70

Aaron. Zounds, ye whore ! is black so base a hue ?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Demet. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aaron. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother. 75

Aaron. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Demet. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.

Woe to her chance, and damned her loathed choice !

Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend.

Chi. It shall not live.

Aaron. It shall not die. 80

Nurse. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

Aaron. What ! must it, nurse ? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Demet. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point :
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon dispatch it. 85

Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*]

Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother ?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point 90

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Titus Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands. 95
 Andronicus. What, what ! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !
 IV. 2. Ye white-limed walls ! ye ale-house painted signs !
 Coal-black is better than another hue :
 In that it scorns to bear another hue :
 For all the water in the ocean 100
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood :
 Tell the empress from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own, excuse it how she can. 104
 Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?
 Aaron. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;
 The vigour and the picture of my youth :
 This before all the world do I prefer ;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome. 110
 Demet. By this our mother is for ever shamed.
 Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
 Nurse. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
 Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.
 Aaron. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears :
 Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing 116
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart !
 Here 's a young lad framed of another leer.
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
 As who would say, " Old lad, I am thine own." 120
 He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;
 And from that womb where you imprisoned were,
 He is enfranchised and come to light :

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face. 125 Titus
Andronicus.
IV. 2.

Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Demet. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe. 130

Aaron. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there ; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

Demet. How many women saw this child of his?

Aaron. Why, so, brave lords ! when we join in league,
I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor, 136
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms :
But say again, how many saw the child?

Nurse. Cornelia the midwife and myself, 140
And no one else but the delivered empress.

Aaron. The empress, the midwife and yourself :
Two may keep counsel when the third's away :
Go to the empress, tell her this I said : [*He kills her.*
Weke, weke :—so cries a pig prepared to the spit. 145

Demet. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? wherefore did'st
thou this?

Aaron. Oh, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy ;
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long-tongued babbling gossip ! No, lords, no :
And now be it known to you my full intent. 150
Not far, one Muliteus my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;
His child is like to her, fair as you are :

Titus Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
Andronicus. And tell them both the circumstance of all, 155
IV. 2. And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own. 160
Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic.

[Pointing to the Nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me. 165
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Demet. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee. 170
*[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, bearing off
the Nurse.]*

Aaron. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends:
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts: 175
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*A public place in Rome.*

Titus
Andronicus.
IV. 3.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other
Gentlemen, with bows, and TITUS bears the arrows
with letters on the ends of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus come ; kinsmen, this is the way :
Sir boy, let me see your archery ;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit, be you remembered, Marcus ;
She's gone, she's fled. Sirs, take you to your tools ; 5
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets. Happily, you may catch her in
the sea ;

Yet there's as little justice as at land :
No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade, 10
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth ;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition ;
Tell him it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus, 15
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome ! well, well, I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all, 20
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearched :
This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence ;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,

Titus
Andronicus.
IV. 3.

To see thy noble uncle thus distract? 25

Pub. Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy. 30
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?
What, have you met with her? 35

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you shall:
Marry, for Justice she is so employed,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time. 40

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs; no cedars we,
No big-boned men, framed of the Cyclops' size; 45
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs. 50
Come to this gear; you are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you: here, *ad Apollinem*:
Ad Martem, that's for myself;

Here, boy, to Pallas ; here, to Mercury :
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,
You were as good to shoot against the wind
To it, boy ! Marcus, loose when I bid :
Of my word, I have written to effect,
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Titus
Andronicus.
55 IV. 3.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court :

We will afflict the emperor in his pride. 61

Tit. Now, masters, draw. Oh, well said, Lucius !

[*They shoot.*]

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this. 65

Tit. Ha, ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord : when Publius
shot,

The Bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock,

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court, 70

And who should find them but the empress' villain :

She laughed, and told the Moor he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes : God give his lordship joy !

Enter Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ? 76

Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clown. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says that he hath

Titus taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged
Andronicus. till the next week. 80
IV. 3.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter :

I never drank with him in all my life.

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

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else. 85

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven ! alas, sir, I never came there.
God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my
young days ! Why, I am going with my pigeons to
the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt
my uncle and one of the Emperial's men. 91

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for
your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the
emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the
emperor with a grace? 96

Clown. Nay, truly, sir ; I could never say grace in
all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither ; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor : 100

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold ; meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, sir. 105

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel ;
then kiss his foot : then deliver up your pigeons ; and

then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir ; see you do it bravely. Titus
Andronicus.
IV. 4.

Clown. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.
And when thou hast given it to the emperor, 115
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir ; I will. [Exit.

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

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot at him.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus ; and for the extent
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightyful gods, 5
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath passed,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits ; 10
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,

Titus fits, his frenzy and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress;
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo, this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were:
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health, whom, if he sleep,
He'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

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

Enter Clown.

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

Clown. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

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

Titus
Andronicus.
IV. 4.

Clown. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you
godden; I have brought you a letter and a couple of
pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently. 45

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clown. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! 50

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butchered wrongfully! 55

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man,

Sly frantic wretch, that holpst to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 60

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lord; Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gathered head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march, amain, under conduct 65
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats in course of this revenge to do

Titus
Andronicus.
IV. 4.

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head 70

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:

Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach:

'Tis he the common people love so much!

Myself hath often heard them say,

When I have walked like a private man, 75

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wished that Lucius were their emperor.

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

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,

And will revolt from me, to succour him. 80

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,

Knowing that with the shadow of his wing 85

He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome!

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus,

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous 90

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;

When as the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

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

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will; 95

For I can smooth and fill his aged ears

With golden promises, that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
 Go thou before to be our ambassador; [*To Æmilius.* IV. 4.
 Say that the emperor requests a parley 101
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
 Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably :
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety, 105
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
 Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
 [*Exit Æmilius.*
 Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
 And temper him, with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths. 110
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.
 Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.
 [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, with an army of Goths,
with drum.

Lucius.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness, 5
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort; 10
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields, 15
And be avenged on cursed Tamora:
And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

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

Titus
Andronicus.
V. 1.

Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery, 21
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall :
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard 25
The crying babe controlled with this discourse :
“ Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother’s look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor. 30
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf :
Peace, villain, peace ! ”—even thus he rates the babe,—
“ For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress’ babe, 35
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother’s sake.”
With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. Oh, worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil 40
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand :
This is the pearl that pleased your empress’ eye ;
And here’s the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither would’st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ? 45

Titus
Andronicus.
V. 1.

Why dost not speak ? what, deaf ? not a word ?

A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

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

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. 50

First hang the child that he may see it sprawl,
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Aaron. Get me a ladder ! Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress :

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things, 55

That highly may advantage thee to hear ;

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

I'll speak no more but " vengeance rot you all."

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished. 60

Aaron. And if it please thee ? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak :

For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,

Complots of mischief, treason, villainies 65

Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed ;

And this shall all be buried in my death,

Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

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

Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin. 70

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

Aaron. What if I do not ? as indeed I do not :

Yet, for I know thou art religious,

And hast a thing within thee called conscience, 75

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; [*Aside.*—for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears; 80
To that I'll urge him:—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee. 85

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aaron. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

Aaron. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon. 90
'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravished her,
And cut her hands, and trimmed her as thou sawest.

Luc. Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aaron. Why, she was washed and cut and trimmed, 95
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. Oh, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aaron. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set: 100
That bloody mind I think they learned of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head:
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay: 105

Titus
Andronicus.
V. 1.

I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mentioned ;
Confederate with the queen and her two sons.
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ? 110
I played the cheater for thy father's hand ;
And when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pried me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads ; 115
Beheld his tears and laughed so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his :
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. 120

Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aaron. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aaron. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, and yet I think 125
Few come within the compass of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ; 130
Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears :
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves, 135

And set them upright at their dear friend's door,
Even when their sorrow almost was forgot ;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead." 140
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Titus
Andronicus.
V. 1.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die 145
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aaron. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue ! 150

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius : what's the news from Rome ? 155

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me ;
And for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages, 160
And they shall be immediately delivered.

Titus *Goth.* What says our general?
Andronicus. *Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
V. 2. Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus, 164
And we will come: march away. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before TITUS's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs:
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps, 5
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and Titus opens his study door.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door, 10
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived, for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down:
And what is written shall be executed. 15

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

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

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough. 21 Titus
 Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines, Andronicus.
 Witness these trenches made by grief and care, V. 2.
 Witness the tiring day and heavy night,
 Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well 25
 For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :
 Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
 I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom, 30
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes :
 Come down and welcome me to this world's light ;
 Confer with me of murder and of death.
 There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place, 35
 No vast obscurity or misty vale,
 Where bloody murder or detested rape,
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name—
 Revenge—which makes the foul offender quake. 40

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

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

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
 Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands ! 45
 Now give some surance that thou art Revenge ;
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;
 And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.
 Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet, 50

Titus
Andronicus.
V. 2.

To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long, 55
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And, day by day, I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murther there.

Tam. These are my ministers and come with me. 60

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they called?

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

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are,
And you the empress! but we worldly men 65
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

Oh, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by. [*Titus closes his door.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy. 70
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches;
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son; 75
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies:
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme. 80

Enter Titus.

Titus
Andronicus.
V. 2.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor! 85
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil: 90
But welcome as you are: what shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Demet. Show me a murtherer: I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him. 95

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

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murther, stab him; he's a murtherer. 100
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen attended by a Moor; 105
Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee do on them some violent death:
They have been violent to me and mine. 109

Titus

Andronicus.

V. 2.

Tam. Well hast thou lessoned us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house:

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast, 115

I will bring in the empress and her sons,

The emperor himself, and all thy foes;

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel;

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says Andronicus to this device? 120

Enter MARCUS.

Tit. Marcus, my brother, 'tis sad Titus calls.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius:

Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.

Bid him repair to me, and bring with him

Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths; 125

Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.

Tell him the emperor, and the empress too,

Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.

This do thou for my love; and so let him,

As he regards his aged father's life. 130

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

Tam. Now will I hence about my business,

And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay; let Rape and Murther stay with me.

Or else I'll call my brother back again, 135

And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you bide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, 140
And tarry with him till I turn again. [*Aside.*]

Titus
Andronicus.
V. 2.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices:

A pair of curs'd hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aside.*]

Demet. Madam, depart at pleasure: leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes 146
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*]

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do. 150
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron,
Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie; thou art too much deceived:

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name; 155

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:

Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,

And stop their mouths if they begin to cry. 160

[*Exit Titus. Publius and the others lay hold
on Chiron and Demetrius.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Titus

Andronicus.

V. 2.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths ; let them not speak a word ;
Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast. 164

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS with a knife, and LAVINIA
with a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound :
Sirs, stop their mouths ; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius !

Here stands the spring whom you have stained with
mud ;

This goodly summer with your winter mixed. 170

You killed her husband ; and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemned to death,

My hand cut off and made a merry jest ;

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity, 175

Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.

What would you say if I should let you speak ?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats, 180

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me ;

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.

Hark, villains ! I will grind your bones to dust, 185

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,

And of the paste a coffin I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads,	Titus
And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,	Andronicus.
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.	V. 3.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,	190
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on :	
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter ;	
And worse than Progne I will be revenged.	
And now prepare your throats : Lavinia, come,	195
Receive the blood ; and when that they are dead,	
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,	
And with this hateful liquor temper it,	
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.	
Come, come, be every one officious	200
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove	
More stern and bloody than the centaur's feast.	
	<i>[He cuts their throats.]</i>
So ; now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,	
And see them ready against their mother comes.	204
	<i>[Exeunt.]</i>

SCENE III.—TITUS' House. *A Pavilion.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and the* Goths, *with* AARON.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours, with thine ; befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,

5

Titus
Andronicus.
V. 3.

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings :
And see the ambush of our friends be strong :
I fear the emperor means no good to us. 10

Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallowed slave !
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. 15
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand. [*Flourish.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA,
with ÆMILIUS, Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one ?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun ?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle !
These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordained to an honourable end ;
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome : 23
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

*Enter TITUS, like a cook, placing the meat on the table ;
LAVINIA, with a veil over her face ; young LUCIUS,
and others.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread
queen ;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;
And welcome, all ; although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

Titus
Andronicus.
V. 3.

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were:

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

35

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforced, stained, and deflowered?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

41

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,

45

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

[*He kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Killed her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he

50

To do this outrage; and it now is done.

Sat. What, was she ravished? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your highness
feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Titus *Tit.* Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius. 55
 Andronicus. They ravished her, and cut away her tongue,
 V. 3. And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,
 Whereof their mother daintily hath fed, 60
 Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
 'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knife's sharp point.
 [He stabs Tamora.
Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!
 [He kills Titus.
Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
 There's meed for meed; death for a deadly deed. 65
 [He kills Saturninus. The people disperse in terror.
Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
 By uproars severed, as a flight of fowl
 Scattered by winds and high temptuous gusts,
 O, let me teach you how to knit again
 This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf, 70
 These broken limbs again into one body;
 Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
 And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
 Do shameful execution on herself. 75
 But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,
 Speak, Rome's dear friend, [To Lucius] as erst our
 ancestor,
 When with his solemn tongue he did discourse 80

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
 The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy.
 Tell us what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in 85
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
 My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my utterance, even in the time 90
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration.
 Here is a captain; let him tell the tale;
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you, 95
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,
 And they it were that ravished our sister;
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
 Our father's tears despised, and basely cozened 100
 Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave:
 Lastly, myself, unkindly banished;
 The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,
 To beg relief amongst Rome's enemies, 105
 Who drowned their enmity in my true tears,
 And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend;
 I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point, 110

Titus

Andronicus.

V. 3.

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.

Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I ;

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just and full of truth.

But soft, methinks I do digress too much, 115

Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me,

For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak : behold the child ;

[*Pointing to child.*]

Of this was Tamora delivered,

The issue of an irreligious Moor, 120

Chief architect and plotter of these woes.

The villain is alive in Titus' house,

And as he is, to witness this is true.

Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience, 125

Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?

Have we done aught amiss ? show us wherein,

And, from the place where you behold us now,

The poor remainder of Andronici 130

Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,

And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains

And make a mutual closure of our house :

Speak, Romans, speak ; and if you say we shall,

Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall. 135

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—

Lucius, our emperor ; for well I know,

The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Marc. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor ! 140 Titus
Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house, Andronicus.
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor, V. 3.
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*To Attendants.*

Lucius, all hail to Rome's gracious governor ! 145

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans ! May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe :
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task !
Stand all aloof ; but, uncle, draw you near, 150
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stained face,
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Marc. Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss, 155
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips,
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee well ;
Many a time he danced thee on his knee, 161
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy ;
In that respect, then, like a loving child, 165
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so :

Titus Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Andronicus. Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
V. 3. Do him that kindness and take leave of him. 170
 Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all my heart
 Would I were dead, so you did live again!
 O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants with AARON.

A Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes!
Give sentence on this execrable wretch, 176
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth and famish him:
There let him stand and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him, 180
For the offence he dies; this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fastened in the earth.

Aaron. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
 dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done: 185
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave. 191
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument:
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,

No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damned Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

195 Titus
Andronicus.
V. 3.

200

NOTES.

[The Qq. are the best authorities for the text, more especially Q., except for Act III. Sc. 2, which is found only in the Ff.]

Act I. Sc. 1, 14. —seat, to virtue consecrate] Rowe. *seat to vertue, consecrate* Qq.; *seate to vertue: consecrate* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 271. —queen, Pantheon:] Rowe. *queene: Pantheon* (or *Pantheon*) Lords Qq., Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 412. *Luc.* We do;—our own.] Rowe. Given to Tamora, Qq. and Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 429. —an] Theobald. *and* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 132. —outlive, us both] Theobald. *out-live us both* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 144. —suck'dst] Rowe. *suckst* Qq., *suck'st* Ff.

Act II. Sc. 4, 100. —fault] Theobald. *faults* or *fauldes* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 5, 17. Have lopped] Rowe. *Hath lopped* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 5, 21. As have] Theobald. *As halfe* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 5, 27. —him] Rowe. *them* Qq., Ff.

Titus
Andronicus.
Notes.

A& III. Sc. 1, 17. —urns] Hanmer. *ruines* or *ruins* Qq. and Ff.

A& III. Sc. 1, 124. —as meadows] Collier. *in meadows* Qq., Ff.

A& IV. Sc. 1, 42. —Metamorphoses] Pope. *metamorphosis* Qq., Ff.

A& IV. Sc. 1, 45. —leaves! Help her !] Ed. L. 45 ends at “leaves!” and “Help her !” is part of 46, Qq., Ff.

A& IV. Sc. 1, 128. —ye heavens] Dyce. *the heauens* Qq., Ff.

A& IV. Sc. 3, 1. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way:] Theobald. *Come, Marcus, come, kinsmen, this is the way*, Qq., Ff.

A& IV. Sc. 3, 5. —fled. Sirs, . . . nets.] Ed. *fled, sirs, . . . nets*, Qq., Ff.

A& IV. Sc. 3, 55. To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine] Capell. *To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine*, Qq., Ff.

A& IV. Sc. 3, 75. One line in Rowe. Two lines in Qq., Ff.

A& IV. Sc. 4, 5. —you know, as do the mightful gods] Rowe. *you know the mightfull gods*, Qq., Ff.

A& V. Sc. 1, 110. —mischief in it ?] Rowe. *mischief in it*, Qq., Ff.

A& V. Sc. 2, 52. —murderers] Capell. *murder* Qq., Ff.

A& V. Sc. 3, 73. —body; Lest] Capell. *body. Roman Lord. Let Rome* Qq. *body. Goth. Let Rome* Ff.

GLOSSARY.

- Abate* (used with "strength"), diminish, i. 1, 43.
- Abused*, deceived, ii. 3, 87.
- Accited*, summoned, i. 1, 27.
- Acheron*, river in the infernal regions, iv. 3, 43.
- Achieve* (of a person), win, ii. 1, 81.
- Actæon*, a Theban prince ; Diana transformed him to a stag, ii. 3, 63.
- Advantage* (vb. trans.), benefit, v. 1, 56.
- Advice*, reflection, i. 2, 317 ; *by good advice*, after careful consideration, iv. 1, 91.
- Affect*, desire, ii. 1, 106 ; *affected*, desired, loved, ii. 1, 28.
- Affy in*, trust in, i. 1, 47.
- A-foot*, in action, active, iv. 2, 28.
- After* [afterwards], ii. 3, 123.
- Aim*, *give me* ; give me time and place (a metaphor from archery, in which it means "stand within right and convenient distance"), v. 3, 148.
- Alcides*, son of the strong one, *i.e.*, Hercules, iv. 2, 94.
- An*, if, i. 2, 429 ; ii. 5, 9 ; iv. 1, 94 ; iv. 4, 40.
- An if* or *And if* is a stronger form of *An*, ii. 3, 128 ; ii. 4, 77 ; ii. 5, 1, 4 ; iv. 1, 111 ; iv. 4, 9 ; v. 1, 59, 61 ; v. 3, 34.
- And*, has conjunctive and hypothetical force, ii. 1, 69.
- Anchorage* [anchor], i. 2, 10.
- Annoy*, injury, iv. 1, 49.
- Apollinem*, *ad*, to Apollo, iv. 3, 52.
- Approve*, prove, ii. 1, 35.
- Approved* (adj.), tried, tested, v. 1, 1.
- As*, so that, ii. 3, 103.
- As*, as if, iv. 4, 20.
- Associate* (vb. trans.), show sympathy with, v. 3, 168.
- Astræa*, the goddess of justice, iv. 3, 4. The quotation ("Astræa left the earth") is from Ovid, "Metam." i. 150.
- At*, on, iv. 3, 8.
- Attend* (vb. trans.), pay attention to, v. 3, 91 ; *attending*, attentive, v. 3, 81.

Titus
Andronicus.
Glossary.

Bay (sb.), barking, ii. 2, 3 ; *at such a bay*, in our power in such a way (a hunting term), iv. 2, 41.
Beholding [beholden], i. 2, 334 ; v. 3, 33.
Belike, probably, iv. 2, 49.
Bewet (vb. trans.), make wet, iii. 1, 146.
Bewray, betray, ii. 5, 3.
Black dog. See *Saying*.
Blowse, one who has been well blown upon ; a ruddy, fat-faced woman, iv. 2, 72.
Boots, *it*, it avails, v. 3, 18.
Bootless, without avail, iii. 1, 36, 75.
Brabble, quarrel, wrangle, ii. 1, 62.
Brave (vb. trans. and intrans.), defy, ii. 1, stage direction after 25 ; ii. 3, 126 ; iv. 1, 120 ; iv. 2, 35, 136.
Brave (adj.), defiant, ii. 1, 45.
Bravely, properly, finely, iv. 3, 110.
Braves, (sb.), defiance, ii. 1, 30.
Broach, transfix as on a spit, iv. 2, 84.
Brook, tolerate, ii. 1, 77.
Careful, provident, full of care, iv. 3, 29.
Castle, helmet, iii. 1, 169.
Causeless, without reason, iv. 1, 26.
Challenged of, accused of, i. 2, 278.

Chanced, happened, iii. 2, 83.
Chaps of age, aged cheeks, *i.e.*, wrinkled cheeks, v. 3, 76.
Charges, expenses, iv. 3, 102.
Chase, hunting-ground, ii. 4, 64.
Cheer, countenance, i. 2, 125.
Chiefest, foremost, v. 2, 125.
Cimmerian, one who lives in perpetual darkness : applied in contempt, ii. 3, 72.
Circumstance, details, iv. 2, 155.
Clean, completely, i. 2, 66.
Close, secret, iv. 2, 117.
Closing with, humouring, v. 2, 70.
Cocytus, river in the infernal regions, ii. 4, 45.
Coddling, lustful, v. 1, 99.
Coffin, crust, casing, v. 2, 187.
Coil, disturbance, confusion, iii. 1, 223.
Compact of, composed of, v. 3, 87.
Compassion (vb. trans.), have compassion on, pity, iv. 1, 123.
Complot, plot, confederacy of crime, ii. 4, 74 ; v. 2, 147 ; v. 1, 65.
Conceit, device, iv. 2, 29.
Confident, confidential, i. 1, 61.
Consecrate [consecrated], ii. 1, 122.
Contempts [contempt], iv. 4, 34.
Continence, moderation, i. 1, 15.
Controlled, forcibly prevented, i. 2, 358.
Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, iv. 1, 12.

Cousin, used as a general term of relationship, here means "niece," ii. 5, 12.

Cozened, cheated, v. 3, 100.

Cross, be, be at cross purposes, ii. 3, 53.

Cyclops, one-eyed giants who forged thunderbolts for Zeus, from whom all blacksmiths are said to be descended, iv. 3, 45.

Dancing-rapier, a sword worn for ornament while dancing, ii. 1, 39.

Dazzle, become dazzled, lose the power of sight, iii. 2, 85.

Deadly-standing, threatening death, ii. 3, 32.

Deal, some, to some degree, iii. 1, 243.

Dear, grievous, iii. 1, 255; dearly, iv. 1, 23.

Deciphered, detected, iv. 2, 8.

Decrees, resolves, v. 2, 11.

Deflower, take away virginity, ravished, ii. 3, 191; ii. 5, 26; v. 3, 38.

Denies (vb. trans.), forbids, ii. 3, 174.

Despite, in my, in defiance of me, i. 2, 299.

Despiteful, done through malice, iv. 4, 50.

Detest, expose, ii. 5, 27.

Determined (adj.), planned and fixed, v. 2, 139.

Discover, reveal, v. 1, 83.

Dispose, dispose of, iv. 2, 172.

Distract [distracted], iv. 3, 25.

Dominator, ruler, iv. 1, 80. The quotation ("great ruler of the skies, dost thou thus tardily hear these crimes, dost thou thus tardily see them?") is from Seneca, "Hippolytus," II.

Doubted, suspected, ii. 3, 68.

Dumps, fits of melancholy, i. 2, 329.

Ecstasy, fits of madness, iv. 1, 124; iv. 4, 21.

Effetless, useless, vain, iii. 1, 76.

Egal [equal], iv. 4, 4.

Embracement [embrace], v. 2, 68.

Empery, empire, i. 1, 19, 22; i. 2, 138.

Enacts, purposes, iv. 2, 117.

Enceladus, one of the hundred-armed giants who made war upon the gods, iv. 2, 92.

Encounter with, meet, v. 2, 2.

Engine, instrument, iii. 1, 82.

Engines, understandings, ii. 1, 124.

Entreats, entreaties, i. 2, 387, 421.

Erst, formerly, iv. 1, 62.

Escape, irregularity, loose freak, iv. 2, 112.

Exclaims, laments, iv. 1, 85.

Extent, maintenance, iv. 4, 3.

Faß, deed, iv. 1, 39.

Far, not; (without a finite verb) lives not far, iv. 2, 151.

Titus
Andronicus
Glossary.

- Titus *Fas (sit fas aut nefas = whether*
 Andronicus. right or wrong), ii. 1, 134.
 Glossary. *Fat* (vb. trans.), fatten, iii. 1, 202.
Fear, fear for, ii. 4, 114.
Feed (sb.), [food], iv. 4, 93.
Fere, companion, husband, iv. 1,
 88.
Fond, foolish, ii. 3, 172.
For, because of, iv. 1, 21; as for,
 iv. 3, 38; because, v. 1, 74, 158.
Found, found out, discovered, iv.
 2, 25.
Fraught (sb.), freight, i. 2, 8.
Frighten (vb. trans.), [frighten],
 iv. 1, 24.
Funeral, burial, iv. 2, 162.
Funerals, obsequies, i. 2, 319.

Gad, sharp point, iv. 1, 102.
Glad (verb trans.), gladden, i. 2,
 103.
Glistering, glittering, ii. 1, 7.
Glose, make words, chatter, iv. 4,
 35.
Godden, good evening, iv. 4, 43.
Gramercy, many thanks, i. 2, 432;
 iv. 2, 7.
Gratulate (vb. trans.), make glad,
 i. 2, 158.
Griefs, grievances, i. 2, 381.

Hand, out of, directly, without
 delay, v. 2, 77.
Hap, fortune, v. 2, 101; *Haps*,
 fortunes, v. 3, 201.
Happily, perhaps, iv. 3, 7.

Happy, opportune, ii. 3, 23.
Heaviness, sadness, sorrow, iii. 2,
 49.
Heavy, sad, iii. 1, 275; iv. 3, 24.
Hecuba, second wife of Priam,
 King of Troy. After the fall
 of Troy, according to onestory,
 she was given as a slave to
 Odysseus, whereupon she ran
 mad and leapt into the Helles-
 pont, iv. 1, 20.
High-witted, crafty, iv. 4, 35.
Himself, not with, i.e., beside him-
 self, i. 2, 306.
His [its], iii. 1, 97.
Help'st, didst help, iv. 4, 59.
Honey-stalks, flowers of clover, iv.
 4, 91.
Hyperion, god of the sun, v. 2,
 56.

Ignomy [ignominy], iv. 2, 114.
Imbrued, steeped in blood, ii. 4,
 31.
Imperious, imperial, i. 2, 187;
 iv. 4, 81.
Indifferently, impartially, i. 2, 368.
Ingrateful [ungrateful], v. 1, 12.
Inherit, possess, ii. 3, 3.
Insinuate, flatter, iv. 2, 37.
Insult on, exult over, iii. 2, 71.
Integer, etc. See *Mauri*.
Intent, intention, iv. 2, 150.
Intercepted, interrupted, ii. 3, 80.

Jet upon, act insolently in regard
 to, ii. 1, 64.

Jovem, ad, to Jove, iv. 3, 52.
Joy (vb. trans.), enjoy, ii. 3, 83.
Just, exactly, iv. 2, 23.
Just, accurate, v. 3, 114.

Keeps, dwells, lives, v. 2, 5.
Kind, nature, ii. 1, 114.

Lacks, is wanting, iv. 2, 43.
Laerte's son, Ulysses, i. 1, 318.
Languishment, pining, ii. 1, 111.
Lath, used in derision for
"sword," ii. 1, 41.
Learn, give lessons in, ii. 3, 143.
Leave, cease, i. 2, 362.
Leer, complexion, iv. 2, 118.
Limbo, hell; originally the borders
of hell, iii. 1, 149.
List, pleases, iv. 1, 99.
Lively, living, iii. 1, 105.
Loaden, laden, v. 2, 53.
Loose, loose hold, ii. 4, 52.
Luxurious, lustful, v. 1, 88.

Madded, maddened, iii. 1, 104.
Manes, spirits, shades (*ad manes*
fratrum = to the shades of my
brothers), i. 2, 35; ii. 1, 136.
See *Styga*.

Magni, etc. See *Dominator*.

Martem, ad, to Mars, iv. 3, 53.
Maugre, in spite of, iv. 2, 109.
Mauri, of the Moor. The lines
are from Horace, Odes, I., 22,
and mean: He who is pure of
life and free from sin, has no

need of the darts of the Moor,
nor the bow, iv. 2, 19, 20.
Mean, means, ii. 5, 40.
Methinks, it seems to me, v. 3, 115.
Mashed, mashed (like the grains
or wash of a brewery), iii. 2, 38.
Mightful, full of might, iv. 4, 5.
Moe [more], v. 3, 17.
Murther [murder], iv. 4, 54; v.
1, 63, etc.
My, of me, i. 2, 299.

Napkin, handkerchief, iii. 1, 146.
Nefas. See *Fas*.
Nice (adj.), carefully, ii. 3, 135.
Noted, well known, ii. 3, 86.

O'ercome, covered, ii. 3, 95.
Of, by, ii. 3, 167; from, iii. 2, 44.
Officious, active, v. 2, 200.
Onset, beginning, i. 2, 175.
Opinion, reputation, i. 2, 354.
Oppose, place over against, i. 2, 69.
Outlive (vb. trans.), survive, ii. 3,
132.

Overlooks (vb. trans.), looks over
ii. 1, 8.
Overween, dost, art presumptuous,
ii. 1, 29.

Pack, plot, iv. 2, 154.
Palliamet, dress, robe, i. 2, 119.
Parcel, part, portion, ii. 3, 49.
Parle [parley], v. 3, 19.
Part, depart, i. 2, 425.
Party, ally, i. 1, 21.

Titus
Andronicus.
Glossary.

Titus *Passion*, sorrow, i. 2, 43.
 Andronicus. *Passionate* (vb. trans.), express
 Glossary. sorrowfully, iii. 2, 6.
Patient yourself, be patient, i. 2,
 58.
Per, through. See *Styga*, ii. 1,
 136.
Philomel, daughter of Pandion,
 King of Athens, was ravished
 by her sister's husband (see
Progne) Tereus, who after-
 wards cut out her tongue, ii.
 3, 43.
Phæbe, Diana, i. 1, 254.
Pitch, height (metaphor from
 falconing), ii. 1, 14.
Piteously, so as to excite pity, v.
 1, 66.
Poniard, dagger, ii. 3, 120.
Power, armed force, iii. 1, 298;
 iv. 4, 63.
Present (adj.), immediate, ii. 3,
 173.
Presently, immediately, ii. 3, 62;
 iv. 2, 165; iv. 4, 45; v. 1,
 146; v. 3, 58.
Pried, look closely, v. 1, 114.
Progne, sister of Philomel, and
 wife of Tereus. In revenge
 for Tereus's treatment of her
 sister, she served up his son
 Itys, v. 2, 194.
Put it up, put up with it, i. 2,
 371.
Quit, requite, i. 1, 78.
Quotes, examines, iv. 1, 50.

Re-edified, restored, i. 2, 289.
Remembered, be you, remember,
 iv. 3, 4.
Reserved, preserved, i. 2, 102.
Resolve, inform, v. 3, 35.
Rolled, coiled, ii. 3, 13.
Rue (vb. trans.), pity, i. 2, 42.
Ruffle (vb. intrans.), be turbulent,
 i. 2, 251.
Ruin (vb. trans.), bring ruin
 upon, v. 3, 203.
Ruthful, pitiful, v. 1, 66.
Sacred, notice the ironical use, v.
 1, 22.
Saying, proverb, v. 1, 122. See
Ray's Proverbs.
Scrowl (vb. intrans.), write, ii.
 5, 5.
Secure of, safe from, ii. 1, 3.
Securely, free from care, iii. 1, 3.
Semiramis, Queen of Ninus,
 founder of Nineveh, famed for
 her voluptuous and brutal
 deeds, ii. 3, 118.
Shipwrack [shipwreck], ii. 1, 24.
Shive, slice, ii. 1, 88.
Single (vb. trans.), isolate, separate,
 ii. 1, 118.
Sinon, the wily Greek at whose
 instance the wooden horse was
 received within their walls by
 the Trojans, v. 3, 84.
Sit. See *Fas*.
Sith, single, i. 2, 208, 261; iv.
 3, 48.

Solon's happiness, happiness after death, i. 2, 114.

Something (adv.), somewhat, ii. 3, 156.

Sometime [sometimes], iii. 1, 211.

Sort, in some, to some degree, iii. 1, 39.

Spousal, marriage, i. 2, 725.

Square (vb. reflex.), quarrel, ii. 1, 124; (vb. trans.), fashion, iii. 2, 31.

Stand on, insist on, iv. 4, 105.

Stayed, detained, ii. 3, 181.

Still (adv.), always, iii. 2, 30.

Still (adj.), constant iii. 2, 45.

Stood upon, made much of, ii. 3, 124.

Straight, immediately, i. 2, 64; ii. 3, 106; ii. 4, 2; iv. 3, 3.

Strength, army, i. 1, 43.

Stuprum, violation, iv. 1, 77.

Styga (*per Styga, per manes vehor* = I am carried through Styx through the spirits of the dead), ii. 1, 136.

Subscribe, submit, iv. 2, 129.

Subtle, treacherous, ii. 4, 7.

Successantly, immediately, iv. 4, 113.

Successive (adj.), pertaining to the succession, i. 1, 4.

Suppose, supposition, i. 2, 378.

Surance, assurance, v. 2, 46.

Surprised, taken suddenly prisoner, i. 2, 221, 222.

Suum cuique, let each man have his own, i. 2, 217.

Swarty [swarthy], ii. 3, 72.

Swounded, swooned, v. 1, 119.

Temper, mix, v. 3, 198.

Tendering, caring for, i. 2, 414.

That, that which, i. 2, 346; ii. 1, 106.

Their, of them, ii. 4, 107.

Threat (vb. trans.), threaten, ii. 1, 40; iv. 4, 67.

Ticed, enticed, ii. 3, 92.

Timeless, untimely, ii. 4, 74.

Titan, a name given to the sun, because of his descent from Hyperion, one of the Titans, i. 2, 163.

Trained, allured, v. 1, 104.

Tofore, before, iii. 1, 292.

Trump, trumpet, i. 2, 212.

Turn, return, v. 2, 141.

Turned forth, the one turned forth, v. 3, 108.

Typhon, a destructive monster, sometimes a destructive hurricane, and sometimes a fire-breathing giant (Typhon and Typhæus have been confused), iv. 2, 93.

Uncouth, strange, ii. 4, 20.

Undertake, guarantee, i. 2, 374.

Unfurnished of, deprived of, ii. 3, 56.

Unjustice [injustice], iv. 4, 18.

Unrecurring, incurable, iii. 1, 90.

Unroll, uncoil, ii. 3, 35.

Titus
Andronicus.
Glossary.

- Titus *Up and down*, in every respect, v. 2, 107.
 Andronicus. *Uprise* [uprising], iii. 1, 159.
 Glossary. *Urchins*, hedgehogs, ii. 3, 101.

Vengeful [vengeful], v. 2, 51.
Virgo, the constellation that represents Astræa, iv. 3, 63.
Voice, vote, i. 1, 21.
Vulcan's badge, the "horns" of the cuckold, ii. 1, 90.

Wags, moves, v. 2, 87.
Wall-eyed, fierce-eyed, v. 1, 44.
Want (vb. intrans.), lack, are deprived of, iii. 2, 5.
Want (sb.), lack, v. 3, 199.
Ware [wore], i. 1, 6.
Welkin, sky, iii. 1, 222, 225.
Well-advised, having carefully considered, iv. 2, 10.
Whenas, when, iv. 4, 92.
Whiles [while], ii. 3, 27; v. 2, 138.

Who, any one, iv. 4, 20.
Wind, have the — of you, get intelligence of you, iv. 2, 132.
Wit, mental power, ii. 1, 10.
With, is not — himself; is beside himself, is distract, i. 2, 306.
With, by, ii. 3, 78.
Wot, know, ii. 1, 48; ii. 1, 87; iii. 1, 139; v. 2, 87.
Would [wouldst], iii. 1, 208.
Wreak (sb.), vengeance, iv. 3, 32.
Wreaks, revengeful acts of resentment, iv. 4, 11.
Wrongfully [wrongful], iv. 4, 76.

Yellowing, the reading of the Qq. Probably formed from "yell" by analogy with such words as "bellow," it is much more expressive than the "yelping" of the Ff., ii. 3, 20.

Zounds, abbreviation of "God's wounds," iv. 2, 71.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

First printed in an incomplete Quarto in 1597 : printed in Quarto
“newly corrected, augmented and amended” in 1599.

The Play contains 5 Acts, 24 Scenes, 2581 lines of verse, and 402
of prose.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses at variance with each other.*

CAPULET,

SECOND CAPULET, *kinsman to Capulet.*

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *servants to Capulet.*

GREGORY,

ABRAHAM, *servant to Montague.*

PETER, *servant to Juliet's nurse.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Boy.

Page to Paris.

Another Page.

An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

*Citizens of Verona; Kinsfolk of both houses; Maskers, Guards,
Watchmen, and Attendants.*

Chorus.

SCENE: Verona and Mantua.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

Chorus.

TWO households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 5
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of CAPULET, with swords and bucklers.

Sampson.

GREGORY, on my word, we 'll not carry coals.
Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we 'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar. 5

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away. 10

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. 14

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I

will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. I.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. 20

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids—I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt. 26

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the Montagues. 32

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back and run? 35

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list. 40

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? 45

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 1.

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say "ay"?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir;
but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir? 50

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a
man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir. 55

Enter BENVOLIO.

Gre. Say "better"; here comes one of my master's
kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie. 59

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy
swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.
[*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless
hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death. 65

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: 69
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

Enter three or four Citizens, with clubs or partisans. Romeo and

First Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat Juliet.
them down! I. I.

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

Lady C. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, 75
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not, let me go.

Lady M. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,— 80
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground, 85
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens 90
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. I.

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate :
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. 95
For this time, all the rest depart away :
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. 100
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*[Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague,
and Benvolio.]*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach : 105
I drew to part them ; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared ;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn : 110
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Lady M. O, where is Romeo ? saw you him to-day ?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray. 115

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,

That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made ; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

120 Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 1.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night :
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

126

130

135

140

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends :

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say, how true,
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

145

Romeo and Juliet.
I. 1. Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, 150
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied. 155

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast? 160

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love. 165

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will! 169
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. I.
175

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep. 180

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it pressed 184
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet, 190
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [Going.]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where. 195

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. I.

Rom. A sick man in sadness makes his will :
A word ill urged to one that is so ill ! 200
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man ! And she's fair I
love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit. 204

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss : she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit ;
And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,
From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes, 210
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live
chaste ? 214

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste ;
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair :
She hath forsworn to love ; and in that vow, 220
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way 225

To call hers, exquisite, in question more;
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost : 230
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. 235

[*Exeunt.*]

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 2.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long. 5
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride, 10
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marred are those so early made.
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth : 15

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 2.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast, 20
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light : 25
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparelled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see, 30
And like her most whose merit most shall be :
Which one more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out, 35
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here ?
It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with
his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his
pencil and the painter with his nets ; but I am sent to
find those persons whose names are here writ, and can
never find what names the writing person hath here writ.
I must to the learned : in good time. 44

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Romeo and

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,

Juliet.

I. 2.

One pain is lessened by another's anguish;

Turn giddy and be holp by backward turning.

One desperate grief cures with another's languish :

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.

50

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is :

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

55

Whipped and tormented and—godden, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' godden.—I pray, sir, can you read ?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book :

But I pray, can you read anything you see ?

60

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly ; rest you merry !

Rom. Stay, fellow : I can read.

[*Reads.*

*Signior Martino and his wife and daughters ; County
Anselme and his beauteous sisters ; The lady widow of
Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces ; Mer-
cutio and his brother Valentine ; Mine uncle Capulet,
his wife, and daughters ; My fair niece Rosaline ; Livia ;
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio and the
lively Helena.*

70

A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 2.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

75

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master
is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.
Rest you merry. [Exit.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's 82

Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st;

With all the admired beauties of Verona.

Go thither; and with unattainted eye, 85

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire!

And these, who, often drowned, could never die, 90

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,

Herself poised with herself in either eye. 95

But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd

Your lady's love against some other maid

That I will show you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, 100

But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 3.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady C. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth
to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head at twelve year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, ladybird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. 5

What is your will?

Lady C. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again;
I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age. 10

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady C. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

Lady C. A fortnight and odd days. 15

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: but, as I said, 20

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 3.

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day : 25
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua :—
Nay, I do bear a brain :—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple 30
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug !
Shake, quoth the dovehouse : 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years : 35
For then she could stand high-lone ; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow :
And then my husband—God be with his soul !
'A was a merry man !—took up the child : 40
“ Yea,” quoth he, “ dost thou fall upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit ;
Wilt thou not, Jule ? ” and, by my holy dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said “ Ay.”
To see now how a jest shall come about ! 45
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it ; “ Wilt thou not, Jule ? ” quoth he :
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said “ Ay.”

Lady C. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam ; yet I cannot choose but laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say "Ay": 51 Romeo and
And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow Juliet.
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone; I. 3.
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.

"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?" 55
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said—"Ay."

Ful. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his
grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed: 60
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

Lady C. Marry, that "marry" is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married? 65

Ful. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

Lady C. Well, think of marriage now; younger than
you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, 70
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man, 75
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

Lady C. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 3.

Lady C. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast : 80
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies, 85
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover :
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide : 90
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less. 94
Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.
Lady C. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly. 99

Enter a Serving-man.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed
in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must
hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

Lady C. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. 105
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 4.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six*
Maskers, Torch-bearers, *and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity :
We'll have no Cupid hood-winked with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, 5
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch ; I am not for this ambling ;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light. 10

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles : I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings, 15
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink. 20

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burthen love :
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn. 24

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 4.

Give me a case to put my visage in :

[*Putting on a Mask.*

A visor for a visor ! what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities ?

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me. 30

Ben. Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons light of heart

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;

For I am proverbed with a grandsire phrase ; 35

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut ! dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word :

If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire

Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stickest

Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho. 41

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day.

Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits

Five times in that ere once in our fine wits. 45

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask ;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you. Romeo and
 She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes 52 Juliet.
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone I. 4.
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies 55
 Over men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 Her traces, of the smallest spider web ;
 Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ; 60
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid :
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut, 65
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees : 71
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breath with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose, 75
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck, 80

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 4.

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two, 85
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs, 90
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage :
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain, 95
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence, 100
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars, 105
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast,

By some vile forfeit of untimely death :
But He, that hath the steerage of my course, 110
Direct my suit ! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

Musicians *waiting*. Serving-men *come forth, with napkins.*

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away ? he shift a trencher ! he scrape a trencher !

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing. 5

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane ; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Antony ! and Potpan ! 10

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy ; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys ; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. 15
[*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, JULIET, TYBALT, and others of his House, to the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen ! ladies that have their toes Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you :—
Ah ha, my mistresses ! which of you all

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 5.

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now? 20
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:—
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.—
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls. 26

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet; 30
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is 't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, 35
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we masked.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago. 40

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear :
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

45 Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 5.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand. 50
Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, sight !
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What ! dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antic face, 55
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman ? wherefore storm
you so ?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ; 60
A villain, that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo,—is it ?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman ; 65
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth :
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house do him disparagement :
Therefore be patient, take no note of him : 70
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

Romeo and
Juliet.
I. 5.

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest ;
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured : 75

What, goodman boy ! I say, he shall ; go to ;

Am I the master here, or you ? go to.

You'll not endure him ! God shall mend my soul,—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests !

You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man ! 80

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy :—is't so indeed ?—

This trick may chance to scathe you ;—I know what.

You must contrary me ! marry, 'tis time.—

Well said, my hearts !—You are a princ Cox ; go :— 85

Be quiet, or—More light, more light ! for shame !

I'll make you quiet. What !—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall, 90

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. [*To Juliet.*] If I profane with my unworthiest
hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss. 95

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. 99

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Romeo and

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Juliet.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

I. 5.

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

104

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.
Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purged.

[*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O tresspass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

109

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:

I nursed her daughter, that you talked withal;

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,

115

Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

120

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Romeo and Juliet. I. 5. Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late ; 125
 I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*
Ful. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Ful. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Ful. What's he, that follows there, that would not
 dance ? 131
Nurse. I know not.
Ful. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
 My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;
 The only son of your great enemy. 135
Ful. My only love sprung from my only hate !
 Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
 That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this ? What's this.
Ful. A rhyme I learned even now
 Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within, " Juliet."*
Nurse. Anon, anon !— 141
 Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Now old Desire doth in his death-bed lie,
 And young Affection gapes to be his heir ;
 That fair, for which love groaned for and would die,
 With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair. 146
 Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks ;

But to his foe supposed he must complain, 149 Romeo and
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks: Juliet.
Being held a foe, he may not have access I. 5.
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new beloved anywhere: 154
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place adjoining CAPULET'S Orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall: 5
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh!
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.
Cry but "Ay me!" pronounce but "love" and "dove;"
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, 11
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young abram Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!—
He heareth not; he stirreth not; he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

15

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 1.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

20

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

25

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees, 30
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night.—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :
Come, shall we go?

40

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 2.

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S Orchard.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

[Juliet appears above, at a window.]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief, 5

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady: O, it is my love! 10

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, 15

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven 20

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing and think it were not night.—

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Jul.

Ay me!

Rom.

She speaks :— Romeo and

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art 26 Juliet.
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head, II. 2.

As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him, 30
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Ful. O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name ;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, 35
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
this ?

Ful. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy ;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot, 40
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name !—
What's in a name ? that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called, 45
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized ; 50
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Ful. What man art thou, that thus bescreened in night,

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 2.

So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom.

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am.

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, 51

Because it is an enemy to thee ;

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Ful. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound,—

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ? 61

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Ful. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore !

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb ;

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here. 61

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls ;

For stony limits cannot hold love out :

And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Ful. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. 71

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Ful. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes

And, but thou love me, let them find me here : 71

My life were better ended by their hate,

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Ful. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire ;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.

81 Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 2.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek 86
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay"; 90
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won, 95
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light.
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 100
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love, 105
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110

Romeo and Juliet.
II. 2. Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?

Ful. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love— 11

Ful. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say " It lightens." Sweet, good night ! 12
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet
Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ? 12

Ful. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Ful. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it :
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it ? for what purpose
love ? 13

Ful. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. 13

[*Nurse calls within*

I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu !
Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 2.
[Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial. 140

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee, 145
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite ;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within.] Madam !

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam !

Jul. By and by, I come :—

To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief : 151
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[Retiring slowly.]

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 2.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Ful. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies, 160
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears! 165

Ful. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Ful. What o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Ful. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it. 170

Ful. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this. 174

Ful. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty. 180

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Ful. Sweet, so would I;

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Romeo and Juliet.
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow, II. 3.
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast !— 185

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's close cell ;
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE III. FRIAR LAURENCE' Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
night,

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye, 5
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb. 10
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies 15
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities ;

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 3.

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. 20
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart. 26
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—Grace and rude Will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. 30

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distempered head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, 35
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature, 40
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Romeo at

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no ; 45
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

Juliet.
II. 3.

Fri. That's my good son : but where hast thou been
then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me, 50
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift : 55
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combined, save what thou must combine 60
By holy marriage : when, and where, and how,
We met, we wooed and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here ! 65
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline ! 70
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 3.

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ring in mine ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit 75
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall when there's no strength in men. 80

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not: her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow; 86
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be; 90
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came
he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Romeo at
Juliet.
II. 4.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, torments him so that he will sure run mad. 5

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter. 10

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt? 17

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay! 26

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasioes; these new tuners of accent! "By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!" Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 4.

fashion-mongers, these pardons mees, who stand so much
on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old
bench? O, their bones, their bones! 35

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh,
flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers
that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a
kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-
rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen
and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or
so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, bon jour!
there's a French salutation to your French slop. You
gave us the counterfeit fairly last night. 45

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit
did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great;
and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours
constrains a man to bow in the hams. 52

Rom. Meaning, to curtsy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition. 55

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Sure wit. Follow me this jest now, till thou

hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular. Romeo and Juliet.
II. 4.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness! 63

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio: my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match. 69

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose. 75

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce. 79

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, "broad:" which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. 85

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole. 90

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 4.

Ben. Stop, there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here 's goodly gear! A sail, a sail!

Enter NURSE and PETER.

Mer. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter! 100

Peter. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan 's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen. 105

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you! 110

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; "for himself to mar," quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo? 115

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought

him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse. Romeo and Juliet.

Nurse. You say well. 120

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, 'i faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper. 125

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.*

An old hare hoar, 130
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.— 135

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, "lady, lady, lady." [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery? 141

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 4

down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such
Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy
knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his
skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too, and suffer
every knave to use me at his pleasure? 150

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had,
my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you.
I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in
a good quarrel and the law on my side. 154

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every
part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir,
a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me
inquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to
myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her
into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross
kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is
young, and therefore, if you should deal double with
her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentle-
woman, and very weak dealing. 164

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.
I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart, and i' faith, I will tell her as
much. Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not
mark me. 170

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which,
as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
this afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell 175

Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 4.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse; behind the abbey-wall
Within this hour my man shall be with thee; 181

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair:

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains. 185

Farewell, commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say
Two may keep counsel, putting one away? 190

Rom. Warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—
Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—O, there is
a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife
aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a
very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell
her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you,
when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal
world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with
a letter? 200

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for
the—No; I know it begins with some other letter: and
she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rose-
mary, that it would do you good to hear it. 205

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 4.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Before and apace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. CAPULET'S Orchard.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse ;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him : that's not so.
O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, 5
Driving back shadows over lowering hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 10
Is three long hours ; yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me. 15
But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE with PETER.

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away. 19

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter. Romeo and

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord! why look'st thou sad?
Juliet.
II. 5.

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile. 25

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news;
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, What haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that; 35

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he;
though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg
excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,
though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past
compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll
warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench;
serve God. What, have you dined at home? 45

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Romeo and
juliet.
II. 5.

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t'other side,—O, my back, my back! 50
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, 55
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:
“Your love says, like an honest gentleman,— 60
Where is your mother?”

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil,—come, what says Romeo? 65

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, 70
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's-nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight; 75
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.

Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Romeo and

Juliet.

II. 6.

SCENE VI. FRIAR LAURENCE' Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight: 5
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, 10
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. 15

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

Romeo and
Juliet.
II. 6.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more 25
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. Come, come, with me, and we will make short
work ; 35
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Benvolio.

I PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring. 4

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword
upon the table, and says, 'God send me no need of
thee!' and by the operation of the second cup, draws
him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow? 10

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody
and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to? 14

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why
thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or
a hair less, in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 1.

quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

32

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

Ben. By my head, here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

35

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

41

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels?
an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but

discords : here's my fiddle-stick ; here's that shall make
you dance. 'Zounds, consort! 47

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 1.

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances, 50
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
gaze ;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir ! here comes my
man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ; 56
Your worship in that sense may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee 60
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting : villain am I none ;
Therefore, farewell ; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn and draw. 65

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied. 70

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 1.

A la stoccata carries it away.

[*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

80

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage;

85

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.

Hold Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[*Exeunt Tybalt and his Partisans.*

Mer.

I am hurt;

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped:

Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben.

What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

92

[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man: the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o'

both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a Romeo and
cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a Juliet.
villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, III. 1.
the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your
arm. 102

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses, 105
They have made worm's meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too :—your houses!

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stained 110
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin: O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead; 115
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth de-
pend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again. 120

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 1.

Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now !—
Now, Tybalt, take the “villain” back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio’s soul 125
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone! 131
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken. Hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. Oh! I am fortune’s fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he that killed Mercutio? 136
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince’s name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their
Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all 141
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 1.

La Cap. Tybalt, my cousin ! O my brother's child !
O prince ! O cousin ! husband ! O, the blood is spilt 146
Of my dear kinsman !—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin !

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray ?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay ; 151

Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure : all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen 156
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 160
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it : Romeo, he cries aloud,
“ Hold, friends ! friends, part ! ” and swifter than his
tongue,

His agile arms beat down their fatal points, 165
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge, 170

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 1.

And to 't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Lady C. He is a kinsman to the Montague, 175
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live. 180

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence: 186
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine: 190
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence his body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S *Orchard*.

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 2.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, 5
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks
With thy black mantle, till strange love grown bold 15
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die, 21
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun. 25
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it; and, though I am sold,

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 2.

Not yet enjoyed : so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes 30
And may not wear them.—O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. 35
[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy
hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone.—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can, 40

Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—

Who ever would have thought it!—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roared in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but "I," 45

And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

I am not I, if there be such an "I,"

Or those eyes shut, that make the answer "I."

If he be slain, say "I;" or if not, "no:" 50 Romeo and
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe. Juliet.
III. 2.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood, 55
All in gore blood: I swounded at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart! poor bankrout, break at
once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead? 65
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?—

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that killed him, he is banished. 70

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! 75

Dove-feathered raven! wolvis-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

Romeo and Juliet.
III. 2. A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 80
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust, 85
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitæ:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blistered be thy tongue, 90
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him! 95

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that killed your
cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 100
That villain cousin would have killed my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; 105

And 'Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband : Romeo and
All this is comfort : wherefore weep I then ? Juliet.
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death, III. 2.

That murdered me : I would forget it fain ;
But, O, it presses to my memory, 110

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

" Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished ; "

That " banished, " that one word " banished, "

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there : 115

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be ranked with other griefs,

Why followed not, when she said " Tybalt 's dead, "

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved ? 120

But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

" Romeo is banished, " to speak that word, "

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead. " Romeo is banished, "

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, 125

In that word 's death ; no words can that woe sound.—

Where is my father and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears : mine shall be
spent, 130

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords : poor ropes, you are beguiled,

Both you and I ; for Romeo is exiled :

He made you for a highway to my bed ;

Romeo and Juliet.
III. 2.

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. 135
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night; 140
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Ful. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—FRIAR LAURENCE' Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;

Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, 5
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips, 10
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say "death."
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say "banishment."

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished : 15 Romeo and
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. Juliet.
III. 3.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death : then "banished " 20
Is death mis-termed : calling death "banishment,"
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince, 25
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy ; heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog 30
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo : they may seize 35
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly— 40
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death—
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly :
They are free men, but I am banished.

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 3.

Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife, 45
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But "banished" to kill me? "Banished?"

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, 50
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word "banished?"

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word; 55
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet "banished?" Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom; 60
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no
eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not
feel: 65

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now, 70
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Knocking within.]

Fri. Arise ; one knocks ; good Romeo, hide thyself. Romeo and Juliet.

Rom. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.* III. 3.

Fri. Hark, how they knock !—Who's there ?—

Romeo, arise ; 75

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while !—Stand up ;
[*Knocking.*

Run to my study.—By and by !—God's will !

What simpleness is this !—I come, I come ! [*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's your
will ?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand ; 80

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri.

Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo ?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case, 85
Just in her case ! O woeful sympathy !

Piteous predicament ! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—

Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ; 90
Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

Rom. Nurse !

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir ! Well, death's the end of all.

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 3.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murderer, 94
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, 100
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me, 105
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge! tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote 110
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered. 115
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth?
Since birth and heaven and earth all three do meet 120

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit. 125
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man :
 Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish.
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
 Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismembered with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive, 135
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
 There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy :
 The law, that threatened death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile ! there art thou happy : 140
 A pack of blessing lights upon thy back ;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. 145
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time 150

Romeo and
 Juliet.
 III. 3.

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 3.

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy prince and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go, before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ; 155
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !— 160
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. 164
[*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this !

Fri. Go hence : good night ; and here stands all
your state ;

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence ;
Sojourn in Mantua : I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time 170
Every good hap to you that chances here :
Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee :
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 4.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.—
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I.—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night : 5
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no times to woo.
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

Lady C. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
To-night she's mewed up to her heaviness. 11

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ; 15
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft ; what day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ! ha, ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon ;
O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her, 20
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado ; a friend, or two :
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly, 25
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 4.

Therefore we'll have some half-a-dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone : O' Thursday be it then :—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, 31
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by :—Good-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. 5

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ; 10
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua : 15
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay than will to go ;—
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.
Ful. It is, it is ; hie hence, be gone, away !
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
O, now I would they had changed voices too !
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light ?—more dark and dark
our woes.

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 5.

20

25

30

35

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam !

Ful. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber :
The day is broke ; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*

Ful. Then, window, let day in, and let life out. 40

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[*Romeo descends.*

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 5.

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days :
O, by this count I shall be much in years, 45
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell !

I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our times to come. 51

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :
Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale. 55

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit Romeo*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune; 60
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Lady C. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? it is my lady mother!
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither? 65

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul.

Madam, I am not well. *Romeo and*

Lady C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? *Juliet.*
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? *III. 5.*

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live: 69
Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady C. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul.

Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend. 75

Lady C. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
death,

As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

Lady C. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart; 80

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady C. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

Lady C. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua, 86

Where that same banished runagate doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied. 90

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 5.

Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed.

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it,

95

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

To hear him named, and cannot come to him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin

Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

100

Lady C. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

Lady C. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

106

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I looked not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

Lady C. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

111

The County Paris, at St. Peter's church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

115

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

120

Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

Lady C. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself, Romeo and
And see how he will take it at your hands. Juliet.
III. 5.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son, 125
It rains downright.—

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, 130
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife? 135
Have you delivered to her our decree?

Lady C. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you
thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks? 140
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

Jul. Not proud, you have, but thankful that you
have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate; 145
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How, how! how, how, chop-logic! What is this?

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 5.

“Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you not;”—
And yet “not proud :” mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds, 150
But fettle your fine joints ’gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter’s church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion ! out, you baggage !
You tallow face !

Lady C. Fie, fie ! what ! are you mad ? 155

Ful. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient wretch !
I tell thee what, get thee to church o’ Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face : 160
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child ;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her ; 165
Out on her, hilding !

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,
Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den !

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !
Utter your gravity o’er a gossip’s bowl, 172
For here we need it not.

Lady C.

You are too hot.

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 5.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play, 175

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her matched ; and having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,

Stuffed, as they say, with honourable parts, 180

Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man ;

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer " I'll not wed, I cannot love,

I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;—" 185

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ; 190

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :

Trust to 't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds, 195

That sees into the bottom of my grief ?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !

Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;

Or if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies. 200

Lady C. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word ;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 5.

Ful. O God !—O nurse ! how shall this be prevented ?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
How shall that faith return again to earth, 205
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth ?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself !
What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ? 210
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis : Romeo
Is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, 215
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman !
Romeo's a dishclout to him ; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrow my very heart, 220
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first : or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him. 224

Ful. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. And from my soul too ;
Else beshrew them both.

Ful. Amen !

Nurse. What ?

Ful. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

230

Romeo and
Juliet.
III. 5.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath praised him with above compare 235

So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;

If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—FRIAR LAURENCE' *Cell*.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Friar Laurence.

ON Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so :
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind ;
Uneven is the course ; I like it not. 5

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love :
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway, 10
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears ;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society ;
Now do you know the reason of this haste. 15

Fri. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should be
slowed.
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Romeo and

Juliet.

IV. 1.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife. 19

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him. 25

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that; 30

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own. 36

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:

Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit Paris.*]

Jul. O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come, weep with me: past hope, past care, past help!

Romeo and *Fri.* O Juliet, I already know thy grief; 46
Juliet. It strains me past the compass of my wits :
IV. 1. I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 50
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands : 55
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time, 60
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring. 65
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it ; 75

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Romeo and
Juliet.
IV. I.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears; 80
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud; 85
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow; 90
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drink thou off:
When presently through all thy veins shall run 95
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall, 100
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours, 105

Romeo and Juliet.
IV. 1.

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncovered on the bier, 110
 Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave :
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift; 115
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame,—
 If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear, 120
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear.
Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord. 125
Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help
 afford.
 Farewell, dear father! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and two
 Serving men.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
 [Exit Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Romeo and
Juliet.
IV. 2.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.—

[*Exit Servant.*

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.—

10

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her: A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

16

Jul. Where I have learned me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoined

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

20

To beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go, tell him of this; I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;

25

And gave him what becomed love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:

Romeo and Juliet.
IV. 2. This is as't should be.—Let me see the county ;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ? 35

Lady C. No, not till Thursday ; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her :—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

Lady C. We shall be short in our provision ;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush ! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife : 40
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;
I'll not to bed to-night ; let me alone ;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What ho !—
They are all forth : well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare up him 45
Against to-morrow : my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best : but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin. 5 Romeo and
Juliet.
IV. 3.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have culled such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you, 10

For I am sure you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden business.

Lady C. Good night:

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, 15

That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, vial.— 20

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[Laying down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath ministered to have me dead; 25

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

Romeo and
Juliet.
IV. 3.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes? 35
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years the bones 40
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! it is not like that I 45
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears? 50
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost 55
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE IV.—*Hall in CAPULET's House.*

Romeo and
Juliet.
IV. 4.

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Lady C. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crowed.

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica : 5

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit ; what ! I have watched ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. 10

Lady C. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time ;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !

*Enter three or four Serving-men, with spits, logs, and
baskets.*

Now, fellow,

What's there ?

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1st Serving-
man*].—Sirrah, fetch drier logs ; 15

Romeo and
Juliet.
IV. 4.

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. Mass, and well said ; a merry whoreson, ha !
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day : 20
The county will be here with music straight,
[*Music within.*

For so he said he would. I hear him near :—
Nurse !—Wife !—what, ho !—what, nurse, I say !

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go and trim her up ;
I'll go and chat with Paris :—hie, make haste, 25
Make haste : the bridegroom he is come already :
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber ; JULIET on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress ! what, mistress ! Juliet ! fast, I
warrant her, she :—
Why, lamb ! why, lady ! fie, you slug-a-bed !
Why, love, I say ! madam ! sweetheart ! why, bride !
What, not a word ? you take your pennyworths now ;
Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant, 5
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep !
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam !

Ay, let the county take you in your bed ; 10 Romeo and
 He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be ? Juliet.
 What, dressed ! and in your clothes ! and down again ! IV. 5.
 I must needs wake you ! Lady ! lady ! lady !
 Alas ! alas ! Help ! help ! my lady's dead !—
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !— 15
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho ! My lord ! my lady !

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day !

Lady C. What is the matter ?

Nurse. Look, look ! O heavy day !

Lady C. O me, O me ! My child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee ! 20
 Help, help ! call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead ; alack the day !

Lady C. Alack the day ! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha ! let me see her. Out, alas ! she's cold ; 25
 Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff ;
 Life and these lips have long been separated.
 Death lies on her like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day !

Romeo and
Juliet.
IV. 5.

Lady C.

O woeful time! 30

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,

Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding-day 35

Hath death lain with thy wife: there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,

And leave him all; life, living, all is death's. 40

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Lady C. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage! 45

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath caught it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day, 50

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woeful day! O woeful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain! 55

Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown !

O love ! O life ! not life, but love in death !

Romeo and
Juliet.
IV. 5.

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed !

Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now 60

To murder, murder our solemnity ?

O child ! O child ! my soul, and not my child !—

Dead art thou ! Alack ! my child is dead !

And with my child, my joys are buried !

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's care lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself 66

Had part in this fair maid : now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid :

Your part in her you could not keep from death .

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. 70

The most you sought was her promotion ;

For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced ;

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill, 75

That you run mad, seeing that she is well :

She's not well married that lives married long ;

But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is, 80

And in her best array bear her to church :

For though some nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral : 85

Our instruments to melancholy bells ;

Romeo and
Juliet.
IV. 5.

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary. 90

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—
And go, Sir Paris ;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill ;
Move them no more by crossing their high will. 95

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*]

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*]

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, “Heart’s ease, heart’s ease ;” O, an you will have me live, play “heart’s ease.” 102

First Mus. Why “heart’s ease ?”

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—
“My heart is full :” O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me. 106

Sec. Mus. Not a dump we ; ’tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

Mus. No.

110

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Romeo and
Juliet.
IV. 5.

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek: I will
give you the minstrel. 114

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving creature's dagger on
your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa*
you; do you note me?

First Mus. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out
your wit. 121

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat
you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—
Answer me like men:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound, 125
Then music, with her silver sound—

Why “silver sound?” why “music with her silver-
sound?”

What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet
sound.

Pet. Pratest? What say you, Hugh Rebeck? 130

Sec. Mus. I say “silver sound,” because musicians
sound for silver.

Pet. Pratest too? What say you, James Soundpost?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will
say for you. It is “music with her silver sound,” be-
cause musicians have no gold for sounding: 137

Romeo and
Juliet.
IV. 5.

*Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[Exit, singing.]

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same! 140

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead ;
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think !
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possessed, 10
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar !
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
How doth my Lady Juliet ? That I ask again ; 15
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 1.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper, 25
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do: 30
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter · get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift 35
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts 'a dwells, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, 40
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed and other skins

Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house :
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
 What, ho ! apothecary !

Romeo and
 Juliet.
 45 V. I.

50

55

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor ;
 Hold, there is forty ducats ; let me have
 A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear 60
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fired
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb. 65

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, 70

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 1.

Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law ;
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents. 75

Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight. 79

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell :
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewell : buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me 85
To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—FRIAR LAURENCE' Cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out, 5
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 3.
10

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee ;
So fearful were they of infection.

15

Lau. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence ;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

20

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake :
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents ;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come :
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb ! [*Exit.*

25

SCENE III.—*A Church-yard ; in it a Monument belonging
to the CAPULETS.*

Enter PARIS and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy ; hence, and stand
aloof ;—

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 3.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,

Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;

So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread 5

Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves

But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,

As signal that thou hearest something approach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [Aside.] I am almost afraid to stand alone 10

Here in the church-yard ; yet I will adventure.

[Retires.]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal-bed I strew ;

O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or wanting that, with tears distilled by moans ; 15

The obsequies that I for thee will keep,

Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[The Page whistles.]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies and true-love's rite ? 20

What, with a torch !—Muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light ; upon thy life, I charge thee, 25

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is partly to behold my lady's face :

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 30

A precious ring, a ring, that I must use

In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I farther shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint 35

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :

The time and my intents are savage-wild ;

More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye. 40

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou
that :

Live and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, 45

Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,

Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banished haughty Montague,

That murdered my love's cousin ; with which grief, 50

It is supposed the fair creature died,

And here is come to do some villainous shame

To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.— [*Advances.*

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague.

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 3.

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 3.

Can vengeance be pursued further than death? 55
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me ; think upon these gone ; 60
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury : O, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither armed against myself : 65
Stay not, be gone ; live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here. 69

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight.*]

Page. O Lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.
[*Exit Page.*]

Par. O, I am slain ! [*Falls.*—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. 75

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face ;
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris :—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,
He told me Paris should have married Juliet :
Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80
To think it was so ?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—

A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughtered youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.

Romeo and
Juliet.
85 V. 3.

[Laying Paris in the monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! which their keepers call

A lightning before death: O, how may I

Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!

Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee,

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,

To sunder his that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous;

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;

And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again; here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest;

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

90

95

100

105

110

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 3.

From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last !
Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death !— 115
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
Here's to my love ! [*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary ;
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

*Enter at the other end of the church-yard, FRIAR
LAURENCE with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves !—Who's there ?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light 125
To grubs and eyeless skulls ; as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it ?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there ?

Bal. Full half an hour. 130

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir ;

My master knows not but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to look on his intents.

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 3.

Fri. Stay then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing. 136

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!— [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains 140

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords

To lie discoloured by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?

And steeped in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour 145

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes and stirs.*

Ful. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?—

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am:—where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep; 152

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents; come, come, away:

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead; 155

And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns;

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet, [*Noise again.*] I dare no longer
stay. [*Exit.*

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 3.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.— 160
What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—

O churl! drink all; and left no friendly drop,

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, 165

To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*

Thy lips are warm!

First Watch. [*Within.*] Lead boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!

[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*

This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there rest and let me
die. [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth
burn. 170

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the
churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach. [*Exeunt some.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain this two days buried. 175

Go, tell the prince;—run to the Capulets;—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others, search;—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon those woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry. 180

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR. Romeo and
Sec. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in Juliet.
the churchyard. V. 3.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come
hither.

Enter another Watchman, with FRIAR LAURENCE.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and
weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side. 185

First Watch. A great suspicion; stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

Lady C. The people in the street cry "Romeo," 190
Some "Juliet," and some "Paris," and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris
slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, 195
Warm and new killed.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo's
man;

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 3.

With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

200

Cap. O heaven!—O wife! look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, for lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

Lady C. O me! this sight of death is as a bell, 205
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath: 210
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave? 214

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.— 220
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge 225

Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 3.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ; 230

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :

I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day

Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death

Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city ;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined. 235

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,

Betrothed and would have married her perforce

To County Paris : then comes she to me ;

And with wild looks bid me devise some mean

To rid her from this second marriage, 240

Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,

A sleeping potion ; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo, 245

That he should hither come as this dire night,

To help to take her from her borrowed grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John,

Was stayed by accident, and yesternight 250

Returned my letter back. Then all alone,

At the prefixed hour of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo : 255

Romeo and
Juliet.
V. 3.

But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience: 260
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this 265
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this? 270

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threatened me with death, going in the vault, 275
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.—
Where is the County's page, that raised the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place? 279

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch. 284

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!— 290
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punished.
Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand. 295
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set, 300
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head; 305
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTES.

[The best authority for the text is the Quarto of 1599 (Q₁).]

[As Q₁ is very incomplete, its readings when taken are specially quoted.]

Act I. Sc. 1, 62, 63. Verse as by Capell. Prose Qq., Ff.

Act I. Sc. 1, 151. —sun] Theobald. *same* Qq., Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 32, 33. As in Q₂, except for omission of comma after *view*.

Act I. Sc. 2, 38. —written here? It is] Rowe. *written*. Here (*Heere* F₁, *Heert* F₂) *it* Qq., Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 16-48; 50-57; 59-62; 67, 68; 75, 76. As prose in Qq., Ff. Verse by Pope (59-62, 67, 68, 75, 76), and the rest by Capell.

Act I. Sc. 4, 43. —light lights by day.] Ed. *lights lights by day* Qq.; *lights, lights, by day* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 4, 51-89. Verse and punctuation by Pope. Prose Qq., Ff.

Act I. Sc. 5, 93. —gentle fine] Warburton. *gentle sin (sinne)* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 10. —dove] Q₁ *day* Q₂, Q₃, Ff. *die* Q₄; *dye* Q₅.

Act II. Sc. 1, 13. —abram Cupid] Ed. *Abraham: Cupid* Q₁₋₃; *Abraham Cupid* Q₄₋₅, Ff. See Glossary.

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Act II. Sc. 1, 13. —trim] Q₁. *true* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 27, 28. As in Capell. Two lines ending *spite* and *name* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 38. Open et cetera, thou] Q₁. Open, or thou Q₂, Q₃, Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 41, 42. Go, then—found] As in Pope. Two lines ending *here* and *found* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 10, 11. As in Johnson. One line Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 20. —eyes] Q₁. *eye* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 31. —lazy-pacing] Q₁. *lasie puffing* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 41, 42. —nor any other part] Q₁. Om. Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 101. —more cunning] Q₁. *coying* Q₂, Q₃, F₁; *more coying* Q₄, Q₅; *more coyning* F₂, F₃, F₄.

Act II. Sc. 2, 107. —swear] Q₁. *vow* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 149, 151. Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!] As by Capell. *Madam.* in margin Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 162. —Romeo's name] Q₁. *Romeo* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 184-189. The arrangement of the lines here is that of Q₁, while the reading is that of Q₂, in which confusion has arisen in the arrangement owing to insertion of lines (here omitted) from the Friar's speech belonging to Sc. 3.

Act II. Sc. 3, 3. —flecked] Q₁. *fleckeld* or *fleckled* Qq., Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 4. —fiery] Q₁. *burning* Qq. Ff.

A&t II. Sc. 3, 22. —sometime's] *sometimes* Q₁; Romeo and
sometime Qq., Ff. Juliet.

A&t II. Sc. 4, 28, 29. —fantasticoes] Q₁. *phantacies*
or *phantasies* Qq., Ff. Notes.

A&t II. Sc. 4, 39. —was but a] Q₁. *was a* Qq., Ff.

A&t II. Sc. 4, 130-135. As in Capell. Two lines
Qq., Ff.

A&t II. Sc. 4, 160. —into a] Q₁. *in a* Qq., Ff.

A&t II. Sc. 4, 189, 190. Verse by Rowe. Prose,
Qq., Ff.

A&t III. Sc. 1, 72. A *la stoccata*] Capell. *Alla*
stucatho Qq., Ff.; *Allastucatho* the rest.

A&t III. Sc. 1, 89. —o' both your] Dyce. *a both*
Qq.; *a both the* F₁; *of both the* F₂, F₃, F₄.

A&t III. Sc. 1, 120. Alive, in triumph!] From Q₁.
He gan in triumph Q₂. The others have either "gon"
or "gone."

A&t III. Sc. 1, 123. —fire-eyed] Q₁. *fier end* Q₂;
fier (or *fire*) and the rest.

A&t III. Sc. 1, 187. —hate's] Knight. *hearts* Qq.,
Ff.

A&t III. Sc. 1, 194. —he's] Theobald. *he is* Qq.,
Ff.

A&t III. Sc. 2, 34, 35. —the cords—fetch] As
in Hanmer. One line Qq., Ff.

A&t III. Sc. 2, 76. Dove-feathered raven] Theobald.
Ravenous douefeatherd Rauen Q₂, Q₃, F₁; *Ravenous*
doue, feathred Raven the rest.

A&t III. Sc. 2, 85-87. There's no——dissemblers]
Pope. Two lines, first ending "men" Qq. Ff.

Act III. Sc. 3, 21. —banishment] Q₁. *banished* Qq., Ff.

Act III. Sc. 3, 69. As in Rowe. Two lines Qq., Ff.

Act III. Sc. 4, 34, 35. As in Theobald. First line ends "by and by" Qq. Ff.

Act III. Sc. 5, 147. Chop-logic] From Q₁. *Chopt logicke* or *lodgick* the rest.

Act III. Sc. 5, 170. *Cap.* O, God ye god-den!] continued to *Nurse* Qq., Ff. reading *Father*, *O Godigeden*, where "Father" must be taken as mistake for the name.

Act III. Sc. 5, 211, 212. 'Faith—nothing] As in Capell. One line in Qq. Ff.

Act III. Sc. 5, 225, 226. And from—both] Ed. One line in Qq., Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 2, 9-11. As in Pope. Two lines, first ending "time" Qq.; Prose the rest.

Act IV. Sc. 3, 20, 21. Come,—all?] As in Hanmer. One line Qq., Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 5, 100-142. As in Pope. Arranged in verse lines Qq., Ff.

Act V. Sc. 1, 24. —defy] Q₁. *denie* or *deny* Qq., Ff.

Act V. Sc. 3, 3. —yew-trees] Q₁. *young trees* Qq., Ff.

Act V. Sc. 3, 68. conjurations] Q₁. *commiration* Q₂; *commisseration* Q₃, F₁; *commiseration* the rest.

Act V. Sc. 3, 102. The words "I will believe" follow "so fair?" in Qq., Ff. They were first omitted by Theobald.

Act V. Sc. 3, 108-120. The Qq., Ff. contain a

confused double version of these lines, in which the thought of 119 and 120 is given twice over. The first version [after "Depart again" (107)] is omitted in this text. Romeo and
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A& V. Sc. 3, 137. yew-tree] Pope. *yong tree* Qq.
Ff.

GLOSSARY.

- A*, one, ii. 4, 200.
'A, he, i. 3, 40; i. 4, 78; ii. 4, 114, 145, 146, etc.
Abram [auburn], a corruption of "auburn," a term often applied to "Cupid," ii. 1, 13.
Abused, disfigured, iv. 1, 29.
Advanced, raised, v. 3, 96.
Adventure, make a venture, ii. 2, 84.
Advise, consider, iii. 5, 189.
Afore me, an exclamation expressing surprise, iii. 4, 34.
Agate-stone, small figures were cut in relief in agate and set in rings; diminutive persons are often compared to them or, as here, to the "stone" instead of to that which is cut on it, i. 4, 53.
All along, at full length, v. 3, 3.
Ambling (with contemptuous meaning), i. 4, 9.
Amerce, punish, iii. 1, 189.
An, if, i. 1, 3; i. 2, 18; i. 3, 46, 61; ii. 4, 145, 146; iii. 1, 15, 30, 40, etc.
An if (*And if*, generally in Qq.), is a strengthened form of *an*, i. 1, 193; ii. 1, 22; iii. 5, 69; v. 1, 50, etc.
Ancient citizens, citizens whose families were of old standing, i. 1, 90; *ancient*, of old standing, i. 1, 102; *ancient*, aged, ii. 3, 74.
Antic face, quaint mask (used contemptuously to suggest the "grinning-face worn by merry-andrews"), i. 5, 55.
Ape, a term of endearment, especially applied to young men, ii. 1, 16.
Appertaining — *to*, which is belonging to, iii. 1, 61.
As, as if, ii. 5, 16.
Ascend (vb. trans.), ascend to, iii. 3, 147.
Aspired (vb. trans.), mounted to, iii. 1, 116.
Associate (vb. trans.), associate with, v. 2, 6.
Atomies [atoms], creatures of the size of atoms, i. 4, 55.

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Attach, arrest, v. 3, 172.
Attend (vb. trans.), attend to,
Prol. 13.
Attending, listening, ii. 2, 165.

Bandy, toss to and fro ; a term
originally applied to tennis, ii.
5, 14.

Bankrout [bankrupt], iii. 2, 57.

Bare, poor, v. 1, 68.

Bating, metaphor (applied to the
blood) from falconry, in which
it is used of the fluttering of
the hawk "as it were striving
to get away," cf. *hood* and
unmanned, iii. 2, 14.

Bear a brain, have a perfect re-
membrance, i. 3, 29.

Becomed [becoming], iv. 2, 26.

Beggar-maid ; a reference to an
old ballad. See *Cophetua*, ii.
1, 14.

Behoveful, befitting, iv. 3, 8.

Bent, intention, ii. 2, 143.

Be-rhyme (vb. trans.), make
rhyme to, ii. 4, 40.

Bescreened, hidden, ii. 2, 52.

Beseeming (predicatively), such
as are becoming, i. 1, 91.

Betossed, tossed about, agitated,
v. 3, 76.

Bills, pikes or halberds, the
weapons of watchmen in
Elizabethan times, i. 1, 71.

Blaze, make known, publish, iii.
3, 151.

Bones [bons, Fr.], ii. 4, 35.

Book, by the ; according to rule,
i. 5, 109.

Bower (vb. trans.), embower,
clothe, iii. 2, 81.

Bride [bridegroom], spouse, iii.
5, 143.

Brief (adv.), briefly, shortly, iii.
3, 174.

Broadgoose, far and wide a ; there
is probably a play here on
"far and wide abroad, goose"
and "far and wide a broad
goose" ; of the latter expres-
sion the meaning has not
been discovered, ii. 4, 84.

Burndaylight, waste time. (Romeo
takes it literally), i. 4, 41.

Butt-shaft, an arrow without a
barb for shooting at butts, ii.
4, 16.

By and by, straightway, ii. 2, 150.

Candle-holder, looker-on, i. 4, 36.

Canker, the canker worm, ii. 3,
30.

Cankered, eaten by canker ; *can-
kered with peace*, i.e. grown
useless by peace ; *cankered
bate*, hate that has eaten into
your hearts, i. 1, 93.

Care [cure]. In Elizabethan
usage, these two words are
frequently interchanged, iv. 1,
45 ; iv. 5, 65.

Careful, full of care, anxious, iii.
5, 105.

Carry coals, bear injuries, i. 1, 1.

Cast by; ("by" is attached to the verb), i. 1, 91.

Catling, string for small lutes : used here in derision as a proper name, iv. 5, 128.

Cats, prince of; Tibert or Tybalt had been a name for a cat, and more especially for the lord or prince of cats, since the days of Reynard the Fox, ii. 4, 19.

Chapless, without jaws, iv. 1, 83.

Charge, important intelligence, v. 2, 18.

Checking [chequering], making diversified as in patterns, ii. 3, 2.

Cheveril, the soft skin of the kid used for gloves, ii. 4, 81.

Chop-logic (sb.), one who bandies logical terms, iii. 5, 147.

Circumstance, details, ii. 5, 36 ; v. 3, 180.

City [city's], i. 1, 120.

Civil, used ironically and possibly with a play on the other meaning, viz., grave, sober, as in iii. 2, 10. It is the reading of all the early editions, but has generally been replaced by Collier's "cruel" in modern editions, i. 1, 22.

Close (adv.), iii. 1, 36.

Cock-a-boop, set ; the origin of the phrase is doubtful, but it means "act insolently," hence "cause a quarrel" ; i. 5, 80.

Cockatrice, a fabulous serpent,

said to be hatched from a Romeo and cock's egg, the glance of Juliet.

which was supposed to be fatal, hence "death-darting eye," iii. 2, 47.

Coldly, calmly, iii. 1, 50.

Colliers, see *Carry Coals*, i. 1, 2.

Come near ye, hit the point, i. 5, 20.

Comes [come] ; singular verb with a preparatory subject like "here" is common in Elizabethan English, i. 1, 31.

Comfortable, able to comfort, v. 3, 148.

Concealed (predicative), that is, secret ; its application is to the marriage, iii. 3, 98.

Conceit, imagination, ii. 6, 30 ; thought (as affected by the imagination), iv. 3, 37.

Concludes, ends, iii. 1, 184.

Conduct [conductor], v. 3, 116.

Conduits, applied to persons from the practice of placing human figures on fountains, iii. 5, 127.

Conjurations, earnest requests, v. 3, 68.

Consort with, keep company with, iii. 1, 43, 129 ; *Consort*, a company of musicians. This is the meaning Mercutio gives to Tybalt's "consort'st with," iii. 1, 45, 47.

Constable's own word, see *Dun*, i. 4, 38.

Contrary (vb. trans.), contradict, oppose, i. 5, 84.

- Romeo and Juliet.** *Convey*, means of conveyance, ii. 4, 184.
- Glossary.** *Cophetua*; "King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid" is the title of an ancient ballad (cf. L. L. L., i. 2, 114); see Percy's "Reliques," ii. 1, 14.
- Cot-quean*, a man who troubles himself with women's affairs, iv. 4, 6.
- Court-cupboard*, side-board, i. 5, 6.
- Courtship*, courtly behaviour, iii. 3, 34.
- Cousin*, a vague term of relationship, i. 5, 30.
- Cover*, a quibble on its ordinary meaning "book cover" and its legal meaning "a married woman," from the law-French "feme covert," i. 3, 88.
- Cross* (adj.), adverse, contrary, iv. 3, 5.
- Cross* (vb. trans.), thwart, oppose, v. 3, 20.
- Crotchets*; a double-entendre (1), whims (2), quarter-notes, iv. 5, 117.
- Crow-keeper*, scarecrow, i. 4, 6.
- Crush a cup* [crack a bottle or break a bottle], i. 2, 80.
- Cunning* (sb.), knowledge, ii. 2, 101; (adj.) skilful, iv. 2, 2.
- Cures with*, is cured by, i. 2, 48.
- Damnation, ancient*, the old sinner, the devil, iii. 5, 232.
- Dare*, (1) venture, (2) challenge, ii. 4, 12.
- Date is out of, the*; is out of fashion, i. 4, 3.
- Duteless*, unending, v. 3, 115.
- Dear*, real, iii. 3, 28.
- Dear*, important, v. 3, 32.
- Debt; is my foe's*; is due to my foe, hence, is at my foe's mercy, i. 5, 117.
- Defence*, weapons of defence, iii. 3, 134.
- Deny*, refuse, i. 5, 19.
- Depart away*, go away, separate, i. 1, 96.
- Depend*, hang over, iii. 1, 118.
- Desperate*, adventurous, reckless, iii. 4, 12.
- Determine* of [determine], decide, iii. 2, 51.
- Discover*, make known, iii. 1, 141.
- Dislike*, displease, ii. 2, 61.
- Displant*, transplant, iii. 3, 60.
- Distemperature*, illness, ii. 3, 40.
- Distilling* (predicative), that will distil, iv. 1, 94.
- Division*, variation of melody, iii. v. 29.
- Doctrine*, teaching, i. 1, 235.
- Dog's name*, see "R," ii. 4, 202.
- Doth*, used with a plural subject, Prol. 8.
- Drave* [drove], impelled, i. 1, 118.
- Dry beat*, severely beat, iii. 1, 77.
- Dump*, a heavy mournful tunc, iv. 5, 105.

Dun's the mouse meant "Peace; be still!" Hence it is "the constable's own word." "*If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,*" = a reference to a game where "Dun" (originally a dun horse) is represented by a log of wood, which it is the object of the company to extricate from the mire. See Brand's "Popular Antiquities." There was an air, probably sung during the game, "Dun out of the mire," i. 4, 38.

Elf-locks, locks clotted by the wicked elves, i. 4, 88.

Endart, dart, direct, i. 3, 98.

Empierced, pierced through, i. 4, 17.

Envious, malicious, iii. 2, 40.

Estate, condition, iii. 3, 64.

Expire, end, i. 4, 107.

Extremes, extreme sufferings, iv. 1, 62.

Extrernity, every thing in; in extreme confusion, i. 3, 102.

Fatal, fateful, Prol. 5.

Fay, by my; by my faith, i. 5, 126.

Fearful, full of fear, iii. 3, 1.

Feeling (predicative), that causes feeling, iii. 5, 72.

Fee-simple, absolute possession, iii. 1, 33.

Festering, rotting, iv. 3, 43.

Fettle, prepare, make ready, iii. Romeo and Juliet. 5, 151.

Fine wits, refined understanding, Glossary. i. 4, 45.

Fine, penalty, i. 5, 93.

Five fathom deep, of general and not special meaning, i. 4, 83.

First house, of the very; of the very best school of fencing, ii. 4, 24.

Flecked, spotted, ii. 3, 3.

Flirt-gills, women of light behaviour. (Gill is an abbreviation both of "Gillian" and of "Julietta"), ii. 4, 148.

Frank, generous, ii. 2, 131.

Free-town, a translation of "Villa Franca" in the Italian story, i. 1, 100.

From [by], i. 1, 208.

Ghostly, spiritual, ii. 2, 187.

Give you, give you in reply; iv. 5, 112, 114.

Gleeck, scoff, iv. 5, 113.

Glooming (predicative), that is glooming, v. 3, 304.

Goddén, good evening, i. 2, 56.

God g' godden, God give you a good evening, i. 2, 57. Cf. "God ye good morrow" and "God ye good den," ii. 4, 105, 106.

Gore blood, clotted blood, iii. 2, 56.

Gown, in his; in his night apparel, i. 1, stage-direction after 72.

Romeo and Juliet.
Glossary.

Grace, virtue, ii. 3, 15.

Grandsire phrase, a proverbial saying; cf. "candle-holder," i. 4, 35.

Groaned for, for which; notice the duplication of "for," i. 5, 145.

Hair, against the; cf. the modern expression "against the grain," ii. 4, 93.

Hall, a; make space, i. 5, 26.

Harlotry (sb.), contemptuous name for a girl or woman, iv. 2, 14.

Hay, a term for the home-thrust in fencing, meaning "you have it," ii. 4, 26.

High-lone, quite alone, i. 3, 36.

Healthsome, wholesome, iv. 3, 34.

Hildings, base wretches, ii. 4, 42; iii. 5, 166.

His [its], ii. 6, 12; v. 3, 267.

Help [helped], i. 2, 47.

Hood (vb. trans.), cover as with a hood, hoodwink as the hawk in falconry, iii. 2, 14.

Hunts-up, the tune played to collect the hunters, iii. 5, 34.

I [ay]. The affirmative was written "I," hence the play on words, iii. 2, 45, 46, 48, 49, 50.

Ill-divining, misgiving, iii. 5, 52.

Indite, used by Benvolio in imitation of the Nurse, ii. 4, 125.

It [its], i. 3, 52.

Jaunce [jaunt], ii. 5, 26.

Jealous-hood, jealousy, iv. 4, 13.

Joy in, rejoice in, ii. 2, 116.

Label, a seal of a deed, iv. 1, 57.

Lammas-tide, August 1st, the day of offering the loaf as first-fruits, i. 3, 14. Hence "Lammas-eve" (i. 3, 17, 21) is July 31st.

Learn, teach, iii. 2, 12.

Lenity, gentleness, iii. 1, 122.

Level, aim, iii. 3, 103.

Lieve, had as; had as soon, ii. 4, 195.

Lick their fingers, a test of good cooks, iv. 2, 4, 6.

Long sword, the sword used in warfare, i. 1, 73.

Long to speak, slow in speaking, iv. 1, 66.

Mammet, puppet, iii. 5, 183.

Manage (vb. trans.), handle, i. 1, 67.

Manage, course, iii. 1, 142.

Mandrake, a plant, which when torn from the ground was believed to utter such terrible groans that the person who did it went mad. The form of the root was like that of a man, iv. 3, 47.

Marchpane, a biscuit containing filberts, almonds, with a small amount of flour, i. 5, 8.

Married, harmonious, i. 3, 83.

Merchant, used contemptuously,
ii. 4, 141.

Mewed up, shut up (term from
falconry), iii. 4, 11.

Mickle, great, ii. 3, 15.

Miss [be missing], Prol. 14.

Mistempered, "angry" and with
the further meaning "per-
verted or tempered to misfor-
tune," i. 1, 85.

Mouse-hunt, woman-hunter :
"mouse" was a term of en-
dearment for "woman", iv. 4,
11.

Natural, idiot, ii. 4, 89.

Needly (adv.), of necessity, iii. 2,
117.

Needy, needful, full of need, iii.
5, 103.

Neighbour (adj.), neighbouring,
ii. 6, 27.

Nice, petty, iii. 1, 153.

Of [on], i. 1, 46.

Once, some time or other, i. 3,
61.

One : "which one more view of
many, mine being one, May
stand in number, though in
reckoning none" : *i.e.* and this
one more view of many (pre-
vious to your final choice), my
daughter being one, may stand
in enumeration, but it will
really be of no effect (on your
choice), and will therefore not

count. The last part of the *Romeo and*
quibble finds explanation in *Juliet*.
Sonnet cxxxvi, 8 : "Among
a number one is reckoned
none" : which is a proverbial
expression, i. 2, 32.

Only (adj.), one, iii. 5, 163.

Osier cage, willow basket, ii. 3,
7.

Owes, owns, ii. 2, 46.

Paly [pale], iv. 1, 100.

Part, side, i. 1, 112, 113.

Partisans, long sharp-edged
swords mounted on pikes, i. 1,
71.

Pardons mees [pardonnez-moi's],
people who continually say
"pardonnez-moi", ii. 4, 33.

Passado, a step forward in fenc-
ing, ii. 4, 25 ; iii. 1, 83.

Passing [surpassingly], i. 1, 231,
233.

Pastry, the room where pastry is
made, iv. 4, 2.

Peered forth (vb. trans.), peeped
through, i. 1, 117.

Pilcher, scabbard, iii. 1, 78.

Pin, centre. Metaphor from
archery, the pin being the
centre of the butt, ii. 4, 15.

Plantain-leaf, efficacious for heal-
ing wounds, i. 2, 51.

Poor John [hake], i. 1, 31.

Poperin pear, a Flanders pear
(Poperingue near Ypres), ii.
1, 38.

Glossary.

Romeo and
Juliet.
Glossary.

Portly, dignified, i. 5, 65.
Present (adj.), immediate, iv. 1,
61.

Presently, immediately, iv. 1, 54,
95; v. 1, 21.

Preserving, for preserving, i. 1,
191.

Prick, point of noon, ii. 4, 109.

Prick-song, music in parts, ii. 4, 21.

Princox, coxcomb, forward
youth, i. 5, 85.

Procures, brings, iii. 5, 65.

Prodigious, monstrous, i. 5, 138.

Proverb'd, described by a pro-
verb, i. 4, 35.

Pump, low shoe, ii. 4, 59.

Punto reverso, back-handed stroke
in fencing, ii. 4, 26.

Question, to call in; call to mind,
remind, i. 1, 226.

Quote, take note of, i. 4, 29.

"R," "R' is the dog's letter and
hirreth in the sound" (Ben
Jonson). Hence the play on
meanings. ii. 4, 201, 202.

Rear-ward, sequence, iii. 2, 121.

Rebeck, an instrument with three
strings, played with a bow, iv.
5, 130.

Respective, regardful, iii. i. 122.

Retorts, throws it back, iii. 1, 163.

Ropery [roguery], ii. 4, 141.

Rosemary, "that's for remem-
brance," ii. 4, 199.

Runaway's eyes (the apostrophe is

not in Qq. or Ff.). There
are many interpretations of
this and many emendations:
the three best are, (1) Run-
away = Cupid or Love (cf.
Cymbeline, ii. 4, 89: "two
winking Cupids of silver");
(2) Sun; (3) Day or Daylight.
(2) and (3) are almost identi-
cal; I incline to accept (1).
iii. 2, 6.

Rushed aside (vb. trans.), caused
to be eluded, iii. 3, 26

Sadness, in; seriously, i. 1, 201.

Scathe, harm, i. 5, 83.

Set up his rest, made up his
mind, iv. 5, 6.

Sick, pale, ii. 2, 8.

Skains-mates, n'er-do-wells;
scapegraces, ii. 4, 149.

Skillless, without skill, iii. 3, 132.

Slip, a play on its ordinary mean-
ing and on the meaning,
"counterfeit money," ii. 4, 48.

Slop, large loose breeches, ii. 4,
44.

Smatter, chatter, iii. 5, 169.

Solemnity, festival, i. 5, 56, 62.

Sorted out, discovered, iii. 5, 107.

Sounding, making declaration, i.
1, 148.

Spanish blades, Spanish [Toledo]
steel was famous, i. 4, 82.

Stay, stops, destroy, ii. 3, 26;
wait for, ii. 5, 36; linger, iii.
3, 148; detain, v. 3, 186, 250.

Stint, stopped, i. 3, 48, 57, 58.
Stoccata, alla, a thrust in fencing,
iii. 1, 72.

Stop (sb.), hindrance, ii. 2, 69.
Strife, striving after me, ii. 2,
151.

Strucken [struck], i. 1, 229.
Surcease, cease beating, iv. 1, 97.
Swashing, dashing, spirited, i. 1,
61.

Sweeting, bitter; an apple of that
name, ii. 4, 78.

Tackled stair, stairs of rope as in
the tackle of a ship, ii. 4, 182.

Take me with you, let me under-
stand you aright, iii. 5, 139.

Tassel-gentle [tiercel-gentle], the
male hawk, a third [tierce]
less than the female in size,
ii. 2, 158.

Teen, sorrow, i. 3, 13.

That [those], i. 2, 96.

Thou's [thou shalt], i. 3, 9.

Thumb, bite; an action of scorn,
"giving the ficos," as the phrase
was, i. 1, 41, 43, 44, 45, 48,
49.

Towards, in preparation, i. 5, 122.

Traffic, two hours, two hours'
business (approximately the
time one of Shakespeare's plays
took to act), Prol. 12.

Trim is the reading of *Q.*, adopted
in preference to "true" (the

reading of *Qq.*, *Ff.*), because *Romeo and*
the ballad runs, "The blinded Juliet
boy that shoots so trim," ii. 1, *Glossary*.
- 13.

Uncomfortable, joyless, iv. 5, 60.

Unmanned, untrained (metaphor
from falconry), iii. 2, 14.

Up-fill, fill up, ii. 3, 7.

Up-roused, roused up, ii. 3, 40.

Use, do not, am not accustomed,
iii. 5, 188.

Utters (of drugs), puts into circu-
lation, v. 1, 67.

Validity [value], iii. 3, 33.

Vanished from, issued from, iii. 3,
10.

Walk a bout, dance a bout, i. 5,
17.

Wall, take the, get the better of,
i. 1, 12.

Wax, man of, as if he were made
of wax, i. 3, 76.

Wit, wisdom, iii. 5, 71.

With [by], i. 1, 149.

Withal, by it, i. 1, 110.

Whiles [whilst], v. 3, 299.

Who, and they, i. 1, 110; those
who, i. 1, 128.

Wot, know, iii. 2, 139.

'*Zounds*, a contraction of "God's
wounds," iii. 1, 47.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

First printed in Quarto, 1609.

The Play contains 5 Acts, 25 Scenes, and 2,311 lines of verse, 1,031 of prose.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS, } *his sons.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam.*

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR, } *Trojan commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general.*

MENELAUS, *his brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS, } *Grecian commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam ; a prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, ana 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, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war : sixty and nine that wore 5
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia : and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravished Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps ; and that 's the quarrel. 10
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, 15
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.

Troilus and	Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,	20
Cressida.	On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,	
Prologue.	Sets all on hazard; and hither am I come	
	A prologue armed, but not in confidence	
	Of author's pen or actor's voice; but suited	
	In like conditions as our argument,	25
	To tell you, fair beholders, that our play	
	Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils	
	Beginning in the middle; starting thence away	
	To what may be digested in a play.	
	Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are;	30
	Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.	

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
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25

30

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before PRIAM's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS.

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas, hath none ! 5

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to their
strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, 10
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skillless as unpractised 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. 16

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 1.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding: but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

20

Pan. Ay, the bolting: but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

23

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

30

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor! Then she comes, when she is 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;

35

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 couched in seeming gladness
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

40

Pan. And 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 , Troilus and
but— Cressida.

I. 1.

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drowned, 50
Reply not in how many fadoms deep
They lie indrenched. 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 ; 55
Handlest in thy discourse, " O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman ; " this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ; 61
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. 65

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

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

Tro. Good Pandarus ! How now, Pandarus ? 70

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

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with
me ? 74

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 1.

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

Tro. Say I she is not fair ? 80

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

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I. 85

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 !

Fools on both sides ! Helen must needs be fair, 90
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument ;

It is too starved a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus : O gods, how do you plague me !

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar ; 95

And he's as tetchy to be wooed 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 : 100

Between our Ilium and where she resides,

Let it be called the wild and wandering flood,

Ourself, the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 2.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not
afield? 105

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. 110

Tro. Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gored 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? 115

Æne. In all swift haste.

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

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER her man.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 2.

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fixed, to-day was moved : 5
He chid Andromache and strook his armourer ;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harnessed light,
And to the field goes he ; where every flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw 10
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, 15
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
's 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 purblind Argus, all eyes and no
sight.

30

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry. Troilus and
Cressida.

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and strook him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking. I. 2.
36

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. 40

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? 45

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone, ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up. 50

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. 54

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?

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 2.

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of
the two. 61

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. 66

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. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself. 70

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. 74

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. 80

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 will this year. 85

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

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better. 90 *Troilus and*

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself *Cressida.*
swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, I. 2.
for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown. 95

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

Pan. She praised 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. 105

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, 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? 116

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

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 2.

Cres. Juno have mercy! How came it cloven? 120

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

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not? 125

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

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

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so. 130

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. 134

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. 140

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. 145

Cres. But there was a 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 and
Troilus' chin. 151 Cressida.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have
laughed too. I. 2.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his
pretty answer. 155

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. 159

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." "Jupi-
ter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my
husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't
out and give it him." But, there was such laughing!
and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the
rest so laughed, that it passed.

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. 171

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an
'twere a man born in April. 174

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

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

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 2.

Cres. At your pleasure.

180

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.

184

ÆNEAS passes.

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?

189

ANTENOR passes.

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

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

195

Pan. You shall see.

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

HECTOR passes.

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!

202

Pan. Is'a not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder,

do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there's Troilus and
laying on; tak't off who will, as they say: there be Cressida.
hacks! I. 2.

Cres. Be those with swords? 208

PARIS passes.

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? 217

HELENUS passes.

Pan. That's Helenus; I marvel where Troilus is.
That's Helenus; I think he went not forth to-day:
that's Helenus. 220

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? 225

TROILUS passes.

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

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 2.

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

229

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 never 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 an eye to boot.

Forces pass.

Cres. Here comes more.

239

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die in 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.

245

Cres. There is amongst the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

249

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 such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

254

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

Pan. You are such a woman, a man knows not at what ward you lie.

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 2.

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. 264

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! 270

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. 275

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. 280

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousandfold I see

Troilus and Cressida. I. 2. Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
 Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing: 285
 Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
 That she beloved knows nought that knows not this,
 Men prize the thing ungained more than it is:
 That she was never yet that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue: 290
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
 Achievement is command; ungained, beseech:
 Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

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

*Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
 MENELAUS, with others.*

Agam. Princes, what grief hath set these jaundice o'er
 your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest reared; 5
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infects the sound pine and diverts 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, 10
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 3.

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 15
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works;
And call them shames, which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men? 20
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 affined and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown, 25
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, 30
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 ancient breast, making their way 35
With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon behold
The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements, 40
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 3.

Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Co-rivalled greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide 45
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
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 roused with rage, with rage doth sympathise, 51
And with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss.

Agamemnon,

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit, 55
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 reverend for thy stretched-out life, 60
[*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, hatched in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree 65
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced 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 burthen, 70
 Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

Troilus and
 Cressida.
 I. 3.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master, 75
 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 80
 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, 85
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office and custom, in all line of order :
 And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,
 In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
 Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye 90
 Corrects the influence of evil planets,
 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, 95
 What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate

Troilus and
Cressida.

I. 3.

The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs, 101
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, 105
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 110
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 115
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, 120
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. 125
And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdained

By him one step below ; he by the next ;		Troilus and
That next by him beneath : so every step,	130	Cressida.
Example'd by the first pace that is sick		I. 3.
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever		
Of pale and bloodless emulation :		
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,		
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,	135	
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.		
<i>Nest.</i> Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered		
The fever whereof all our power is sick.		
<i>Agam.</i> The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,		
What is the remedy ?	140	
<i>Ulyss.</i> 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,	145	
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day		
Breaks scurril jests ;		
And with ridiculous and silly action,		
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,		
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,	150	
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 stretched footing and the scaffoldage,	155	
Such to-be-pitied and o'er wrested seeming		
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,		
'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unsquared,		

Troilus and Cressida.
 I. 3. Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff, 160
 The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
 Cries "Excellent! 'Tis Agamemnon just.
 Now play me Nestor; hem and stroke thy beard,
 As he, being dressed to some oration." 165
 That's done; as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 Yet god Achilles still cries "Excellent;
 'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
 Arming to answer in a night alarm." 170
 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 175
 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, 180
 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
 Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns 185
 With an imperial voice, many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-willed 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, 190
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites
Troilus and Cressida.
I. 3.

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. 195

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, 200
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, 205
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 210
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Tucket.*

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 ?

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 3.

Agam.

Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald and a prince, 215
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 220
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 225
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. 230

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,
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, 235
Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth :

But what the repining enemy commends, 239
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? *Troilus and Cressida.*
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears. *I. 3.*

Agam. He hearsnought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him: 245
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, 250
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 255
A prince called Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is resty grown; he bad me take a trumpet
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece, 260
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
And feeds 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, 265
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,

Troilus and Cressida. I. 3. Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer, 270
 Than ever Greek did couple 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; 275
 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, 280
 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 am he. 285
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire sucked: he is old now;
 But if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, tell him from me,— 290
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace put this withered brawn:
 And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
 Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste
 As may be in the world; his youth in flood, 295
 I'll prove 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 ; Troilus and
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir. Cressida.
Achilles shall have word of this intent ; I. 3.
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, 305
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't ?

Ulyss. This 'tis :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropped, 310
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. 315

Nest. True, the purpose is perspicuous as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up :
And in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Lybia,—though, Apollo knows, 320
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 3.

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

Nest. Why, 'tis most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off, 326
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, 330
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
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 335
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls, 340
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distilled
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves? 345
Which entertained, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares, 350
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, 355
Are dogged with two strange followers.

Troilus and
Cressida.
I. 3.

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

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent; 360

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 foiled,
Why then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery; 365

And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall 370
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, 375
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax employed 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. 380
Two curs shall tame each other. Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax.

THERSITES,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had 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? 6

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 unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness. 15

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, Troilus and
canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks! Cressida.

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation. 20 II. 1.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

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

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,— 30

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! 35

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

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

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch! 42

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinico 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.

Troilus and Cressida.
II. 1. 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! 50

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 ye thus?
How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man? 56

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter? 60

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. "Well!" why so I do.

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

Achil. I know that, fool. 65

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.

Troilus and
Cressida.
II. 1.

[*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. 81

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— 85

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 ? 89

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of
the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary. 94

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

Ther. 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. 101

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,

Troilus and yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up
Cressida. the wars. 106

II. 1.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue. 109

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

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

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

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus. 115

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. 119

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

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare 125
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in PRIAM's Palace.*

Troilus and
Cressida.
II. 2.

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

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks :
“ Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed 5
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, 10
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 called
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches 15
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,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours, 20
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 25

Troilus and
Cressida.
II. 2.

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 waste most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

30

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?

35

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 employed is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorbed? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this crammed reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

40

Hel. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What's aught but as 'tis valued?

Hel. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

As in the prizier ; 'tis mad idolatry	55	Troilus and
To make the service greater than the god ;		Cressida.
And the will dotes that is inclinable		II. 2.
To what infeſſiously itſelf affects,		
Without ſome image of the affected merit		
<i>Tro.</i> I take to-day a wife, and my election	60	
Is led on in the conduct of my will ;		
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,		
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores		
Of will and judgment : how may I avoid,		
Although my will diſtaſte what it elected,	65	
The wife I chooſe ? there can be no evaſion		
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.		
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,		
When we have ſoiled them, nor the remainder viands		
We do not throw in unreſpectiue ſieve,	70	
Be cauſe we now are full. It was thought meet,		
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greeks :		
Your breath of full conſent bellied his ſails ;		
The ſeas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,		
And did him ſervice : he touched the ports deſired ;	75	
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,		
He brought a Grecian queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs		
Wrinkles Apollo's and makes ſtale the morning.		
Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt :		
Is ſhe worth keeping ? why, ſhe is a pearl,	80	
Whoſe price hath launched above a thouſand ſhips,		
And turned crowned kings to merchants.		
If you'll avouch 'twas wiſdom Paris went,		
As you muſt needs, for you all cried "Go, go,"		

Troilus and Cressida. II. 2. If you'll confess he brought home noble prize, 85
 As you must needs, for you all clapped your hands,
 And cried "Inestimable!" why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that Fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you prized 90
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place! 95
Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?
Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice
Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!
Heet. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears. 101
Heet. Peace, sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid age and wrinkled eld,
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes 105
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
 Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe: 110
 Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains Troilus and
Of divination in our sister work Cressida.
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood II. 2.
So madly hot that no discourse of reason, 115
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds 120
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touched than all Priam's sons: 125
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels: 130
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, 135
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, 140

Troilus and Nor faint in the pursuit.

Cressida.

II. 2.

Pri.

Paris, you speak

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

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself 145
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransacked queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me, 150
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 155
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestowed or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well, 160
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hel. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well ;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed, but superficially ; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought 165
Unfit to hear moral philosophy :
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempered blood,
Than to make up a free determination

'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge, 170 Troilus and
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice Cressida.
Of any true decision. Nature craves II. 2.

All dues be rendered to their owners: now
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? if this law 175

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-ordered nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are 180

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 returned: thus to persist 185

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; 190

For 'tis 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, 195
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;

Troilus and Cressida.
II. 2.

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 promised glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

200

He st. I am yours, 205

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 advertised their great general slept, 210
Whilst emulation in the army crept ;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

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The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,

Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :

I was advertised their great general slept, 210

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 their massy irons, and cutting the web. After
this, the vengeance on the whole camp ! or, rather, the
Neapolitan bone-ache ! for that, methinks, is the curse
depending on those that war for a placket. I have said
my prayers ; and devil Envy, say Amen. What ho !
my Lord Achilles !

Troilus and
Cressida.
II. 3.

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there ? Thersites ? good Thersites,
come in and rail.

Ther. If I could ha' 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 prayer ?

Ther. Ay : the heavens hear me !

Patr.

Amen.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there ?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

35

Troilus and
Cressida.
II. 3.

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? 40

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: then tell me,
Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee,
what's thyself? 44

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. 51

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. 62

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. It suffices
me thou art. Look you, who comes here? 65

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

Troilus and
Cressida.
II. 3.

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. 75

He shent our messengers, and we lay by
Our appartainments, 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 say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; 81
He is not sick.

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

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He. 90

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

Troilus and
Cressida.
II. 3.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument that has his
argument, Achilles. 94

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

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

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him. 100

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 105
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, winged thus swift with scorn, 110
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss, 115
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 120 Troilus and
Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than Cressida.
himself II. 3.

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 125
His course and time, his ebbs and flows, as if
The passage and whole stream of his commencement
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 130
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. 135
[*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

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 ? 141

Agam. No question.

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

Agam. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as valiant,
as wise, no less noble, much more gentle and altogether
more tractable. 146

Troilus and
Cressida.
11. 3.

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

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

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

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange? [*Aside.* ¹⁵⁵

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 ¹⁶⁰
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: possessed he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself but with a pride ¹⁶⁶
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdomed Achilles in commotion rages, ¹⁷⁰
And batters down himself. What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it

Cry "No recovery."

Troilus and
Cressida.
II. 3.

Agam.

Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :

'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led,

175

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

180

And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve

And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipped

Of that we hold an idol more than he ?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord

185

Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired ;

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 ;

190

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."

194

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 armed 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 :

Troilus and Let me go to him.

200

Cressida.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

II. 3.

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.

206

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?

212

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. 'A would have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple. 215

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 Agamemnon*

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles. 220

Ulyss. Why 'tis the naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant. 225

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; 231

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-famed, beyond all erudition :

But he that disciplined thine arms to fight, 235

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, 240

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 tempered, 245

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Ulyss. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here ; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general 250

To call together all his state of war ;

Fresh kings are come to Troy : to-morrow,

*Troilus and
Cressida.
II. 3.*

Troilus and
Cressida.
II. 3.

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. 255
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep :
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pandarus.

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. 5

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. 10

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? 16

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 1.

Serv. Wholly, sir.

20

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?

25

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 is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.

31

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

35

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 complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

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 measures, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

44

Helen. Dear lord you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music. Troilus and
Cressida.

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. III. 1.

Pan. Truly, lady, no. 51

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 ? 56

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— 61

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 ! 66

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,—

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 1.

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen? 76

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. 80

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. 86

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done. 90

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. 100

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. 104

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. I.

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,

110

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 !

115

So dying love lives still :

Oh ! oh ! a while, but ha ! ha ! ha !

Oh ! oh ! groans out for ha ! ha ! ha !

Heigh ho !

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 120

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. 124

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 armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not ? 130

Helen. He hangs the lip at something : you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. I.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how
they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's
excuse?
135

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're 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 touched,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews ; you shall do more 145
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris :
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have ;
Yea, overshines ourself. 150

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.

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 2.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin? 6

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like to a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields 10
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Proposed 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; 16
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
When that the watery palates taste indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me, 20
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned 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, 25
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

Troilus and her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite :
Cressida. I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain : she fetches her
III. 2. breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. 32

[*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, 35
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
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 ; and you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her ? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight ! an 'twere dark you'd close sooner. So, so ; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm ! build there, carpenter ; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river : go to, go to. 50

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 Pandarus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord ?

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

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 2.

Cres. Wished, my lord ?—The gods grant !—O my
lord ! 60

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

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

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins ; they never see
truly. 66

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. 71

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither ?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings ; when we vow
to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers ; thinking
it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough
than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is
the 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. 79

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 ? 85

Tro. Are there such ? such are not we : praise us as

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 2.

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? 95

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. 102

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 loved you night and day, 110
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. 115 Troilus and
I love you now; but not, till now, so much Cressida.
But I might master it: in faith, I lie; III. 2.

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabbed? who shall be true to us, 120

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I wooed you not;
And yet, good faith, I wished 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 126

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence. 130

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed; O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord. 135

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! and 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 140
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:

Troilus and I have a kind of self resides with you :
Cressida. But an unkind self that itself will leave
III. 2. To be another's fool. I would be gone.
Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak. 145

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, 150
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, 155
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 160
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. 164

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 truth by Troilus : when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare, 169

Want similes, truth tired with iteration,—
“As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,”—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth’s authentic author to be cited, 175
“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 hath worn the stones of Troy, 180
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they’ve said, “as false 185
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, or 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.” 190

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.

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 3.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

200

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 ! 205

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

Flourish. 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,
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession, 5
Incurred a traitor's name ; exposed myself,
From certain and possessed conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes ; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature ; 10
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 registered in promise, 15
Which you say live to come in my behalf.

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

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, called Antenor; Troilus and
 Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear. Cressida.
 Oft have you, often have you thanks therefore, 20 III. 3.
 Desired 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 25
 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, 30
 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 answered in his challenge: Ajax is ready. 35

Dio. This shall I undertake: and 'tis a burthen
 Which I am proud to bear.

[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.]

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, 40
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
 I will come last. 'Tis like, he'll question me,
 Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turned on him:

Troilus and
 Cressida. If so, I have derision medicinal,
 III. 3. To use between your strangeness and his pride, 45
 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 50
 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 looked on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me? 55
 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. 60
Agam. The better. [*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*]
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit Menelaus.*]
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus! 65
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? 70
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,
 To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 3.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune, 75
Must fall out with men too: what the declined 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, 80
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 leaned on them as slippery too, 85
Doth one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess
Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find out 90
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 95
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;

Troilus and Cressida.
III. 3. As when his virtues aiming upon others 100
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver."

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself, 105
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travelled and is married there 110
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, 115
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel 121
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. 125
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, 130
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renowned. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 3.

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes! 135
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, 140
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they passed 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, 145
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon

| As done: perseverance, dear my lord, 150
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
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; 155
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 3.

Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost ;— 160
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run 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, 165
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer : the welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit, 170
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, 175
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, 180
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, 185
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.

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 3.

Achil.

Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss.

But 'gainst your privacy 190

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'Tis 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 195

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 200

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 ; 205

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 210

" 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*

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 3.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you :
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemned for this :
They think my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me restrains you thus : 220
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 air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector? 224

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

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake ;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

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 ; 230
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, 235
To see us here unarmed : I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour saved ! 240

Enter THERSITES.

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 3.

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so ? 245

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 ? 249

Ther. Why, 'a 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's 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, Thersites.

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

269

Troilus and
Cressida.
III. 3.

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. 275

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord. 285

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir. 289

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? 295

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on. 299

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight. Troilus and

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's Cressida.
the more capable creature. III. 3.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirred,
And I myself see not the bottom of it. 304

[*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.*

Paris.

SEE, ho ! who is that there ?
Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person ?
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business 5
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas ; take his hand :
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed a whole week by days, 10
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce :
But when I meet you armed, as black defiance,
As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces. 15 Troilus and
Our bloods are now in calm ; and, so long, health : Cressida.
But when contention and occasion meet, IV. 1.

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 20
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy ! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill more excellently. 25

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 ! 30

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early ? 35

Æne. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you : 'twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,
For the enfrèed Antenor, the fair Cressid :
Let's have your company, or, if you please, 40
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;

Troilus and Cressida.
IV. 1. Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear, 45
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. 50

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, deserves fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike: 55
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 60
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 pleased to breed out your inheritors; 65
Both merits poised, each weighs no less nor more;
But he as he, the 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 70

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 suffered death. 75

Troilus and
 Cressida.
 IV. 2

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. 79
 Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*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 5
 As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
 Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
 And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, 10
 I would not from thee.

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 2.

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.

15

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 's all the doors open here ?

Tro. It is your uncle.

20

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.

26

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.

30

Pan. Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! a poor capocchia !
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 knocked
i' the head !

Who 's that at door ? good uncle, go and see.

35

My lord, come you again into my chamber :
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 2.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such
thing.— [Knocking.]

How earnestly they knock ! pray you, come in ; 40
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? 47

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. 51

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll
be sworn : for my own part I came in late : what should
he do here?

Æne. Who ! nay, then : come, come, you'll do him
wrong ere you 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. 58

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 2.

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash : there is at hand 61
Paris your brother and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Delivered to us ; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, 65
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded ?

Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy :
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me ! 70
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 ! 80

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 ? 85

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 !

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 2.

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter ? 90

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone ; thou art changed for Antenor : thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus ; 'twill be his death ! 'twill be his bane ; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods ! I will not go. 95

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 ! 100
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
If ever she leaves Troilus ! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can ;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth, 105
Drawing all things to it.—I'll 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. 110

[*Exeunt.*]

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 3.

SCENE III.—*Before PANDARUS' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR
and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning ; and the hour prefixed
For her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon: good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house ; 5
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 'tis to love ; 10
And would, as I shall pity, I could help !
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Excunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in PANDARUS' House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation ?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it ?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:

My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Troilus and
Cressida.
10 IV. 4.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. Ah, sweet ducks!

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?" 15

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? 22

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strained a purity,
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which 25
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too? 30

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is 't possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

Troilus and Cressida.
IV. 4.

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents 35
Our locked 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. 40
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 consigned kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu; 45
And scants us with a single famished kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are called: some say the Genius so
Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die. 50
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again? 56

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: 60
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.

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 4.

65

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, 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 ? 70

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 ; 75
Their loving well composed with gifts of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;
How novelty may move and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy,
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin, 80
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, 85
Nor play at subtlegames ; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell, that in each grace of these

Troilus and Cressida.
IV. 4. There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted. 90
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 changeful potency. 95

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 ; 100
Whiles 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 105
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. 110
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.

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 4.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects: 115
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 zeal of my petition to thee, 120
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be called her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not, 125
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileged by my place and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord, 130
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be prized; but they 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. 135
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.

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV 4.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field. 140
Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.
Dei. Let us make ready straight.
Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie 145
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage,
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant, 5
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 puffed Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter? Troilus and

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait; Cressida.

| He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

15 IV. 5.

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; 20

'Twere better she were kissed 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. 25

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:

For thus popped Paris in his hardiment;

And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns! 30
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. 35

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 5.

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

39

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 'tis true

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn. 45

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. 50

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis 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 language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, 55

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 60

To every ticklish reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet within.* Troilus and
Cressida.

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam.

Yonder comes the troop. IV. 5.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other
Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose, 66
A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field? 70
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 misprizing
The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir, 75
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, 80
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek 85

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 5.

This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.
Acbil. 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, 90
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 opposed 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, 97
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calmed:
His heart and hand both open and both free; 100
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes 105
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 110
Even to his inches, and with private soul,

Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 5.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st ;

Awake thee! 115

Agam. His blows are well disposed : 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, 120

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, 125

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 131

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 drained ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax : 135

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus :

Troilus and Cousin, all honour to thee!

Cressida.

IV. 5.

Ajax.

I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

140

A great addition earned in thy death

Hec. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes

Cries "This is he," could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

145

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hec.

We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,

As seld I have the chance, I would desire

150

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

Hec. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview

155

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.

Hec. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes

161

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

165

What's past and what's to come is strewed with husks Troilus and
And formless ruin of oblivion ; Cressida.
But in this extant moment, faith and troth, IV. 5.

Strained purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity, 170
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Heñ. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-famed 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. 175

Heñ. Who must we answer ?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Heñ. O you, my lord ? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks !

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath ;

Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove :

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you. 180

Men. Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly theme.

Heñ. 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, 186

Despising many forfeits and subduements,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,

Not letting it decline on the declined ;

That I have said unto my standers-by, 190

" Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life ! "

And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 5.

When that a ring of Greeks have hemmed thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling : this have I seen ;
But this thy countenance, still locked in steel, 195
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. 200

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Heñ. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walked 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. 206

Heñ. 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, 210
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Heñ. 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. 215

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that perty front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Heñ.

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.

221 Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 5.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it. 225
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 forstall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou !
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee : 230
I have with exact view perused 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. 235

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? 240

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. 245

Hect. It would discredit the blessed gods, proud man,

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 5.

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. 250

Heñ. 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. 255
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, 260
Till accident or purpose bring you to't :
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Heñ. I pray you, let us see you in the field ; 265
We have had pelting wars, since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death :
To-night all friends.

Heñ. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent ;
There in the full convive we : afterwards, 271
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.

Troilus and
Cressida.
IV. 5.

[*Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.*

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you, 276
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon heaven, nor earth, 280
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir. 285
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? 290
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achilles.

I'LL heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news? 5

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? 10

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. 15

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 boneache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 1.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus? 25

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 sleeve 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! 35

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 40
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. 45
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 1.

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 lazear, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires! 64

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES,
NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax.

No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect.

I trouble you.

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. *Troilus and Cressida.*
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you. 70 V. 1.

Heñ. Thanks and good night, to the Greek's general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Heñ. 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. 76

[*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. 80

Heñ. 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.

Heñ. And so good night.

[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. 84

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a
most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he
leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend
his mouth and promise, like Brabler the hound; but
when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is
prodigious, there will come some change; the sun

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 1. 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 CHALCAS' 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. 5

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. 10

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her
cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yea.

Dio. Nay, but do then ; Troilus and
And let your mind be coupled with your words. Cressida.
Tro. What should she remember ? 15 V. 2.

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 forsworn—

Cres. In faith, I cannot : what would you have me do ?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open. 22

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. 25

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 moved, prince ; let us depart, I pray
you, 30

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 distraction, come, my lord. 35

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 2.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all 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 withered truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian! why, Greek! 41

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: 46
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? 51

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 56

Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 2.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge : now, now, now !

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty ! where is thy faith ?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient ; outwardly I will. 61

Cres. You look upon that sleeve : behold it well.—

He loved me—O false wench !—Give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was 't ?

Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night ; 65

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 70

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. 75

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 ?

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 2.

Cres.

It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

80

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio.

Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ; 85
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past : and yet it is not ;
I will not keep my word.

Dio.

Why then, farewell ; 90

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. 97

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.

100

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 swayed by eyes are full of turpitude.

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 2.

[*Exit Cressida.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, " my mind is now turned whore." 106

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,

110

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,

115

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 believed for womanhood !

121

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.

125

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our
mothers?

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 2.

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will 'a 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; 130

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself! 135

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 140

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifex for a point as subtle

As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates; 145

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved and loosed;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love, 150

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attached
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well 155
In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflamed with Venus : never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fixed a soul.

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 2.

Hark, Greek : as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed : 160
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm ;
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it : not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun, 165
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, 170
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. 175

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. 180

[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.]

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 2.

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed ! I would croak like a raven ; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore : the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. 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 tempered,
To stop his ears against admonishment ?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Heñ. You train me to offend you ; get you in :
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go. 5

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day

Heñ. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector.

And. Here, sister ; armed and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition ;
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dreamed 10
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Heñ. Ho ! bid my trumpet sound !

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother,

Heñ. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear. Troilus and Cressida. V. 3.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows; 16
They are polluted offerings more abhorred
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, 20
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow:
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Heñ. 25 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. 30
[Exit Cassandra]

Heñ. 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, 35
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.

Heñ. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me
for it.

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 3.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls, 40
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Heñ. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector !

Heñ. How now ? how now ?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother ; 45
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 !

Heñ. Fie, savage, fie !

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Heñ. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day. 50

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 ; 55
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast :
He is thy crutch ; now if thou lose thy stay, 60
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dreamed ; thy mother hath had visions ;

Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Troilus and
Cressida.
65 V. 3.

Heñ. Æneas is a-field ;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go. 70

Heñ. 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. 75

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him !

And. Do not, dear father.

Heñ. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector ! 80
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth !
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement, 85
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry " Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector ! "

Tro. Away ! Away !

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 3.

Cas. Farewell: yet, soft.—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Heñ. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim: 91
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 Priam and Hector. Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. 96

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,

PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read. 100

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so
troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one
o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too;
and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were
cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says
she there? 107

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. 110
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 4.

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 dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'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 began to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve and t'other.

17

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

20

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.]

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 4.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's
match? 25

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 chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polidamas 6
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings 10

Epistrophus and Cediüs : Polixenes is slain ;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt ;
Patroclus ta'en or slain ; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised : the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers ; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 5.

15

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field :
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work ; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
(Here, there and every where he leaves and takes ;
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is called impossibility.

20

25

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O courage, courage, princes ! great Achilles 30
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance ;
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hacked and chipped, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend, 35
And foams at mouth, and he is armed, and at it,

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 5.

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.

40

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face, 45

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the 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! 5

Enter TROILUS.

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 6.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou
traitor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize. I will not look upon. 10

Tro. Come both you coggng 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. 15

Be happy that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well:

I would have been much more a fresher man 20

Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,

Troilus and Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say! 25
Cressida. I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.
V. 6.

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hec. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
mark:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide? 30
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:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about; 5
In fellest manner execute your aims.
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 THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.
Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my

double-henned sparrow ! 'loo, Paris, 'loo ! The bull has
the game : ware horns, ho !

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 9.

[Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight. 5

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, bas-
tard 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. 14

Mar. The devil take thee, coward ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done : I'll take good breath :
Rest, sword : thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set ; 5
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :

Troilus and
Cressida.
V. 9.

Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Heñ. I am unarmed ; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike ; this is the man I seek.

[*Hector falls.*

So, Ilion, fall thou next ; come, Troy, sink down ; 11

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 retire upon our Grecian part. 15

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth,

And stickler-like the armies separate.

My half-supped sword that frankly would have fed,

Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. 20

[*Sheathes 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,
DIOMEDES, and others, marching. *Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[*Within.*] Achilles ! Achilles ! Hector's slain !

Achilles !

<i>Dio.</i> The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.	<i>Troilus and Cressida.</i>
<i>Ajax.</i> If it be so, yet bragless let it be;	V. 11.
Great Hector was a man as good as he.	5
<i>Agam.</i> March patiently along: let one be sent To pray Achilles see us at our tent. If in his death the gods have us befriended, Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.	
[<i>Exeunt, marching.</i>]	

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, dragged through the shameful field. 5
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. 10

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:

Troilus and Cressida.
 V. 11.

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ? 15
 Let him that will a screech-owl aye be called,
 Go in to Troy, and say there "Hector's dead ;"
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word, 20
 Scare Troy out of itself. But march away :
 Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare, 25
 I'll through and through you ! And thou, great-sized
 coward !
 No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
 Strike a free march to Troy ! with comfort go : 30
 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. 34

[*Exit Troilus.*]

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones ! O world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despised ! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited ! Why should our endeavour be so

loved and the performance so loathed? what verse for Troilus and
it? what instance for it? Let me see : 40 Cressida.
V. II.

*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 Pandar's hall, 46
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, 50
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.

NOTES.

[The Quarto is the best authority for the text.]

Prologue is not in Q.

Prol. 17. —Antenorides] Antenonidus. Ff.

Prol. 19. —Sperr] Theobald. *Stirre* or *Stirr*, Ff.

Act I. Sc. 1, 38. —storm] Rowe. *Scorne* or *Scorn*, Q, Ff.

Act I. Sc. 1, 56-60. Quotation marks by Staunton.

Act I. Sc. 1, 97. stubborn-chaste] Theobald. *stubborn, chaste*, Q, Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 53. Returns] Pope. *Retires*, Q, Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 104. your] Theobald. *their*, Q, Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 101, 2. Two lines, Q, Ff. Prose by Malone.

Act II. Sc. 3, 188, 9. As in Camb. One line, Q, Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 63-66. Four lines, Q, Ff. 63, 64. Prose by Capell. 65, 66. Prose by Hanmer.

Act III. Sc. 1, 119. As by Rann. Part of the song, Q, Ff.

Act III. Sc. 2, 22. —subtle-potent] Theobald. *subtill, potent*, Q; *subtile, potent*, Ff.

Act III. Sc. 2, 70, 71. Prose by Pope. Two lines, Q, Ff.

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Notes.

Act III. Sc. 2, 109-111. Verse by Rowe. Prose, Q, Ff.
Act III. Sc. 2, 128. cunning] Pope. *comming*, Q, Ff.
Act III. Sc. 2, 139-141. As by Steevens. As four
lines, Q, Ff.

Act III. Sc. 3, 73-74. To come—altars.] As in
Rowe. One line, Q, Ff.

Act III. Sc. 3, 93, 94. I'll—Ulysses.] As in Capell.
One line, Q, Ff.

Act III. Sc. 3, 142-144. As by Capell. Lines end
it, beggars, looke: forgot? Q, Ff.

Act III. Sc. 3, 177. —give] Thirlwall. *goe* or [*go*],
Q, Ff.

Act III. Sc. 3, 196. —Plutus'] Steevens. *Plutoes*
[*Pluto's*], Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 1, 49, 50. The bitter—so.] As in
Pope. One line, Q, Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 2, 27, 28. Prose by Pope. Verse, Q, Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 4, 15, 16, 18, 19. As by Pope. Prose,
Q, Ff.

Act V. Sc. 1, 65, 66. As in Capell. Three lines,
[*wrong, lights, you,*] Q, Ff.

Act V. Sc. 1, 81, 82. Follow—company.] As in
Steevens. Prose Q. Ff. end *tent* and *company*.

Act V. Sc. 2, 94. Nor—best] As by Hanmer.
Prose Q, Ff.

Act V. Sc. 3, 20, 21. As Malone. Not in Q. *as*
lawfull: For we would count give much to as violent
thefts, Ff.

Act V. Sc. 4, 8. —errand.] Hanmer. *arrant*, Q,
errant, Ff.

Act V. Sc. 5, 41, 42. As if—all.] As in Rowe. Troilus and Cressida.
 One line, Q, Ff. Notes.
 Act V. Sc. 6, 26. —reck] Pope. *wreake* or *wreak*,
 Q, Ff.
 Act V. Sc. 7. 6—aims.] Capell. *armes* or *arms* or
arme, Q, Ff.

GLOSSARY.

- A*, on, i. 1, 77.
'A [he], i. 2, 203; ii. 3, 199;
 iii. 3, 250; v. 1, 73; v. 2,
 128, etc.
Abjeſt in regard, conſidered of
 little worth, iii. 3, 128.
Abruption, breaking off, iii. 2, 62.
Addition, title, ii. 3, 238; iii. 2, 90.
Additions, characteristic qualities,
 i. 2, 20.
Address, prepare, iv. 4, 144.
Advertiſed, informed, ii. 2, 210.
Affined, related, i. 3, 24.
Affronted, encountered, iii. 2,
 160.
Againſt, juſt before, i. 2, 176.
Allayment, ſubduing, mitigation,
 iv. 4, 8.
An, if, i. 1, 78; iii. 2, 42, 46;
 iii. 2, 137, etc.
And, and if, i. 1, 68; iii. 2, 42,
 etc.
And't or An't, if it, i. 2, 152; iii.
 3, 254.
Antics, buffoons, v. 3, 86.
Appear it, let it appear, iii. 3, 3.
Appertainments, that which be-
 longed to us as a right and as
 a due, ii. 3, 77.
Apply, interpret, i. 3, 31.
Apprehenſions, powers of under-
 ſtanding, ii. 3, 111.
Aquilon, the North wind, iv. 5, 9.
Argus, a monſter with a hundred
 eyes, of which only two ſlept
 at one time, i. 2, 29.
Ariachne's [Arachne's], the ſpi-
 der's, v. 2, 144.
Artiſt, the well-read man, the
 ſcholar, i. 3, 23.
As, as if, i. 2, 7; iii. 3, 167; juſt
 as, iii. 2, 49.
Assinico, little aſs, ii. 1, 45.
Assubjugate, debase, lower, ii. 3,
 187.
Attached, attacked, affected, v. 2,
 153.
Attachment—give, take hold upon,
 iv. 2, 5.
Attribute, reputation, ii. 3, 112.
Battle, battalion of an army, iii.
 2, 26.
Beam, beam-like lance, i.e., huge
 lance, v. 5, 9.
Beaver, helmet, i. 3, 291.
Beef-witted, having an ox-like
 intellect, ii. 1, 13.

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- Bestowing*, proper functions, iii. 2, 35.
- Bias*, awry: the metaphor is taken from bowls, i. 3, 14: hence *bias-cheek* = cheek like the bowl on the side that has the bias, iv. 5, 8.
- Bias-drawing*, turning awry, iv. 5, 169.
- Blank of danger*, unknown danger, iii. 3, 230.
- Blown up*, grown up (as a flower), i. 3, 309.
- Bob—out of*, cheat of; do out of, iii. 1, 65.
- Bodements*, presages, v. 3, 80.
- Bolting*, sifting, i. 1, 21.
- Boot*, advantage, iv. 5, 40; *to boot*, into the bargain, *i.e.*, for the advantage, i. 2, 238.
- Boreas*, north wind, i. 3, 37.
- Boy-queller*, boy-killer, v. 5, 45.
- Brave* (adj.), fine, splendid, Prol. 15; i. 2, 213.
- Brave* (sb.), bravado, iv. 4, 135.
- Bravely*, finely, i. 2, 182.
- Breath*, means of taking breath, ii. 3, 108.
- Breeze*, gad-fly, i. 3, 47.
- Briareus*, a giant who had a hundred heads, i. 2, 28.
- Bring, to*; Cressida supplies the remainder of a common phrase "be with you to bring," *i.e.*, bring as good as I get, i. 2, 278, 279.
- Broad*, bold, i. 3, 189.
- Broken music*, music in parts, not in consort, iii. 1, 47.
- Brooch* [brach], dog, used abusively, ii. 1, 113.
- Bruit*, rumour, v. 10, 3.
- Buss*, kiss, iv. 5, 219.
- Caduceus*, rod, ii. 3, 12.
- Cancer*, *i.e.*, the Crab, the fourth of the signs of the zodiac; the sign of the summer solstice, ii. 3, 191.
- Capocchia*, simpleton, fool (fem.), iv. 2, 31.
- Captive*, wretched because conquered, v. 3, 40.
- Catlings*, the smallest strings for the violin, iii. 3, 299.
- Chance*, does it chance, iii. 1, 129.
- Change of*, exchange for, iii. 3, 27.
- Chapmen*, buyers, iv. 1, 76.
- Characterless*, without a trace, iii. 2, 182.
- Charge*, expense, iv. 1, 58.
- Charge, on*; at your orders, iv. 4, 131.
- Charon*, the ferryman who conveyed souls over the Styx to Hades, iii. 2, 9.
- Chiefest*, most important, i. 2, 266.
- Circumstance*, point of argument, iii. 3, 114.
- Cliff* [clef], v. 2, 12.
- Cobloaf*, probably a large coarse round loaf with many knobs, ii. 1, 37.
- Cogging*, cheating, v. 6, 11.

- Cognition*, power of perceiving, v. 2, 56.
- Commixtion*, state of being commixed, iv. 5, 124.
- Commodious*, accommodating, v. 2, 185.
- Compare*, comparison, iii. 2, 169.
- Compassed*, round, i. 2, 110.
- Complimental*, complimentary, iii. 1, 38.
- Condition*, even though, i. 2, 73.
- Consisting*, holding together, iii. 3, 116.
- Consort with*, join with, v. 3, 9.
- Constringed*, contracted, v. 2, 165.
- Convive we*, let us feast, iv. 5, 271.
- Cope*, encounter, cope with, i. 2, 33; ii. 3, 255.
- Co-rivalled*, emulated, i. 3, 43.
- Corresponsive*, corresponding, Prol. 18.
- Crept, in*; grew secretly, ii. 2, 211.
- Crownets* [coronets], Prol. 6.
- Cunning*, knowing, iii. 1, 27; iii. 2, 128.
- Daphne*, one of the nymphs of Diana beloved of Apollo; she was turned into a laurel tree, i. 1, 98.
- Darking* [darkening], v. 9, 7.
- Death-tokens*, tokens of approaching death, ii. 3, 172.
- Deceptious*, delusive, v. 2, 115.
- Decline*, go through, ii. 3, 49.
- Deem* (sb.), thought, iv. 4, 58.
- Deject* [dejected], ii. 2, 49.
- Depravation*, defamation, censure, v. 2, 124.
- Deracinate*, root up, i. 3, 98.
- Despightful*, malicious, iv. 1, 33.
- Diana's waiting women*, the stars, v. 2, 83.
- Directive*, able to be directed, i. 3, 348.
- Discovered*, revealed, i. 3, 137.
- Discoveries*, revelations: hence preposterous revelations, v. 1, 23.
- Dismes*, tenths, ii. 2, 18.
- Dispose*, disposition, ii. 3, 159.
- Distains*, discolours, i. 3, 237.
- Distaste*, make distasteful, ii. 2, 122; iv. 4, 47.
- Dividable*, divided, i. 3, 104.
- Double-kenned*, having a false wife, v. 8, 3.
- Drave* [drove], urged on, iii. 3, 189.
- Dressed to*, prepared for, i. 3, 165.
- Dumb-discursive*, pleading silently, iv. 4, 89.
- Eld*, old age, ii. 2, 103.
- Embracement*, embracing, iv. 5, 148.
- Embrasures*, embraces, iv. 4, 36.
- Eminence of*, pre-eminence over, ii. 3, 246.
- Empale*, encircle, v. 7, 5.
- Emulation*, envious rivalry, ii. 2, 211.
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- Emulous*, envious, ii. 3, 70.
Encounterers, those who are ready to accommodate themselves to others in a subservient way, iv. 5, 58.
Enfreed, released, iv. 1, 39.
Engineer, leader, ii. 3, 7.
Enrapt, in an ecstasy, v. 3, 65.
Entreat, treat, iv. 4, 111; invite, iv. 5, 273.
Errant, deviating, i. 3, 8.
Exasperate [exasperated], v. 1, 29.
Exclaim (sb.), exclamation, outcry, v. 3, 91.
Expect (sb.), expectation, i. 3, 69.
Expressure, expression, iii. 3, 203.
Extremes, extremity, iv. 2, 103.
- Faction*, combination, ii. 3, 96.
Fadoms [fathoms], i. 1, 51.
Fall, let fall, i. 3, 370.
Fat, make fat, nourish, ii. 2, 47.
Favour, countenance, face, i. 2, 92.
Fee-farm, a perpetual tenure subject to a certain fee, iii. 2, 47.
Fills, shafts of a carriage, iii. 2, 43.
Finch egg, a term of contempt, with special reference to diminutive size, v. 1, 35.
Firstlings, first results, Prol. 27.
Fitchew, pole-cat, v. 1, 59.
Fits, in; at intervals (alluding to his repetition); it is sometimes interpreted "when the humour takes you;" iii. 1, 54.
- Five-finger-tied*, tied as to all the fingers of the hand, v. 2, 149.
Fled, i.e., have fled, i. 3, 50.
Flexure, bending, ii. 3, 102.
Fonder, more foolish, i. 1, 10.
For, against, i. 2, 265, 268.
Force (vb. trans.), bring compulsion upon, ii. 3, 216.
Forgot [forgotten], iii. 2, 179; iii. 3, 40, etc.
Forthright (sb.), direct path, iii. 3, 158.
Fraction, disagreement, ii. 3, 95.
Fraughtage, freight, Prol. 13.
Fraught with [freighted with], Prol. 4.
Frayed with, frightened with, iii. 2, 30.
Friend (vb.), befriending, i. 2, 77.
Frush, bruise, v. 6, 29.
Fulfilling, filling full, Prol. 18.
Full, in the; all together, iv. 5, 271.
- Gaging*, pledging, v. 1, 40.
Gear, business, i. 1, 6.
Generals, qualities taken collectively, i. 3, 179.
Glozed, played with words, ii. 2, 164.
God-a-mercy, here seems to be equivalent to "Thanks be to God," v. 4, 30.
Gored, injured, iii. 3, 227.
Grace, of; pertaining to graciousness, i. 3, 179.
Gracious, holy, ii. 2, 124.

Great morning, broad daylight, iv. 3, 1.

Greekish, belonging to the Greeks, i. 3, 66.

Hair, against the; against the grain, i. 2, 26, 27.

Hale, drag, iv. 5, 6.

Hardiment, hardihood, iv. 5, 28.

Hare (adj.), timid, ii. 2, 47.

Hatched, engraved, chased, i. 3, 64.

Have at thee, take warning, v. 4, 22.

Heaving, swelling, ii. 2, 195.

Hedge aside, turn aside in a furtive manner, iii. 3, 158.

His [its], i. 3, 206; ii. 2, 53; iv. 5, 217.

Hold, regard as, ii. 3, 184.

Humorous, capricious, ii. 3, 125.

Humours, caprices, i. 2, 22.

Hurt, do hurt, v. 3, 20.

Hyperion, the sun-god, ii. 3, 192.

Idle, notice the play on "addle," i. 2, 134.

Ignomy [ignominy], v. 11, 33.

Immures (sb.), walls, Prol. 8.

Impair (adj.), inappropriate, iv. 5, 103.

Imperious, imperial, iv. 5, 172.

Importless, without import or significance, i. 3, 70.

Imposition, that which is imposed, iii. 2, 75.

Impressure, impression, iv. 5, 131.

Imputation, reputation, i. 3, 331.

In, in the estimation of, ii. 2, 55; within, iii. 3, 97.

Inches, even to his; in every detail, iv. 5, 111.

Inclinable, tending, ii. 2, 57.

Includes, comes to an end, i. 3, 118.

Infect [infected], i. 3, 186.

Inseparate, indivisible, v. 2, 139.

Insisture, persistency, i. 3, 86.

Instant (adj.), immediate, iii. 3, 153.

Intelligence, knowledge, v. 2, 183.

It; used for "she" as a term of endearment, iii. 2, 31.

Ken, know, iv. 5, 14.

Last, last of all, i. 3, 123.

Lavolt, a quick, lively dance, the precursor of the modern waltz, iv. 4, 85.

Lazars, lepers, ii. 3, 32.

Learn, teach, ii. 1, 20.

Leave, fail, give up, v. 1, 92.

Lief, soon, i. 2, 103.

Lid, eyelid, *i.e.*, eye, i. 2, 210.

Lifter, thief, i. 2, 116.

Light (adj.), straightway, i. 2, 8.

Lime-kilns, an exaggeration for "chalk-stones," v. 1, 21.

Look upon [look on], v. 6, 10.

Lustihood, high spirits, ii. 2, 49.

Luxury, lust, v. 2, 49.

Lybia, Africa, i. 3, 320.

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Troilus and Cressida. *Maculation*, stain, iv. 4, 63.
Glossary. *Maiden* (adj.), bloodless, iv. 5, 87.
Maidenheads [maidenhoods], iv. 2, 23.
Main, full force, ii. 3, 253.
Make, take part, i. 1, 14; i. 1, 84.
Manage, direction, iii. 3, 25.
Marvellous [marvellously], i. 2, 136.
Mastic, probably = masticating, i.e. having the power of masticating; or = mastix (scourging), i. 3, 72.
May [can], v. 2, 153.
Me, ethic dative, i. 2, 118.
Medicinable, medicinal, i. 3, 90.
Mends (sb.), [amends], i. 1, 69.
Methinks, it seems to me, ii. 3, 18; iii. 3, 90.
Mill-stones, her eyes ran o'er with; i.e., she did not weep at all, i. 2, 144.
Milo, a Greek, who could carry a bull, ii. 3, 238.
Mirable, admirable, iv. 5, 142.
Miscarrying, being killed, i. 3, 342.
Misprising, undervaluing, iv. 5, 74.
Mistress, a name for the Jack in bowls, iii. 2, 46.
Momentary-swift, swift as a moment, iv. 2, 14.
Monstruosity, unnaturalness, iii. 2, 77.

Motive, limb capable of movement, iv. 5, 57.
Moved, agitated, iv. 4, 127; v. 2, 30.
Multipotent, almighty, iv. 5, 129.
Myrmidon, the great; i.e., Achilles, the chief of the warlike tribe of Thrace known as Myrmidons, i. 3, 370.

Neglection [neglect], i. 3, 126.
Noise, rumour, i. 2, 12.
Nothing = nothing is, i. 3, 235.
Oblique, collateral, v. 1, 53.
Oddly, unequally, i. 3, 330.
Odds, superiority, v. 4, 21.
Of, by, i. 1, 72.
Opinion, reputation, i. 3, 327, 365.
Oppugnancy, opposition, i. 3, 110.
Orgulous, full of pride, Prol. 2.
Orifex, aperture, v. 2, 143.
Oris, remnants, v. 2, 150.
Outward (sb.), outward show, iii. 2, 156.
Owes, owns, iii. 3, 99.
Oyes, hear ye! (French *oyer*), iv. 5, 143.

Pace, step, i. 3, 131.
Pageants (vb. trans.), imitates, mimics, i. 3, 150.
Palating, perceiving by taste, iv. 1, 60.
Pale, boundary, ii. 3, 240.

Part, side, i. 3, 343; v. 9, 15.
Parted, endowed with parts
 (natural abilities), iii. 3, 96.
Particular, *my*; *my person*, ii. 2,
 9.
Particular (adj.), personal, used
 in antithesis to "general," iv.
 5, 20.
Particulars, details, i. 2, 113.
Parts of nature, natural endow-
 ments, ii. 3, 233.
Party, side, ii. 2, 155.
Pash, strike, ii. 3, 197; v. 5, 10.
Pass, experience, ii. 2, 138.
Past-proportion, hugeness, ii. 2,
 28.
Patchery, hypocrisy, ii. 3, 68.
Pelting, paltry, iv. 5, 266.
Per se, in his own prowess, *i.e.*,
 he is pre-eminent, i. 2, 15.
Perseus' horse, *i.e.*, Pegasus, the
 winged steed, i. 3, 41.
Persistent, persistent, i. 3, 20.
Perspicuous, plain, not ambiguous,
 i. 3, 316.
Pertly, saucily, iv. 5, 218.
Pheeze, beat, chastise, ii. 3, 199.
Pia Mater, brain, ii. 1, 71.
Piece, cask of wine, iv. 1, 63.
Pight [pitched], v. 11, 24.
Placker, woman, ii. 3, 19.
Plantage, anything planted, the
 growth of plants increasing as
 the moon, iii. 2, 171.
Porpentine, porcupine, ii. 1, 25.
Prenominate, foretell, iv. 5, 249.
Presented, represented, iii. 2, 71.

Presently, immediately, ii. 3, 135;
 iv. 3, 6.
Primogenitive (sb.), the rights of
 primogeniture, i. 3, 105.
Prodigious, portentous, v. 1, 90.
Propend, incline, ii. 2, 190.
Propension, inclination, ii. 2, 132.
Propugnation, means of combat,
 ii. 2, 135.
Pun [pound], ii. 1, 38.
Purblind, wholly blind, i. 2, 29.
Puttock, kite, v. 1, 60.
Quality, reason, iv. 1, 45.
Quality, natural accomplishments,
 iv. 4, 75.
Rank [rankly], i. 3, 195.
Rapt, absorbed, engaged, iii. 3,
 123.
Rash, hasty, iv. 2, 61.
Reach, extent, iv. 4, 106.
Recordation, remembrance, v. 2,
 108.
Rejoindure, joining again, iv. 4,
 35.
Remainder (adj.), remaining, ii. 2,
 69.
Reproof, refutation, i. 3, 32.
Repured, purified, iii. 2, 20.
Respect, deliberation, ii. 2, 48.
Resty, indolent, i. 3, 258.
Retire [sb.], retreat, v. 3, 53; v.
 4, 19.
Retort, throw back, iii. 3, 101.
Rivelled, wrinkled, v. 1, 22.
Roisting, roistering, ii. 2, 207.

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Rub on; incline towards the Jack
or mistress, (the metaphor is
taken from bowls); see *Mis-
tress*, iii. 2, 46.

Sagittary, centaur, v. 5, 14.

Scaffoldage, the stage, i. 3, 155.

Scaled sculls, shoals of fish having
scales, v. 5, 22.

Scantling, small portion, i. 3, 333.

Seam, fat, ii. 3, 180.

Secure, free from care, over-con-
fident, ii. 2, 14.

Securely, confidently, iv. 5, 73.

Seethes, is urgent, iii. 1, 39.

Seld, seldom, iv. 5, 150.

Self-breath, his own words, ii. 3,
167.

Sennet, a flourish of the open
notes on a trumpet, i. 3, stage
direction.

Sequent, following as a logical
consequence, iv. 4, 65.

Sequestering, separating, iii. 3, 8.

Serpigo, dry eruption on the skin,
ii. 3, 71.

Several, separate, ii. 2, 123, 192.

Severally, separately, v. 3 (after
94), stage direction.

Severals, individual qualities, i.
3, 179.

'*8foot*', abbreviation of "God's
foot," ii. 3, 5.

Shame, disgrace, v. 3, 73.

Shent, used with scorn, ii. 3, 76.

Shrewdly, badly, iii. 3, 227.

Sieve, basket, ii. 2, 70.

Sing (vb. trans.), v. 2, 11.

Sith, since, i. 3, 12; v. 2, 112.

Skillless, ignorant, i. 1, 12.

Sleave silk, soft silk, v. 1, 30.

Sleeveless, bootless, useless, v. 4, 8.

Soilure, stain, iv. 1, 57.

Sometime, sometimes, i. 3, 150.

Sort, lot, i. 3, 367; manner, iv.

1, 24; v. 4, 34; v. 11, 5.

Sorts, is fitting, i. 1, 106.

Soul, private; personal opinion,
iv. 5, 111.

Speculation, the power of seeing,
iii. 3, 109.

Sperr, shut, bar, Prol. 19.

Sphered, ensphered, i. 3, 89.

Sphered, rounded, iv. 5, 8.

Spritely, full of spirit, ii. 2, 189.

Square, judge, v. 2, 124.

Stints, stops, hinders, iv. 5, 93.

Stithied, forged, iv. 5, 254.

Stomach, courage, ii. 1, 124; in-
clination, iv. 5, 263.

Straight, straightway, iii. 2, 15,
28; iii. 3, 300; iv. 4, 142; v.
2, 93.

Strawy, resembling straw, v. 5,
24.

Stretched, affected, i. 3, 155.

Strook (struck), i. 2, 6, 34.

Stygian, belong to the Styx, the
river of Hades over which
Charon ferried the souls of
the dead, iii. 2, 8.

Subduements, victories, iv. 5, 187.

Subtle-potent, subtly-potent, iii. 2,
22.

Success, result, i. 3, 332.
Sufferance, suffering, i. 1, 29.
Suffocate [suffocated], i. 3, 124.
Suppose, supposition, i. 3, 10.

Tables, tablets, iv. 5, 60.
Tarre on, urge on, i. 3, 383.
Tempt, try, v. 3, 34.
Tercel, the male hawk, so called because a third smaller than the female, iii. 2, 50.

Tetchy, touchy, i. 1, 96.
Tetter, skin disease, v. 1, 22.
Through, thoroughly, ii. 3, 216.
Tick, a small insect, iii. 3, 307.
Tisick, used contemptuously ; literally, one affected by consumption, v. 3, 101.
Titan, the god of the sun, v. 11, 25.
Tithe, tenth, ii. 2, 18.
Tortive, distorted, i. 3, 8.
Transportance, transport, iii. 2, 10.
Turpitude, baseness, v. 2, 104.
Typhon, a giant who attempted to overthrow Juppiter, i. 3, 159.

Uncomprehensive, uncomprehensible, iii. 3, 197.
Ungracious, hateful, i. 1, 89.
Unplausive, displeased, iii. 3, 43.
Unrespective, used without caution, ii. 2, 70.

Vail, setting, v. 9, 7.
Vahantly, bravely, i. 2, 124.

Vantage, advantage, v. 9, 9.
Vantbrace, armour for the brace, i. 3, 292.
Vaunt, first beginning, Prol. 27.
Villain (a term of endearment), iii. 2, 31.
Vindicative, vindictive, iv. 5, 107.
Violenteth, is violent, iv. 4, 4.
Voluntary, voluntarily, ii. 1, 96, 97.

Wastage, passage, iii. 2, 9.
Wails, bewails, iv. 5, 288.
Watched, kept awake, as hawks while being tamed for falconry, iii. 2, 41.
Waterflies, emblems of emptiness and vanity, v. 1, 32, 33.
Watery, watering (from desire), iii. 2, 19.
Weather, keeps the ; has the advantage, v. 3, 26.
Whiles [whilst], iv. 4, 101.
Winchester goose, strumpet ; the public stewes in Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, v. 11, 53.
Wit, understanding, iii. 2, 146.
Wisless, without understanding, v. 3, 86.
Witty, wise, discreet, iii. 2, 29.
Worth, worthy of, v. 3, 93.
Wrest, force, power ; it is the name of an instrument of the wrench or spanner kind, iii. 3, 23.

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